

St. John's College



SUMMER
ACADEMY

SANTA FE | ANNAPOLIS

The Heart of the Matter

Annapolis 2017



Manual of Readings

The Heart of the Matter

Annapolis 2017

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Table of Contents

Reading Assignments.....	1
Session Schedule.....	2
Campus Map.....	3
Student Expectations and Policies.....	4
“Notes on Dialogue” by Stringfellow Barr.....	6

Seminar

<i>Twelfth Night</i> by William Shakespeare.....	12
--	----

Language

<i>Inferno</i> by Dante.....	70
“Of Cannibals” by Michel de Montaigne.....	92
<i>Pensées</i> by Blaise Pascal.....	102
“A Worn Path” by Eudora Welty.....	104

Lab

<i>On the Motion of the Heart and Blood in Animals</i> by William Harvey.....	113
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Readings

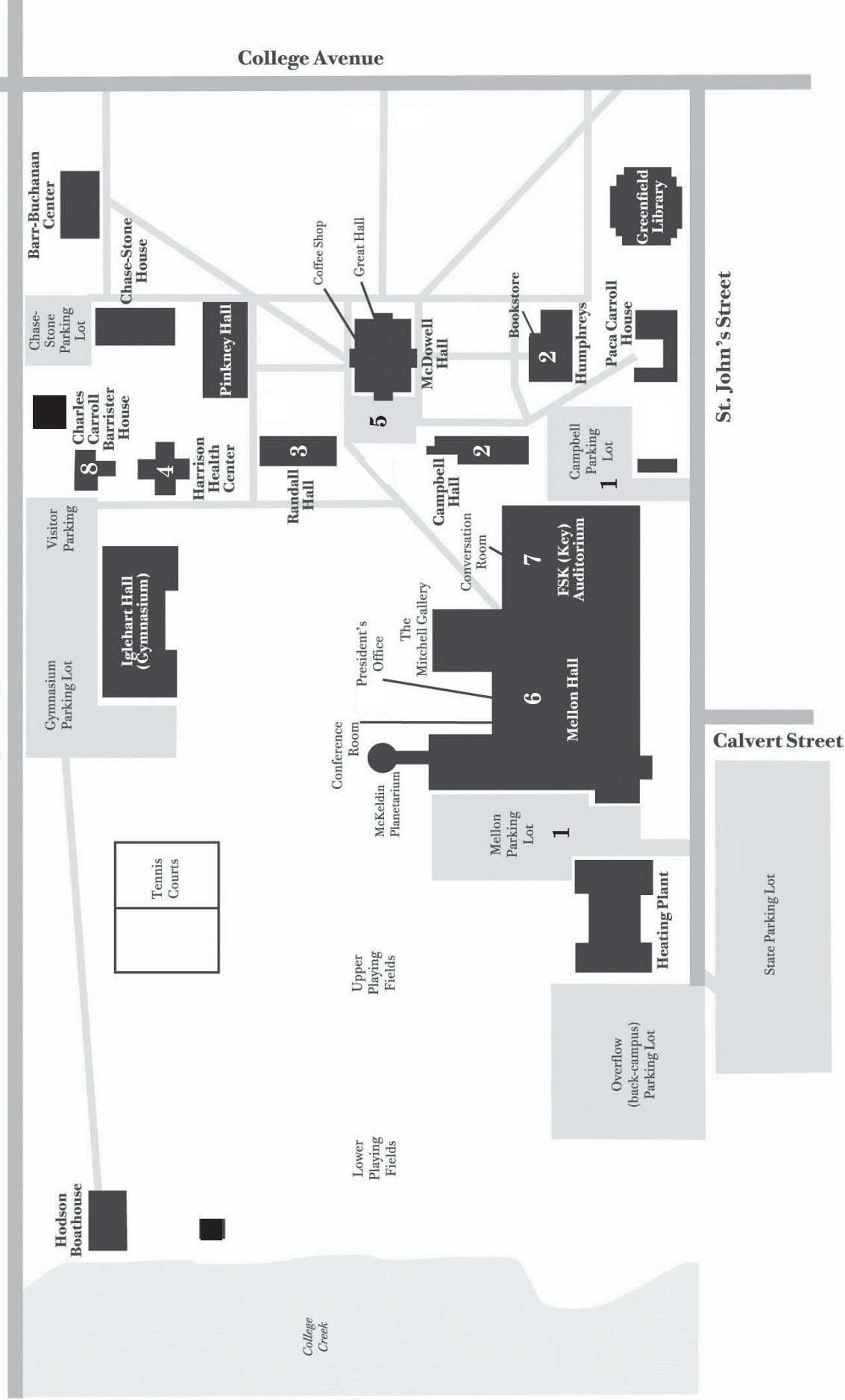
Class Meeting	1	2	3	4
Lab	Harvey: <i>On the Motion of the Heart and Blood in Animals</i> Ch. 1-8	Harvey: <i>On the Motion of the Heart and Blood in Animals</i> Ch. 9-14	-- Cow Heart and Sheep Pluck Dissections	Harvey: <i>On the Motion of the Heart and Blood in Animals</i> Ch. 15-17
Language	Dante: <i>Inferno</i> , Cantos 1-5	Montaigne: "Of Cannibals"	Pascal: Pensées 277-282	Eudora Welty: "A Worn Path"
Seminar	Jane Austen: <i>Pride and Prejudice</i> *	Shakespeare: <i>Twelfth Night</i>	Shakespeare: <i>Twelfth Night</i>	---

*This work is not included in the manual, but a copy of the book will be mailed to all students at the address provided on their registration forms. Students are expected to read all materials, including *Pride and Prejudice*, before arriving to campus.

	Sunday 7/23	Monday 7/24	Tuesday 7/25	Wednesday 7/26	Thursday 7/27	Friday 7/28	Saturday 7/29
8--9 a.m.		Breakfast	Breakfast	Breakfast	Breakfast	Breakfast	Sleep in & Pack
9--10 a.m.		Language Tutorial 1	Language Tutorial 2	Language Tutorial 3	Off-Campus Excursion	Language Tutorial 4	
10--11 a.m.							Farewell Brunch/ Check Out
11 a.m.-- 12 p.m.		Swing Lessons & Croquet	Swing Lessons & Croquet	Swing Lessons & Croquet		Swing Lessons Croquet	
12--1 p.m.		Lunch	Lunch	Lunch		Lunch	
1--2 p.m.		Laboratory Tutorial 1	Laboratory Tutorial 2	Laboratory Tutorial 3	Laboratory Tutorial 4		
2--3 p.m.						Boat Cruise	
3--4 p.m.	Registration Orientation	Seminar 1	College Admissions 101	Reading & Activities w/ RA's	Reading & Activities w/ RA's		
4--5 p.m.			Reading & Activities w/ RA's		BBQ and Field Games on Back Campus		
5--6 p.m.	Dinner	Dinner	Dinner	Dinner	Dinner		
6--7 p.m.		Reading & Activities w/ RA's		Reading & Activities w/ RA's			
7--8 p.m.	Ice-Breaker Seminar		Seminar 2		Seminar 3		
8--9 p.m.	Hall Meeting			Lecture			
9-10 p.m.	Dorm Quiet Time	Dorm Quiet Time	Dorm Quiet Time	Dorm Quiet Time	Open Mic	Waltz/ Swing Party	
10-11 p.m.	*Lights Out	*Lights Out	*Lights Out	*Lights Out			

St. John's College Summer Academy: Campus Map

King George Street



DIRECTORY

1. Parking lots available during Registration and Pick-Up
2. Dorm buildings that house Summer Academy students
3. Randall Dining Hall, location of the Farewell brunch
4. Harrison Health Center
5. College Quad, location of Summer Academy Registration
6. Mellon Hall, location of Summer Academy classes
7. FSK Auditorium, Registration rain location
8. Friendly and helpful Admissions office

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE – 2017 SUMMER ACADEMY

STUDENT EXPECTATIONS AND POLICIES

Although these expectations and policies are extensive, they should not be regarded as all-inclusive. The following rules and expectations are meant for your safety and well-being. They will be strictly enforced. Students who have been found to have violated these rules will be dismissed from the Summer Academy. Students who have been dismissed due to violation of the rules must leave campus by 4:30 p.m. the day after dismissal. No money will be refunded to students who have been dismissed.

Alcohol and Drugs

Alcohol and illegal drugs are prohibited at all times at the Summer Academy. There are no exceptions to this rule. For these purposes, the category of illegal drugs includes drugs that are simply illegal as well as drugs for which the student does not have a prescription. Students suspected of being intoxicated or under the influence of any illicit substance will be dismissed from the program immediately. Students who smell of alcohol or are found in the presence of alcohol or illegal drugs will be dismissed immediately. There are no exceptions to this rule. All use or possession of cigarettes and other tobacco products is prohibited, even if the student is 18 years of age.

Attendance

In addition to classes, the Summer Academy includes non-academic activities on campus and in surrounding areas that are not explicitly part of the curriculum of study. All classes are mandatory, and all extracurricular activities are mandatory unless otherwise specified. Students must stay with their RA and assigned group on any outing that occurs off-campus.

Banned Objects

The possession and use of candles, matches, incense, fireworks, other highly combustible items, and weapons of any sort is prohibited.

Community Living

St. John's is a community of learning. Students of the Summer Academy are expected to conform to the standards of living that make communal life and work possible. Foremost among these standards is respect for the person and property of others. In a community that brings people from diverse backgrounds together, maintaining this respect may require a deliberate effort from all of its members; such an effort is essential to the intellectual enterprise in which we are engaged. A student who behaves, either in or out of class, in a way that is destructive to the intellectual community that we foster may be dismissed from the program. Students who are, in our judgment, a threat to themselves or others, will be withdrawn from the Summer Academy.

Dress

Students should wear dress appropriate to a place of study; feet must be shod at all times while indoors in non-residential spaces.

Free Time

Students may not leave the campus of St. John's College unless they are accompanied by a Resident Assistant

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE – 2017 SUMMER ACADEMY

STUDENT EXPECTATIONS AND POLICIES CONT.

or other Summer Academy staff member.

Guests

Summer Academy students are not permitted to host guests on campus.

Lights Out

Evening reading and study time is a time of quiet in the dormitories. It occurs between 9 and 10:30 p.m. every night except Friday night. Students must be in the dormitory by 10:30 p.m. every night, ready for lights out in their assigned room at 11 p.m.

Medications

Prescription medications will not be administered by Summer Academy staff, so students are responsible for safely storing and taking their medication according to their doctor's instructions. Parents are required to sign a Self-Administration of Prescription Medication authorization form in acknowledgment of this responsibility. They will also be required to provide medication and dosage information for any prescription medication their student takes. Any sharing of medication or taking medication that was not prescribed to you is strictly prohibited.

Personal Items

Students should use good judgment about what kinds of personal belongings they store in their rooms. St. John's College is not liable for loss or damage of money or personal property. Personal property is left in the rooms at the owner's risk.

Sexual Behavior

Sexual relations of any nature are not permitted at the Summer Academy. Furthermore, in accordance with the St. John's College Sexual Misconduct and Harassment Policies, sexual misconduct of any kind is strictly prohibited, including sexual assault, dating violence, domestic violence, stalking, and sexual coercion.

Transportation

If students do not arrive to campus with a parent or guardian, they are responsible for getting to campus on their own. St. John's College will not arrange transportation from airports to campus, so it is important to make necessary transportation plans ahead of time. Students should arrive on campus between noon and 3 p.m. on the Sunday of Registration.

Students are required to sign a copy of these Expectations and Policies before arriving on campus. Any inappropriate behavior on the part of the Summer Academy student during their stay may affect their ability to remain at the Summer Academy and will be considered by the Admissions office and may impact their status as an applicant to St. John's College.

Notes on Dialogue

by Stringfellow Barr

Perhaps the first obstacle to writing even these random notes on dialogue is that the very word, dialogue, has been temporarily turned into a cliché. Everybody is loudly demanding dialogue, and there is not much evidence that most of us are prepared to carry one on. Indeed, to borrow a traditional phrase from professional diplomats, conversations have deteriorated. But both radio and television, whether public or commercial, remind us daily that a lonely crowd hungers for dialogue, not only for the dialogue of theatre but also for the dialogue of the discussion program.

* * *

There is a pathos in television dialogue: the rapid exchange of monologues that fail to find the issue, like ships passing in the night; the reiterated preface, "I think that . . .," as if it mattered who held which opinion rather than which opinion is worth holding; the impressive personal vanity that prevents each "discussant" from really listening to another speaker and that compels him to use this God-given pause to compose his own next monologue; the further vanity, or instinctive caution, that leads him to choose very long words, whose true meaning he has never grasped, rather than short words that he understands but that would leave the emptiness of his point of view naked and exposed to a mass public. There is pathos in the meaningless gestures: the extended chopping hands, fingers rigidly held parallel and together, the rigid wayward thumb pointing to heaven. A knowledgeable theatrical director would cringe at these gestures and would perhaps faint when the extended palms, one held in front of the other, are made to revolve rapidly around each other, thereby imitating and emphasizing the convolutions of a mind that races like a motor not in gear. And Mrs. Malaprop herself would cringe at those long, wayward words, so much at cross purpose with the intent of the speakers. Or at the academic speaker's strings of adjacent nouns, where all but the last noun modify adjectivally either the last noun or the nearest noun—it is anybody's guess. We are all suffocating intellectually, not from the ungrammatical language of Cassius Clay, which is gutsy, forceful and eloquent. We are suffocating from a *fausse élégance* that scorns the honest, clear, four-letter word. And quite aside from the obscene ones, hundreds of splendid four-letter words are waiting to work for us. Is it possible that we discussants are oppressed by a subconscious suspicion that we are really saying precisely nothing, and that this nothing will stand up as conversation only if we say it elaborately? Is it this suspicion that forces us to speak in what our learned jargon recently christened "jargonese?" "Yoono Chinese, Japanese; well I am now speaking, yoono, jargonese." Our failure at dialogue is building a Tower, of yoono, Babel.

Nevertheless, back of this tormenting, and tormented, babble is a ghost we cannot lay, the ghost of dialogue. We yearn, not always consciously, to commune with other persons, to learn with them by joint search. This joint labor to understand would be even more exciting than the multiplication of our gross national product or the improvement of our national defense or even than the elimination of war from the face of the earth. For we can never live wholly human lives without a genuine converse between men.

* * *

We human animals yearn so deeply to converse that we have discovered, or imagined, that the whole universe shares our longing, that the whole universe is not only "in labor," but "in dialogue." The epics of Hindu and ancient Greek alike, the sacred scriptures both of Jew and Christian, abound in dialogue between God, or the gods, and man. The heroic effort to achieve political democracy was an effort to increase dialogue between men, while that master of dialogue, Socrates, sought with Apollo at Delphi and died rather than cease from asking his fellow-Athenians awkward, important questions. We human animals are wistfully anxious to engage non-human animals in dialogue; we are persistent disciples of Aesop. Our children's books are crowded with talking animals and the same children talk confidently to domestic animals. How could they not feel confidence, they who have so recently passed from the status of dumb animals to the status of animals in dialogue? Our scientists try to understand the language of dolphins. On the other hand, they do not stop at possible dialogue with the animate; at least, metaphorically, their experiments question inanimate matter. So deep is the human faith in inquiry. Before we resent or reject the idea that the scientist is "in dialogue" with the object or objects he investigates, let us observe that, like Socrates, he is humble, patient, imaginative, and deeply attentive. He "listens" with all five senses and with "the mind's eye."

* * *

Our century - or those two-thirds of it that we have now traversed - has been called the Age of Violence. But our century has been marked not only by a massive breakdown of dialogue, but by its massive growth, too. It is, indeed, the century of two World Wars, or revolution and totalitarianism, of cold inhumanity and genocide of racial strife. It is also the century of Martin Buber's "I-and-Thou," of Teilhard de Chardin's daring restatement of cosmic progression, of Pope John's call to all men of good will, regardless of their particular religious faith, their race, their economic status, their nation, their political creed, or their technological development.

Moreover, regardless of big-power imperialism, of a precarious peace sustained by a "balance of terror," of a spreading backlash against the claims of racial equality, modern technology has enabled a new ecumenism to germinate. We are learning that the very word, ecumenical, has older uses than ecclesiastical ones. Like Robinson Crusoe, we are finding footprints on the sandy shore of what had sometimes seemed a lonely, desert island; and, like him, we are increasingly eager to meet our brother. Indeed, our century is a dangerous one to be alive in, but it is an expectant one as well. Shall we "search and destroy," or shall we engage in dialogue? Surely, this question does not apply only to Vietnam, or only to Americans. The Age of Violence—the century we live in—has been marked, let us recall here, by much searching and destroying, by many "body counts," by much "bagging" of prisoners, all over the globe.

It seems possible that the most relevant sort of dialogue, though perhaps the most difficult, for twentieth century men to achieve and especially for Americans to achieve is the Socratic. For this difficult form of dialogue, there are luckily a number of models in Plato's Dialogues. To model [our] dialogues on those that Socrates incited and took part in is a dangerous counsel of something precious close to perfection. But I would merely urge that Socrates' behavior "in dialogue" is a good star to hitch one's wagon to. At the minimum, it is a good guide to the reefs on which most really good dialogues are wrecked. All these reefs welcome hungrily those who substitute the kind of discussion Socrates called "eristic" as a substitute for the kind he called

"dialectic." In Book I of Plato's *Republic* Thrasymachus uses eristic; Socrates, dialectic. Thrasymachus' purpose is to win points and to win applause. The purpose of Socrates is to try, through dialectical discussion with Thrasymachus and others, to understand better the essential nature of justice. Each of the two men makes a choice of weapons appropriate to his purpose. The rising voice, the personal accusation, the withering scorn, the crushing sarcasm, the panic at the possibility of being out-manuevered, the sweating, the unaccustomed blush of a normally unblushing champion sophist, the volubility that tries to shore up a crumbling argument and to ward off the disgrace of refutation, the love of one's own opinions precisely because they are one's own, the vanity that replaces love of truth with love for victory are all exemplified by Thrasymachus. What Socrates displays towards Thrasymachus is courtesy. He treats him not as an enemy, but as a valued colleague in the mutual search for understanding. Socrates is, as it were, the personification for purposes of discourse of the love for one's neighbor that Judaism and Christianity prescribe. And the same love sometimes infuses his courteous questions with irony, because such irony helpfully invited Thrasymachus to rid himself of the false opinions he harbored. So he is never fearful that he will "lose," precisely because he is not trying to "win," and does not meet these flat opinions with other flat opinion, but with the ironical question.

Just as we are taught to hate not the sinner but the sin, especially if it is our own, so Socrates never attacks Thrasymachus. Indeed, he never attacks his ignorance and presumptuousness. He merely dissolves the opinions Thrasymachus spouts so loudly, so rapidly, and so volubly. That Thrasymachus recognizes the mortal danger in Socrates' questions and, indeed, that painful scalpel, irony, that Socrates uses on on his opinions (and consequently, given Thrasymachus' pride of authorship where his expressed opinions are concerned, on himself, his honor, and his fame as a sophist) comes out in Thrasymachus' sarcastic allusion to "your famous irony." That Socrates knew that his irony "put to the question," a euphemism the Spanish Inquisition would later in history use for the act of torturing the accused, is shown by his likening himself to a gadfly that stung the noble steed, the Athenian democracy. That the steed knew too is shown in Plato's *Apology*, where Socrates was sentenced to death for putting Athens to the question.

The many dialectical conversations in Plato's *Dialogues* suggest several rules of thumb that might be profitably used by [students], or at least more frequently followed. One hesitates to suggest rules of thumb for a kind of discussion that is essentially spontaneous. But it is hard to see how these particular rules could stifle spontaneity:

- The exchange of declarative monologues tends to be dialectically unproductive. The effort to be too complete is often self-defeating. An adumbration often contributes more to dialectic than a rotund speech. Brevity stimulates dialectic.
- I take it that Herodotus' "anecdote" that the Persians deliberated while drunk and decided while sober implies that in the early stages of a dialectic exchange a "wild idea" is often more fruitful than a prematurely prudent opinion. The imaginative and the unexpected are frequent ingredients of Socrates' style, though they are often introduced with an (ironic) apology. Since [students are] trying to see more deeply into current problems but are free of the burden of imminent, practical, political action, they might profitably stay "drunk" longer than the King of Kings and his royal counsellors could risk staying.

- The Socratic dialectic has another code of manners than the dinner party, where religion and politics are sometimes forbidden for fear that rising passions may damage "social" intercourse, and where interrupting a speaker and even a long-winded empty speech, is forbidden. In dialectic, a quick question is analogous to "point of order" in political assemblies. "Do I understand you to be saying . . . ?" always has the floor.
- Even these thumb-rules may seem guaranteed to produce bedlam. And, indeed, when they are first tried, they generally do produce it. But inexperienced dancers on a ballroom floor and inexperienced skaters on an ice rink also collide. Experience brings a sixth sense in Socratic dialectic too. The will of self-insistence gives way to the will to learn.
- In dialectic, "participational democracy" consists in everybody's listening intently; it does not consist in what commercial television calls equal time. When a good basketball team has the ball, its members do not snatch the ball from each other but support the man who has it, and the man who has it passes it to a teammate whenever a pass is called for by the common purpose of the team. But in dialectic, as opposed to basketball, the "opposing team" is composed only of the difficulties all men face when they try to understand. The point is that, in dialectic, it does not matter whose mouth gets used by the dialectical process, provided all are listening intently and exercise the freedom to interrupt with a question if they do not understand. On the other hand, reading or writing while "in dialogue" is a grave offense against the common purpose of all, not because they diminish the number of speaking mouths but because they diminish the number of listening ears. (Doodling and smoking are permissible aides to listening!)
- Whatever the touted merits of pluralism in democratic society today (and pluralism is, minimally, better than shooting each other with mail-order sub-machine guns or even than legislating on religious beliefs), the agreement to disagree is a disgraceful defeat if it means surrendering the hope of agreement through further dialectic. Even Socrates, on rare occasions, countenanced postponement of the struggle to a more propitious occasion.
- Perhaps the first rule of Socratic dialectic was laid down by Socrates: that we should follow the argument wherever it leads. Presumably, this means that some sorts of relevance that a court pleading should exhibit (and, even more the forensic eloquence that pleading encourages) are irrelevant to dialectic. The deliberate manner, and even more the ponderous manner, are mere impediments. The name of the game is not instructing one's fellows, or even persuading them, but thinking with them and trusting the argument to lead to understanding, sometimes to very unexpected understandings.
- The chairman [of the Fellows of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara] recently abandoned the practice of recognizing speakers in the order in which their raised hands requested the floor. The abandonment of this device, so necessary in parliamentary procedure and even in small committees if they have not learned to discuss dialectically, was an immense step towards Socratic dialogue. The chairman, [like St. John's tutors] now has the more delicate task of intervening, preferably by question, only when he believes that there is a misunderstanding or an unprofitable (not a profitable) confusion, a confusion that in his judgment bids fair not to right itself.

- [Students], however, will need to be close listeners, in the event that we take Socrates' advice; we shall, indeed, have to be closer listeners than we now are. We are likely, if we meet that obligation, to attain to a level of friendship that not many men attain to. Aristotle, we may recall, held that friendship could be achieved on three levels. The lowest level is that of what we Americans call "contacts," a level on which two men are useful to each other and exchange favors and services. On a higher level, two men can find pleasure in each other's company: they amuse each other. On the highest level, each man is seeking the true good of the other. On that level [students] would be, even more satisfyingly than now, seeking in common to understand. We share the friendship, or *philia*, that Aristotle thought must exist between the citizens of any republic if it was to be worthy of men. It would certainly exist, and without sentimentality, in any genuine republic of learning. And it would heighten the courtesy that any good and rigorous dialectic demands.
- There is only one, final rule of thumb that I would offer: When free minds seek together for greater understanding, they tend to move, as the mind of Socrates so characteristically moved - with playfulness and a sense of the comic. This, perhaps, is because men are most like the gods when they think; because, nevertheless, they are emphatically not gods; and because, for godlike animals, this fact is so thoroughly funny. The truly relevant jest is never out of order, so long as we can pursue our dialogue with high seriousness and with relevant playfulness.

Were we to apply the ten rules of thumb sketched above, we would certainly produce many of those brief interludes of bedlam when dialectical collisions occur, even though these moments of vocal static would decrease in length and in number as we gained practice with free dialectic. Such static is not dialogue's worst problem. Plato and Shakespeare both speak of the mind's eye, that eye that alone sees intellectual light. I suggest there is a mind's ear too, a listening, mindful ear. I suggest that the chief reason that conversations deteriorate is that the mind's ear fails.

—January, 1968

These notes, while addressed to Fellows of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, California, are particularly relevant to St. John's College. Stringfellow Barr introduced dialogue to St. John's as president of the College from 1937 to 1946. With Dean Scott Buchanan, he created a liberal arts curriculum built upon students' discussion of great books in philosophy, literature, theology, history, economics, and political philosophy.

Seminar Readings

TWELFTH NIGHT

by William Shakespeare

PERSONS REPRESENTED

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman, brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, friend to Sebastian.
A SEA CAPTAIN, friend to Viola
VALENTINE, Gentleman attending on the Duke
CURIO, Gentleman attending on the Duke
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle of Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, Servant to Olivia.
CLOWN, Servant to Olivia.

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other
Attendants.

SCENE: A City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.

[Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.]

DUKE.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.—Enough; no
more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art
thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

CURIO.

Will you go hunt, my lord?

DUKE.

What, Curio?

CURIO.

The hart.

DUKE.

Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now! what
news from her?

[Enter VALENTINE.]

VALENTINE.

So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this
answer:

The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But like a cloistress she will veiled walk,
And water once a-day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep
fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

DUKE.

O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden
shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied
and fill'd,—
Her sweet perfections,—with one self
king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with
bowers.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The sea-coast.

[Enter VIOLA, CAPTAIN, and Sailors.]

VIOLA.

What country, friends, is this?

CAPTAIN.

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA.

And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd—What think
you, sailors?

CAPTAIN.

It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

VIOLA.

O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

CAPTAIN.

True, madam; and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,—
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

VIOLA.

For saying so, there's gold!
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

CAPTAIN.

Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA.

Who governs here?

CAPTAIN.

A noble duke, in nature
As in name.

VIOLA.

What is his name?

CAPTAIN.

Orsino.

VIOLA.

Orsino! I have heard my father name him.
He was a bachelor then.

CAPTAIN.

And so is now,
Or was so very late; for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur,—as, you know, what great ones
do,
The less will prattle of,—that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

VIOLA.

What's she?

CAPTAIN.

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then
leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

VIOLA.

O that I served that lady!
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

CAPTAIN.

That were hard to compass:
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

VIOLA.

There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become

The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains, for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou silence to my wit.

CAPTAIN.
Be you his eunuch and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes
not see.

VIOLA.
I thank thee. Lead me on.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.]

SIR TOBY. What a plague means my niece,
to take the death of her brother thus? I am
sure care's an enemy to life.

MARIA. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must
come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my
lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY.
Why, let her except, before excepted.

MARIA. Ay, but you must confine yourself
within the modest limits of order.

SIR TOBY. Confine? I'll confine myself no
finer than I am: these clothes are good
enough to drink in, and so be these boots
too; an they be not, let them hang
themselves in their own straps.

MARIA. That quaffing and drinking will
undo you: I heard my lady talk of it
yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you
brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY.
Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

MARIA.
Ay, he.

SIR TOBY.
He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MARIA.
What's that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY.
Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MARIA. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all
these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY. Fye that you'll say so! he plays
o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or
four languages word for word without book,
and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MARIA. He hath indeed,—almost natural:
for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great
quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a
coward to allay the gust he hath in
quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent
he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY. By this hand, they are
scoundrels and subtractors that say so of
him. Who are they?

MARIA.
They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

SIR TOBY. With drinking healths to my
niece; I'll drink to her as long as there is a
passage in my throat and drink in Illyria.

He's a coward and a coystril that will not
drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the
toe like a parish-top. What, wench!
Castiliano-vulgo! for here comes Sir
Andrew Ague-face.

[Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.]

AGUE-CHEEK.
Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TOBY.
Sweet Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW.
Bless you, fair shrew.

MARIA.
And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY.
Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW.
What's that?

SIR TOBY.
My niece's chamber-maid.

SIR ANDREW.
Good Mistress Accost, I desire better
acquaintance.

MARIA.
My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW.
Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

SIR TOBY. You mistake, knight: accost is,
front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW.
By my troth, I would not undertake her in
this company.
Is that the meaning of accost?

MARIA.
Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TOBY. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew,
would thou mightst never draw sword again.

SIR ANDREW. An you part so, mistress, I
would I might never draw sword again. Fair
lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MARIA.
Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR ANDREW.
Marry, but you shall have; and here's my
hand.

MARIA. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray
you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and
let it drink.

SIR ANDREW.
Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your
metaphor?

MARIA.
It's dry, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Why, I think so; I am not
such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But
what's your jest?

MARIA.
A dry jest, sir.

SIR ANDREW.
Are you full of them?

MARIA. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers'
ends: marry, now I let go your hand I am
barren.

[Exit MARIA.]

SIR TOBY. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of
canary: When did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY.
No question.

SIR ANDREW. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY.
Pourquoy, my dear knight?

SIR ANDREW. What is pourquoy? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. Oh, had I but followed the arts!

SIR TOBY.
Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

SIR ANDREW.
Why, would that have mended my hair?

SIR TOBY.
Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

SIR ANDREW.
But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

SIR TOBY. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

SIR ANDREW. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me; the count himself here hard by woos her.

SIR TOBY. She'll none o' the Count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.

SIR ANDREW. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

SIR TOBY.
Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

SIR ANDREW. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

SIR TOBY.
What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR ANDREW.
Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TOBY.
And I can cut the mutton to't.

SIR ANDREW. And, I think, I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TOBY. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

SIR ANDREW. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in flame-colour'd stock. Shall we set about some revels?

SIR TOBY.

What shall we do else? were we not born
under Taurus?

SIR ANDREW.

Taurus? that's sides and heart.

SIR TOBY. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let
me see thee caper: ha, higher: ha, ha!—
excellent!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

[Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's
attire.]

VALENTINE. If the duke continue these
favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to
be much advanced; he hath known you but
three days, and already you are no stranger.

VIOLA. You either fear his humour or my
negligence, that you call in question the
continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir,
in his favours?

VALENTINE.

No, believe me.

[Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.]

VIOLA.

I thank you. Here comes the count.

DUKE.

Who saw Cesario, ho?

VIOLA.

On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE.

Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have
unclasp'd

To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto
her;

Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

VIOLA.

Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE.

Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIOLA.

Say I do speak with her, my lord. What
then?

DUKE.

O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

VIOLA.

I think not so, my lord.

DUKE.

Dear lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small
pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—some four or five attend
him:

All, if you will; for I myself am best

When least in company:—prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIOLA.
I'll do my best
To woo your lady. [Aside] Yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

SCENE V. A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

[Enter MARIA and CLOWN.]

MARIA. Nay; either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

CLOWN. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

MARIA.
Make that good.

CLOWN.
He shall see none to fear.

MARIA. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

CLOWN.
Where, good Mistress Mary?

MARIA.
In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

CLOWN. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MARIA. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent: or to be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLOWN. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MARIA.
You are resolute, then?

CLOWN.
Not so, neither: but I am resolved on two points.

MARIA. That if one break, the other will hold; or if both break, your gaskins fall.

CLOWN. Apt, in good faith, very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

MARIA. Peace, you rogue; no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely; you were best.

[Exit.]

[Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.]

CLOWN. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

OLIVIA.
Take the fool away.

CLOWN.

Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

OLIVIA. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

CLOWN. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Anything that's mended is but patched; virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin, and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

OLIVIA.

Sir, I bade them take away you.

CLOWN. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, Cucullus non facit monachum; that's as much to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

OLIVIA.

Can you do it?

CLOWN.

Dexteriously, good madonna.

OLIVIA.

Make your proof.

CLOWN.

I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

OLIVIA.

Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

CLOWN.

Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

OLIVIA.

Good fool, for my brother's death.

CLOWN.

I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

OLIVIA.

I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

CLOWN. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

OLIVIA.

What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

MALVOLIO.

Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him.

Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

CLOWN. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

OLIVIA.

How say you to that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him,

he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

OLIVIA. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

CLOWN. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

[Re-enter MARIA.]

MARIA. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

OLIVIA.
From the Count Orsino, is it?

MARIA.
I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

OLIVIA.
Who of my people hold him in delay?

MARIA.
Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

OLIVIA.
Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman.
Fie on him!

[Exit MARIA]

Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will to dismiss it.

[Exit MALVOLIO.]

Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

CLOWN. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes— one of thy kin, has a most weak pia mater.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.]

OLIVIA.
By mine honour, half drunk!—What is he at the gate, cousin?

SIR TOBY.
A gentleman.

OLIVIA.
A gentleman? What gentleman?

SIR TOBY. 'Tis a gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

CLOWN.
Good Sir Toby,—

OLIVIA.
Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

SIR TOBY.
Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

OLIVIA.
Ay, marry; what is he?

SIR TOBY. Let him be the devil an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

[Exit.]

OLIVIA.

What's a drunken man like, fool?

CLOWN. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

OLIVIA. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drowned: go, look after him.

CLOWN. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.

[Exit CLOWN.]

[Re-enter MALVOLIO.]

MALVOLIO. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you; I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

OLIVIA.

Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

MALVOLIO. Has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

OLIVIA.

What kind of man is he?

MALVOLIO.

Why, of mankind.

OLIVIA.

What manner of man?

MALVOLIO.

Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

OLIVIA.

Of what personage and years is he?

MALVOLIO. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling, when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

OLIVIA.

Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

MALVOLIO.

Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[Exit.]

[Re-enter MARIA.]

OLIVIA.

Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

[Enter VIOLA.]

VIOLA.

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA.

Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

VIOLA. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well

penned, I have taken great pains to con it.
Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am
very comptible, even to the least sinister
usage.

OLIVIA.
Whence came you, sir?

VIOLA. I can say little more than I have
studied, and that question's out of my part.
Good gentle one, give me modest assurance,
if you be the lady of the house, that I may
proceed in my speech.

OLIVIA.
Are you a comedian?

VIOLA.
No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very
fangs of malice
I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the
lady of the house?

OLIVIA.
If I do not usurp myself, I am.

VIOLA. Most certain, if you are she, you do
usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow
is not yours to reserve. But this is from my
commission: I will on with my speech in
your praise, and then show you the heart of
my message.

OLIVIA.
Come to what is important in't: I forgive you
the praise.

VIOLA.
Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis
poetical.

OLIVIA. It is the more like to be feigned; I
pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy
at my gates; and allowed your approach,
rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If
you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason,

be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me
to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

MARIA.
Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

VIOLA.
No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little
longer.—
Some mollification for your giant, sweet
lady.

OLIVIA.
Tell me your mind.

VIOLA.
I am a messenger.

OLIVIA. Sure, you have some hideous
matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is
so fearful. Speak your office.

VIOLA. It alone concerns your ear. I bring
no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I
hold the olive in my hand: my words are as
full of peace as matter.

OLIVIA.
Yet you began rudely. What are you? what
would you?

VIOLA. The rudeness that hath appeared in
me have I learned from my entertainment.
What I am and what I would are as secret as
maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any
other's, profanation.

OLIVIA.
Give us the place alone: we will hear this
divinity.

[Exit MARIA.]

Now, sir, what is your text?

VIOLA.
Most sweet lady,—

OLIVIA.
A comfortable doctrine, and much may be
said of it.
Where lies your text?

VIOLA.
In Orsino's bosom.

OLIVIA.
In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

VIOLA.
To answer by the method, in the first of his
heart.

OLIVIA.
O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no
more to say?

VIOLA.
Good madam, let me see your face.

OLIVIA. Have you any commission from
your lord to negotiate with my face? you are
now out of your text: but we will draw the
curtain and show you the picture. Look you,
sir, such a one I was this present. Is't not
well done?

[Unveiling.]

VIOLA.
Excellently done, if God did all.

OLIVIA.
'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and
weather.

VIOLA.
'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid
on:
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

OLIVIA. O, sir, I will not be so hard-
hearted; I will give out divers schedules of
my beauty. It shall be inventoried; and every
particle and utensil labelled to my will: as,
item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey
eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one
chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to
praise me?

VIOLA.
I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you. O, such love
Could be but recompens'd though you were
crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

OLIVIA.
How does he love me?

VIOLA.
With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of
fire.

OLIVIA.
Your lord does know my mind; I cannot
love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him
noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd, and
valiant,
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love
him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

VIOLA.
If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

OLIVIA.
Why, what would you?

VIOLA.
Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud, even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

OLIVIA.
You might do much. What is your parentage?

VIOLA.
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I
am a gentleman.

OLIVIA.
Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

VIOLA.
I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[Exit.]

OLIVIA.
What is your parentage?
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.'—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and

spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon. Not too
fast:—soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How
now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

[Re-enter MALVOLIO.]

MALVOLIO.
Here, madam, at your service.

OLIVIA.
Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind
him,
Would I or not; tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for
him:
If that the youth will come this way to-
morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee,
Malvolio.

MALVOLIO.
Madam, I will.

[Exit.]

OLIVIA.
I do I know not what: and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not
owe:
What is decreed must be; and be this so!

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. The sea-coast.

[Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.]

ANTONIO.

Will you stay no longer; nor will you not
that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN. By your patience, no; my
stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy
of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours;
therefore I shall crave of you your leave that
I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad
recompense for your love, to lay any of
them on you.

ANTONIO.

Let me know of you whither you are bound.

SEBASTIAN. No, 'sooth, sir; my
determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.
But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of
modesty, that you will not extort from me
what I am willing to keep in; therefore it
charges me in manners the rather to express
myself. You must know of me then,
Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I
called Rodorigo; my father was that
Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you
have heard of: he left behind him myself and
a sister, both born in an hour; if the heavens
had been pleased, would we had so ended!
but you, sir, altered that; for some hours
before you took me from the breach of the
sea was my sister drowned.

ANTONIO.

Alas the day!

SEBASTIAN. A lady, sir, though it was said
she much resembled me, was yet of many
accounted beautiful: but though I could not,
with such estimable wonder, overfar believe
that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—

she bore mind that envy could not but call
fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt
water, though I seem to drown her
remembrance again with more.

ANTONIO.

Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

SEBASTIAN.

O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

ANTONIO.

If you will not murder me for my love, let
me be your servant.

SEBASTIAN. If you will not undo what you
have done—that is, kill him whom you have
recovered—desire it not. Fare ye well at
once; my bosom is full of kindness; and I
am yet so near the manners of my mother
that, upon the least occasion more, mine
eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the
Count Orsino's court: farewell.

[Exit.]

ANTONIO.

The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many cemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. A street.

[Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.]

MALVOLIO.

Were you not even now with the Countess
Olivia?

VIOLA. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I
have since arrived but hither.

MALVOLIO. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more: that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

VIOLA.
She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

MALVOLIO. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so returned. If it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[Exit.]

VIOLA.
I left no ring with her; what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man; —if it be so,—as 'tis,—
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly,
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie!

[Exit.]

SCENE III. A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.]

SIR TOBY. Approach, Sir Andrew; not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and diluculo surgere, thou know'st.

SIR ANDREW. Nay; by my troth, I know not; but I know to be up late is to be up late.

SIR TOBY. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

SIR ANDREW. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

SIR TOBY.
Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—
Marian, I say!—a stoup of wine.

[Enter CLOWN.]

SIR ANDREW.
Here comes the fool, i' faith.

CLOWN.

How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

SIR TOBY.

Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

SIR ANDREW. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman. Hadst it?

CLOWN. I did impetico thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock. My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

SIR ANDREW. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

SIR TOBY.

Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

SIR ANDREW.

There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

CLOWN.

Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

SIR TOBY.

A love-song, a love-song.

SIR ANDREW.

Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

CLOWN.

SONG

O, mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

SIR ANDREW.

Excellent good, i' faith.

SIR TOBY.

Good, good.

CLOWN.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SIR ANDREW.

A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

SIR TOBY.

A contagious breath.

SIR ANDREW.

Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

SIR TOBY. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

SIR ANDREW.

An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

CLOWN.

By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

SIR ANDREW.

Most certain: let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

CLOWN. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave'
knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee
knave, knight.

SIR ANDREW. 'Tis not the first time I have
constrained one to call me knave. Begin,
fool; it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

CLOWN.
I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

SIR ANDREW.
Good, i' faith! Come, begin.

[They sing a catch.]

[Enter MARIA.]

MARIA. What a caterwauling do you keep
here! If my lady have not called up her
steward Malvolio, and bid him turn you out
of doors, never trust me.

SIR TOBY.
My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians;
Malvolio's a
Peg-a-Ramsey, and
[Singing.]
'Three merry men be we.'
Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her
blood? Tilly-valley,
lady.
'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.'

CLOWN.
Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable
fooling.

SIR ANDREW. Ay, he does well enough if
he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it
with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

SIR TOBY.
[Singing] O, the twelfth day of December,—

MARIA.
For the love o' God, peace!

[Enter MALVOLIO]

MALVOLIO. My masters, are you mad? or
what are you? Have you no wit, manners,
nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this
time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of
my lady's house, that ye squeak out your
coziers' catches without any mitigation or
remorse of voice? Is there no respect of
place, persons, nor time, in you?

SIR TOBY.
We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck
up!

MALVOLIO. Sir Toby, I must be round
with you. My lady bade me tell you that,
though she harbours you as her kinsman
she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you
can separate yourself and your
misdemeanours, you are welcome to the
house; if not, an it would please you to take
leave of her, she is very willing to bid you
farewell.

SIR TOBY.
'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be
gone.'

MARIA.
Nay, good Sir Toby.

CLOWN.
'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

MALVOLIO.
Is't even so?

SIR TOBY.
'But I will never die.'

CLOWN.
Sir Toby, there you lie.

MALVOLIO.
This is much credit to you.

SIR TOBY.
[Singing] 'Shall I bid him go?'

CLOWN.
'What an if you do?'

SIR TOBY.
'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

CLOWN.
'O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

SIR TOBY. Out o' tune? sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

CLOWN. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

SIR TOBY.
Thou'art i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:
A stoup of wine, Maria!

MALVOLIO. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at anything more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.]

MARIA.
Go shake your ears.

SIR ANDREW. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

SIR TOBY. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

MARIA. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

SIR TOBY.
Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

MARIA.
Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

SIR ANDREW.
O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

SIR TOBY.
What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

SIR ANDREW.
I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

MARIA. The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser: an affectioned ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

SIR TOBY.
What wilt thou do?

MARIA. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresse of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

SIR TOBY.
Excellent! I smell a device.

SIR ANDREW.
I have't in my nose too.

SIR TOBY. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

MARIA.
My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

SIR ANDREW.
And your horse now would make him an ass.

MARIA.
Ass, I doubt not.

SIR ANDREW.
O 'twill be admirable!

MARIA. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell.

[Exit.]

SIR TOBY.
Good night, Penthesilea.

SIR ANDREW.
Before me, she's a good wench.

SIR TOBY.
She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me. What o' that?

SIR ANDREW.
I was adored once too.

SIR TOBY.
Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

SIR ANDREW.
If I cannot recover your niece I am a foul way out.

SIR TOBY. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.

SIR ANDREW.
If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

SIR TOBY. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

[Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.]

DUKE.
Give me some music:—Now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs and recollected terms

Of these most brisk and giddy-paced
times:—
Come, but one verse.

CURIO.
He is not here, so please your lordship, that
should sing it.

DUKE.
Who was it?

CURIO. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool
that the Lady Olivia's father took much
delight in: he is about the house.

DUKE.
Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Exit CURIO. Music.]

Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this
tune?

VIOLA.
It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

DUKE.
Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine
eye
Hath stayed upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

VIOLA.
A little, by your favour.

DUKE.
What kind of woman is't?

VIOLA.
Of your complexion.

DUKE.
She is not worth thee, then. What years, i'
faith?

VIOLA.
About your years, my lord.

DUKE.
Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and
won,
Than women's are.

VIOLA.
I think it well, my lord.

DUKE.
Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very
hour.

VIOLA.
And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

[Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN.]

DUKE.
O, fellow, come, the song we had last
night:—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread
with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

CLOWN.
Are you ready, sir?

DUKE.
Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [Music]

CLOWN.

SONG

Come away, come away, death.
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse where my bones shall be
thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

DUKE.
There's for thy pains.

CLOWN.
No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE.
I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

CLOWN.
Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time
or another.

DUKE.
Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLOWN. Now the melancholy god protect
thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of
changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very

opal!—I would have men of such constancy
put to sea, that their business might be
everything, and their intent everywhere; for
that's it that always makes a good voyage of
nothing.—Farewell.

[Exit CLOWN.]

DUKE.
Let all the rest give place.—

[Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.]

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon
her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That Nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

VIOLA.
But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE.
I cannot be so answer'd.

VIOLA.
'Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so. Must she not then be
answer'd?

DUKE.
There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's
heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

VIOLA.
Ay, but I know,—

DUKE.
What dost thou know?

VIOLA.
Too well what love women to men may
owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE.
And what's her history?

VIOLA.
A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in
thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but
indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we
prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE.
But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIOLA.
I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know
not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE.
Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S garden.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW
AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.]

SIR TOBY.
Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FABIAN. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple
of this sport let me be boiled to death with
melancholy.

SIR TOBY. Wouldst thou not be glad to
have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come
by some notable shame?

FABIAN. I would exult, man; you know he
brought me out o' favour with my lady about
a bear-baiting here.

SIR TOBY. To anger him we'll have the
bear again; and we will fool him black and
blue:—shall we not, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW.
An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

[Enter MARIA.]

SIR TOBY.
Here comes the little villain:—How now,
my nettle of India?

MARIA. Get ye all three into the box-tree:
Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has
been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour
to his own shadow this half hour: observe
him, for the love of mockery; for I know this

letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [The men hide themselves.]

Lie thou there; [Throws down a letter] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[Exit Maria.]

[Enter MALVOLIO.]

MALVOLIO. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

SIR TOBY.
Here's an overweening rogue!

FABIAN. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

SIR ANDREW.
'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

SIR TOBY.
Peace, I say.

MALVOLIO.
To be Count Malvolio;—

SIR TOBY.
Ah, rogue!

SIR ANDREW.
Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TOBY.
Peace, peace.

MALVOLIO. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

SIR ANDREW.
Fie on him, Jezebel!

FABIAN.
O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

MALVOLIO.
Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

SIR TOBY.
O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

MALVOLIO. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

SIR TOBY.
Fire and brimstone!

FABIAN.
O, peace, peace.

MALVOLIO. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby.

SIR TOBY.
Bolts and shackles!

FABIAN.
O, peace, peace, peace! Now, now.

MALVOLIO. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:

SIR TOBY.
Shall this fellow live?

FABIAN.
Though our silence be drawn from us with
cars, yet peace.

MALVOLIO. I extend my hand to him thus,
quenching my familiar smile with an austere
regard of control:

SIR TOBY.
And does not Toby take you a blow o' the
lips then?

MALVOLIO. Saying 'Cousin Toby, my
fortunes having cast me on your niece, give
me this prerogative of speech':—

SIR TOBY.
What, what?

MALVOLIO.
'You must amend your drunkenness.'

SIR TOBY.
Out, scab!

FABIAN.
Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our
plot.

MALVOLIO. 'Besides, you waste the
treasure of your time with a foolish knight';

SIR ANDREW.
That's me, I warrant you.

MALVOLIO.
'One Sir Andrew':

SIR ANDREW.
I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

MALVOLIO.
What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.]

FABIAN.
Now is the woodcock near the gin.

SIR TOBY. O, peace! And the spirit of
humours intimate reading aloud to him!

MALVOLIO.
By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be
her very
C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she
her great P's. It
is in contempt of question, her hand.

SIR ANDREW.
Her C's, her U's, and her T's. Why that?

MALVOLIO. [Reads] 'To the unknown
beloved, this, and my good wishes.' Her
very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—
Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with
which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To
whom should this be?

FABIAN.
This wins him, liver and all.

MALVOLIO.
[Reads]
'Jove knows I love,
But who?
Lips, do not move,
No man must know.'

'No man must know.'—What follows? the
numbers alter'd!—'No man must know':—If
this should be thee, Malvolio?

SIR TOBY.
Marry, hang thee, brock!

MALVOLIO.
'I may command where I adore:
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.'

FABIAN.
A fustian riddle!

SIR TOBY.
Excellent wench, say I.

MALVOLIO. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my
life.'—Nay, but first let me see,—let me
see,—let me see.

FABIAN.
What dish of poison has she dressed him!

SIR TOBY.
And with what wing the stannyl checks at
it!

MALVOLIO. 'I may command where I
adore.' Why, she may command me: I serve
her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to
any formal capacity; there is no obstruction
in this;—And the end,—What should that
alphabetical position portend? If I could
make that resemble something in me.—
Softly!—M, O, A, I.—

SIR TOBY.
O, ay, make up that:—he is now at a cold
scent.

FABIAN. Sowter will cry upon't for all this,
though it be as rank as a fox.

MALVOLIO.
M,—Malvolio; M,—why, that begins my
name.

FABIAN.
Did not I say he would work it out?
The cur is excellent at faults.

MALVOLIO. M,—But then there is no
consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under
probation: A should follow, but O does.

FABIAN.
And O shall end, I hope.

SIR TOBY.
Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry 'O!'

MALVOLIO.
And then I comes behind.

FABIAN. Ay, an you had any eye behind
you, you might see more detraction at your
heels than fortunes before you.

MALVOLIO. M, O, A, I;—This simulation
is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a
little, it would bow to me, for every one of
these letters are in my name. Soft; here
follows prose.— 'If this fall into thy hand,
revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be
not afraid of greatness. Some are born great,
some achieve greatness, and some have
greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open
their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace
them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art
like to be, cast thy humble slough and
appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman,
surly with servants: let thy tongue tang
arguments of state; put thyself into the trick
of singularity: She thus advises thee that
sighs for thee. Remember who commended
thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee
ever cross-gartered. I say, remember. Go to;
thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if
not, let me see thee a steward still, the
fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch
fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would
alter services with thee, 'The fortunate-
unhappy.'

Daylight and champion discovers not more:
this is open. I will be proud, I will read
politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will

wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.' Jove, I thank thee. I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

[Exit.]

FABIAN. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR TOBY.
I could marry this wench for this device:

SIR ANDREW.
So could I too.

SIR TOBY.
And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

[Enter MARIA.]

SIR ANDREW.
Nor I neither.

FABIAN.
Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

SIR TOBY.
Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR ANDREW.
Or o' mine either?

SIR TOBY.
Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

SIR ANDREW.
I' faith, or I either?

SIR TOBY. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

MARIA.
Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

SIR TOBY.
Like aqua-vitae with a midwife.

MARIA. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt; if you will see it, follow me.

SIR TOBY.
To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

SIR ANDREW.
I'll make one too.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. OLIVIA'S garden.

[Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.]

VIOLA.

Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor?

CLOWN.

No, sir, I live by the church.

VIOLA.

Art thou a churchman?

CLOWN. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

VIOLA. So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

CLOWN. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit. How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

VIOLA. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

CLOWN.

I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

VIOLA.

Why, man?

CLOWN. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister

wanton. But indeed words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

VIOLA.

Thy reason, man?

CLOWN. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIOLA.

I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

CLOWN.

Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VIOLA.

Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

CLOWN. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIOLA.

I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

CLOWN. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIOLA.

Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee.

Hold, there's expenses for thee.

CLOWN.

Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair,
send thee a beard!

VIOLA. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am
almost sick for one; though I would not have
it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLOWN.

Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIOLA.

Yes, being kept together and put to use.

CLOWN.

I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir,
to bring a
Cressida to this Troilus.

VIOLA.

I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

CLOWN. The matter, I hope, is not great,
sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a
beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will
construe to them whence you come; who
you are and what you would are out of my
welkin: I might say element; but the word is
overworn.

[Exit.]

VIOLA.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he
jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;
But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their
wit.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR
ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.]

SIR TOBY.

Save you, gentleman.

VIOLA.

And you, sir.

SIR ANDREW.

Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

VIOLA.

Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

SIR ANDREW.

I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

SIR TOBY. Will you encounter the house?
my niece is desirous you should enter, if
your trade be to her.

VIOLA. I am bound to your niece, sir: I
mean, she is the list of my voyage.

SIR TOBY.

Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

VIOLA. My legs do better understand me,
sir, than I understand what you mean by
bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TOBY.

I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIOLA.

I will answer you with gait and entrance: but
we are prevented.

[Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.]

Most excellent accomplished lady, the
heavens rain odours on you!

SIR ANDREW.

That youth's a rare courtier- 'Rain odours'!
well.

VIOLA. My matter hath no voice, lady, but
to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed
car.

SIR ANDREW. 'Odours,' 'pregnant,' and
'vouchsafed':—I'll get 'em all three ready.

OLIVIA.

Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to
my hearing.

[Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and
MARIA.]

Give me your hand, sir.

VIOLA.

My duty, madam, and most humble service.

OLIVIA.

What is your name?

VIOLA.

Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

OLIVIA.

My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

VIOLA.

And he is yours, and his must needs be
yours;

Your servant's servant is your servant,
madam.

OLIVIA.

For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks rather than fill'd
with me!

VIOLA.

Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf:—

OLIVIA.

O, by your leave, I pray you:
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

VIOLA.

Dear lady,—

OLIVIA.

Give me leave, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit;
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might
you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzl'd
thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of
your receiving

Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart: so let me hear you speak.

VIOLA.

I Pity you.

OLIVIA.

That's a degree to love.

VIOLA.

No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

OLIVIA.

Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [Clock

strikes.]
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due-west.

VIOLA.
Then westward-ho:
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

OLIVIA.
Stay:
I pr'ythee tell me what thou think'st of me.

VIOLA.
That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA.
If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIOLA.
Then think you right; I am not what I am.

OLIVIA.
I would you were as I would have you be!

VIOLA.
Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

OLIVIA.
O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night
is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

VIOLA.
By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLIVIA.
Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.]

SIR ANDREW.
No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TOBY.
Thy reason, dear venom: give thy reason.

FABIAN.
You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's servingman than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

SIR TOBY.
Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

SIR ANDREW.
As plain as I see you now.

FABIAN.
This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

SIR ANDREW.
'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

FABIAN. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

SIR TOBY. And they have been grand jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

FABIAN. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double guilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

SIR ANDREW. And't be any way, it must be with valour: for policy I hate; I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TOBY. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in

man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

FABIAN.
There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW.
Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TOBY. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou 'thou'st' him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

SIR ANDREW.
Where shall I find you?

SIR TOBY.
We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

[Exit SIR ANDREW.]

FABIAN.
This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TOBY.
I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

FABIAN.
We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

SIR TOBY. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened and you find so much blood in his liver as will

clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FABIAN. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

[Enter MARIA.]

SIR TOBY.
Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

MARIA. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TOBY.
And cross-gartered?

MARIA. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

SIR TOBY.
Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A street.

[Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.]

SEBASTIAN.

I would not by my will have troubled you;
But since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

ANTONIO.

I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you,—though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,—
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEBASTIAN.

My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks. Often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

ANTONIO.

To-morrow, sir; best, first, go see your lodging.

SEBASTIAN.

I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

ANTONIO.

Would you'd pardon me;

I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count, his
galleys,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be
answered.

SEBASTIAN.
Belike you slew great number of his people.

ANTONIO.
The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in
repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's
sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

SEBASTIAN.
Do not then walk too open.

ANTONIO.
It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your
knowledge
With viewing of the town; there shall you
have me.

SEBASTIAN.
Why I your purse?

ANTONIO.
Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEBASTIAN.
I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
an hour.

ANTONIO.
To the Elephant.—

SEBASTIAN.
I do remember.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S garden.

[Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.]

OLIVIA.
I have sent after him. He says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or
borrowed.
I speak too loud.—
Where's Malvolio?—He is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my
fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?

MARIA.
He's coming, madam:
But in very strange manner. He is sure
possessed.

OLIVIA.
Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

MARIA.
No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your
ladyship were
best to have some guard about you if he
come;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

OLIVIA.
Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

[Enter MALVOLIO.]

How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO.
Sweet lady, ho, ho.

[Smiles fantastically.]

OLIVIA.
Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MALVOLIO. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering. But what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: 'Please one and please all.'

OLIVIA.
Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MALVOLIO.
Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.
It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed.
I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLIVIA.
Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO.
To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

OLIVIA. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

MARIA.
How do you, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO.
At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

MARIA.
Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MALVOLIO.
'Be not afraid of greatness':—'twas well writ.

OLIVIA.
What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO.
'Some are born great,'—

OLIVIA.
Ha?

MALVOLIO.
'Some achieve greatness,'—

OLIVIA.
What say'st thou?

MALVOLIO.
'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

OLIVIA.
Heaven restore thee!

MALVOLIO.
'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;'—

OLIVIA.
Thy yellow stockings?

MALVOLIO.
'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

OLIVIA.
Cross-gartered?

MALVOLIO.
'Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so:'—

OLIVIA.
Am I made?

MALVOLIO.
'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

OLIVIA.
Why, this is very midsummer madness.

[Enter Servant.]

SERVANT. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLIVIA.
I'll come to him.

[Exit Servant.]

Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.]

MALVOLIO. O, ho! do you come near me now? No worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she;—'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;—and consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to;' Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree,

but fellow. Why, everything adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

[Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.]

SIR TOBY. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FABIAN. Here he is, here he is:—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

MALVOLIO.
Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

MARIA. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MALVOLIO.
Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TOBY. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MALVOLIO.
Do you know what you say?

MARIA. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitched.

FABIAN.
Carry his water to the wise woman.

MARIA. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MALVOLIO.
How now, mistress!

MARIA.
O lord!

SIR TOBY. Pr'ythee hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

FABIAN. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

SIR TOBY.
Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck.

MALVOLIO.
Sir?

SIR TOBY. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

MARIA.
Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

MALVOLIO.
My prayers, minx?

MARIA.
No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

MALVOLIO. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

[Exit.]

SIR TOBY.
Is't possible?

FABIAN. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TOBY.
His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

MARIA.
Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air and taint.

FABIAN.
Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MARIA.
The house will be the quieter.

SIR TOBY. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

[Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.]

FABIAN.
More matter for a May morning.

SIR ANDREW. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

FABIAN.
Is't so saucy?

SIR ANDREW.
Ay, is't, I warrant him; do but read.

SIR TOBY. Give me. [Reads.] 'Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.'

FABIAN.
Good and valiant.

SIR TOBY. 'Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't.'

FABIAN.
A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

SIR TOBY. 'Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.'

FABIAN.
Very brief, and to exceeding good senseless.

SIR TOBY. 'I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,'—

FABIAN.
Good.

SIR TOBY.
'Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.'

FABIAN.
Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.
Good.

SIR TOBY. 'Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-Cheek.' If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

MARIA. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TOBY. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff; so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

SIR ANDREW.
Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[Exit.]

SIR TOBY. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Ague-cheek notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman,—as I know his youth will aptly receive it,—into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

[Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.]

FABIAN. Here he comes with your niece; give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

SIR TOBY. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA.]

OLIVIA.

I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on it:
There's something in me that reproves my
fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof.

VIOLA.

With the same 'haviour that your passion
bears
Goes on my master's griefs.

OLIVIA.

Here, wear this jewel for me; 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That, honour saved, may upon asking give?

VIOLA.

Nothing but this, your true love for my
master.

OLIVIA.

How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIOLA.

I will acquit you.

OLIVIA.

Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well;
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[Exit.]

[Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR
FABIAN.]

SIR TOBY.

Gentleman, God save thee.

VIOLA.

And you, sir.

SIR TOBY. That defence thou hast, betake
thee to't. Of what nature the wrongs are thou
hast done him, I know not; but thy
interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the
hunter, attends thee at the orchard end:
dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy
preparation, for thy assailant is quick,
skilful, and deadly.

VIOLA. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man
hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is
very free and clear from any image of
offence done to any man.

SIR TOBY. You'll find it otherwise, I assure
you: therefore, if you hold your life at any
price, betake you to your guard; for your
opposite hath in him what youth, strength,
skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

VIOLA.

I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TOBY. He is knight, dubbed with
unhacked rapier and on carpet consideration;
but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and
bodies hath he divorced three; and his
incensement at this moment is so implacable
that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of
death and sepulchre: hob, nob is his word;
give't or take't.

VIOLA. I will return again into the house
and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no
fighter. I have heard of some kind of men
that put quarrels purposely on others to taste
their valour: belike this is a man of that
quirk.

SIR TOBY. Sir, no; his indignation derives
itself out of a very competent injury;
therefore, get you on and give him his
desire. Back you shall not to the house,
unless you undertake that with me which
with as much safety you might answer him:
therefore on, or strip your sword stark

naked; for meddle you must, that's certain,
or forswear to wear iron about you.

VIOLA. This is as uncivil as strange. I
beseech you, do me this courteous office as
to know of the knight what my offence to
him is; it is something of my negligence,
nothing of my purpose.

SIR TOBY. I Will do so. Signior Fabian,
stay you by this gentleman till my return.

[Exit SIR TOBY.]

VIOLA.
Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FABIAN. I know the knight is incensed
against you, even to a mortal arbitrement;
but nothing of the circumstance more.

VIOLA.
I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

FABIAN. Nothing of that wonderful
promise, to read him by his form, as you are
like to find him in the proof of his valour.
He is indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody,
and fatal opposite that you could possibly
have found in any part of Illyria. Will you
walk towards him? I will make your peace
with him if I can.

VIOLA. I shall be much bound to you for't. I
am one that would rather go with sir priest
than sir knight: I care not who knows so
much of my mettle.

[Exeunt.]

[Re-enter SIR TOBY With SIR ANDREW.]

SIR TOBY. Why, man, he's a very devil; I
have not seen such a virago. I had a pass
with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he
gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal

motion that it is inevitable; and on the
answer, he pays you as surely as your feet
hit the ground they step on. They say he has
been fencer to the Sophy.

SIR ANDREW.
Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

SIR TOBY. Ay, but he will not now be
pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

SIR ANDREW. Plague on't; an I thought he
had been valiant, and so cunning in fence,
I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have
challenged him. Let him let the matter slip
and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

SIR TOBY.
I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a
good show on't;
this shall end without the perdition of souls.
[Aside.] Marry,
I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

[Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.]

I have his horse [To FABIAN.] to take up
the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's
a devil.

FABIAN. He is as horribly conceited of
him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear
were at his heels.

SIR TOBY. There's no remedy, sir: he will
fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath
better bethought him of his quarrel, and he
finds that now scarce to be worth talking of:
therefore, draw for the supportance of his
vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

VIOLA. [Aside] Pray God defend me! A
little thing would make me tell them how
much I lack of a man.

FABIAN.
Give ground if you see him furious.

SIR TOBY. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

SIR ANDREW.
Pray God he keep his oath!

[Draws.]

[Enter ANTONIO.]

VIOLA.
I do assure you 'tis against my will.

[Draws.]

ANTONIO.
Put up your sword:—if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

[Drawing.]

SIR TOBY.
You, sir! why, what are you?

ANTONIO.
One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

SIR TOBY.
Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[Draws.]

[Enter two Officers.]

FABIAN. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

SIR TOBY.
[To ANTONIO] I'll be with you anon.

VIOLA.
[To Sir Andrew.] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

SIR ANDREW. Marry, will I, sir; and for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily and reins well.

FIRST OFFICER.
This is the man; do thy office.

SECOND OFFICER.
Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.

ANTONIO.
You do mistake me, sir.

FIRST OFFICER.
No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

ANTONIO.
I Must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

SECOND OFFICER.
Come, sir, away.

ANTONIO.
I must entreat of you some of that money.

VIOLA.
What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me
here,
And part being prompted by your present
trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something; my having is not
much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

ANTONIO.
Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my
misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

VIOLA.
I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling,
drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

ANTONIO.
O heavens themselves!

SECOND OFFICER.
Come, sir, I pray you go.

ANTONIO.
Let me speak a little. This youth that you see
here
I snatched one half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which methought did

promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

FIRST OFFICER.
What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

ANTONIO.
But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature
shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourished by the
devil.

FIRST OFFICER.
The man grows mad; away with him. Come,
come, sir.

ANTONIO.
Lead me on.

[Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.]

VIOLA.
Methinks his words do from such passion
fly
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination; O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

SIR TOBY. Come hither, knight; come
hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet
or two of most sage saws.

VIOLA.
He named Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in
love!

[Exit.]

SIR TOBY. A very dishonest paltry boy,
and more a coward than a hare: his
dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here
in necessity, and denying him; and for his
cowardship, ask Fabian.

FABIAN.

A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.

SIR ANDREW.

'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TOBY.

Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
sword.

SIR ANDREW.

And I do not,—

[Exit.]

FABIAN.

Come, let's see the event.

SIR TOBY.

I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Street before OLIVIA'S House.

[Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.]

CLOWN.

Will you make me believe that I am not sent
for you?

SEBASTIAN.

Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

CLOWN. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do
not know you; nor I am not sent to you by
my lady, to bid you come speak with her;
nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor
this is not my nose neither.— Nothing that is
so is so.

SEBASTIAN.

I pr'ythee vent thy folly somewhere else.
Thou know'st not me.

CLOWN. Vent my folly! he has heard that
word of some great man, and now applies it
to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this
great lubber, the world, will prove a
cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy
strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to
my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art
coming?

SEBASTIAN.

I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if you tarry longer
I shall give worse payment.

CLOWN. By my troth, thou hast an open
hand:—These wise men that give fools
money get themselves a good report after
fourteen years' purchase.

[Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and
FABIAN.]

SIR ANDREW.

Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for
you.

[Striking SEBASTIAN.]

SEBASTIAN.

Why, there's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

[Beating SIR ANDREW.]

SIR TOBY.

Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

CLOWN. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence.

[Exit CLOWN.]

SIR TOBY.

Come on, sir; hold.

[Holding SEBASTIAN.]

SIR ANDREW. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEBASTIAN.

Let go thy hand.

SIR TOBY. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

SEBASTIAN.

I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[Draws.]

SIR TOBY. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[Draws.]

[Enter OLIVIA.]

OLIVIA.

Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee hold.

SIR TOBY.

Madam?

OLIVIA.

Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! Out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario!—
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEBASTIAN.

What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad/ or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLIVIA.

Nay, come, I pr'ythee. Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

SEBASTIAN.

Madam, I will.

OLIVIA.

O, say so, and so be!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

[Enter MARIA and CLOWN.]

MARIA.

Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly: I'll call Sir Toby the whilst.

[Exit MARIA.]

CLOWN. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well: nor lean enough to be thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.]

SIR TOBY.

Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

CLOWN. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is'; so I, being master parson, am master parson: for what is that but that? and is but is?

SIR TOBY.

To him, Sir Topas.

CLOWN.

What, hoa, I say,—Peace in this prison!

SIR TOBY.

The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

MALVOLIO.

[In an inner chamber.] Who calls there?

CLOWN. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

MALVOLIO.

Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLOWN. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TOBY.

Well said, master parson.

MALVOLIO. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

CLOWN. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

MALVOLIO.

As hell, Sir Topas.

CLOWN. Why, it hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear storeys toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MALVOLIO.

I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you this house is dark.

CLOWN. Madman, thou errest. I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MALVOLIO. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

CLOWN.
What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

MALVOLIO.
That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

CLOWN.
What thinkest thou of his opinion?

MALVOLIO.
I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

CLOWN. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

MALVOLIO.
Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

SIR TOBY.
My most exquisite Sir Topas!

CLOWN.
Nay, I am for all waters.

MARIA. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

SIR TOBY. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him; I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any

safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[Exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA.]

CLOWN.
[Singing.] 'Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.'

MALVOLIO.
Fool,—

CLOWN.
'My lady is unkind, perdy.'

MALVOLIO.
Fool,—

CLOWN.
'Alas, why is she so?'

MALVOLIO.
Fool, I say;—

CLOWN.
'She loves another'—Who calls, ha?

MALVOLIO. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

CLOWN.
Master Malvolio!

MALVOLIO.
Ay, good fool.

CLOWN.
Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

MALVOLIO. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

CLOWN. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

MALVOLIO. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

CLOWN. Advise you what you say: the minister is here.—Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

MALVOLIO.
Sir Topas,—

CLOWN.
Maintain no words with him, good fellow.
Who, I, sir? not
I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas.—
Marry, amen.—I will
sir, I will.

MALVOLIO.
Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

CLOWN. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

MALVOLIO.
Good fool, help me to some light and some paper;
I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

CLOWN.
Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

MALVOLIO. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

CLOWN. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

MALVOLIO.
Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

CLOWN.
Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains.
I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

MALVOLIO. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee be gone.

CLOWN.
[Singing.]
I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad.
Adieu, goodman drivell.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S Garden.

[Enter SEBASTIAN.]

SEBASTIAN.
This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was; and there I found this

credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden
service;
For though my soul disputes well with my
sense,
That this may be some error, but no
madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades
me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her
followers,
Take and give back affairs and their
despatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable
bearing,
As I perceive she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

[Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.]

OLIVIA.
Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean
well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

SEBASTIAN.
I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

OLIVIA.
Then lead the way, good father;—And

heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. The Street before OLIVIA's House.

[Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.]

FABIAN.
Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

CLOWN.
Good Master Fabian, grant me another
request.

FABIAN.
Anything.

CLOWN.
Do not desire to see this letter.

FABIAN.
This is to give a dog; and in recompense
desire my dog again.

[Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.]

DUKE.
Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

CLOWN.
Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

DUKE.
I know thee well. How dost thou, my good
fellow?

CLOWN.
Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the
worse for my friends.

DUKE.
Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

CLOWN.
No, sir, the worse.

DUKE.
How can that be?

CLOWN. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

DUKE.
Why, this is excellent.

CLOWN. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE.
Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

CLOWN. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

DUKE.
O, you give me ill counsel.

CLOWN. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

CLOWN. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the triplex, sir, is a good tripping

measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

CLOWN. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon.

[Exit CLOWN.]

[Enter ANTONIO and Officers.]

VIOLA.
Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

DUKE.
That face of his I do remember well:
Yet when I saw it last it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet
That very envy and the tongue of los
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

FIRST OFFICER.
Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy:
And this is he that did the Tiger board
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIOLA.

He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon
me.

I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

DUKE.

Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their
mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

ANTONIO.

Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you
give me:

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground
enough,

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me
hither:

That most ingrateful boy there, by your side
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy
mouth

Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false
cunning,—

Not meaning to partake with me in
danger,—

Taught him to face me out of his
acquaintance,

And grew a twenty-years-removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine
own purse,

Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

VIOLA.

How can this be?

DUKE.

When came he to this town?

ANTONIO.

To-day, my lord; and for three months
before,—

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,—
Both day and night did we keep company.

[Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.]

DUKE.

Here comes the countess; now heaven walks
on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are
madness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon
me;

But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

OLIVIA.

What would my lord, but that he may not
have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable!—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

VIOLA.

Madam?

DUKE.

Gracious Olivia,—

OLIVIA.

What do you say, Cesario?—Good my
lord,—

VIOLA.

My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

OLIVIA.

If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

DUKE.

Still so cruel?

OLIVIA.
Still so constant, lord.

DUKE.
What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath
breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

OLIVIA.
Even what it please my lord, that shall
become him.

DUKE.
Why should I not, had I the heart to do it.
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy
That sometime savours nobly.—But hear me
this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your
favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you
love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender
dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye
Where he sits crowned in his master's
sprite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in
mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

[Going.]

VIOLA.
And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

OLIVIA.
Where goes Cesario?

VIOLA.
After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my
life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love
wife;
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

OLIVIA.
Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

VIOLA.
Who does beguile you? who does do you
wrong?

OLIVIA.
Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father.

[Exit an ATTENDANT.]

DUKE.
[To Viola.] Come, away!

OLIVIA.
Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

DUKE.
Husband?

OLIVIA.
Ay, husband, can he that deny?

DUKE.
Her husband, sirrah?

VIOLA.
No, my lord, not I.

OLIVIA.
Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou
art

As great as that thou fear'st—O, welcome,
father!

[Re-enter Attendant and Priest.]

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold,—though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,—what thou dost
know
Hath newly passed between this youth and
me.

PRIEST.

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your
rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward
my grave,
I have travelled but two hours.

DUKE.

O thou dissembling cub! What wilt thou be,
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy
case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine
overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never
meet.

VIOLA.

My lord, I do protest,—

OLIVIA.

O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou has too much
fear.

[Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with
his head broke.]

SIR ANDREW.

For the love of God, a surgeon; send one
presently to Sir Toby.

OLIVIA.

What's the matter?

SIR ANDREW. He has broke my head
across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody
coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help:
I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

OLIVIA.

Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR ANDREW. The Count's gentleman, one
Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's
the very devil incardinate.

DUKE.

My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR ANDREW. Od's lifelings, here he is:—
You broke my head for nothing; and that
that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

VIOLA.

Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without
cause;
But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.

SIR ANDREW. If a bloody coxcomb be a
hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set
nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

[Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by
the CLOWN.]

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear
more: but if he had not been in drink he
would have tickled you othergates than he
did.

DUKE.

How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

SIR TOBY.

That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—

Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

CLOWN. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

SIR TOBY. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.

OLIVIA.

Away with him. Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR ANDREW.

I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR TOBY. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

OLIVIA.

Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[Exeunt CLOWN, SIR TOBY, and SIR ANDREW.]

[Enter SEBASTIAN.]

SEBASTIAN.

I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

I do perceive it hath offended you;

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

DUKE.

One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

SEBASTIAN.

Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me
Since I have lost thee.

ANTONIO.

Sebastian are you?

SEBASTIAN.

Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

ANTONIO.

How have you made division of yourself?—

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is
Sebastian?

OLIVIA.

Most wonderful!

SEBASTIAN.

Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister
Whom the blind waves and surges have
devoured:—

[To Viola.] Of charity, what kin are you to me?

What countryman, what name, what parentage?

VIOLA.

Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

SEBASTIAN.

A spirit I am indeed:

But am in that dimension grossly clad,

Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

VIOLA.
My father had a mole upon his brow.

SEBASTIAN.
And so had mine.

VIOLA.
And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.

SEBASTIAN.
O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

VIOLA.
If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose
gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count;
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

SEBASTIAN.
[To OLIVIA] So comes it, lady, you have
been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived;
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

DUKE.
Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
[To VIOLA] Boy, thou hast said to me a

thousand times,
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

VIOLA.
And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

DUKE.
Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

VIOLA.
The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some
action,
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit;
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

OLIVIA.
He shall enlarge him:—Fetch Malvolio
hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much
distract.

[Re-enter CLOWN, with a letter.]

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished
his.—
How does he, sirrah?

CLOWN. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub
at the stave's end as well as a man in his case
may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I
should have given it you to-day morning,
but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so
it skills not much when they are delivered.

OLIVIA.
Open it, and read it.

CLOWN. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman:—'By the Lord, madam,—'

OLIVIA.
How now! art thou mad?

CLOWN. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

OLIVIA.
Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

CLOWN. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus; therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

OLIVIA.
[To FABIAN] Read it you, sirrah.

FABIAN. [Reads] 'By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. The madly-used Malvolio'

OLIVIA.
Did he write this?

CLOWN.
Ay, madam.

DUKE.
This savours not much of distraction.

OLIVIA.
See him delivered, Fabian: bring him hither.

[Exit FABIAN.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

DUKE.
Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—
[To VIOLA] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
You master's mistress.

OLIVIA.
A sister?—you are she.

[Re-enter FABIAN with MALVOLIO.]

DUKE.
Is this the madman?

OLIVIA.
Ay, my lord, this same;
How now, Malvolio?

MALVOLIO.
Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

OLIVIA.
Have I, Malvolio? no.

MALVOLIO.
Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of
favour;
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to
you;
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention played on? tell me why.

OLIVIA.

Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in
smiling,
And in such forms which here were
presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd
upon thee:
But, when we know the grounds and authors
of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the
judge
Of thine own cause.

FABIAN.

Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall
not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,

If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides past.

OLIVIA.

Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!

CLOWN. Why, 'some are born great, some
achieve greatness, and some have greatness
thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this
interlude;—one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all
one:—'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;'—
But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh
you at such a barren rascal? An you smile
not, he's gagged'? And thus the whirligig of
time brings in his revenges.

MALVOLIO.

I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[Exit.]

OLIVIA.

He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

DUKE.

Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time
convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario,
come:
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt.]

CLOWN.

Song.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knave and thief men shut their
gate,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.]

Language Readings

INFERNO



Dante Alighieri

CANTO 1

*The dark wood—the three beasts—Virgil—the prophecy of the
greyhound—the plan of the journey*

- 1 In the middle of the journey of our life, I came to
myself in a dark wood, for the straight way was lost.
- 4 Ah, how hard a thing it is to say what that wood
was, so savage and harsh and strong that the
thought of it renews my fear!
- 7 It is so bitter that death is little more so! But to
treat of the good that I found there, I will tell of
the other things I saw.
- 10 I cannot really say how I entered there, so full of
sleep was I at the point when I abandoned the true
way.
- 13 But when I had reached the foot of a hill, where
the valley ended that had pierced my heart with fear,
- 16 I looked on high and saw its shoulders clothed
already with the rays of the planet that leads us
straight on every path.
- 19 Then was the fear a little quieted that in the lake
of my heart had lasted through the night I passed
with so much anguish.
- 22 And like one with laboring breath, come forth out
of the deep onto the shore, who turns back to the
perilous water and stares:
- 25 so my spirit, still fleeing, turned back to gaze
again at the pass that has never yet left anyone alive.
- 28 After I had a little rested my weary body, I took
my way again along that deserted slope, so that my
halted foot was always the lower.

- 31 And behold, almost at the beginning of the steep,
a leopard, light and very swift, covered with spotted
fur;
- 34 and it did not depart from before my face but
rather so impeded my way that I was at several
turns turned to go back.
- 37 The time was the beginning of the morning, and
the sun was mounting up with those stars that were
with it when God's love
- 40 first set those lovely things in motion; so that I
took reason to have good hope of that beast with its
gaily painted hide
- 43 from the hour of the morning and the sweet
season; but not so that I did not fear the sight of a
lion that appeared to me.
- 46 He appeared to be coming against me with his
head high and with raging hunger, so that the air
appeared to tremble at him.
- 49 And a she-wolf, that seemed laden with all
cravings in her leanness and has caused many
peoples to live in wretchedness,
- 52 she put on me so much heaviness with the fear
that came from the sight of her, that I lost hope of
reaching the heights.
- 55 And like one who gladly acquires, and the time
arrives that makes him lose, who in all of his
thoughts weeps and becomes sad:
- 58 so she made me, that restless beast, who, coming
against me, little by little was driving me back to
where the sun is silent.
- 61 While I was falling down into a low place, before
my eyes one had offered himself to me who through
long silence seemed hoarse.
- 64 When I saw him in the great wilderness, "*Miserere*
—on me," I cried to him, "whatever you may be,
whether shade or true man!"
- 67 He replied: "Not a man, I was formerly a man,
and my parents were Lombards, Mantuans both by
birth.

- 70 I was born *sub Iulio*, though it was late, and I
lived in Rome under the good Augustus in the time
of the false and lying gods.
- 73 I was a poet, and I sang of that just son of
Anchises who came from Troy, when proud Ilion
was destroyed by fire.
- 76 But you, why do you return to so much suffering?
why do you not climb the delightful mountain that is
origin and cause of all joy?"
- 79 "Now are you that Virgil, that fountain which
spreads forth so broad a river of speech?" I replied
with shamefast brow.
- 82 "O honor and light of the other poets, let my long
study and great love avail me, that has caused me to
search through your volume.
- 85 You are my master and my author, you alone are
he from whom I have taken the pleasing style that
has won me honor.
- 88 See the beast for which I have turned back: help
me against her, famous sage, for she makes my veins
and pulses tremble."
- 91 "You must hold to another path," he replied, after
he saw me weep, "if you wish to escape from this
savage place;
- 94 for this beast at which you cry out lets no one
pass by her way, but so much impedes him that she
kills him;
- 97 and she has a nature so evil and cruel that her
greedy desire is never satisfied, and after feeding she
is hungrier than before.
- 100 Many are the animals with whom she mates, and
there will be more still, until the greyhound shall
come, who will make her die in pain.
- 103 He will feed on neither earth nor pelf, but on
wisdom, love, and power, and his birth will be
between felt and felt.
- 106 He will be the salvation of that humble Italy for
which the virgin Camilla died of her wounds, and
Euryalus, Turnus, and Nisus.

- 109 He will drive her from every town until he has
put her back in Hell, whence envy first sent her
forth.
- 112 Thus for your good I think and judge that you
shall follow me, and I shall be your guide, and I will
lead you from here through an eternal place,
- 115 where you will hear the desperate shrieks, you
will see the ancient suffering spirits, who all cry out
at the second death;
- 118 and you will see those who are content in the fire,
because they hope to come, whenever it may be, to
the blessed people.
- 121 To whom then if you shall wish to rise, there will
be a soul more worthy of that than I; with her I shall
leave you when I depart;
- 124 for that Emperor who reigns on high, because I
was a rebel to his law, wills not that I come into his
city.
- 127 In every place he commands, and there he rules;
there is his city and high throne: O happy the one he
chooses to be there!"
- 130 And I to him: "Poet, I beg you by that God whom
you did not know, so that I may flee this evil and
worse,
- 133 that you lead me where you have just now said,
so that I may see the gate of Saint Peter and those
whom you call so woebegone."
- 136 Then he moved, and I followed after him.



CANTO 2

*Fears—precedents for the journey—Virgil's account of his being sent—
Beatrice's account of her being sent*

- 1 The day was departing, and the darkened air was
releasing all living creatures on the earth from their
toils; and I alone
- 4 prepared myself to undergo the war both of the
journey and of pity, which memory, unerring, will
depict.
- 7 O muses, O high wit, now help me; O memory
that wrote down what I saw, here will your nobility
appear.
- 10 I began: "Poet who are my guide, consider my
strength, if it is powerful enough, before you entrust
me to the deep pass.
- 13 You say that the father of Silvius, still in
corruptible flesh, went to the immortal realm and
was there with his senses.
- 16 Therefore, if the adversary of all evil was liberal to
him, considering the high effect that was to come
forth from him, and who and what he was,
- 19 it does not seem unworthy to a man of intellect;
for he in the Empyrean heaven had been chosen to
be father of mother Rome and her empire:
- 22 and Rome and her empire, to tell the truth, were
established to be the holy place where the successor
of great Peter is enthroned.
- 25 Through this journey that you claim for him, he
understood things that were the cause of his victory
and of the papal mantle.
- 28 Later the chosen Vessel went there, to bring back
strengthening for that faith which is the beginning of
the way of salvation.

31 But I, why come there? or who grants it? I am
not Aeneas, I am not Paul; neither I nor others
believe me worthy of that.

34 Therefore, if I abandon myself to the journey, I fear
lest my coming may be folly. You are wise, you
understand better than I speak."

37 And like one who unwill's what he just now
willed and with new thoughts changes his intent, so
that he draws back entirely from beginning:

40 so did I become on that dark slope, for, thinking, I
gave up the undertaking that I had been so quick to
begin.

43 "If I have well understood your word," replied the
shade of that great-souled one, "your soul is
wounded by cowardice,

46 which many times so encumbers a man that he
turns back from honorable endeavor, as a false sight
turns a beast when it shies.

49 That you may free yourself from this fear, I will
tell you why I came and what I heard in the first
moment when I grieved for you.

52 I was among those who are suspended, and a lady
called me, so blessed and beautiful that I begged her
to command me.

55 Her eyes were shining brighter than the morning
star; and she began to speak gently and softly, with
angelic voice, in her language:

58 'O courteous Mantuan soul, whose fame still lasts
in the world and will last as far as the world will go,
61 my friend, not the friend of fortune, on the
deserted shore is so blocked in his journey that he
has turned back for fear;

64 and I am afraid that he may be already so lost
that I have risen too late to help him, according to
what I have heard of him in Heaven.

67 Now go, and with your ornamented speech and
whatever else is needed for his escape help him so
that I may be consoled.

- 70 I am Beatrice who cause you to go; I come from
the place where I long to return; love has moved me
and makes me speak.
- 73 When I shall be before my lord, I will praise you
frequently to him.' Then she was silent, and I began:
- 76 'O lady of power, through whom alone the human
race rises above all the contents of that heaven whose
circles are smallest,
- 79 so pleasing to me is your command that obeying,
had it already taken place, is slow; no more is
needed than to unfold your desire.
- 82 But tell me the reason why you do not shrink
from coming down here, into this center, from the
spacious place where you desire to return.'
- 85 'Since you wish to know so deeply, I will tell you
in brief,' she replied, 'why I do not fear to come
inside here.
- 88 One must fear only those things that have the
power to harm; not other things, for they are not
fearful.
- 91 I am made by God, in his mercy, such that your
misery does not touch me, the flame of this burning
does not assail me.
- 94 There is a noble lady in Heaven, who grieves for
this impediment to which I send you, so that she
vanquishes harsh judgment there on high.
- 97 She called Lucia in her request and said:—Now
your faithful one has need of you, and I put him in
your hands.—
- 100 Lucia, enemy of all cruelty, moved and came to
the place where I was sitting with the ancient Rachel.
- 103 She said:—Beatrice, true praise of God, why do
you not help him who loved you so, who because of
you came forth from the common herd?
- 106 Do you not hear the anguish of his weeping, do
you not see the death that attacks him there, by the
torrent where the sea has no boast?—

- 109 In the world there have never been persons so
swift to seek their advantage or to flee their loss, as I,
after hearing such words spoken,
- 112 came down here from my blessed throne, trusting
in your virtuous speech, which honors you and those
who have heeded it.'
- 115 After she had spoken all this to me, she turned
her shining eyes, shedding tears, which made me
quicker to come here.
- 118 And I have come to you as she willed: from
before that beast I have taken you, that deprived you
of the short path up the mountain.
- 121 Therefore what is it? why, why do you stand
still? why do you nurse such cowardice in your
heart? why do you not have boldness and freedom,
- 124 seeing that three such blessed ladies have a care
for you in the court of Heaven, and my speech
promises you so much good?"
- 127 As little flowers, bowed and closed in the chill of
night, when the sun whitens them straighten up all
open on their stems:
- 130 so did I become with my tired strength, and so
much good boldness ran to my heart, that I began
like a person freed:
- 133 "Oh full of pity she who has helped me! and you
courteous, who have quickly obeyed the true words
she offered you!
- 136 Your words have so filled my heart with desire to
come with you, that I have returned to my first
purpose.
- 139 Now go, for one same will is in both: you are
leader, you lord, and you master." So I said to him;
and when he had set forth
- 142 I entered upon the deep, savage journey.



CANTO 3

*Hell Gate—the trimmers—the Acheron—Charon and the damned
souls—the pilgrim's faint*

- 1 THROUGH ME THE WAY INTO THE GRIEVING CITY,
THROUGH ME THE WAY INTO ETERNAL SORROW,
THROUGH ME THE WAY AMONG THE LOST PEOPLE.
- 4 JUSTICE MOVED MY HIGH MAKER;
DIVINE POWER MADE ME,
HIGHEST WISDOM, AND PRIMAL LOVE.
- 7 BEFORE ME WERE NO THINGS CREATED
EXCEPT ETERNAL ONES, AND I ENDURE ETERNAL.
ABANDON EVERY HOPE, YOU WHO ENTER.
- 10 These words I saw written with dark color above
a gate, and I said: "Master, their sense is hard for
me."
- 13 And he to me, like one alert: "Here one must
abandon every suspicion, every cowardice must die
here.
- 16 We have come to the place where I told you you
will see the grieving peoples who have lost the
good of the intellect."
- 19 And, putting his hand on mine with a cheerful
glance from which I drew strength, he introduced me
into the secret things.
- 22 There sighs, weeping, loud wailing resounded
through the starless air, for which at the outset I shed
tears.
- 25 Strange languages, horrible tongues, words of
pain, accents of anger, voices loud and hoarse, and
sounds of blows with them,
- 28 made a tumult that turns forever in that air
darkened without time, like the sand when a
whirlwind blows.

31 And I, my head girt with horror, said: "Master,
what is this I hear? and what people is this who
seem so overcome by grief?"

34 And he to me: "This wretched measure is kept by
the miserable souls who lived without infamy and
without praise.

37 They are mixed with that cowardly chorus of
angels who were not rebels yet were not faithful to
God, but were for themselves.

40 The heavens reject them so as not to be less
beautiful, nor does deep Hell receive them, for the
wicked would have some glory from them."

43 And I: "Master, what is so grievous that it makes
them lament so loudly?" He replied: "I will tell you
very briefly.

46 They have no hope of death, and their blind life is
so base that they are envious of every other fate.

49 The world permits no fame of them to exist;
mercy and justice alike disdain them: let us not
speak of them, but look and pass on."

52 When I looked again, I saw a flag running in
circles so rapidly that it seemed to scorn all pause;
55 and after it there came so long a train of people,
that I would not have believed death had undone so
many.

58 After I had recognized several, I saw and knew
the shade of him who in his cowardice made the
great refusal.

61 Immediately I understood and was certain that
this was the sect of cowards, displeasing both to God
and to his enemies.

64 These wretches, who never were alive, were naked
and much tormented by large flies and wasps that
were there.

67 These streaked their faces with blood which,
mixed with tears, at their feet was gathered up by
disgusting worms.

- 70 And when I gazed beyond them, I saw people on
the bank of a great river; so I said, "Master, now
grant
- 73 that I may know who those are, and what
disposition makes them seem so ready to cross over,
as I can discern in spite of the weak light."
- 76 And he to me: "These things will be made known
to you when we stay our steps on the gloomy shore of
Acheron."
- 79 Then with eyes shamefast and cast down, afraid
that my speaking might displease him, I refrained
from speech until we reached the river.
- 82 And behold coming toward us in a boat an old
man, white with the hairs of age, crying: "Woe to
you, wicked souls!
- 85 Never hope to see the sky: I come to lead you to
the other shore, to the eternal shadows, to heat and
freezing.
- 88 And you who are over there, living soul, separate
yourself from these here, who are dead." But when
he saw that I did not leave,
- 91 he said: "By another way, through other ports will
you come to shore, not by crossing here: a lighter
vessel must carry you."
- 94 And my leader to him: "Charon, do not torture
yourself with anger: this is willed where what is
willed can be done, so ask no more."
- 97 Then were quiet the woolly jowls of the pilot of
the livid swamp; around his eyes he had wheels of
flame.
- 100 But those weary, naked souls changed color and
gnashed their teeth, as soon as they heard his harsh
words.
- 103 They cursed God and their parents, the human
race and the place and the time and the seed of their
sowing and of their birth.
- 106 Then all of them together, weeping loudly, drew
near the evil shore that awaits each one who does
not fear God.

- 109 Charon the demon, with eyes like glowing coals,
making signs to them, gathers them all in; he beats
with his oar whoever lingers.
- 112 As in autumn the leaves remove themselves one
after the other, until the branch sees all its raiment on
the ground:
- 115 so the evil seed of Adam throw themselves from
that shore one by one, when beckoned to, each like a
falcon to its lure.
- 118 Thus they go off across the dark waves, and
before they have disembarked over there, over here
again a new flock gathers.
- 121 "My son," said my courteous master, "those who
die in God's anger all come together here from every
land;
- 124 and they are ready to cross over the river, for
God's justice so spurs them that fear turns to desire.
- 127 No good soul ever passes this way; and so, if
Charon complains of you, you can well understand
what his words mean."
- 130 As he finished, the dark landscape trembled so
violently that in terror my memory bathes me again
with sweat.
- 133 The tearful earth gave forth a wind that flashed
with a crimson light which overcame all feeling in me,
- 136 and I fell like one whom sleep is taking.



CANTO 4

First circle: Limbo—the unbaptized—Virgil's account of the Harrowing of Hell—the ancient poets—the Noble Castle—the illustrious pagans

- 1 Breaking the deep sleep within my head, a heavy
thunder-clap made me shake myself like one forcibly
awakened;
- 4 and I turned my rested eye about, standing erect,
and gazed fixedly, to know the place where I might
be.
- 7 In truth, I found myself on the brink of the
sorrowful valley of the abyss, which gathers in the
thundering of infinite woes.
- 10 Dark and deep it was, and so clouded that though
I probed with my sight to the bottom I discerned
nothing there.
- 13 "Now let us descend down here into the blind
world," began the poet, all pale. "I will be first, and
you will be second."
- 16 And I, who had perceived his color, said: "How
can I come, if you are afraid, who when I have fears
have ever brought me strength?"
- 19 And he to me: "The suffering of the peoples who
are here below, paints on my face that pity which
you perceive as fear.
- 22 Let us go, for the long way urges us." So he put
himself, and so he made me enter, into the first circle
girding the abyss.
- 25 Here, as far as could be heard, there was no
weeping except of sighs which caused the eternal air
to tremble;
- 28 these resulted from grief without torture, felt by
the crowds, which were many and large, of infants
and of women and of men.

- 31 My good master to me: "You do not ask what
spirits are these you see? Now I wish you to know,
before you walk further,
- 34 that they did not sin; and if they have merits, it is
not enough, because they did not receive baptism,
which is the gateway to the faith that you believe.
- 37 And if they lived before Christianity, they did not
adore God as was needful: and of this kind am I
myself.
- 40 Because of such defects, not for any other
wickedness, we are lost, and only so far harmed that
without hope we live in desire."
- 43 Great sorrow seized my heart when I understood
him, because I knew that people of great worth were
suspended in that limbo.
- 46 "Tell me, my master, tell me, lord," I began,
wishing to be assured of that faith which overcomes
all error:
- 49 "has anyone ever gone forth from here, either
through his own merit or through another, so as to
become blessed?" And he, who understood my
veiled speech,
- 52 replied: "I was still new in this condition, when I
saw a powerful one come, crowned with a sign of
victory.
- 55 He led forth from here the shade of our first
parent, of Abel his son, and that of Noah, of Moses,
lawgiver and obedient,
- 58 Abraham the patriarch and David the king, Israel
with his father, and his children, and Rachel, for
whom he did so much,
- 61 and many others, and he made them blessed.
And I would have you know that before them no
human spirits were saved."
- 64 We did not cease walking because he spoke, but
kept on passing through the wood, the wood, I say,
of crowding spirits.
- 67 Our way had not led far from where I had slept,
when I saw a fire that overcame a hemisphere of
shadows.

70 We were still some distance from it, but not so far
as to keep me from discerning in part that people worthy
to be honored possessed that place.

73 “O you who honor knowledge and art, who are
these who receive so much privilege as to be
separated from the manner of the others?”

76 And he to me: “The honor with which their names
resound up in your life, wins grace in Heaven that
thus advances them.”

79 Meantime a voice was heard by me: “Honor the
highest poet: his shade returns, that had departed.”

82 When the voice had ceased and was silent, I saw
four great shades coming toward us: their expression
was neither sad nor happy.

85 My good master began to speak: “Behold the one
with that sword in his hand, coming in front of the
other three as if their lord:

88 that is Homer, the supreme poet; the next is
Horace the satirist; Ovid is the third, and the last,
Lucan.

91 Because they all share with me that name which
the single voice pronounced, they do me honor, and
in this they do well.”

94 So saw I come together the lovely school of that
lord of highest song, who soars above the others like
an eagle.

97 When they had spoken together for a time they
turned to me with sign of greeting, and my master
smiled at that;

100 and they did me an even greater honor, for they
made me one of their band, so that I was sixth
among so much wisdom.

103 Thus we went as far as the light, speaking things
of which it is good to be silent now, as it was good
to speak them there where I was.

106 We came to the foot of a noble castle, seven times
encircled by high walls, defended all around by a
lovely little stream.

- 109 This we passed over like solid ground; through
seven gates I entered with these sages; we came into
a meadow of fresh green.
- 112 Here were people with slow, grave eyes and great
authority in their countenances: they spoke seldom,
and with soft voices.
- 115 Therefore we drew to one side, to a place open,
bright, and high, whence all of them could be seen.
- 118 There opposite, on the bright green grass, all the
great spirits were shown to me, so that I am still
exalted within myself at the sight.
- 121 I saw Electra with many companions, among
whom I recognized Hector and Aeneas, Caesar in
armor with hawklike eyes.
- 124 I saw Camilla and Penthesilea; on the other side I
saw King Latinus, who was sitting with Lavinia his
daughter.
- 127 I saw the Brutus who drove Tarquin out, Lucretia,
Julia, Marcia, and Cornelia; and alone, to the side,
Saladdin.
- 130 When I lifted my brow a little higher, I saw the
master of those who know, sitting among a
philosophical company.
- 133 All gaze at him, all do him honor: there I saw
Socrates and Plato, standing closer to him, in front of
the others,
- 136 Democritus, who assigns the world to chance,
Diogenes, Anaxagoras, and Thales, Empedocles,
Heraclitus, and Zeno;
- 139 and I saw the good gatherer of qualities,
Dioscorides I mean; and I saw Orpheus, Tullius and
Linus, and Seneca the moralist,
- 142 Euclid the geometer and Ptolemy, Hippocrates,
Avicenna and Galen, Averroës who made the great
commentary.
- 145 I cannot describe them all in full, because my long
theme so drives me that often the word falls short of the
fact.

Canto 4

- 148 The company of six is reduced to two: along
another way my wise leader conducts me out of the
quiet, into the trembling air.
- 151 And I came to a place there is nothing to give light.



CANTO 5

*Minos—second circle: the lustful—Francesca da Rimini and
Paolo Malatesta*

1 Thus I descended from the first circle down to the
second, which encloses a smaller space, but so much
more suffering that it goads the souls to shriek.

4 There stands Minos bristling and snarling: he
examines the soul's guilt at the entrance; he judges
and passes sentence by how he wraps.

7 I say that when the ill-born soul comes before
him, it confesses all; and that connoisseur of sin
10 sees which is its place in Hell; he girds himself
with his tail as many times as the levels he wills the
soul to be sent down.

13 Always many stand before him; each goes in turn
to judgment, they speak and hear and are cast into
the deep.

16 "O you who come to the dolorous hospice," said
Minos when he saw me, leaving off the exercise of
his great office,

19 "beware how you enter and to whom you entrust
yourself: be not deceived by the spacious entrance!"
And my leader to him: "Why still cry out?"

22 Do not impede his going, which is decreed: this is
willed where what is willed can be done, so ask no
more."

25 Now the grief-stricken notes begin to make
themselves heard; now I have come where much
weeping assails me.

28 I came into a place where all light is silent, that
groans like the sea in a storm, when it is lashed by
conflicting winds.

31 The infernal whirlwind, which never rests, drives
the spirits before its violence; turning and striking, it
tortures them.

34 When they come before the landslide, there the
shrieks, the wailing, the lamenting; there they curse
God's power.

37 I understood that to this torment were damned
the carnal sinners, who subject their reason to their
lust.

40 And as their wings carry off the starlings in the
cold season, in large full flocks, so does that breath
carry the evil spirits

43 here, there, down, up; no hope ever comforts them,
not of lessened suffering, much less of rest.

46 And as the cranes go singing their lays, making a
long line of themselves in the air, so I saw coming
toward us, uttering cries,

49 shades borne by the aforesaid violence; so I said:
"Master, who are those people whom the black wind
so chastises?"

52 "The first of those about whom you wish to learn,"
he said to me then, "was empress over many
languages.

55 So broken was she to the vice of lust that in her
laws she made licit whatever pleased, to lift from
herself the blame she had incurred.

58 She is Semiramis, of whom we read that she
succeeded Ninus and was his wife: she ruled the
lands the Sultan governs now.

61 The next is she who killed herself for love and
broke faith with the ashes of Sichaeus; next is lustful
Cleopatra.

64 Behold Helen, who brought such evil times, and
see the great Achilles, who battled against Love at
the end.

67 Behold Paris, Tristan"; and more than a thousand
shades he showed me, and named them, pointing,
whom Love parted from our life.

- 70 After I had heard my teacher name the ancient
ladies and knights, pity came upon me, and I was
almost lost.
- 73 I began: "Poet, gladly would I speak with those
two who go together and seem to be so light upon
the wind."
- 76 And he to me: "You will see when they are closer
to us; and then beg them by the love that drives
them, and they will come."
- 79 As soon as the wind bends them toward us, I sent
forth my voice: "O wearied souls, come speak with
us, if another does not forbid it!"
- 82 As doves, called by their desire, with wings raised
and steady come to their sweet nest through the air,
borne by their will,
- 85 so did they emerge from the flock where Dido is,
coming to us through the cruel air, so compelling
was my deepfelt cry.
- 88 "O gracious and benign living creature who
through the black air go visiting us who stained the
world blood-red,
- 91 if the king of the universe were friendly we would
pray to him for your peace, since you have pity on
our twisted pain.
- 94 Of whatever it pleases you to hear and to speak
we will listen and speak to you, while the wind is
quiet for us, as it is now.
- 97 The city where I was born sits beside the
shore where the Po descends to have peace with its
followers.
- 100 Love, which is swiftly kindled in the noble heart,
seized this one for the lovely person that was taken
from me; and the manner still injures me.
- 103 Love, which pardons no one loved from loving in
return, seized me for his beauty so strongly that, as
you see, it still does not abandon me.
- 106 Love led us on to one death. Caina awaits him
who extinguished our life." These words were borne
from them to us.

- 109 When I understood those injured souls, I bent my
face downward, and I held it down so long that the
poet said: "What are you pondering?"
- 112 When I replied, I began: "Alas, how many sweet
thoughts, how much yearning led them to the
grievous pass!"
- 115 Then I turned back to them and spoke, and I began:
"Francesca, your sufferings make me sad and piteous to
tears.
- 118 But tell me: in the time of your sweet sighs, by
what and how did Love grant you to know your
dangerous desires?"
- 121 And she to me: "There is no greater pain than to
remember the happy time in wretchedness; and this
your teacher knows.
- 124 But if you have so much desire to know the first
root of our love, I will do as one who weeps and
speaks.
- 127 We were reading one day, for pleasure, of
Lancelot, how Love beset him; we were alone and
without any suspicion.
- 130 Many times that reading drove our eyes
together and turned our faces pale; but one point
alone was the one that overpowered us.
- 133 When we read that the yearned-for smile was
kissed by so great a lover, he, who will never be
separated from me,
- 136 kissed my mouth all trembling. Galeotto was the
book and he who wrote it: that day we read there no
further."
- 139 While one spirit said this, the other was weeping
so that for pity I fainted as if I were dying,
- 142 and I fell as a dead body falls.



OF CANNIBALS

Michel de Montaigne

When King Pyrrhus invaded Italy, having viewed and considered the order of the army the Romans sent out to meet him; “I know not,” said he, “what kind of barbarians” (for so the Greeks called all other nations) “these may be; but the disposition of this army that I see has nothing of barbarism in it.”—[Plutarch, *Life of Pyrrhus*, c. 8.]—As much said the Greeks of that which Flaminius brought into their country; and Philip, beholding from an eminence the order and distribution of the Roman camp formed in his kingdom by Publius Sulpicius Galba, spake to the same effect. By which it appears how cautious men ought to be of taking things upon trust from vulgar opinion, and that we are to judge by the eye of reason, and not from common report.

I long had a man in my house that lived ten or twelve years in the New World, discovered in these latter days, and in that part of it where Villegaignon landed,—[At Brazil, in 1557.]—which he called Antarctic France. This discovery of so vast a country seems to be of very great consideration. I cannot be sure, that hereafter there may not be another, so many wiser men than we having been deceived in this. I am afraid our eyes are bigger than our bellies, and that we have more curiosity than capacity; for we grasp at all, but catch nothing but wind.

Plato brings in Solon,—[In *Timaeus*.]—telling a story that he had heard from the priests of Sais in Egypt, that of old, and before the Deluge, there was a great island called Atlantis, situate directly at the mouth of the straits of Gibraltar, which contained more countries than both Africa and Asia put together; and that the kings of that country, who not only possessed that Isle, but extended their dominion so far into the continent that they had a country of Africa as far as Egypt, and extending in Europe to Tuscany, attempted to encroach even upon Asia, and to subjugate all the nations that border upon the Mediterranean Sea, as far as the Black Sea; and to that effect overran all Spain, the Gauls, and Italy, so far as to penetrate into Greece, where the Athenians stopped them: but that some time after, both the Athenians, and they and their island, were swallowed by the Flood.

It is very likely that this extreme irruption and inundation of water made wonderful changes and alterations in the habitations of the earth, as ‘tis said that the sea then divided Sicily from Italy—

“Haec loca, vi quondam et vasta convulsa ruina,
Dissiluisse ferunt, quum protenus utraque tellus
Una foret”

[“These lands, they say, formerly with violence and vast desolation
convulsed, burst asunder, where erewhile were.”—*Aeneid*, iii. 414.]

Cyprus from Syria, the isle of Negropont from the continent of Beeotia, and elsewhere united lands that were separate before, by filling up the channel betwixt them with sand and mud:

“Sterilisque diu palus, aptaque remis,
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum.”

[“That which was once a sterile marsh, and bore vessels on its bosom, now feeds neighbouring cities, and admits the plough.”
—Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, v. 65.]

But there is no great appearance that this isle was this New World so lately discovered: for that almost touched upon Spain, and it were an incredible effect of an inundation, to have tumbled back so prodigious a mass, above twelve hundred leagues: besides that our modern navigators have already almost discovered it to be no island, but *terra firma*, and continent with the East Indies on the one side, and with the lands under the two poles on the other side; or, if it be separate from them, it is by so narrow a strait and channel, that it none the more deserves the name of an island for that.

It should seem, that in this great body, there are two sorts of motions, the one natural and the other febrific, as there are in ours. When I consider the impression that our river of Dordogne has made in my time on the right bank of its descent, and that in twenty years it has gained so much, and undermined the foundations of so many houses, I perceive it to be an extraordinary agitation: for had it always followed this course, or were hereafter to do it, the aspect of the world would be totally changed. But rivers alter their course, sometimes beating against the one side, and sometimes the other, and some times quietly keeping the channel. I do not speak of sudden inundations, the causes of which everybody understands. In Medoc, by the seashore, the *Sieur d’Arsac*, my brother, sees an estate he had there, buried under the sands which the sea vomits before it: where the tops of some houses are yet to be seen, and where his rents and domains are converted into pitiful barren pasturage. The inhabitants of this place affirm, that of late years the sea has driven so vehemently upon them, that they have lost above four leagues of land. These sands are her harbingers: and we now see great heaps of moving sand, that march half a league before her, and occupy the land.

The other testimony from antiquity, to which some would apply this discovery of the New World, is in Aristotle; at least, if that little book of *Unheard of Miracles* be his—[one of the spurious publications brought out under his name—D.W.]. He there tells us, that certain Carthaginians, having crossed the Atlantic Sea without the Straits of Gibraltar, and sailed a very long time, discovered at last a great and fruitful island, all covered over with wood, and watered with several broad and deep rivers, far remote from all *terra firma*; and that they, and others after them, allured by the goodness and fertility of the soil, went thither with their wives and children, and began to plant a colony. But the senate of Carthage perceiving their people by little and little to diminish, issued out an express prohibition, that none, upon pain of death, should transport themselves thither; and also drove out these new inhabitants; fearing, ‘tis said, lest’ in process of time they should so multiply as to supplant themselves and ruin their state. But this relation of Aristotle no more agrees with our new-found lands than the other.

This man that I had was a plain ignorant fellow, and therefore the more likely to tell truth: for your better-bred sort of men are much more curious in their observation, ‘tis true, and discover a great deal more; but then they gloss upon it, and to give the greater weight to what they deliver, and allure your belief, they cannot forbear a little to alter the story; they never represent things to you simply as they are, but rather as they appeared to them, or as they would have them appear to you, and to gain the reputation of men of judgment, and the better to induce your faith, are willing to help out the business with something more than is really true, of their own invention.

Now in this case, we should either have a man of irreproachable veracity, or so simple that he has not wherewithal to contrive, and to give a colour of truth to false relations, and who can have no ends in forging an untruth. Such a one was mine; and besides, he has at divers times brought to me several seamen and merchants who at the same time went the same voyage. I shall therefore content myself with his information, without inquiring what the cosmographers say to the business. We should have topographers to trace out to us the particular places where they have been; but for having had this advantage over us, to have seen the Holy Land, they would have the privilege, forsooth, to tell us stories of all the other parts of the world beside. I would have every one write what he knows, and as much as he knows, but no more; and that not in this only but in all other subjects; for such a person may have some particular knowledge and experience of the nature of such a river, or such a fountain, who, as to other things, knows no more than what everybody does, and yet to give a currency to his little pittance of learning, will undertake to write the whole body of physics: a vice from which great inconveniences derive their original.

Now, to return to my subject, I find that there is nothing barbarous and savage in this nation, by anything that I can gather, excepting, that every one gives the title of barbarism to everything that is not in use in his own country. As, indeed, we have no other level of truth and reason than the example and idea of the opinions and customs of the place wherein we live: there is always the perfect religion, there the perfect government, there the most exact and accomplished usage of all things. They are savages at the same rate that we say fruits are wild, which nature produces of herself and by her own ordinary progress; whereas, in truth, we ought rather to call those wild whose natures we have changed by our artifice and diverted from the common order. In those, the genuine, most useful, and natural virtues and properties are vigorous and sprightly, which we have helped to degenerate in these, by accommodating them to the pleasure of our own corrupted palate. And yet for all this, our taste confesses a flavour and delicacy excellent even to emulation of the best of ours, in several fruits wherein those countries abound without art or culture. Neither is it reasonable that art should gain the pre-eminence of our great and powerful mother nature. We have so surcharged her with the additional ornaments and graces we have added to the beauty and riches of her own works by our inventions, that we have almost smothered her; yet in other places, where she shines in her own purity and proper lustre, she marvellously baffles and disgraces all our vain and frivolous attempts:

“Et veniunt hederæ sponte sua melius;
Surgit et in solis formosior arbutus antris;
Et volucres nulls dulcius arte canunt.”

[“The ivy grows best spontaneously, the arbutus best in shady caves;
and the wild notes of birds are sweeter than art can teach.
—“Propertius, i. 2, 10.]

Our utmost endeavours cannot arrive at so much as to imitate the nest of the least of birds, its contexture, beauty, and convenience: not so much as the web of a poor spider.

All things, says Plato,—[Laws, 10.]—are produced either by nature, by fortune, or by art; the greatest and most beautiful by the one or the other of the former, the least and the most imperfect by the last.

These nations then seem to me to be so far barbarous, as having received but very little form and fashion from art and human invention, and consequently to be not much remote from their original simplicity. The laws of nature, however, govern them still, not as yet much vitiated with any mixture of ours: but 'tis in such purity, that I am sometimes troubled we were not sooner acquainted with these people, and that they were not discovered in those better times, when there were men much more able to judge of them than we are. I am sorry that Lycurgus and Plato had no knowledge of them; for to my apprehension, what we now see in those nations, does not only surpass all the pictures with which the poets have adorned the golden age, and all their inventions in feigning a happy state of man, but, moreover, the fancy and even the wish and desire of philosophy itself; so native and so pure a simplicity, as we by experience see to be in them, could never enter into their imagination, nor could they ever believe that human society could have been maintained with so little artifice and human patchwork. I should tell Plato that it is a nation wherein there is no manner of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no science of numbers, no name of magistrate or political superiority; no use of service, riches or poverty, no contracts, no successions, no dividends, no properties, no employments, but those of leisure, no respect of kindred, but common, no clothing, no agriculture, no metal, no use of corn or wine; the very words that signify lying, treachery, dissimulation, avarice, envy, detraction, pardon, never heard of.

—[This is the famous passage which Shakespeare, through Florio's version, 1603, or ed. 1613, p. 102, has employed in the "Tempest," ii. 1.]

How much would he find his imaginary Republic short of his perfection?

"Viri a diis recentes."

["Men fresh from the gods."—Seneca, Ep., 90.]

"Hos natura modos primum dedit."

["These were the manners first taught by nature."
—Virgil, Georgics, ii. 20.]

As to the rest, they live in a country very pleasant and temperate, so that, as my witnesses inform me, 'tis rare to hear of a sick person, and they moreover assure me, that they never saw any of the natives, either paralytic, bleareyed, toothless, or crooked with age. The situation of their country is along the sea-shore, enclosed on the other side towards the land, with great and high mountains, having about a hundred leagues in breadth between. They have great store of fish and flesh, that have no resemblance to those of ours: which they eat without any other cookery, than plain boiling, roasting, and broiling. The first that rode a horse thither, though in several other voyages he had contracted an acquaintance and familiarity with them, put them into so terrible a fright, with his centaur appearance, that they killed him with their arrows before they could come to discover who he was. Their buildings are very long, and of capacity to hold two or three hundred people, made of the barks of tall trees, reared with one end upon the ground, and leaning to and supporting one another at the top, like some of our barns, of which the covering hangs down to the very ground, and serves for the side walls. They have wood so hard, that they cut with it, and make their swords of it, and their grills of it to broil their meat. Their beds are of

cotton, hung swinging from the roof, like our seamen's hammocks, every man his own, for the wives lie apart from their husbands. They rise with the sun, and so soon as they are up, eat for all day, for they have no more meals but that; they do not then drink, as Suidas reports of some other people of the East that never drank at their meals; but drink very often all day after, and sometimes to a rousing pitch. Their drink is made of a certain root, and is of the colour of our claret, and they never drink it but lukewarm. It will not keep above two or three days; it has a somewhat sharp, brisk taste, is nothing heady, but very comfortable to the stomach; laxative to strangers, but a very pleasant beverage to such as are accustomed to it. They make use, instead of bread, of a certain white compound, like coriander seeds; I have tasted of it; the taste is sweet and a little flat. The whole day is spent in dancing. Their young men go a-hunting after wild beasts with bows and arrows; one part of their women are employed in preparing their drink the while, which is their chief employment. One of their old men, in the morning before they fall to eating, preaches to the whole family, walking from the one end of the house to the other, and several times repeating the same sentence, till he has finished the round, for their houses are at least a hundred yards long. Valour towards their enemies and love towards their wives, are the two heads of his discourse, never failing in the close, to put them in mind, that 'tis their wives who provide them their drink warm and well seasoned. The fashion of their beds, ropes, swords, and of the wooden bracelets they tie about their wrists, when they go to fight, and of the great canes, bored hollow at one end, by the sound of which they keep the cadence of their dances, are to be seen in several places, and amongst others, at my house. They shave all over, and much more neatly than we, without other razor than one of wood or stone. They believe in the immortality of the soul, and that those who have merited well of the gods are lodged in that part of heaven where the sun rises, and the accursed in the west.

They have I know not what kind of priests and prophets, who very rarely present themselves to the people, having their abode in the mountains. At their arrival, there is a great feast, and solemn assembly of many villages: each house, as I have described, makes a village, and they are about a French league distant from one another. This prophet declaims to them in public, exhorting them to virtue and their duty: but all their ethics are comprised in these two articles, resolution in war, and affection to their wives. He also prophesies to them events to come, and the issues they are to expect from their enterprises, and prompts them to or diverts them from war: but let him look to't; for if he fail in his divination, and anything happen otherwise than he has foretold, he is cut into a thousand pieces, if he be caught, and condemned for a false prophet: for that reason, if any of them has been mistaken, he is no more heard of.

Divination is a gift of God, and therefore to abuse it, ought to be a punishable imposture. Amongst the Scythians, where their diviners failed in the promised effect, they were laid, bound hand and foot, upon carts loaded with firs and bavins, and drawn by oxen, on which they were burned to death.—[Herodotus, iv. 69.]—Such as only meddle with things subject to the conduct of human capacity, are excusable in doing the best they can: but those other fellows that come to delude us with assurances of an extraordinary faculty, beyond our understanding, ought they not to be punished, when they do not make good the effect of their promise, and for the temerity of their imposture?

They have continual war with the nations that live further within the mainland, beyond their mountains, to which they go naked, and without other arms than their bows and wooden swords,

fashioned at one end like the head of our javelins. The obstinacy of their battles is wonderful, and they never end without great effusion of blood: for as to running away, they know not what it is. Every one for a trophy brings home the head of an enemy he has killed, which he fixes over the door of his house. After having a long time treated their prisoners very well, and given them all the regales they can think of, he to whom the prisoner belongs, invites a great assembly of his friends. They being come, he ties a rope to one of the arms of the prisoner, of which, at a distance, out of his reach, he holds the one end himself, and gives to the friend he loves best the other arm to hold after the same manner; which being done, they two, in the presence of all the assembly, despatch him with their swords. After that, they roast him, eat him amongst them, and send some chops to their absent friends. They do not do this, as some think, for nourishment, as the Scythians anciently did, but as a representation of an extreme revenge; as will appear by this: that having observed the Portuguese, who were in league with their enemies, to inflict another sort of death upon any of them they took prisoners, which was to set them up to the girdle in the earth, to shoot at the remaining part till it was stuck full of arrows, and then to hang them, they thought those people of the other world (as being men who had sown the knowledge of a great many vices amongst their neighbours, and who were much greater masters in all sorts of mischief than they) did not exercise this sort of revenge without a meaning, and that it must needs be more painful than theirs, they began to leave their old way, and to follow this. I am not sorry that we should here take notice of the barbarous horror of so cruel an action, but that, seeing so clearly into their faults, we should be so blind to our own. I conceive there is more barbarity in eating a man alive, than when he is dead; in tearing a body limb from limb by racks and torments, that is yet in perfect sense; in roasting it by degrees; in causing it to be bitten and worried by dogs and swine (as we have not only read, but lately seen, not amongst inveterate and mortal enemies, but among neighbours and fellow-citizens, and, which is worse, under colour of piety and religion), than to roast and eat him after he is dead.

Chrysippus and Zeno, the two heads of the Stoic sect, were of opinion that there was no hurt in making use of our dead carcasses, in what way soever for our necessity, and in feeding upon them too;—[Diogenes Laertius, vii. 188.]—as our own ancestors, who being besieged by Caesar in the city Alexia, resolved to sustain the famine of the siege with the bodies of their old men, women, and other persons who were incapable of bearing arms.

“Vascones, ut fama est, alimentis talibus usi
Produxere animas.”

[“Tis said the Gascons with such meats appeased their hunger.”
—Juvenal, Sat., xv. 93.]

And the physicians make no bones of employing it to all sorts of use, either to apply it outwardly; or to give it inwardly for the health of the patient. But there never was any opinion so irregular, as to excuse treachery, disloyalty, tyranny, and cruelty, which are our familiar vices. We may then call these people barbarous, in respect to the rules of reason: but not in respect to ourselves, who in all sorts of barbarity exceed them. Their wars are throughout noble and generous, and carry as much excuse and fair pretence, as that human malady is capable of; having with them no other foundation than the sole jealousy of valour. Their disputes are not for the conquest of new lands, for these they already possess are so fruitful by nature, as to supply them without labour or concern, with all things necessary, in such abundance that they have no

need to enlarge their borders. And they are, moreover, happy in this, that they only covet so much as their natural necessities require: all beyond that is superfluous to them: men of the same age call one another generally brothers, those who are younger, children; and the old men are fathers to all. These leave to their heirs in common the full possession of goods, without any manner of division, or other title than what nature bestows upon her creatures, in bringing them into the world. If their neighbours pass over the mountains to assault them, and obtain a victory, all the victors gain by it is glory only, and the advantage of having proved themselves the better in valour and virtue: for they never meddle with the goods of the conquered, but presently return into their own country, where they have no want of anything necessary, nor of this greatest of all goods, to know happily how to enjoy their condition and to be content. And those in turn do the same; they demand of their prisoners no other ransom, than acknowledgment that they are overcome: but there is not one found in an age, who will not rather choose to die than make such a confession, or either by word or look recede from the entire grandeur of an invincible courage. There is not a man amongst them who had not rather be killed and eaten, than so much as to open his mouth to entreat he may not. They use them with all liberality and freedom, to the end their lives may be so much the dearer to them; but frequently entertain them with menaces of their approaching death, of the torments they are to suffer, of the preparations making in order to it, of the mangling their limbs, and of the feast that is to be made, where their carcass is to be the only dish. All which they do, to no other end, but only to extort some gentle or submissive word from them, or to frighten them so as to make them run away, to obtain this advantage that they were terrified, and that their constancy was shaken; and indeed, if rightly taken, it is in this point only that a true victory consists:

“Victoria nulla est,
Quam quae confessor animo quoque subjugat hostes.”

[“No victory is complete, which the conquered do not admit to be so.—Claudius, *De Sexto Consulatu Honorii*, v. 248.]

The Hungarians, a very warlike people, never pretend further than to reduce the enemy to their discretion; for having forced this confession from them, they let them go without injury or ransom, excepting, at the most, to make them engage their word never to bear arms against them again. We have sufficient advantages over our enemies that are borrowed and not truly our own; it is the quality of a porter, and no effect of virtue, to have stronger arms and legs; it is a dead and corporeal quality to set in array; ‘tis a turn of fortune to make our enemy stumble, or to dazzle him with the light of the sun; ‘tis a trick of science and art, and that may happen in a mean base fellow, to be a good fencer. The estimate and value of a man consist in the heart and in the will: there his true honour lies. Valour is stability, not of legs and arms, but of the courage and the soul; it does not lie in the goodness of our horse or our arms but in our own. He that falls obstinate in his courage—

“Si succiderit, de genu pugnat”

[“If his legs fail him, he fights on his knees.”
—Seneca, *De Providentia*, c. 2.]

—he who, for any danger of imminent death, abates nothing of his assurance; who, dying, yet darts at his enemy a fierce and disdainful look, is overcome not by us, but by fortune; he is killed, not conquered; the most valiant are sometimes the most unfortunate. There are defeats more triumphant than victories. Never could those four sister victories, the fairest the sun ever beheld, of Salamis, Plataea, Mycale, and Sicily, venture to oppose all their united glories, to the single glory of the discomfiture of King Leonidas and his men, at the pass of Thermopylae. Who ever ran with a more glorious desire and greater ambition, to the winning, than Captain Iscolas to the certain loss of a battle?—[Diodorus Siculus, xv. 64.]—Who could have found out a more subtle invention to secure his safety, than he did to assure his destruction? He was set to defend a certain pass of Peloponnesus against the Arcadians, which, considering the nature of the place and the inequality of forces, finding it utterly impossible for him to do, and seeing that all who were presented to the enemy, must certainly be left upon the place; and on the other side, reputing it unworthy of his own virtue and magnanimity and of the Lacedaemonian name to fail in any part of his duty, he chose a mean betwixt these two extremes after this manner; the youngest and most active of his men, he preserved for the service and defence of their country, and sent them back; and with the rest, whose loss would be of less consideration, he resolved to make good the pass, and with the death of them, to make the enemy buy their entry as dear as possibly he could; as it fell out, for being presently environed on all sides by the Arcadians, after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, he and his were all cut in pieces. Is there any trophy dedicated to the conquerors which was not much more due to these who were overcome? The part that true conquering is to play, lies in the encounter, not in the coming off; and the honour of valour consists in fighting, not in subduing.

But to return to my story: these prisoners are so far from discovering the least weakness, for all the terrors that can be represented to them, that, on the contrary, during the two or three months they are kept, they always appear with a cheerful countenance; importune their masters to make haste to bring them to the test, defy, rail at them, and reproach them with cowardice, and the number of battles they have lost against those of their country. I have a song made by one of these prisoners, wherein he bids them “come all, and dine upon him, and welcome, for they shall withal eat their own fathers and grandfathers, whose flesh has served to feed and nourish him. These muscles,” says he, “this flesh and these veins, are your own: poor silly souls as you are, you little think that the substance of your ancestors’ limbs is here yet; notice what you eat, and you will find in it the taste of your own flesh:” in which song there is to be observed an invention that nothing relishes of the barbarian. Those that paint these people dying after this manner, represent the prisoner spitting in the faces of his executioners and making wry mouths at them. And ‘tis most certain, that to the very last gasp, they never cease to brave and defy them both in word and gesture. In plain truth, these men are very savage in comparison of us; of necessity, they must either be absolutely so or else we are savages; for there is a vast difference betwixt their manners and ours.

The men there have several wives, and so much the greater number, by how much they have the greater reputation for valour. And it is one very remarkable feature in their marriages, that the same jealousy our wives have to hinder and divert us from the friendship and familiarity of other women, those employ to promote their husbands’ desires, and to procure them many spouses; for being above all things solicitous of their husbands’ honour, ‘tis their chiefest care to seek out, and to bring in the most companions they can, forasmuch as it is a testimony of the husband’s

virtue. Most of our ladies will cry out, that 'tis monstrous; whereas in truth it is not so, but a truly matrimonial virtue, and of the highest form. In the Bible, Sarah, with Leah and Rachel, the two wives of Jacob, gave the most beautiful of their handmaids to their husbands; Livia preferred the passions of Augustus to her own interest; —[Suetonius, *Life of Augustus*, c. 71.]—and the wife of King Deiotarus, Stratonice, did not only give up a fair young maid that served her to her husband's embraces, but moreover carefully brought up the children he had by her, and assisted them in the succession to their father's crown.

And that it may not be supposed, that all this is done by a simple and servile obligation to their common practice, or by any authoritative impression of their ancient custom, without judgment or reasoning, and from having a soul so stupid that it cannot contrive what else to do, I must here give you some touches of their sufficiency in point of understanding. Besides what I repeated to you before, which was one of their songs of war, I have another, a love-song, that begins thus:

“Stay, adder, stay, that by thy pattern my sister may draw the
fashion and work of a rich ribbon, that I may present to my beloved,
by which means thy beauty and the excellent order of thy scales
shall for ever be preferred before all other serpents.”

Wherein the first couplet, “Stay, adder,” &c., makes the burden of the song. Now I have conversed enough with poetry to judge thus much that not only there is nothing barbarous in this invention, but, moreover, that it is perfectly Anacreontic. To which it may be added, that their language is soft, of a pleasing accent, and something bordering upon the Greek termination.

Three of these people, not foreseeing how dear their knowledge of the corruptions of this part of the world will one day cost their happiness and repose, and that the effect of this commerce will be their ruin, as I presuppose it is in a very fair way (miserable men to suffer themselves to be deluded with desire of novelty and to have left the serenity of their own heaven to come so far to gaze at ours!), were at Rouen at the time that the late King Charles IX was there. The king himself talked to them a good while, and they were made to see our fashions, our pomp, and the form of a great city. After which, some one asked their opinion, and would know of them, what of all the things they had seen, they found most to be admired? To which they made answer, three things, of which I have forgotten the third, and am troubled at it, but two I yet remember. They said, that in the first place they thought it very strange that so many tall men, wearing beards, strong, and well armed, who were about the king ('tis like they meant the Swiss of the guard), should submit to obey a child, and that they did not rather choose out one amongst themselves to command. Secondly (they have a way of speaking in their language to call men the half of one another), that they had observed that there were amongst us men full and crammed with all manner of commodities, whilst, in the meantime, their halves were begging at their doors, lean and half-starved with hunger and poverty; and they thought it strange that these necessitous halves were able to suffer so great an inequality and injustice, and that they did not take the others by the throats, or set fire to their houses.

I talked to one of them a great while together, but I had so ill an interpreter, and one who was so perplexed by his own ignorance to apprehend my meaning, that I could get nothing out of him of any moment: Asking him what advantage he reaped from the superiority he had amongst his own

people (for he was a captain, and our mariners called him king), he told me, to march at the head of them to war. Demanding of him further how many men he had to follow him, he showed me a space of ground, to signify as many as could march in such a compass, which might be four or five thousand men; and putting the question to him whether or no his authority expired with the war, he told me this remained: that when he went to visit the villages of his dependence, they planed him paths through the thick of their woods, by which he might pass at his ease. All this does not sound very ill, and the last was not at all amiss, for they wear no breeches.

Pensées

Blaise Pascal

277

The heart has its reasons, which reason does not know. We feel it in a thousand things. I say that the heart naturally loves the Universal Being, and also itself naturally, according as it gives itself to them; and it hardens itself against one or the other at its will. You have rejected the one, and kept the other. Is it by reason that you love yourself?

278

It is the heart which experiences God, and not the reason. This, then, is faith: God felt by the heart, not by the reason.

279

Faith is a gift of God; do not believe that we said it was a gift of reasoning. Other religions do not say this of their faith. They only gave reasoning in order to arrive at it, and yet it does not bring them to it.

280

The knowledge of God is very far from the love of Him.

281

Heart, instinct, principles.

282

We know truth, not only by the reason, but also by the heart, and it is in this last way that we know first principles; and reason, which has no part in it, tries in vain to impugn them. The sceptics, who have only this for their object, labour to no purpose. We know that we do not dream, and however impossible it is for us to prove it by reason, this inability demonstrates only the weakness of our reason, but not, as they affirm, the uncertainty of all our knowledge. For the knowledge of first principles, as space, time, motion, number, is as sure as any of those which we get from reasoning. And reason must trust these intuitions of the heart, and must base them on every argument. (We have intuitive knowledge of the tri-dimensional nature of space, and of the infinity of number, and reason then shows that there are no two square numbers one of which is double of the other. Principles are intuited, propositions are inferred, all with certainty, though in different ways.) And it is as useless and absurd for reason to demand from the heart proofs of her first principles, before admitting them, as it would be for the heart to demand from reason an intuition of all demonstrated propositions before accepting them.

This inability ought, then, to serve only to humble reason, which would judge all, but not to impugn our certainty, as if only reason were capable of instructing us. Would to God, on the contrary, that we had never need of it, and that we knew everything by instinct and intuition! But nature has refused us this boon. On the contrary, she has given us but very little knowledge of this kind; and all the rest can be acquired only by reasoning.

Therefore, those to whom God has imparted religion by intuition are very fortunate, and justly convinced. But to those who do not have it, we can give it only by reasoning, waiting for God to give them spiritual insight, without which faith is only human, and useless for salvation.

A WORN PATH

by Eudora Welty

IT WAS December—a bright frozen day in the early morning. Far out in the country there was an old Negro woman with her head tied in a red rag, coming along a path through the pinewoods. Her name was Phoenix Jackson. She was very old and small and she walked slowly in the dark pine shadows, moving a little from side to side in her steps, with the balanced heaviness and lightness of a pendulum in a grandfather clock. She carried a thin, small cane made from an umbrella, and with this she kept tapping the frozen earth in front of her. This made a grave and persistent noise in the still air, that seemed meditative like the chirping of a solitary little bird.

She wore a dark striped dress reaching down to her shoe tops, and an equally long apron of bleached sugar sacks, with a full pocket: all neat and tidy, but every time she took a step she might have fallen over her shoelaces, which dragged

275

From

A CURTAIN OF GREEN

by Eudora Welty

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from her unlaced shoes. She looked straight ahead. Her eyes were blue with age. Her skin had a pattern all its own of numberless branching wrinkles and as though a whole little tree stood in the middle of her forehead, but a golden color ran underneath, and the two knobs of her cheeks were illumined by a yellow burning under the dark. Under the red rag her hair came down on her neck in the frailest of ringlets, still black, and with an odor like copper.

Now and then there was a quivering in the thicket. Old Phoenix said, "Out of my way, all you foxes, owls, beetles, jack rabbits, coons and wild animals! . . . Keep out from under these feet, little bob-whites. . . . Keep the big wild hogs out of my path. Don't let none of those come running my direction. I got a long way." Under her small black-freckled hand her cane, limber as a buggy whip, would switch at the brush as if to rouse up any hiding things.

On she went. The woods were deep and still. The sun made the pine needles almost too bright to look at, up where the wind rocked. The cones dropped as light as feathers. Down in the hollow was the mourning dove—it was not too late for him.

The path ran up a hill. "Seem like there is chains about my feet, time I get this far," she said, in the voice of argument old people keep to use

with themselves. "Something always take a hold of me on this hill—pleads I should stay."

After she got to the top she turned and gave a full, severe look behind her where she had come. "Up through pines," she said at length. "Now down through oaks."

Her eyes opened their widest, and she started down gently. But before she got to the bottom of the hill a bush caught her dress.

Her fingers were busy and intent, but her skirts were full and long, so that before she could pull them free in one place they were caught in another. It was not possible to allow the dress to tear. "I in the thorny bush," she said. "Thorns, you doing your appointed work. Never want to let folks pass, no sir. Old eyes thought you was a pretty little *green* bush."

Finally, trembling all over, she stood free, and after a moment dared to stoop for her cane.

"Sun so high!" she cried, leaning back and looking, while the thick tears went over her eyes. "The time getting all gone here."

At the foot of this hill was a place where a log was laid across the creek.

"Now comes the trial," said Phoenix.

Putting her right foot out, she mounted the log and shut her eyes. Lifting her skirt, leveling her cane fiercely before her, like a festival figure in some parade, she began to march across. Then

she opened her eyes and she was safe on the other side.

"I wasn't as old as I thought," she said.

But she sat down to rest. She spread her skirts on the bank around her and folded her hands over her knees. Up above her was a tree in a pearly cloud of mistletoe. She did not dare to close her eyes, and when a little boy brought her a plate with a slice of marble-cake on it she spoke to him. "That would be acceptable," she said. But when she went to take it there was just her own hand in the air.

So she left that tree, and had to go through a barbed-wire fence. There she had to creep and crawl, spreading her knees and stretching her fingers like a baby trying to climb the steps. But she talked loudly to herself: she could not let her dress be torn now, so late in the day, and she could not pay for having her arm or her leg sawed off if she got caught fast where she was.

At last she was safe through the fence and risen up out in the clearing. Big dead trees, like black men with one arm, were standing in the purple stalks of the withered cotton field. There sat a buzzard.

"Who you watching?"

In the furrow she made her way along.

"Glad this not the season for bulls," she said, looking sideways, "and the good Lord made his

snakes to curl up and sleep in the winter. A pleasure I don't see no two-headed snake coming around that tree, where it come once. It took a while to get by him, back in the summer."

She passed through the old cotton and went into a field of dead corn. It whispered and shook and was taller than her head. "Through the maze now," she said, for there was no path.

Then there was something tall, black, and skinny there, moving before her.

At first she took it for a man. It could have been a man dancing in the field. But she stood still and listened, and it did not make a sound. It was as silent as a ghost.

"Ghost," she said sharply, "who be you the ghost of? For I have heard of nary death close by."

But there was no answer—only the ragged dancing in the wind.

She shut her eyes, reached out her hand, and touched a sleeve. She found a coat and inside that an emptiness, cold as ice.

"You scarecrow," she said. Her face lighted. "I ought to be shut up for good," she said with laughter. "My senses is gone. I too old. I the oldest people I ever know. Dance, old scarecrow," she said, "while I dancing with you."

She kicked her foot over the furrow, and with mouth drawn down, shook her head once or twice

in a little strutting way. Some husks blew down and whirled in streamers about her skirts.

Then she went on, parting her way from side to side with the cane, through the whispering field. At last she came to the end, to a wagon track where the silver grass blew between the red ruts. The quail were walking around like pullets, seeming all dainty and unseen.

"Walk pretty," she said. "This the easy place. This the easy going."

She followed the track, swaying through the quiet bare fields, through the little strings of trees silver in their dead leaves, past cabins silver from weather, with the doors and windows boarded shut, all like old women under a spell sitting there. "I walking in their sleep," she said, nodding her head vigorously.

In a ravine she went where a spring was silently flowing through a-hollow log. Old Phoenix bent and drank. "Sweet-gum makes the water sweet," she said, and drank more. "Nobody know who made this well, for it was here when I was born."

The track crossed a swampy part where the moss hung as white as lace from every limb. "Sleep on, alligators, and blow your bubbles." Then the track went into the road.

Deep, deep the road went down between the high green-colored banks. Overhead the live-oaks met, and it was as dark as a cave.

A black dog with a lolling tongue came up out of the weeds by the ditch. She was meditating, and not ready, and when he came at her she only hit him a little with her cane. Over she went in the ditch, like a little puff of milkweed.

Down there, her senses drifted away. A dream visited her, and she reached her hand up, but nothing reached down and gave her a pull. So she lay there and presently went to talking. "Old woman," she said to herself, "that black dog come up out of the weeds to stall your off, and now there he sitting on his fine tail, smiling at you."

A white man finally came along and found her—a hunter, a young man, with his dog on a chain.

"Well, Granny!" he laughed. "What are you doing there?"

"Lying on my back like a June-bug waiting to be turned over, mister," she said, reaching up her hand.

He lifted her up, gave her a swing in the air, and set her down. "Anything broken, Granny?"

"No sir, them old dead weeds is springy enough," said Phoenix, when she had got her breath. "I thank you for your trouble."

"Where do you live, Granny?" he asked, while the two dogs were growling at each other.

"Away back yonder, sir, behind the ridge. You can't even see it from here."

"On your way home?"

"No sir, I going to town."

"Why, that's too far! That's as far as I walk when I come out myself, and I get something for my trouble." He patted the stuffed bag he carried, and there hung down a little closed claw. It was one of the bob-whites, with its beak hooked bitterly to show it was dead. "Now you go on home, Granny!"

"I bound to go to town, mister," said Phoenix. "The time come around."

He gave another laugh, filling the whole landscape. "I know you old colored people! Wouldn't miss going to town to see Santa Claus!"

But something held old Phoenix very still. The deep lines in her face went into a fierce and different radiation. Without warning, she had seen with her own eyes a flashing nickel fall out of the man's pocket onto the ground.

"How old are you, Granny?" he was saying.

"There is no telling, mister," she said, "no telling."

Then she gave a little cry and clapped her hands and said, "Git on away from here, dog! Look! Look at that dog!" She laughed as if in admiration. "He ain't scared of nobody. He a big black dog." She whispered, "Sic him!"

"Watch me get rid of that cur," said the man. "Sic him, Pete! Sic him!"

Phoenix heard the dogs fighting, and heard the

man running and throwing sticks. She even heard a gunshot. But she was slowly bending forward by that time, further and further forward, the lids stretched down over her eyes, as if she were doing this in her sleep. Her chin was lowered almost to her knees. The yellow palm of her hand came out from the fold of her apron. Her fingers slid down and along the ground under the piece of money with the grace and care they would have in lifting an egg from under a setting hen. Then she slowly straightened up, she stood erect, and the nickel was in her apron pocket. A bird flew by. Her lips moved. "God watching me the whole time. I come to stealing."

The man came back, and his own dog panted about them. "Well, I scared him off that time," he said, and then he laughed and lifted his gun and pointed it at Phoenix.

She stood straight and faced him.

"Doesn't the gun scare you?" he said, still pointing it.

"No, sir, I seen plenty go off closer by, in my day, and for less than what I done," she said, holding utterly still.

He smiled, and shouldered the gun. "Well, Granny," he said, "you must be a hundred years old, and scared of nothing. I'd give you a dime if I had any money with me. But you take my

advice and stay home, and nothing will happen to you."

"I bound to go on my way, mister," said Phoenix. She inclined her head in the red rag. Then they went in different directions, but she could hear the gun shooting again and again over the hill.

She walked on. The shadows hung from the oak trees to the road like curtains. Then she smelled wood-smoke, and smelled the river, and she saw a steeple and the cabins on their steep steps. Dozens of little black children whirled around her. There ahead was Natchez shining. Bells were ringing. She walked on.

In the paved city it was Christmas time. There were red and green electric lights strung and criss-crossed everywhere, and all turned on in the daytime. Old Phoenix would have been lost if she had not distrusted her eyesight and depended on her feet to know where to take her.

She paused quietly on the sidewalk where people were passing by. A lady came along in the crowd, carrying an armful of red-, green- and silver-wrapped presents; she gave off perfume like the red roses in hot summer, and Phoenix stopped her.

"Please, missy, will you lace up my shoe?" She held up her foot.

"What do you want, Grandma?"

"See my shoe," said Phoenix. "Do all right for out in the country, but wouldn't look right to go in a big building."

"Stand still then, Grandma," said the lady. She put her packages down on the sidewalk beside her and laced and tied both shoes tightly.

"Can't lace 'em with a cane," said Phoenix. "Thank you, missy. I doesn't mind asking a nice lady to tie up my shoe, when I gets out on the street."

Moving slowly and from side to side, she went into the big building, and into a tower of steps, where she walked up and around and around until her feet knew to stop.

She entered a door, and there she saw nailed up on the wall the document that had been stamped with the gold seal and framed in the gold frame, which matched the dream that was hung up in her head.

"Here I be," she said. There was a fixed and ceremonial stiffness over her body.

"A charity case, I suppose," said an attendant who sat at the desk before her.

But Phoenix only looked above her head. There was sweat on her face, the wrinkles in her skin shone like a bright net.

"Speak up, Grandma," the woman said.

"What's your name? We must have your history,

you know. Have you been here before? What seems to be the trouble with you?"

Old Phoenix only gave a twitch to her face as if a fly were bothering her.

"Are you deaf?" cried the attendant.

But then the nurse came in.

"Oh, that's just old Aunt Phoenix," she said. "She doesn't come for herself—she has a little grandson. She makes these trips just as regular as clockwork. She lives away back off the Old Natchez Trace." She bent down. "Well, Aunt Phoenix, why don't you just take a seat? We won't keep you standing after your long trip." She pointed.

The old woman sat down, bolt upright in the chair.

"Now, how is the boy?" asked the nurse.

Old Phoenix did not speak.

"I said, how is the boy?"

But Phoenix only waited and stared straight ahead, her face very solemn and withdrawn into rigidity.

"Is his throat any better?" asked the nurse.

"Aunt Phoenix, don't you hear me? Is your grandson's throat any better since the last time you came for the medicine?"

With her hands on her knees, the old woman waited, silent, erect and motionless, just as if she were in armor.

"You mustn't take up our time this way, Aunt Phoenix," the nurse said. "Tell us quickly about your grandson, and get it over. He isn't dead, is he?"

At last there came a flicker and then a flame of comprehension across her face, and she spoke.

"My grandson. It was my memory had left me. There I sat and forgot why I made my long trip."

"Forgot?" The nurse frowned. "After you came so far?"

Then Phoenix was like an old woman begging a dignified forgiveness for waking up frightened in the night. "I never did go to school, I was too old at the Surrender," she said in a soft voice. "I'm an old woman without an education. It was my memory fail me. My little grandson, he is just the same, and I forgot it in the coming."

"Throat never heals, does it?" said the nurse, speaking in a loud, sure voice to old Phoenix. By now she had a card with something written on it, a little list. "Yes. Swallowed lye. When was it?—January—two-three years ago—"

Phoenix spoke unasked now. "No, missy, he not dead, he just the same. Every little while his throat begin to close up again, and he not able to swallow. He not get his breath. He not able to help himself. So the time come around, and I go on another trip for the soothing medicine."

"All right. The doctor said as long as you came

to get it, you could have it," said the nurse. "But it's an obstinate case."

"My little grandson, he sit up there in the house all wrapped up, waiting by himself," Phoenix went on. "We is the only two left in the world. He suffer and it don't seem to put him back at all. He got a sweet look. He going to last. He wear a little patch quilt and peep out holding his mouth open like a little bird. I remembers so plain now. I not going to forget him again, no, the whole enduring time. I could tell him from all the others in creation."

"All right." The nurse was trying to hush her now. She brought her a bottle of medicine. "Charity," she said, making a check mark in a book.

Old Phoenix held the bottle close to her eyes, and then carefully put it into her pocket.

"I thank you," she said.

"It's Christmas time, Grandma," said the attendant. "Could I give you a few pennies out of my purse?"

"Five pennies is a nickel," said Phoenix stiffly.

"Here's a nickel," said the attendant.

Phoenix rose carefully and held out her hand. She received the nickel and then fished the other nickel out of her pocket and laid it beside the new one. She stared at her palm closely, with her head on one side.

Then she gave a tap with her cane on the floor. "This is what come to me to do," she said. "I going to the store and buy my child a little windmill they sells, made out of paper. He going to find it hard to believe there such a thing in the world. I'll march myself back where he waiting, holding it straight up in this hand."

She lifted her free hand, gave a little nod, turned around, and walked out of the doctor's office. Then her slow step began on the stairs, going down.

Lab Readings

On the Motion of the Heart and Blood in Animals

William Harvey

Chapter I: The Author's Motives For Writing

When I first gave my mind to vivisections, as a means of discovering the motions and uses of the heart, and sought to discover these from actual inspection, and not from the writings of others, I found the task so truly arduous, so full of difficulties, that I was almost tempted to think, with Fracastorius, that the motion of the heart was only to be comprehended by God. For I could neither rightly perceive at first when the systole and when the diastole took place, nor when and where dilatation and contraction occurred, by reason of the rapidity of the motion, which in many animals is accomplished in the twinkling of an eye, coming and going like a flash of lightning; so that the systole presented itself to me now from this point, now from that; the diastole the same; and then everything was reversed, the motions occurring, as it seemed, variously and confusedly together. My mind was therefore greatly unsettled nor did I know what I should myself conclude, nor what believe from others. I was not surprised that Andreas Laurentius should have written that the motion of the heart was as perplexing as the flux and reflux of Euripus had appeared to Aristotle.

At length, by using greater and daily diligence and investigation, making frequent inspection of many and various animals, and collating numerous observations, I thought that I had attained to the truth, that I should extricate myself and escape from this labyrinth, and that I had discovered what I so much desired, both the motion and the use of the heart and arteries. From that time I have not hesitated to expose my views upon these subjects, not only in private to my friends, but also in public, in my anatomical lectures, after the manner of the Academy of old.

These views as usual, pleased some more, others less; some chid and calumniated me, and laid it to me as a crime that I had dared to depart from the precepts and opinions of all anatomists; others desired further explanations of the novelties, which they said were both worthy of consideration, and might perchance be found of signal use. At length, yielding to the requests of my friends, that all might be made participators in my labors, and partly moved by the envy of others, who, receiving my views with uncandid minds and understanding them indifferently, have essayed to traduce me publicly, I have moved to commit these things to the press, in order that all may be enabled to form an opinion both of me and my labours. This step I take all the more willingly, seeing that Hieronymus Fabricius of Aquapendente, although he has accurately and learnedly delineated almost every one of the several parts of animals in a special work, has left the heart alone untouched. Finally, if any use or benefit to this department of the republic of letters should accrue from my labours, it will, perhaps, be allowed that I have not lived idly, and as the old man in the comedy says:

For never yet hath any one attained To such perfection, but that time, and place, And use, have brought addition to his knowledge; Or made correction, or admonished him, That he was ignorant of much which he Had thought he knew; or led him to reject What he had once esteemed of highest price.

So will it, perchance, be found with reference to the heart at this time; or others, at least, starting hence, with the way pointed out to them, advancing under the guidance of a happier genius, may make occasion to proceed more fortunately, and to inquire more accurately.

Chapter II: On The Motions Of The Heart

(As Seen In The Dissection Of Living Animals)

In the first place, then, when the chest of a living animal is laid open and the capsule that immediately surrounds the heart is slit up or removed, the organ is seen now to move, now to be at rest; there is a time when it moves, and a time when it is motionless.

These things are more obvious in the colder animals, such as toads, frogs, serpents, small fishes, crabs, shrimps, snails, and shellfish. They also become more distinct in warm-blooded animals, such as the dog and hog, if they be attentively noted when the heart begins to flag, to move more slowly, and, as it were, to die: the movements then become slower and rarer, the pauses longer, by which it is made much more easy to perceive and unravel what the motions really are, and how they are performed. In the pause, as in death, the heart is soft, flaccid, exhausted, lying, as it were, at rest.

In the motion, and interval in which this is accomplished, three principal circumstances are to be noted:

1. That the heart is erected, and rises upwards to a point, so that at this time it strikes against the breast and the pulse is felt externally.
2. That it is everywhere contracted, but more especially towards the sides so that it looks narrower, relatively longer, more drawn together. The heart of an eel taken out of the body of the animal and placed upon the table or the hand, shows these particulars; but the same things are manifest in the hearts of all small fishes and of those colder animals where the organ is more conical or elongated.
3. The heart being grasped in the hand, is felt to become harder during its action. Now this hardness proceeds from tension, precisely as when the forearm is grasped, its tendons are perceived to become tense and resilient when the fingers are moved.
4. It may further be observed in fishes, and the colder blooded animals, such as frogs, serpents, etc., that the heart, when it moves, becomes of a paler color, when quiescent of a deeper blood-red color.

From these particulars it appears evident to me that the motion of the heart consists in a certain universal tension-both contraction in the line of its fibres, and constriction in every sense. It becomes erect, hard, and of diminished size during its action; the motion is plainly of the same nature as that of the muscles when they contract in the line of their sinews and fibres; for the

muscles, when in action, acquire vigor and tenseness, and from soft become hard, prominent, and thickened: and in the same manner the heart.

We are therefore authorized to conclude that the heart, at the moment of its action, is at once constricted on all sides, rendered thicker in its parietes and smaller in its ventricles, and so made apt to project or expel its charge of blood. This, indeed, is made sufficiently manifest by the preceding fourth observation in which we have seen that the heart, by squeezing out the blood that it contains, becomes paler, and then when it sinks into repose and the ventricle is filled anew with blood, that the deeper crimson colour returns. But no one need remain in doubt of the fact, for if the ventricle be pierced the blood will be seen to be forcibly projected outwards upon each motion or pulsation when the heart is tense.

These things, therefore, happen together or at the same instant: the tension of the heart, the pulse of its apex, which is felt externally by its striking against the chest, the thickening of its parietes, and the forcible expulsion of the blood it contains by the constriction of its ventricles.

Hence the very opposite of the opinions commonly received appears to be true; inasmuch as it is generally believed that when the heart strikes the breast and the pulse is felt without, the heart is dilated in its ventricles and is filled with blood; but the contrary of this is the fact, and the heart, when it contracts (and the impulse of the apex is conveyed through the chest wall), is emptied. Whence the motion which is generally regarded as the diastole of the heart, is in truth its systole. And in like manner the intrinsic motion of the heart is not the diastole but the systole; neither is it in the diastole that the heart grows firm and tense, but in the systole, for then only, when tense, is it moved and made vigorous.

Neither is it by any means to be allowed that the heart only moves in the lines of its straight fibres, although the great Vesalius giving this notion countenance, quotes a bundle of osiers bound in a pyramidal heap in illustration; meaning, that as the apex is approached to the base, so are the sides made to bulge out in the fashion of arches, the cavities to dilate, the ventricles to acquire the form of a cupping-glass and so to suck in the blood. But the true effect of every one of its fibres is to constrict the heart at the same time they render it tense; and this rather with the effect of thickening and amplifying the walls and substance of the organ than enlarging its ventricles. And, again, as the fibres run from the apex to the base, and draw the apex towards the base, they do not tend to make the walls of the heart bulge out in circles, but rather the contrary; inasmuch as every fibre that is circularly disposed, tends to become straight when it contracts; and is distended laterally and thickened, as in the case of muscular fibres in general, when they contract, that is, when they are shortened longitudinally, as we see them in the bellies of the muscles of the body at large. To all this let it be added, that not only are the ventricles contracted in virtue of the direction and condensation of their walls, but farther, that those fibres, or bands, styled nerves by Aristotle, which are so conspicuous in the ventricles of the larger animals, and contain all the straight fibres (the parietes of the heart containing only circular ones), when they contract simultaneously by an admirable adjustment all the internal surfaces are drawn together as if with cords, and so is the charge of blood expelled with force.

Neither is it true, as vulgarly believed, that the heart by any dilatation or motion of its own, has the power of drawing the blood into the ventricles; for when it acts and becomes tense, the blood

is expelled; when it relaxes and sinks together it receives the blood in the manner and wise which will by-and-by be explained.

Chapter III: Of the Motions Of The Arteries

(As Seen In The Dissection Of Living Animals)

In connexion with the motions of the heart these things are further to be observed having reference to the motions and pulses of the arteries.

1. At the moment the heart contracts, and when the breast is struck, when in short the organ is in its state of systole, the arteries are dilated, yield a pulse, and are in the state of diastole. In like manner, when the right ventricle contracts and propels its charge of blood, the pulmonary artery is distended at the same time with the other arteries of the body.
2. When the left ventricle ceases to act, to contract, to pulsate, the pulse in the arteries also ceases; further, when this ventricle contracts languidly, the pulse in the arteries is scarcely perceptible. In like manner, the pulse in the right ventricle failing, the pulse in the pulmonary artery ceases also.
3. Further, when an artery is divided or punctured, the blood is seen to be forcibly propelled from the wound the moment the left ventricle contracts; and, again, when the pulmonary artery is wounded, the blood will be seen spouting forth with violence at the instant when the right ventricle contracts.

So also in fishes, if the vessel which leads from the heart to the gills be divided, at the moment when the heart becomes tense and contracted, at the same moment does the blood flow with force from the divided vessel.

In the same way, when we see the blood in arteriotomy projected now to a greater, now to a less distance, and that the greater jet corresponds to the diastole of the artery and to the time when the heart contracts and strikes the ribs, and is in its state of systole, we understand that the blood is expelled by the same movement.

From these facts it is manifest, in opposition to commonly received opinions, that the diastole of the arteries corresponds with the time of the heart's systole; and that the arteries are filled and distended by the blood forced into them by the contraction of the ventricles; the arteries, therefore, are distended, because they are filled like sacs or bladders, and are not filled because they expand like bellows. It is in virtue of one and the same cause, therefore, that all the arteries of the body pulsate, viz., the contraction of the left ventricle; in the same way as the pulmonary artery pulsates by the contraction of the right ventricle.

Finally, that the pulses of the arteries are due to the impulses of the blood from the left ventricle, may be illustrated by blowing into a glove, when the whole of the fingers will be found to become distended at one and the same time, and in their tension to bear some resemblance to the

pulse. For in the ratio of the tension is the pulse of the heart, fuller, stronger, and more frequent as that acts more vigorously, still preserving the rhythm and volume, and order of the heart's contractions. Nor is it to be expected that because of the motion of the blood, the time at which the contraction of the heart takes place, and that at which the pulse in an artery (especially a distant one) is felt, shall be otherwise than simultaneous: it is here the same as in blowing up a glove or bladder; for in a plenum (as in a drum, a long piece of timber, etc.) the stroke and the motion occur at both extremities at the same time. Aristotle,¹ too, has said, "the blood of all animals palpitates within their veins (meaning the arteries), and by the pulse is sent everywhere simultaneously." And further,² "thus do all the veins pulsate together and by successive strokes, because they all depend upon the heart; and, as it is always in motion, so are they likewise always moving together, but by successive movements." It is well to observe with Galen, in this place, that the old philosophers called the arteries veins.

I happened upon one occasion to have a particular case under my care, which plainly satisfied me of the truth: A certain person was affected with a large pulsating tumour on the right side of the neck, called an aneurism, just at that part where the artery descends into the axilla, produced by an erosion of the artery itself, and daily increasing in size; this tumour was visibly distended as it received the charge of blood brought to it by the artery, with each stroke of the heart; the connexion of parts was obvious when the body of the patient came to be opened after his death. The pulse in the corresponding arm was small, in consequence of the greater portion of the blood being diverted into the tumour and so intercepted.

Whence it appears that whenever the motion of the blood through the arteries is impeded, whether it be by compression or infarction, or interception, there do the remote divisions of the arteries beat less forcibly, seeing that the pulse of the arteries is nothing more than the impulse or shock of the blood in these vessels.

Chapter IV: Of The Motion Of The Heart And Its Auricles

(As Seen In The Bodies Of Living Animals)

Besides the motions already spoken of, we have still to consider those that appertain to the auricles.

Caspar Bauhin and John Riolan,¹ most learned men and skillful anatomists, inform us that from their observations, that if we carefully watch the movements of the heart in the vivisection of an animal, we shall perceive four motions distinct in time and in place, two of which are proper to the auricles, two to the ventricles. With all deference to such authority I say that there are four motions distinct in point of place, but not of time; for the two auricles move together, and so also do the two ventricles, in such wise that though the places be four, the times are only two. And this occurs in the following manner:

There are, as it were, two motions going on together: one of the auricles, another of the ventricles; these by no means taking place simultaneously, but the motion of the auricles preceding, that of the heart following; the motion appearing to begin from the auricles and to

extend to the ventricles. When all things are becoming languid, and the heart is dying, as also in fishes and the colder blooded animals there is a short pause between these two motions, so that the heart aroused, as it were, appears to respond to the motion, now more quickly, now more tardily; and at length, when near to death, it ceases to respond by its proper motion, but seems, as it were, to nod the head, and is so slightly moved that it appears rather to give signs of motion to the pulsating auricles than actually to move. The heart, therefore, ceases to pulsate sooner than the auricles, so that the auricles have been said to outlive it, the left ventricle ceasing to pulsate first of all; then its auricle, next the right ventricle; and, finally, all the other parts being at rest and dead, as Galen long since observed, the right auricle still continues to beat; life, therefore, appears to linger longest in the right auricle. Whilst the heart is gradually dying, it is sometimes seen to reply, after two or three contractions of the auricles, roused as it were to action, and making a single pulsation, slowly, unwillingly, and with an effort.

But this especially is to be noted, that after the heart has ceased to beat, the auricles however still contracting, a finger placed upon the ventricles perceives the several pulsations of the auricles, precisely in the same way and for the same reason, as we have said, that the pulses of the ventricles are felt in the arteries, to wit, the distension produced by the jet of blood. And if at this time, the auricles alone pulsating, the point of the heart be cut off with a pair of scissors, you will perceive the blood flowing out upon each contraction of the auricles. Whence it is manifest that the blood enters the ventricles, not by any attraction or dilatation of the heart, but by being thrown into them by the pulses of the auricles.

And here I would observe, that whenever I speak of pulsations as occurring in the auricles or ventricles, I mean contractions: first the auricles contract, and then and subsequently the heart itself contracts. When the auricles contract they are seen to become whiter, especially where they contain but little blood; but they are filled as magazines or reservoirs of the blood, which is tending spontaneously and, by its motion in the veins, under pressure towards the centre; the whiteness indicated is most conspicuous towards the extremities or edges of the auricles at the time of their contractions.

In fishes and frogs, and other animals which have hearts with but a single ventricle, and for an auricle have a kind of bladder much distended with blood, at the base of the organ, you may very plainly perceive this bladder contracting first, and the contraction of the heart or ventricle following afterwards.

But I think it right to describe what I have observed of an opposite character: the heart of an eel, of several fishes, and even of some (of the higher) animals taken out of the body, pulsates without auricles; nay, if it be cut in pieces the several parts may still be seen contracting and relaxing; so that in these creatures the body of the heart may be seen pulsating and palpitating, after the cessation of all motion in the auricle. But is not this perchance peculiar to animals more tenacious of life, whose radical moisture is more glutinous, or fat and sluggish, and less readily soluble? The same faculty indeed appears in the flesh of eels, which even when skinned and embowelled, and cut into pieces, are still seen to move.

Experimenting with a pigeon upon one occasion, after the heart had wholly ceased to pulsate, and the auricles too had become motionless, I kept my finger wetted with saliva and warm for a

short time upon the heart, and observed that under the influence of this fomentation it recovered new strength and life, so that both ventricles and auricles pulsated, contracting and relaxing alternately, recalled as it were from death to life.

Besides this, however, I have occasionally observed, after the heart and even its right auricle had ceased pulsating, - when it was in articulo mortis in short, - that an obscure motion, an undulation or palpitation, remained in the blood itself, which was contained in the right auricle, this being apparent so long as it was imbued with heat and spirit. And, indeed, a circumstance of the same kind is extremely manifest in the course of the generation of animals, as may be seen in the course of the first seven days of the incubation of the chick: A drop of blood makes its appearance which palpitates, as Aristotle had already observed; from this, when the growth is further advanced and the chick is fashioned, the auricles of the heart are formed, which pulsating henceforth give constant signs of life. When at length, and after the lapse of a few days, the outline of the body begins to be distinguished, then is the ventricular part of the heart also produced, but it continues for a time white and apparently bloodless, like the rest of the animal; neither does it pulsate or give signs of motion. I have seen a similar condition of the heart in the human foetus about the beginning of the third month, the heart then being whitish and bloodless, although its auricles contained a considerable quantity of purple blood. In the same way in the egg, when the chick was formed and had increased in size, the heart too increased and acquired ventricles, which then began to receive and to transmit blood.

And this leads me to remark that he who inquires very particularly into this matter will not conclude that the heart, as a whole, is the *primum vivens*, *ultimum moriens*, - the first part to live, the last to die, - but rather its auricles, or the part which corresponds to the auricles in serpents, fishes, etc., which both lives before the heart and dies after it.

Nay, has not the blood itself or spirit an obscure palpitation inherent in it, which it has even appeared to me to retain after death? and it seems very questionable whether or not we are to say that life begins with the palpitation or beating of the heart. The seminal fluid of all animals - the prolific spirit, as Aristotle observed, leaves their body with a bound and like a living thing; and nature in death, as Aristotle² further remarks, retracing her steps, reverts to where she had set out, and returns at the end of her course to the goal whence she had started. As animal generation proceeds from that which is not animal, entity from non-entity, so, by a retrograde course, entity, by corruption, is resolved into non-entity, whence that in animals, which was last created, fails first and that which was first, fails last.

I have also observed that almost all animals have truly a heart, not the larger creatures only, and those that have red blood, but the smaller, and pale-blooded ones also, such as slugs, snails, scallops, shrimps, crabs, crayfish, and many others; nay, even in wasps, hornets, and flies, I have, with the aid of a magnifying glass, and at the upper part of what is called the tail, both seen the heart pulsating myself, and shown it to many others.

But in the pale-blooded tribes the heart pulsates sluggishly and deliberately, contracting slowly as in animals that are moribund, a fact that may readily be seen in the snail, whose heart will be found at the bottom of that orifice in the right side of the body which is seen to be opened and

shut in the course of respiration, and whence saliva is discharged, the incision being made in the upper aspect of the body, near the part which corresponds to the liver.

This, however, is to be observed: that in winter and the colder season, exsanguine animals, such as the snail, show no pulsation; they seem rather to live after the manner of vegetables, or of those other productions which are therefore designated plant-animals.

It is also to be noted that all animals which have a heart have also auricles, or something analogous to auricles; and further, that whenever the heart has a double ventricle, there are always two auricles present, but not otherwise. If you turn to the production of the chick in ovo, however, you will find at first no more a vesicle or auricle, or pulsating drop of blood; it is only by and by, when the development has made some progress, that the heart is fashioned; even so in certain animals not destined to attain to the highest perfection in their organization, such as bees, wasps, snails, shrimps, crayfish, etc., we only find a certain pulsating vesicle, like a sort of red or white palpitating point, as the beginning or principle of their life.

We have a small shrimp in these countries, which is taken in the Thames and in the sea, the whole of whose body is transparent; this creature, placed in a little water, has frequently afforded myself and particular friends an opportunity of observing the motions of the heart with the greatest distinctness, the external parts of the body presenting no obstacle to our view, but the heart being perceived as though it had been seen through a window.

I have also observed the first rudiments of the chick in the course of the fourth or fifth day of the incubation, in the guise of a little cloud, the shell having been removed and the egg immersed in clear tepid water. In the midst of the cloudlet in question there was a bloody point so small that it disappeared during the contraction and escaped the sight, but in the relaxation it reappeared again, red and like the point of a pin; so that betwixt the visible and invisible, betwixt being and not being, as it were, it gave by its pulses a kind of representation of the commencement of life.

Chapter V: Of The Motion, Action And Office Of The Heart

From these and other observations of a similar nature, I am persuaded it will be found that the motion of the heart is as follows:

First of all, the auricle contracts, and in the course of its contraction forces the blood (which it contains in ample quantity as the head of the veins, the store-house and cistern of the blood) into the ventricle, which, being filled, the heart raises itself straightway, makes all its fibres tense, contracts the ventricles, and performs a beat, by which beat it immediately sends the blood supplied to it by the auricle into the arteries. The right ventricle sends its charge into the lungs by the vessel which is called vena arteriosa, but which in structure and function, and all other respects, is an artery. The left ventricle sends its charge into the aorta, and through this by the arteries to the body at large.

These two motions, one of the ventricles, the other of the auricles, take place consecutively, but in such a manner that there is a kind of harmony or rhythm preserved between them, the two

concurring in such wise that but one motion is apparent, especially in the warmer blooded animals, in which the movements in question are rapid. Nor is this for any other reason than it is in a piece of machinery, in which, though one wheel gives motion to another, yet all the wheels seem to move simultaneously; or in that mechanical contrivance which is adapted to firearms, where, the trigger being touched, down comes the flint, strikes against the steel, elicits a spark, which falling among the powder, ignites it, when the flame extends, enters the barrel, causes the explosion, propels the ball, and the mark is attained - all of which incidents, by reason of the celerity with which they happen, seem to take place in the twinkling of an eye. So also in deglutition: by the elevation of the root of the tongue, and the compression of the mouth, the food or drink is pushed into the fauces, when the larynx is closed by its muscles and by the epiglottis. The pharynx is then raised and opened by its muscles in the same way as a sac that is to be filled is lifted up and its mouth dilated. Upon the mouthful being received, it is forced downwards by the transverse muscles, and then carried farther by the longitudinal ones. Yet all these motions, though executed by different and distinct organs, are performed harmoniously, and in such order that they seem to constitute but a single motion and act, which we call deglutition.

Even so does it come to pass with the motions and action of the heart, which constitute a kind of deglutition, a transfusion of the blood from the veins to the arteries. And if anyone, bearing these things in mind, will carefully watch the motions of the heart in the body of a living animal, he will perceive not only all the particulars I have mentioned, viz., the heart becoming erect, and making one continuous motion with its auricles; but farther, a certain obscure undulation and lateral inclination in the direction of the axis of the right ventricle, as if twisting itself slightly in performing its work. And indeed everyone may see, when a horse drinks, that the water is drawn in and transmitted to the stomach at each movement of the throat, which movement produces a sound and yields a pulse both to the ear and the touch; in the same way it is with each motion of the heart, when there is the delivery of a quantity of blood from the veins to the arteries a pulse takes place, and can be heard within the chest.

The motion of the heart, then, is entirely of this description, and the one action of the heart is the transmission of the blood and its distribution, by means of the arteries, to the very extremities of the body; so that the pulse which we feel in the arteries is nothing more than the impulse of the blood derived from the heart.

Whether or not the heart, besides propelling the blood, giving it motion locally, and distributing it to the body, adds anything else to it - heat, spirit, perfection, - must be inquired into by-and-by, and decided upon other grounds. So much may suffice at this time, when it is shown that by the action of the heart the blood is transfused through the ventricles from the veins to the arteries, and distributed by them to all parts of the body.

The above, indeed, is admitted by all, both from the structure of the heart and the arrangement and action of its valves. But still they are like persons purblind or groping about in the dark, for they give utterance to various, contradictory, and incoherent sentiments, delivering many things upon conjecture, as we have already shown.

The grand cause of doubt and error in this subject appears to me to have been the intimate connexion between the heart and the lungs. When men saw both the pulmonary artery and the pulmonary veins losing themselves in the lungs, of course it became a puzzle to them to know how or by what means the right ventricle should distribute the blood to the body, or the left draw it from the venae cavae. This fact is borne witness to by Galen, whose words, when writing against Erasistratus in regard to the origin and use of the veins and the coction of the blood, are the following.¹ "You will reply," he says, "that the effect is so; that the blood is prepared in the liver, and is thence transferred to the heart to receive its proper form and last perfection; a statement which does not appear devoid of reason; for no great and perfect work is ever accomplished at a single effort, or receives its final polish from one instrument. But if this be actually so, then show us another vessel which draws the absolutely perfect blood from the heart, and distributes it as the arteries do the spirits over the whole body." Here then is a reasonable opinion not allowed, because, forsooth, besides not seeing the true means of transit, he could not discover the vessel which should transmit the blood from the heart to the body at large!

But had anyone been there in behalf of Erasistratus, and of that opinion which we now espouse, and which Galen himself acknowledges in other respects consonant with reason, to have pointed to the aorta as the vessel which distributes the blood from the heart to the rest of the body, I wonder what would have been the answer of that most ingenious and learned man? Had he said that the artery transmits spirits and not blood, he would indeed sufficiently have answered Erasistratus, who imagined that the arteries contained nothing but spirits; but then he would have contradicted himself, and given a foul denial to that for which he had keenly contended in his writings against this very Erasistratus, to wit, that blood in substance is contained in the arteries, and not spirits; a fact which he demonstrated not only by many powerful arguments, but by experiments.

But if the divine Galen will here allow, as in other places he does, "that all the arteries of the body arise from the great artery, and that this takes its origin from the heart; that all these vessels naturally contain and carry blood; that the three semilunar valves situated at the orifice of the aorta prevent the return of the blood into the heart, and that nature never connected them with this, the most noble viscus of the body, unless for some important end"; if, I say, this father of physicians concedes all these things, - and I quote his own words - I do not see how he can deny that the great artery is the very vessel to carry the blood, when it has attained its highest term of perfection, from the heart for distribution to all parts of the body. Or would he perchance still hesitate, like all who have come after him, even to the present hour, because he did not perceive the route by which the blood was transferred from the veins to the arteries, in consequence, as I have already said, of the intimate connexion between the heart and the lungs? And that this difficulty puzzled anatomists not a little, when in their dissections they found the pulmonary artery and left ventricle full of thick, black, and clotted blood, plainly appears, when they felt themselves compelled to affirm that the blood made its way from the right to the left ventricle by transuding through the septum of the heart. But this fancy I have already refuted. A new pathway for the blood must therefore be prepared and thrown open, and being once exposed, no further difficulty will, I believe, be experienced by anyone in admitting what I have already proposed in regard to the pulse of the heart and arteries, viz., the passage of the blood from the veins to the arteries, and its distribution to the whole of the body by means of these vessels.

Chapter VI: Of The Course By Which The Blood Is Carried

(From The Vena Cava Into The Arteries, Or From The Right Into The Left Ventricle Of The Heart)

Since the intimate connexion of the heart with the lungs, which is apparent in the human subject, has been the probable cause of the errors that have been committed on this point, they plainly do amiss who, pretending to speak of the parts of animals generally, as anatomists for the most part do, confine their researches to the human body alone, and that when it is dead. They obviously do not act otherwise than he who, having studied the forms of a single commonwealth, should set about the composition of a general system of polity; or who, having taken cognizance of the nature of a single field, should imagine that he had mastered the science of agriculture; or who, upon the ground of one particular proposition, should proceed to draw general conclusions.

Had anatomists only been as conversant with the dissection of the lower animals as they are with that of the human body, the matters that have hitherto kept them in a perplexity of doubt would, in my opinion, have met them freed from every kind of difficulty.

And first, in fishes, in which the heart consists of but a single ventricle, being devoid of lungs, the thing is sufficiently manifest. Here the sac, which is situated at the base of the heart, and is the part analogous to the auricle in man, plainly forces the blood into the heart, and the heart, in its turn, conspicuously transmits it by a pipe or artery, or vessel analogous to an artery; these are facts which are confirmed by simple ocular inspection, as well as by a division of the vessel, when the blood is seen to be projected by each pulsation of the heart.

The same thing is also not difficult of demonstration in those animals that have, as it were, no more than a single ventricle to the heart, such as toads, frogs, serpents, and lizards, which have lungs in a certain sense, as they have a voice. I have many observations by me on the admirable structure of the lungs of these animals, and matters appertaining, which, however, I cannot introduce in this place. Their anatomy plainly shows us that the blood is transferred in them from the veins to the arteries in the same manner as in higher animals, viz., by the action of the heart; the way, in fact, is patent, open, manifest; there is no difficulty, no room for doubt about it; for in them the matter stands precisely as it would in man were the septum of his heart perforated or removed, or one ventricle made out of two; and this being the case, I imagine that no one will doubt as to the way by which the blood may pass from the veins into the arteries.

But as there are actually more animals which have no lungs than there are furnished with them, and in like manner a greater number which have only one ventricle than there are with two, it is open to us to conclude, judging from the mass or multitude of living creatures, that for the major part, and generally, there is an open way by which the blood is transmitted from the veins through the sinuses or cavities of the heart into the arteries.

I have, however, cogitating with myself, seen further, that the same thing obtained most obviously in the embryos of those animals that have lungs; for in the foetus the four vessels belonging to the heart, viz., the vena cava, the pulmonary artery, the pulmonary vein, and the

great artery or aorta, are all connected otherwise than in the adult, a fact sufficiently known to every anatomist. The first contact and union of the vena cava with the pulmonary veins, which occurs before the cava opens properly into the right ventricle of the heart, or gives off the coronary vein, a little above its escape from the liver, is by a lateral anastomosis; this is an ample foramen, of an oval form, communicating between the cava and the pulmonary vein, so that the blood is free to flow in the greatest abundance by that foramen from the vena cava into the pulmonary vein, and left auricle, and from thence into the left ventricle. Farther, in this foramen ovale, from that part which regards the pulmonary vein, there is a thin tough membrane, larger than the opening, extended like an operculum or cover; this membrane in the adult blocking up the foramen, and adhering on all sides, finally closes it up, and almost obliterates every trace of it. In the foetus, however, this membrane is so contrived that falling loosely upon itself, it permits a ready access to the lungs and heart, yielding a passage to the blood which is streaming from the cava, and hindering the tide at the same time from flowing back into that vein. All things, in short, permit us to believe that in the embryo the blood must constantly pass by this foramen from the vena cava into the pulmonary vein, and from thence into the left auricle of the heart; and having once entered there, it can never regurgitate.

Another union is that by the pulmonary artery, and is effected when that vessel divides into two branches after its escape from the right ventricle of the heart. It is as if to the two trunks already mentioned a third were superadded, a kind of arterial canal, carried obliquely from the pulmonary artery, to perforate and terminate in the great artery or aorta. So that in the dissection of the embryo, as it were, two aortas, or two roots of the great artery, appear springing from the heart. This canal shrinks gradually after birth, and after a time becomes withered, and finally almost removed, like the umbilical vessels.

The arterial canal contains no membrane or valve to direct or impede the flow of blood in this or in that direction: for at the root of the pulmonary artery, of which the arterial canal is the continuation in the foetus, there are three semilunar valves, which open from within outwards, and oppose no obstacle to the blood flowing in this direction or from the right ventricle into the pulmonary artery and aorta; but they prevent all regurgitation from the aorta or pulmonic vessels back upon the right ventricle; closing with perfect accuracy, they oppose an effectual obstacle to everything of the kind in the embryo. So that there is also reason to believe that when the heart contracts, the blood is regularly propelled by the canal or passage indicated from the right ventricle into the aorta.

What is commonly said in regard to these two great communications, to wit, that they exist for the nutrition of the lungs, is both improbable and inconsistent; seeing that in the adult they are closed up, abolished, and consolidated, although the lungs, by reason of their heat and motion, must then be presumed to require a larger supply of nourishment. The same may be said in regard to the assertion that the heart in the embryo does not pulsate, that it neither acts nor moves, so that nature was forced to make these communications for the nutrition of the lungs. This is plainly false; for simple inspection of the incubated egg, and of embryos just taken out of the uterus, shows that the heart moves in them precisely as in adults, and that nature feels no such necessity. I have myself repeatedly seen these motions, and Aristotle is likewise witness of their reality. "The pulse," he observes, "inheres in the very constitution of the heart, and appears from the beginning as is learned both from the dissection of living animals and the formation of

the chick in the egg."1 But we further observe that the passages in question are not only pervious up to the period of birth in man, as well as in other animals, as anatomists in general have described them, but for several months subsequently, in some indeed for several years, not to say for the whole course of life; as, for example, in the goose, snipe, and various birds and many of the smaller animals. And this circumstance it was, perhaps, that imposed upon Botallus, who thought he had discovered a new passage for the blood from the vena cava into the left ventricle of the heart; and I own that when I met with the same arrangement in one of the larger members of the mouse family, in the adult state, I was myself at first led to something of a like conclusion.

From this it will be understood that in the human embryo, and in the embryos of animals in which the communications are not closed, the same thing happens, namely, that the heart by its motion propels the blood by obvious and open passages from the vena cava into the aorta through the cavities of both the ventricles, the right one receiving the blood from the auricle, and propelling it by the pulmonary artery and its continuation, named the ductus arteriosus, into the aorta; the left, in like manner, charged by the contraction of its auricle, which has received its supply through the foramen ovale from the vena cava, contracting, and projecting the blood through the root of the aorta into the trunk of that vessel.

In embryos, consequently, whilst the lungs are yet in a state of inaction, performing no function, subject to no motion any more than if they had not been present, nature uses the two ventricles of the heart as if they formed but one, for the transmission of the blood. The condition of the embryos of those animals which have lungs, whilst these organs are yet in abeyance and not employed, is the same as that of those animals which have no lungs.

So it clearly appears in the case of the foetus that the heart by its action transfers the blood from the vena cava into the aorta, and that by a route as obvious and open, as if in the adult the two ventricles were made to communicate by the removal of their septum. We therefore find that in the greater number of animals - in all, indeed, at a certain period of their existence - the channels for the transmission of the blood through the heart are conspicuous. But we have to inquire why in some creatures - those, namely, that have warm blood, and that have attained to the adult age, man among the number - we should not conclude that the same thing is accomplished through the substance of the lungs, which in the embryo, and at a time when the function of these organs is in abeyance, nature effects by the direct passage described, and which, indeed, she seems compelled to adopt through want of a passage by the lungs; or why it should be better (for nature always does that which is best) that she should close up the various open routes which she had formerly made use of in the embryo and foetus, and still uses in all other animals. Not only does she thereby open up no new apparent channels for the passages of the blood, but she even shuts up those which formerly existed.

And now the discussion is brought to this point, that they who inquire into the ways by which the blood reaches the left ventricle of the heart and pulmonary veins from the vena cava, will pursue the wisest course if they seek by dissection to discover the causes why in the larger and more perfect animals of mature age nature has rather chosen to make the blood percolate the parenchyma of the lungs, than, as in other instances, chosen a direct and obvious course - for I assume that no other path or mode of transit can be entertained. It must be because the larger and more perfect animals are warmer, and when adult their heat greater-ignited, as I might say, and

requiring to be damped or mitigated, that the blood is sent through the lungs, in order that it may be tempered by the air that is inspired, and prevented from boiling up, and so becoming extinguished, or something else of the sort. But to determine these matters, and explain them satisfactorily, were to enter on a speculation in regard to the office of the lungs and the ends for which they exist. Upon such a subject, as well as upon what pertains to respiration, to the necessity and use of the air, etc., as also to the variety and diversity of organs that exist in the bodies of animals in connexion with these matters, although I have made a vast number of observations, I shall not speak till I can more conveniently set them forth in a treatise apart, lest I should be held as wandering too wide of my present purpose, which is the use and motion of the heart, and be charged with speaking of things beside the question, and rather complicating and quitting than illustrating it. And now returning to my immediate subject, I go on with what yet remains for demonstration, viz., that in the more perfect and warmer adult animals, and man, the blood passes from the right ventricle of the heart by the pulmonary artery, into the lungs, and thence by the pulmonary veins into the left auricle, and from there into the left ventricle of the heart. And, first, I shall show that this may be so, and then I shall prove that it is so in fact.

Chapter VII: The Blood Passes Through The Substance Of The Lungs

(From The Right Ventricle Of The Heart Into The Pulmonary Veins And Left Ventricle)

That this is possible, and that there is nothing to prevent it from being so, appears when we reflect on the way in which water permeating the earth produces springs and rivulets, or when we speculate on the means by which the sweat passes through the skin, or the urine through the substance of the kidneys. It is well known that persons who use the Spa waters or those of La Madonna, in the territories of Padua, or others of an acidulous or vitriolated nature, or who simply swallow drinks by the gallon, pass all off again within an hour or two by the bladder. Such a quantity of liquid must take some short time in the concoction: it must pass through the liver (it is allowed by all that the juices of the food we consume pass twice through this organ in the course of the day); it must flow through the veins, through the tissues of the kidneys, and through the ureters into the bladder.

To those, therefore, whom I hear denying that the blood, aye, the whole mass of the blood, may pass through the substance of the lungs, even as the nutritive juices percolate the liver, asserting such a proposition to be impossible, and by no means to be entertained as credible, I reply, with the poet, that they are of that race of men who, when they will, assent full readily, and when they will not, by no manner of means; who, when their assent is wanted, fear, and when it is not, fear not to give it.

The substance of the liver is extremely dense, so is that of the kidney; the lungs, however, are of a much looser texture, and if compared with the kidneys are absolutely spongy. In the liver there is no forcing, no impelling power in the lungs the blood is forced on by the pulse of the right ventricle, the necessary effect of whose impulse is the distension of the vessels and the pores of the lungs. And then the lungs, in respiration, are perpetually rising and falling: motions, the effect of which must needs be to open and shut the pores and vessels, precisely as in the case of a sponge, and of parts having a spongy structure, when they are alternately compressed and again

are suffered to expand. The liver, on the contrary, remains at rest, and is never seen to be dilated or constricted. Lastly, if no one denies the possibility in man, oxen, and the larger animals generally, of the whole of the ingested juices passing through the liver, in order to reach the vena cava, for this reason, that if nourishment is to go on, these juices must needs get into the veins, and there is no other way but the one indicated, why should not the same arguments be held of avail for the passage of the blood in adults through the lungs? Why not maintain, with Columbus, that skilfull and learned anatomist, that it must be so from the capacity and structure of the pulmonary vessels, and from the fact of the pulmonary veins and ventricle corresponding with them, being always found to contain blood, which must needs have come from the veins, and by no other passage save through the lungs? Columbus, and we also, from what precedes, from dissections, and other arguments, conceive the thing to be clear. But as there are some who admit nothing unless upon authority, let them learn that the truth I am contending for can be confirmed from Galen's own words, namely, that not only may the blood be transmitted from the pulmonary artery into the pulmonary veins, then into the left ventricle of the heart, and from thence into the arteries of the body, but that this is effected by the ceaseless pulsation of the heart and the motion of the lungs in breathing.

There are, as everyone knows, three sigmoid or semilunar valves situated at the orifice of the pulmonary artery, which effectually prevent the blood sent into the vessel from returning into the cavity of the heart. Now Galen, explaining the use of these valves, and the necessity for them, employs the following language:¹ "There is everywhere a mutual anastomosis and inosculation of the arteries with the veins, and they severally transmit both blood and spirit, by certain invisible and undoubtedly very narrow passages. Now if the mouth of the pulmonary artery had stood in like manner continually open, and nature had found no contrivance for closing it when requisite, and opening it again, it would have been impossible that the blood could ever have passed by the invisible and delicate mouths, during the contractions of the thorax, into the arteries; for all things are not alike readily attracted or repelled; but that which is light is more readily drawn in, the instrument being dilated, and forced out again when it is contracted, than that which is heavy; and in like manner is anything drawn more rapidly along an ample conduit, and again driven forth, than it is through a narrow tube. But when the thorax is contracted the pulmonary veins, which are in the lungs, being driven inwardly, and powerfully compressed on every side, immediately force out some of the spirit they contain, and at the same time assume a certain portion of blood by those subtle mouths, a thing that could never come to pass were the blood at liberty to flow back into the heart through the great orifice of the pulmonary artery. But its return through this great opening being prevented, when it is compressed on every side, a certain portion of it distils into the pulmonary veins by the minute orifices mentioned." And shortly afterwards, in the next chapter, he says: "The more the thorax contracts, the more it strives to force out the blood, the more exactly do these membranes (viz., the semilunar valves) close up the mouth of the vessel, and suffer nothing to regurgitate." The same fact he has also alluded to in a preceding part of the tenth chapter: "Were there no valves, a threefold inconvenience would result, so that the blood would then perform this lengthened course in vain; it would flow inwards during the diastoles of the lungs and fill all their arteries; but in the systoles, in the manner of the tide, it would ever and anon, like the Euripus, flow backwards and forwards by the same way, with a reciprocating motion, which would nowise suit the blood. This, however, may seem a matter of little moment: but if it meantime appear that the function of respiration suffer, then I think it would be looked upon as no trifle, etc." Shortly afterwards he

says: "And then a third inconvenience, by no means to be thought lightly of, would follow, were the blood moved backwards during the expirations, had not our Maker instituted those supplementary membranes." In the eleventh chapter he concludes: "That they (the valves) have all a common use, and that it is to prevent regurgitation or backward motion; each, however, having a proper function, the one set drawing matters from the heart, and preventing their return, the other drawing matters into the heart, and preventing their escape from it. For nature never intended to distress the heart with needless labour, neither to bring aught into the organ which it had been better to have kept away, nor to take from it again aught which it was requisite should be brought. Since, then, there are four orifices in all, two in either ventricle, one of these induces, the other educes." And again he says: "Farther, since there is one vessel, which consists of a simple covering implanted in the heart, and another which is double, extending from it (Galen is here speaking of the right side of the heart, but I extend his observations to the left side also), a kind of reservoir had to be provided, to which both belonging, the blood should be drawn in by one, and sent out by the other."

Galen adduces this argument for the transit of the blood by the right ventricle from the vena cava into the lungs; but we can use it with still greater propriety, merely changing the terms, for the passage of the blood from the veins through the heart into the arteries. From Galen, however, that great man, that father of physicians, it clearly appears that the blood passes through the lungs from the pulmonary artery into the minute branches of the pulmonary veins, urged to this both by the pulses of the heart and by the motions of the lungs and thorax; that the heart, moreover, is incessantly receiving and expelling the blood by and from its ventricles, as from a magazine or cistern, and for this end it is furnished with four sets of valves, two serving for the induction and two for the eduction of the blood, lest, like the Euripus, it should be incommodiously sent hither and thither, or flow back into the cavity which it should have quitted, or quit the part where its presence was required, and so the heart might be oppressed with labour in vain, and the office of the lungs be interfered with.² Finally, our position that the blood is continually permeating from the right to the left ventricle, from the vena cava into the aorta, through the porosities of the lungs, plainly appears from this, that since the blood is incessantly sent from the right ventricle into the lungs by the pulmonary artery, and in like manner is incessantly drawn from the lungs into the left ventricle, as appears from what precedes and the position of the valves, it cannot do otherwise than pass through continuously. And then, as the blood is incessantly flowing into the right ventricle of the heart, and is continually passed out from the left, as appears in like manner, and as is obvious, both to sense and reason, it is impossible that the blood can do otherwise than pass continually from the vena cava into the aorta.

Dissection consequently shows distinctly what takes place in the majority of animals, and indeed in all, up to the period of their maturity; and that the same thing occurs in adults is equally certain, both from Galen's words, and what has already been said, only that in the former the transit is effected by open and obvious passages, in the latter by the hidden porosities of the lungs and the minute inosculation of vessels. It therefore appears that, although one ventricle of the heart, the left to wit, would suffice for the distribution of the blood over the body, and its eduction from the vena cava, as indeed is done in those creatures that have no lungs, nature, nevertheless, when she ordained that the same blood should also percolate the lungs, saw herself obliged to add the right ventricle, the pulse of which should force the blood from the vena cava through the lungs into the cavity of the left ventricle. In this way, it may be said, that the right

ventricle is made for the sake of the lungs, and for the transmission of the blood through them, not for their nutrition; for it were unreasonable to suppose that the lungs should require so much more copious a supply of nutriment, and that of so much purer and more spirituous a nature as coming immediately from the ventricle of the heart, that either the brain, with its peculiarly pure substance, or the eyes, with their lustrous and truly admirable structure, or the flesh of the heart itself, which is more suitably nourished by the coronary artery.

Chapter VIII: Of The Quantity Of Blood Passing Through The Heart

(From The Veins To The Arteries; And Of The Circular Motion Of The Blood)

Thus far I have spoken of the passage of the blood from the veins into the arteries, and of the manner in which it is transmitted and distributed by the action of the heart; points to which some, moved either by the authority of Galen or Columbus, or the reasonings of others, will give in their adhesion. But what remains to be said upon the quantity and source of the blood which thus passes is of a character so novel and unheard-of that I not only fear injury to myself from the envy of a few, but I tremble lest I have mankind at large for my enemies, so much doth wont and custom become a second nature. Doctrine once sown strikes deep its root, and respect for antiquity influences all men. Still the die is cast, and my trust is in my love of truth and the candour of cultivated minds. And sooth to say, when I surveyed my mass of evidence, whether derived from vivisections, and my various reflections on them, or from the study of the ventricles of the heart and the vessels that enter into and issue from them, the symmetry and size of these conduits, - for nature doing nothing in vain, would never have given them so large a relative size without a purpose, - or from observing the arrangement and intimate structure of the valves in particular, and of the other parts of the heart in general, with many things besides, I frequently and seriously bethought me, and long revolved in my mind, what might be the quantity of blood which was transmitted, in how short a time its passage might be effected, and the like. But not finding it possible that this could be supplied by the juices of the ingested aliment without the veins on the one hand becoming drained, and the arteries on the other getting ruptured through the excessive charge of blood, unless the blood should somehow find its way from the arteries into the veins, and so return to the right side of the heart, I began to think whether there might not be a Motion, As It Were, In A Circle. Now, this I afterwards found to be true; and I finally saw that the blood, forced by the action of the left ventricle into the arteries, was distributed to the body at large, and its several parts, in the same manner as it is sent through the lungs, impelled by the right ventricle into the pulmonary artery, and that it then passed through the veins and along the vena cava, and so round to the left ventricle in the manner already indicated. This motion we may be allowed to call circular, in the same way as Aristotle says that the air and the rain emulate the circular motion of the superior bodies; for the moist earth, warmed by the sun, evaporates; the vapours drawn upwards are condensed, and descending in the form of rain, moisten the earth again. By this arrangement are generations of living things produced; and in like manner are tempests and meteors engendered by the circular motion, and by the approach and recession of the sun.

And similarly does it come to pass in the body, through the motion of the blood, that the various parts are nourished, cherished, quickened by the warmer, more perfect, vaporous, spirituous, and,

as I may say, alimentive blood; which, on the other hand, owing to its contact with these parts, becomes cooled, coagulated, and so to speak effete. It then returns to its sovereign, the heart, as if to its source, or to the inmost home of the body, there to recover its state of excellence or perfection. Here it renews its fluidity, natural heat, and becomes powerful, fervid, a kind of treasury of life, and impregnated with spirits, it might be said with balsam. Thence it is again dispersed. All this depends on the motion and action of the heart.

The heart, consequently, is the beginning of life; the sun of the microcosm, even as the sun in his turn might well be designated the heart of the world; for it is the heart by whose virtue and pulse the blood is moved, perfected, and made nutrient, and is preserved from corruption and coagulation; it is the household divinity which, discharging its function, nourishes, cherishes, quickens the whole body, and is indeed the foundation of life, the source of all action. But of these things we shall speak more opportunely when we come to speculate upon the final cause of this motion of the heart.

As the blood-vessels, therefore, are the canals and agents that transport the blood, they are of two kinds, the cava and the aorta; and this not by reason of there being two sides of the body, as Aristotle has it, but because of the difference of office, not, as is commonly said, in consequence of any diversity of structure, for in many animals, as I have said, the vein does not differ from the artery in the thickness of its walls, but solely in virtue of their distinct functions and uses. A vein and an artery, both styled veins by the ancients, and that not without reason, as Galen has remarked, for the artery is the vessel which carries the blood from the heart to the body at large, the vein of the present day bringing it back from the general system to the heart; the former is the conduit from, the latter the channel to, the heart; the latter contains the cruder, effete blood, rendered unfit for nutrition; the former transmits the digested, perfect, peculiarly nutritive fluid.

Chapter IX: That There Is A Circulation Of The Blood Is Confirmed

(From The First Proposition)

But lest anyone should say that we give them words only, and make mere specious assertions without any foundation, and desire to innovate without sufficient cause, three points present themselves for confirmation, which, being stated, I conceive that the truth I contend for will follow necessarily, and appear as a thing obvious to all. First, the blood is incessantly transmitted by the action of the heart from the vena cava to the arteries in such quantity that it cannot be supplied from the ingesta, and in such a manner that the whole must very quickly pass through the organ; second, the blood under the influence of the arterial pulse enters and is impelled in a continuous, equable, and incessant stream through every part and member of the body, in much larger quantity than were sufficient for nutrition, or than the whole mass of fluids could supply; third, the veins in like manner return this blood incessantly to the heart from parts and members of the body. These points proved, I conceive it will be manifest that the blood circulates, revolves, propelled and then returning, from the heart to the extremities, from the extremities to the heart, and thus that it performs a kind of circular motion.

Let us assume, either arbitrarily or from experiment, the quantity of blood which the left ventricle of the heart will contain when distended, to be, say, two ounces, three ounces, or one ounce and a half - in the dead body I have found it to hold upwards of two ounces. Let us assume further how much less the heart will hold in the contracted than in the dilated state; and how much blood it will project into the aorta upon each contraction; and all the world allows that with the systole something is always projected, a necessary consequence demonstrated in the third chapter, and obvious from the structure of the valves; and let us suppose as approaching the truth that the fourth, or fifth, or sixth, or even but the eighth part of its charge is thrown into the artery at each contraction; this would give either half an ounce, or three drachms, or one drachm of blood as propelled by the heart at each pulse into the aorta; which quantity, by reason of the valves at the root of the vessel, can by no means return into the ventricle. Now, in the course of half an hour, the heart will have made more than one thousand beats, in some as many as two, three, and even four thousand. Multiplying the number of drachms propelled by the number of pulses, we shall have either one thousand half ounces, or one thousand times three drachms, or a like proportional quantity of blood, according to the amount which we assume as propelled with each stroke of the heart, sent from this organ into the artery - a larger quantity in every case than is contained in the whole body! In the same way, in the sheep or dog, say but a single scruple of blood passes with each stroke of the heart, in one half-hour we should have one thousand scruples, or about three pounds and a half, of blood injected into the aorta; but the body of neither animal contains above four pounds of blood, a fact which I have myself ascertained in the case of the sheep.

Upon this supposition, therefore, assumed merely as a ground for reasoning, we see the whole mass of blood passing through the heart, from the veins to the arteries, and in like manner through the lungs.

But let it be said that this does not take place in half an hour, but in an hour, or even in a day; any way, it is still manifest that more blood passes through the heart in consequence of its action, than can either be supplied by the whole of the ingesta, or than can be contained in the veins at the same moment.

Nor can it be allowed that the heart in contracting sometimes propels and sometimes does not propel, or at most propels but very little, a mere nothing, or an imaginary something: all this, indeed, has already been refuted, and is, besides, contrary both to sense and reason. For if it be a necessary effect of the dilatation of the heart that its ventricles become filled with blood, it is equally so that, contracting, these cavities should expel their contents; and this not in any trifling measure. For neither are the conduits small, nor the contractions few in number, but frequent, and always in some certain proportion, whether it be a third or a sixth, or an eighth, to the total capacity of the ventricles, so that a like proportion of blood must be expelled, and a like proportion received with each stroke of the heart, the capacity of the ventricle contracted always bearing a certain relation to the capacity of the ventricle when dilated. And since, in dilating, the ventricles cannot be supposed to get filled with nothing, or with an imaginary something, so in contracting they never expel nothing or aught imaginary, but always a certain something, viz., blood, in proportion to the amount of the contraction. Whence it is to be concluded that if at one stroke the heart of man, the ox, or the sheep, ejects but a single drachm of blood and there are one thousand strokes in half an hour, in this interval there will have been ten pounds five ounces

expelled; if with each stroke two drachms are expelled, the quantity would, of course, amount to twenty pounds and ten ounces; if half an ounce, the quantity would come to forty-one pounds and eight ounces; and were there one ounce, it would be as much as eighty-three pounds and four ounces; the whole of which, in the course of one-half hour, would have been transfused from the veins to the arteries. The actual quantity of blood expelled at each stroke of the heart, and the circumstances under which it is either greater or less than ordinary, I leave for particular determination afterwards, from numerous observations which I have made on the subject.

Meantime this much I know, and would here proclaim to all, that the blood is transfused at one time in larger, at another in smaller, quantity; and that the circuit of the blood is accomplished now more rapidly, now more slowly, according to the temperament, age, etc., of the individual, to external and internal circumstances, to naturals and non-naturals - sleep, rest, food, exercise, affections of the mind, and the like. But, supposing even the smallest quantity of blood to be passed through the heart and the lungs with each pulsation, a vastly greater amount would still be thrown into the arteries and whole body than could by any possibility be supplied by the food consumed. It could be furnished in no other way than by making a circuit and returning.

This truth, indeed, presents itself obviously before us when we consider what happens in the dissection of living animals; the great artery need not be divided, but a very small branch only (as Galen even proves in regard to man), to have the whole of the blood in the body, as well that of the veins as of the arteries, drained away in the course of no long time - some half-hour or less. Butchers are well aware of the fact and can bear witness to it; for, cutting the throat of an ox and so dividing the vessels of the neck, in less than a quarter of an hour they have all the vessels bloodless - the whole mass of blood has escaped. The same thing also occasionally occurs with great rapidity in performing amputations and removing tumors in the human subject.

Nor would this argument lose of its force, did any one say that in killing animals in the shambles, and performing amputations, the blood escaped in equal, if not perchance in larger quantity by the veins than by the arteries. The contrary of this statement, indeed, is certainly the truth; the veins, in fact, collapsing, and being without any propelling power, and further, because of the impediment of the valves, as I shall show immediately, pour out but very little blood; whilst the arteries spout it forth with force abundantly, impetuously, and as if it were propelled by a syringe. And then the experiment is easily tried of leaving the vein untouched and only dividing the artery in the neck of a sheep or dog, when it will be seen with what force, in what abundance, and how quickly, the whole blood in the body, of the veins as well as of the arteries, is emptied. But the arteries receive blood from the veins in no other way than by transmission through the heart, as we have already seen; so that if the aorta be tied at the base of the heart, and the carotid or any other artery be opened, no one will now be surprised to find it empty, and the veins only replete with blood.

And now the cause is manifest, why in our dissections we usually find so large a quantity of blood in the veins, so little in the arteries; why there is much in the right ventricle, little in the left, which probably led the ancients to believe that the arteries (as their name implies) contained nothing but spirits during the life of an animal. The true cause of the difference is perhaps this, that as there is no passage to the arteries, save through the lungs and heart, when an animal has ceased to breathe and the lungs to move, the blood in the pulmonary artery is prevented from

passing into the pulmonary veins, and from thence into the left ventricle of the heart; just as we have already seen the same transit prevented in the embryo, by the want of movement in the lungs and the alternate opening and shutting of their hidden and invisible porosities and apertures. But the heart not ceasing to act at the same precise moment as the lungs, but surviving them and continuing to pulsate for a time, the left ventricle and arteries go on distributing their blood to the body at large and sending it into the veins; receiving none from the lungs, however, they are soon exhausted, and left, as it were, empty. But even this fact confirms our views, in no trifling manner, seeing that it can be ascribed to no other than the cause we have just assumed.

Moreover, it appears from this that the more frequently or forcibly the arteries pulsate, the more speedily will the body be exhausted of its blood during hemorrhage. Hence, also, it happens, that in fainting fits and in states of alarm, when the heart beats more languidly and less forcibly, hemorrhages are diminished and arrested.

Still further, it is from this, that after death, when the heart has ceased to beat, it is impossible, by dividing either the jugular or femoral veins and arteries, by any effort, to force out more than one-half of the whole mass of the blood. Neither could the butcher ever bleed the carcass effectually did he neglect to cut the throat of the ox which he has knocked on the head and stunned, before the heart had ceased beating.

Finally, we are now in a condition to suspect wherefore it is that no one has yet said anything to the purpose upon the anastomosis of the veins and arteries, either as to where or how it is effected, or for what purpose. I now enter upon the investigation of the subject.

Chapter X: The First Position

(Of The Quantity Of Blood Passing From The Veins To The Arteries. And That There Is A Circuit Of The Blood, Freed From Objections, And Farther Confirmed By Experiment)

So far our first position is confirmed, whether the thing be referred to calculation or to experiment and dissection, viz., that the blood is incessantly poured into the arteries in larger quantities than it can be supplied by the food; so that the whole passing over in a short space of time, it is matter of necessity that the blood perform a circuit, that it return to whence it set out.

But if anyone shall here object that a large quantity may pass through and yet no necessity be found for a circulation, that all may come from the meat and drink consumed, and quote as an illustration the abundant supply of milk in the mammae-for a cow will give three, four, and even seven gallons and more in a day, and a woman two or three pints whilst nursing a child or twins, which must manifestly be derived from the food consumed; it may be answered that the heart by computation does as much and more in the course of an hour or two.

And if not yet convinced, he shall still insist that when an artery is divided, a preternatural route is, as it were, opened, and that so the blood escapes in torrents, but that the same thing does not happen in the healthy and uninjured body when no outlet is made; and that in arteries filled, or in their natural state, so large a quantity of blood cannot pass in so short a space of time as to make

any return necessary-to all this it may be answered that, from the calculation already made, and the reasons assigned, it appears that by so much as the heart in its dilated state contains, in addition to its contents in the state of constriction, so much in a general way must it emit upon each pulsation, and in such quantity must the blood pass, the body being entire and naturally constituted.

But in serpents, and several fishes, by tying the veins some way below the heart you will perceive a space between the ligature and the heart speedily to become empty; so that, unless you would deny the evidence of your senses, you must needs admit the return of the blood to the heart. The same thing will also plainly appear when we come to discuss our second position.

Let us here conclude with a single example, confirming all that has been said, and from which everyone may obtain conviction through the testimony of his own eyes.

If a live snake be laid open, the heart will be seen pulsating quietly, distinctly, for more than an hour, moving like a worm, contracting in its longitudinal dimensions, (for it is of an oblong shape), and propelling its contents. It becomes of a paler colour in the systole, of a deeper tint in the diastole; and almost all things else are seen by which I have already said that the truth I contend for is established, only that here everything takes place more slowly, and is more distinct. This point in particular may be observed more clearly than the noonday sun: the vena cava enters the heart at its lower part, the artery quits it at the superior part; the vein being now seized either with forceps or between the finger and the thumb, and the course of the blood for some space below the heart interrupted, you will perceive the part that intervenes between the fingers and the heart almost immediately to become empty, the blood being exhausted by the action of the heart; at the same time the heart will become of a much paler colour, even in its state of dilatation, than it was before; it is also smaller than at first, from wanting blood: and then it begins to beat more slowly, so that it seems at length as if it were about to die. But the impediment to the flow of blood being removed, instantly the colour and the size of the heart are restored.

If, on the contrary, the artery instead of the vein be compressed or tied, you will observe the part between the obstacle and the heart, and the heart itself, to become inordinately distended, to assume a deep purple or even livid colour, and at length to be so much oppressed with blood that you will believe it about to be choked; but the obstacle removed, all things immediately return to their natural state and colour, size, and impulse.

Here then we have evidence of two kinds of death: extinction from deficiency, and suffocation from excess. Examples of both have now been set before you, and you have had opportunity of viewing the truth contended for with your own eyes in the heart.

Chapter XI: The Second Position Is Demonstrated

That this may the more clearly appear to everyone, I have here to cite certain experiments, from which it seems obvious that the blood enters a limb by the arteries, and returns from it by the veins; that the arteries are the vessels carrying the blood from the heart, and the veins the

returning channels of the blood to the heart; that in the limbs and extreme parts of the body the blood passes either immediately by anastomosis from the arteries into the veins, or mediately by the porosities of the flesh, or in both ways, as has already been said in speaking of the passage of the blood through the lungs whence it appears manifest that in the circuit the blood moves from that place to this place, and from the point to this one; from the centre to the extremities, to wit; and from the extreme parts back to the centre. Finally, upon grounds of calculation, with the same elements as before, it will be obvious that the quantity can neither be accounted for by the ingesta, nor yet be held necessary to nutrition.

The same thing will also appear in regard to ligatures, and wherefore they are said to draw; though this is neither from the heat, nor the pain, nor the vacuum they occasion, nor indeed from any other cause yet thought of; it will also explain the uses and advantages to be derived from ligatures in medicine, the principle upon which they either suppress or occasion hemorrhage; how they induce sloughing and more extensive mortification in extremities; and how they act in the castration of animals and the removal of warts and fleshy tumours. But it has come to pass, from no one having duly weighed and understood the cause and rationale of these various effects, that though almost all, upon the faith of the old writers, recommend ligatures in the treatment of disease, yet very few comprehend their proper employment, or derive any real assistance from them in effecting cures.

Ligatures are either very tight or of medium tightness. A ligature I designate as tight or perfect when it so constricts an extremity that no vessel can be felt pulsating beyond it. Such a ligature we use in amputations to control the flow of blood; and such also are employed in the castration of animals and the ablation of tumours. In the latter instances, all afflux of nutriment and heat being prevented by the ligature, we see the testes and large fleshy tumours dwindle, die, and finally fall off.

Ligatures of medium tightness I regard as those which compress a limb firmly all round, but short of pain, and in such a way as still suffers a certain degree of pulsation to be felt in the artery beyond them. Such a ligature is in use in blood-letting, an operation in which the fillet applied above the elbow is not drawn so tight but that the arteries at the wrist may still be felt beating under the finger.

Now let anyone make an experiment upon the arm of a man, either using such a fillet as is employed in blood-letting, or grasping the limb lightly with his hand, the best subject for it being one who is lean, and who has large veins, and the best time after exercise, when the body is warm, the pulse is full, and the blood carried in larger quantity to the extremities, for all then is more conspicuous; under such circumstances let a ligature be thrown about the extremity, and drawn as tightly as can be borne, it will first be perceived that beyond the ligature, neither in the wrist nor anywhere else, do the arteries pulsate, at the same time that immediately above the ligature the artery begins to rise higher at each diastole, to throb more violently, and to swell in its vicinity with a kind of tide, as if it strove to break through and overcome the obstacle to its current; the artery here, in short, appears as if it were preternaturally full. The hand under such circumstances retains its natural colour and appearance; in the course of time it begins to fall somewhat in temperature, indeed, but nothing is drawn into it.

After the bandage has been kept on for some short time in this way, let it be slackened a little, brought to that state or term of medium tightness which is used in bleeding, and it will be seen that the whole hand and arm will instantly become deeply coloured and distended, and the veins show themselves tumid and knotted; after ten or twelve pulses of the artery, the hand will be perceived excessively distended, injected, gorged with blood, drawn, as it is said, by this medium ligature, without pain, or heat, or any horror of a vacuum, or any other cause yet indicated.

If the finger be applied over the artery as it is pulsating by the edge of the fillet, at the moment of slackening it, the blood will be felt to glide through, as it were, underneath the finger; and he, too, upon whose arm the experiment is made, when the ligature is slackened, is distinctly conscious of a sensation of warmth, and of something, viz., a stream of blood suddenly making its way along the course of the vessels and diffusing itself through the hand, which at the same time begins to feel hot, and becomes distended.

As we had noted, in connexion with the tight ligature, that the artery above the bandage was distended and pulsated, not below it, so, in the case of the moderately tight bandage, on the contrary, do we find that the veins below, never above, the fillet, swell, and become dilated, whilst the arteries shrink; and such is the degree of distension of the veins here, that it is only very strong pressure that will force the blood beyond the fillet, and cause any of the veins in the upper part of the arm to rise.

From these facts it is easy for every careful observer to learn that the blood enters an extremity by the arteries; for when they are effectually compressed nothing is drawn to the member; the hand preserves its colour; nothing flows into it, neither is it distended; but when the pressure is diminished, as it is with the bleeding fillet, it is manifest that the blood is instantly thrown in with force, for then the hand begins to swell; which is as much as to say, that when the arteries pulsate the blood is flowing through them, as it is when the moderately tight ligature is applied; but where they do not pulsate, as, when a tight ligature is used, they cease from transmitting anything, they are only distended above the part where the ligature is applied. The veins again being compressed, nothing can flow through them; the certain indication of which is, that below the ligature they are much more tumid than above it, and than they usually appear when there is no bandage upon the arm.

It therefore plainly appears that the ligature prevents the return of the blood through the veins to the parts above it, and maintains those beneath it in a state of permanent distension. But the arteries, in spite of its pressure, and under the force and impulse of the heart, send on the blood from the internal parts of the body to the parts beyond the ligature. And herein consists the difference between the tight and the medium ligature, that the former not only prevents the passage of the blood in the veins, but in the arteries also; the latter, however, whilst it does not prevent the force of the pulse from extending beyond it, and so propelling the blood to the extremities of the body, compresses the veins, and greatly or altogether impedes the return of the blood through them.

Seeing, therefore, that the moderately tight ligature renders the veins turgid and distended, and the whole hand full of blood, I ask, whence is this? Does the blood accumulate below the ligature coming through the veins, or through the arteries, or passing by certain hidden porosities?

Through the veins it cannot come; still less can it come through invisible channels; it must needs, then, arrive by the arteries in conformity with all that has been already said. That it cannot flow in by the veins appears plainly enough from the fact that the blood cannot be forced towards the heart unless the ligature be removed; when this is done suddenly all the veins collapse, and disgorge themselves of their contents into the superior parts, the hand at the same time resumes its natural pale colour, the tumefaction and the stagnating blood having disappeared.

Moreover, he whose arm or wrist has thus been bound for some little time with the medium bandage, so that it has not only got swollen and livid but cold, when the fillet is undone is aware of something cold making its way upwards along with the returning blood, and reaching the elbow or the axilla. And I have myself been inclined to think that this cold blood rising upwards to the heart was the cause of the fainting that often occurs after blood-letting: fainting frequently supervenes even in robust subjects, and mostly at the moment of undoing the fillet, as the vulgar say, from the turning of the blood.

Farther, when we see the veins below the ligature instantly swell up and become gorged, when from extreme tightness it is somewhat relaxed, the arteries meantime continuing unaffected, this is an obvious indication that the blood passes from the arteries into the veins, and not from the veins into the arteries, and that there is either an anastomosis of the two orders of vessels, or porosities in the flesh and solid parts generally that are permeable to the blood. It is farther an indication that the veins have frequent communications with one another, because they all become turgid together, whilst under the medium ligature applied above the elbow; and if any single small vein be pricked with a lancet, they all speedily shrink, and disburthening themselves into this they subside almost simultaneously.

These considerations will enable anyone to understand the nature of the attraction that is exerted by ligatures, and perchance of fluxes generally; how, for example, when the veins are compressed by a bandage of medium tightness applied above the elbow, the blood cannot escape, whilst it still continues to be driven in, by the forcing power of the heart, by which the parts are of necessity filled, gorged with blood. And how should it be otherwise? Heat and pain and a vacuum draw, indeed; but in such wise only that parts are filled, not preternaturally distended or gorged, and not so suddenly and violently overwhelmed with the charge of blood forced in upon them, that the flesh is lacerated and the vessels ruptured. Nothing of the kind as an effect of heat, or pain, or the vacuum force, is either credible or demonstrable.

Besides, the ligature is competent to occasion the afflux in question without either pain, or heat, or a vacuum. Were pain in any way the cause, how should it happen that, with the arm bound above the elbow, the hand and fingers should swell below the bandage, and their veins become distended? The pressure of the bandage certainly prevents the blood from getting there by the veins. And then, wherefore is there neither swelling nor repletion of the veins, nor any sign or symptom of attraction or afflux, above the ligature? But this is the obvious cause of the preternatural attraction and swelling below the bandage, and in the hand and fingers, that the blood is entering abundantly, and with force, but cannot pass out again.

Now is not this the cause of all tumefaction, as indeed Avicenna has it, and of all oppressive redundancy in parts, that the access to them is open, but the egress from them is closed? Whence

it comes that they are gorged and tumefied. And may not the same thing happen in local inflammations, where, so long as the swelling is on the increase, and has not reached its extreme term, a full pulse is felt in the part, especially when the disease is of the more acute kind, and the swelling usually takes place most rapidly. But these are matters for after discussion. Or does this, which occurred in my own case, happen from the same cause? Thrown from a carriage upon one occasion, I struck my forehead a blow upon the place where a twig of the artery advances from the temple, and immediately, within the time in which twenty beats could have been made I felt a tumour the size of an egg developed, without either heat or any great pain: the near vicinity of the artery had caused the blood to be effused into the bruised part with unusual force and velocity.

And now, too, we understand why in phlebotomy we apply our ligature above the part that is punctured, not below it; did the flow come from above, not from below, the constriction in this case would not only be of no service, but would prove a positive hindrance; it would have to be applied below the orifice, in order to have the flow more free, did the blood descend by the veins from superior to inferior parts; but as it is elsewhere forced through the extreme arteries into the extreme veins, and the return in these last is opposed by the ligature, so do they fill and swell, and being thus filled and distended, they are made capable of projecting their charge with force, and to a distance, when any one of them is suddenly punctured; but the ligature being slackened, and the returning channels thus left open, the blood forthwith no longer escapes, save by drops; and, as all the world knows, if in performing phlebotomy the bandage be either slackened too much or the limb be bound too tightly, the blood escapes without force, because in the one case the returning channels are not adequately obstructed; in the other the channels of influx, the arteries, are impeded.

Chapter XII: That There Is A Circulation Of The Blood Is Shown

(From The Second Position Demonstrated)

If these things be so, another point which I have already referred to, viz., the continual passage of the blood through the heart will also be confirmed. We have seen, that the blood passes from the arteries into the veins, not from the veins into the arteries; we have seen, farther, that almost the whole of the blood may be withdrawn from a puncture made in one of the cutaneous veins of the arm if a bandage properly applied be used; we have seen, still farther, that the blood flows so freely and rapidly that not only is the whole quantity which was contained in the arm beyond the ligature, and before the puncture was made, discharged, but the whole which is contained in the body, both that of the arteries and that of the veins.

Whence we must admit, first, that the blood is sent along with an impulse, and that it is urged with force below the ligature; for it escapes with force, which force it receives from the pulse and power of the heart; for the force and motion of the blood are derived from the heart alone. Second, that the afflux proceeds from the heart, and through the heart by a course from the great veins; for it gets into the parts below the ligature through the arteries, not through the veins; and the arteries nowhere receive blood from the veins, nowhere receive blood save and except from the left ventricle of the heart. Nor could so large a quantity of blood be drawn from one vein (a

ligature having been duly applied), nor with such impetuosity, such readiness, such celerity, unless through the medium of the impelling power of the heart.

But if all things be as they are now represented, we shall feel ourselves at liberty to calculate the quantity of the blood, and to reason on its circular motion. Should anyone, for instance, performing phlebotomy, suffer the blood to flow in the manner it usually does, with force and freely, for some half hour or so, no question but that the greatest part of the blood being abstracted, faintings and syncope would ensue, and that not only would the arteries but the great veins also be nearly emptied of their contents. It is only consonant with reason to conclude that in the course of the half hour hinted at, so much as has escaped has also passed from the great veins through the heart into the aorta. And further, if we calculate how many ounces flow through one arm, or how many pass in twenty or thirty pulsations under the medium ligature, we shall have some grounds for estimating how much passes through the other arm in the same space of time: how much through both lower extremities, how much through the neck on either side, and through all the other arteries and veins of the body, all of which have been supplied with fresh blood, and as this blood must have passed through the lungs and ventricles of the heart, and must have come from the great veins, - we shall perceive that a circulation is absolutely necessary, seeing that the quantities hinted at cannot be supplied immediately from the ingesta, and are vastly more than can be requisite for the mere nutrition of the parts.

It is still further to be observed, that in practising phlebotomy the truths contended for are sometimes confirmed in another way; for having tied up the arm properly, and made the puncture duly, still, it from alarm or any other causes, a state of faintness supervenes, in which the heart always pulsates more languidly, the blood does not flow freely, but distils by drops only. The reason is, that with a somewhat greater than usual resistance offered to the transit of the blood by the bandage, coupled with the weaker action of the heart, and its diminished impelling power, the stream cannot make its way under the ligature; and farther, owing to the weak and languishing state of the heart, the blood is not transferred in such quantity as wont from the veins to the arteries through the sinuses of that organ. So also, and for the same reasons, are the menstrual fluxes of women, and indeed hemorrhages of every kind, controlled. And now, a contrary state of things occurring, the patient getting rid of his fear and recovering his courage, the pulse strength is increased, the arteries begin again to beat with greater force, and to drive the blood even into the part that is bound; so that the blood now springs from the puncture in the vein, and flows in a continuous stream.

Chapter XIII: The Third Position Is Confirmed

(And The Circulation Of The Blood Is Demonstrated From It)

Thus far we have spoken of the quantity of blood passing through the heart and the lungs in the centre of the body, and in like manner from the arteries into the veins in the peripheral parts and the body at large. We have yet to explain, however, in what manner the blood finds its way back to the heart from the extremities by the veins, and how and in what way these are the only vessels that convey the blood from the external to the central parts; which done, I conceive that the three fundamental propositions laid down for the circulation of the blood will be so plain, so

well established, so obviously true, that they may claim general credence. Now the remaining position will be made sufficiently clear from the valves which are found in the cavities of the veins themselves, from the uses of these, and from experiments cognizable by the senses.

The celebrated Hieronymus Fabricius of Aquapendente, a most skillful anatomist, and venerable old man, or, as the learned Riolan will have it, Jacobus Silvius, first gave representations of the valves in the veins, which consist of raised or loose portions of the inner membranes of these vessels, of extreme delicacy, and a sigmoid or semilunar shape. They are situated at different distances from one another, and diversely in different individuals; they are connate at the sides of the veins; they are directed upwards towards the trunks of the veins; the two-for there are for the most part two together-regard each other, mutually touch, and are so ready to come into contact by their edges, that if anything attempts to pass from the trunks into the branches of the veins, or from the greater vessels into the less, they completely prevent it; they are farther so arranged, that the horns of those that succeed are opposite the middle of the convexity of those that precede, and so on alternately.

The discoverer of these valves did not rightly understand their use, nor have succeeding anatomists added anything to our knowledge; for their office is by no means explained when we are told that it is to hinder the blood, by its weight, from all flowing into inferior parts; for the edges of the valves in the jugular veins hang downwards, and are so contrived that they prevent the blood from rising upwards; the valves, in a word, do not invariably look upwards, but always toward the trunks of the veins, invariably towards the seat of the heart. I, and indeed others, have sometimes found valves in the emulgent veins, and in those of the mesentery, the edges of which were directed towards the vena cava and vena portae. Let it be added that there are no valves in the arteries, and that dogs, oxen, etc., have invariably valves at the divisions of their crural veins, in the veins that meet towards the top of the os sacrum, and in those branches which come from the haunches, in which no such effect of gravity from the erect position was to be apprehended. Neither are there valves in the jugular veins for the purpose of guarding against apoplexy, as some have said; because in sleep the head is more apt to be influenced by the contents of the carotid arteries. Neither are the valves present, in order that the blood may be retained in the divarications or smaller trunks and minuter branches, and not be suffered to flow entirely into the more open and capacious channels; for they occur where there are no divarications; although it must be owned that they are most frequent at the points where branches join. Neither do they exist for the purpose of rendering the current of blood more slow from the centre of the body; for it seems likely that the blood would be disposed to flow with sufficient slowness of its own accord, as it would have to pass from larger into continually smaller vessels, being separated from the mass and fountain head, and attaining from warmer into colder places.

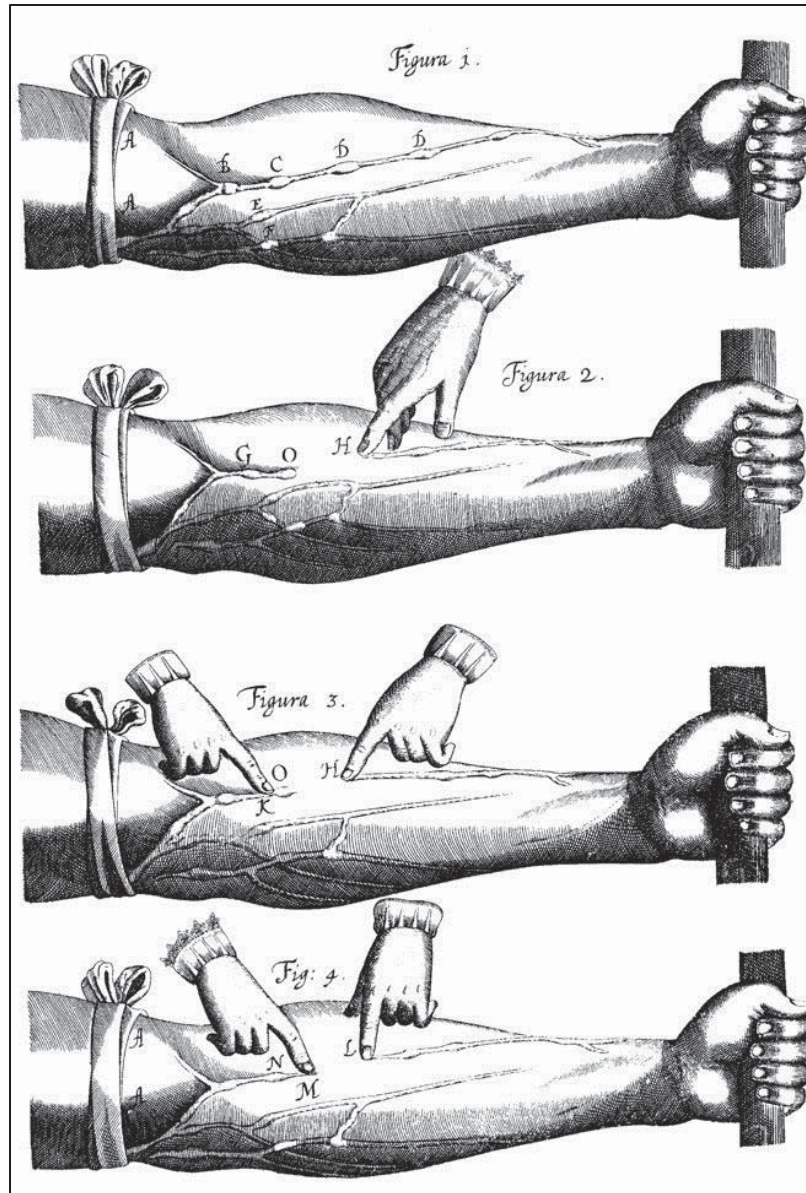
But the valves are solely made and instituted lest the blood should pass from the greater into the lesser veins, and either rupture them or cause them to become varicose; lest, instead of advancing from the extreme to the central parts of the body, the blood should rather proceed along the veins from the centre to the extremities; but the delicate valves, while they readily open in the right direction, entirely prevent all such contrary motion, being so situated and arranged, that if anything escapes, or is less perfectly obstructed by the cornua of the one above, the fluid passing, as it were, by the chinks between the cornua, it is immediately received on the convexity of the

one beneath, which is placed transversely with reference to the former, and so is effectually hindered from getting any farther.

And this I have frequently experienced in my dissections of the veins: if I attempted to pass a probe from the trunk of the veins into one of the smaller branches, whatever care I took I found it impossible to introduce it far any way, by reason of the valves; whilst, on the contrary, it was most easy to push it along in the opposite direction, from without inwards, or from the branches towards the trunks and roots. In many places two valves are so placed and fitted, that when raised they come exactly together in the middle of the vein, and are there united by the contact of their margins; and so accurate is the adaptation, that neither by the eye nor by any other means of examination, can the slightest chink along the line of contact be perceived. But if the probe be now introduced from the extreme towards the more central parts, the valves, like the floodgates of a river, give way, and are most readily pushed aside. The effect of this arrangement plainly is to prevent all motion of the blood from the heart and vena cava, whether it be upwards towards the head, or downwards towards the feet, or to either side towards the arms, not a drop can pass; all motion of the blood, beginning in the larger and tending towards the smaller veins, is opposed and resisted by them; whilst the motion that proceeds from the lesser to end in the larger branches is favoured, or, at all events, a free and open passage is left for it.

But that this truth may be made the more apparent, let an arm be tied up above the elbow as if for phlebotomy (A, A, fig. 1). At intervals in the course of the veins, especially in labouring people and those whose veins are large, certain knots or elevations (B, C, D, E, F) will be perceived, and this not only at the places where a branch is received (E, F), but also where none enters (C, D): these knots or risings are all formed by valves, which thus show themselves externally. And now if you press the blood from the space above one of the valves, from H to O, (fig. 2,) and keep the point of a finger upon the vein inferiorly, you will see no influx of blood from above; the portion of the vein between the point of the finger and the valve O will be obliterated; yet will the vessel continue sufficiently distended above the valve (O, G). The blood being thus pressed out and the vein emptied, if you now apply a finger of the other hand upon the distended part of the vein above the valve O, (fig. 3,) and press downwards, you will find that you cannot force the blood through or beyond the valve; but the greater effort you use, you will only see the portion of vein that is between the finger and the valve become more distended, that portion of the vein which is below the valve remaining all the while empty (H, O, fig. 3).

It would therefore appear that the function of the valves in the veins is the same as that of the three sigmoid valves which we find at the commencement of the aorta and pulmonary artery, viz., to prevent all reflux of the blood that is passing over them.



Farther, the arm being bound as before, and the veins looking full and distended, if you press at one part in the course of a vein with the point of a finger (L, fig. 4), and then with another finger streak the blood upwards beyond the next valve (N), you will perceive that this portion of the vein continues empty (L. N), and that the blood cannot retrograde, precisely as we have already seen the case to be in fig. 2; but the finger first applied (H, fig. 2, L, fig. 4), being removed, immediately the vein is filled from below, and the arm becomes as it appears at D C, fig. 1. That the blood in the veins therefore proceeds from inferior or more remote parts, and towards the heart, moving in these vessels in this and not in the contrary direction, appears most obviously. And although in some places the valves, by not acting with such perfect accuracy, or where there is but a single valve, do not seem totally to prevent the passage of the blood from the centre, still the greater number of them plainly do so; and then, where things appear contrived more negligently, this is compensated either by the more frequent occurrence or more perfect action of the succeeding valves, or in some other way: the veins in short, as they are the free and open

conduits of the blood returning to the heart, so are they effectually prevented from serving as its channels of distribution from the heart.

But this other circumstance has to be noted: The arm being bound, and the veins made turgid, and the valves prominent, as before, apply the thumb or finger over a vein in the situation of one of the valves in such a way as to compress it, and prevent any blood from passing upwards from the hand; then, with a finger of the other hand, streak the blood in the vein upwards till it has passed the next valve above (N, fig. 4), the vessel now remains empty; but the finger at L being removed for an instant, the vein is immediately filled from below; apply the finger again, and having in the same manner streaked the blood upwards, again remove the finger below, and again the vessel becomes distended as before; and this repeat, say a thousand times, in a short space of time. And now compute the quantity of blood which you have thus pressed up beyond the valve, and then multiplying the assumed quantity by one thousand, you will find that so much blood has passed through a certain portion of the vessel; and I do now believe that you will find yourself convinced of the circulation of the blood, and of its rapid motion. But if in this experiment you say that a violence is done to nature, I do not doubt but that, if you proceed in the same way, only taking as great a length of vein as possible, and merely remark with what rapidity the blood flows upwards, and fills the vessel from below, you will come to the same conclusion.

Chapter XIV: Conclusion Of The Demonstration Of The Circulation

And now I may be allowed to give in brief my view of the circulation of the blood, and to propose it for general adoption.

Since all things, both argument and ocular demonstration, show that the blood passes through the lungs, and heart by the force of the ventricles, and is sent for distribution to all parts of the body, where it makes its way into the veins and porosities of the flesh, and then flows by the veins from the circumference on every side to the centre, from the lesser to the greater veins, and is by them finally discharged into the vena cava and right auricle of the heart, and this in such a quantity or in such a flux and reflux thither by the arteries, hither by the veins, as cannot possibly be supplied by the ingesta, and is much greater than can be required for mere purposes of nutrition; it is absolutely necessary to conclude that the blood in the animal body is impelled in a circle, and is in a state of ceaseless motion; that this is the act or function which the heart performs by means of its pulse; and that it is the sole and only end of the motion and contraction of the heart.

Chapter XV: The Circulation Of The Blood Is Further Confirmed

(By Probable Reasons)

It will not be foreign to the subject if I here show further, from certain familiar reasonings, that the circulation is matter both of convenience and necessity. In the first place, since death is a corruption which takes place through deficiency of heat,¹ and since all living things are warm,

all dying things cold, there must be a particular seat and fountain, a kind of home and hearth, where the cherisher of nature, the original of the native fire, is stored and preserved; from which heat and life are dispensed to all parts as from a fountain head; from which sustenance may be derived; and upon which concoction and nutrition, and all vegetative energy may depend. Now, that the heart is this place, that the heart is the principle of life, and that all passes in the manner just mentioned, I trust no one will deny.

The blood, therefore, required to have motion, and indeed such a motion that it should return again to the heart; for sent to the external parts of the body far from its fountain, as Aristotle says, and without motion, it would become congealed. For we see motion generating and keeping up heat and spirits under all circumstances, and rest allowing them to escape and be dissipated. The blood, therefore, becoming thick or congealed by the cold of the extreme and outward parts, and robbed of its spirits, just as it is in the dead, it was imperative that from its fount and origin, it should again receive heat and spirits, and all else requisite to its preservation - that, by returning, it should be renovated and restored.

We frequently see how the extremities are chilled by the external cold, how the nose and cheeks and hands look blue, and how the blood, stagnating in them as in the pendent or lower parts of a corpse, becomes of a dusky hue; the limbs at the same time getting torpid, so that they can scarcely be moved, and seem almost to have lost their vitality. Now they can by no means be so effectually, and especially so speedily restored to heat and colour and life, as by a new efflux and contact of heat from its source. But how can parts attract in which the heat and life are almost extinct? Or how should they whose passages are filled with condensed and frigid blood, admit fresh aliment - renovated blood - unless they had first got rid of their contents? Unless the heart were truly that fountain where life and heat are restored to the refrigerated fluid, and whence new blood, warm, imbued with spirits, being sent out by the arteries, that which has become cooled and effete is forced on, and all the particles recover their heat which was failing, and their vital stimulus wellnigh exhausted.

Hence it is that if the heart be unaffected, life and health may be restored to almost all the other parts of the body; but if the heart be chilled, or smitten with any serious disease, it seems matter of necessity that the whole animal fabric should suffer and fall into decay. When the source is corrupted, there is nothing, as Aristotle says,² which can be of service either to it or aught that depends on it. And hence, by the way, it may perchance be why grief, and love, and envy, and anxiety, and all affections of the mind of a similar kind are accompanied with emaciation and decay, or with disordered fluids and crudity, which engender all manner of diseases and consume the body of man. For every affection of the mind that is attended with either pain or pleasure, hope or fear, is the cause of an agitation whose influence extends to the heart, and there induces change from the natural constitution, in the temperature, the pulse and the rest, which impairing all nutrition in its source and abating the powers at large, it is no wonder that various forms of incurable disease in the extremities and in the trunk are the consequence, inasmuch as in such circumstances the whole body labours under the effects of vitiated nutrition and a want of native heat.

Moreover, when we see that all animals live through food digested in their interior, it is imperative that the digestion and distribution be perfect, and, as a consequence, that there be a

place and receptacle where the aliment is perfected and whence it is distributed to the several members. Now this place is the heart, for it is the only organ in the body which contains blood for the general use; all the others receive it merely for their peculiar or private advantage, just as the heart also has a supply for its own especial behoof in its coronary veins and arteries. But it is of the store which the heart contains in its auricles and ventricles that I here speak. Then the heart is the only organ which is so situated and constituted that it can distribute the blood in due proportion to the several parts of the body, the quantity sent to each being according to the dimensions of the artery which supplies it, the heart serving as a magazine or fountain ready to meet its demands.

Further, a certain impulse or force, as well as an impeller or forcer, such as the heart, was required to effect this distribution and motion of the blood; both because the blood is disposed from slight causes, such as cold, alarm, horror, and the like, to collect in its source, to concentrate like parts to a whole, or the drops of water spilt upon a table to the mass of liquid; and because it is forced from the capillary veins into the smaller ramifications, and from these into the larger trunks by the motion of the extremities and the compression of the muscles generally. The blood is thus more disposed to move from the circumference to the centre than in the opposite direction, even were there no valves to oppose its motion; wherefore, that it may leave its source and enter more confined and colder channels, and flow against the direction to which it spontaneously inclines, the blood requires both force and impelling power. Now such is the heart and the heart alone, and that in the way and manner already explained.

Chapter XVI: The Circulation Of The Blood Is Further Proved

(From Certain Consequences)

There are still certain problems, which, taken as consequences of this truth assumed as proven, are not without their use in exciting belief, as it were, a *posterio*; and which, although they may seem to be involved in much doubt and obscurity, nevertheless readily admit of having reasons and causes assigned for them. Of such a nature are those that present themselves in connexion with contagions, poisoned wounds, the bites of serpents and rabid animals, lues venerea and the like. We sometimes see the whole system contaminated, though the part first infected remains sound; the lues venerea has occasionally made its attack with pains in the shoulders and head, and other symptoms, the genital organs being all the while unaffected; and then we know that the wound made by a rabid dog having healed, fever and a train of disastrous symptoms may nevertheless supervene. Whence it appears that the contagion impressed upon or deposited in a particular part, is by-and-by carried by the returning current of blood to the heart, and by that organ is sent to contaminate the whole body.

In tertian fever, the morbid cause seeking the heart in the first instance, and hanging about the heart and lungs, renders the patient short-winded, disposed to sighing, and indisposed to exertion, because the vital principle is oppressed and the blood forced into the lungs and rendered thick. It does not pass through them, (as I have myself seen in opening the bodies of those who had died in the beginning of the attack,) when the pulse is always frequent, small, and occasionally irregular; but the heat increasing, the matter becoming attenuated, the passages

forced, and the transit made, the whole body begins to rise in temperature, and the pulse becomes fuller and stronger. The febrile paroxysm is fully formed, whilst the preternatural heat kindled in the heart is thence diffused by the arteries through the whole body along with the morbid matter, which is in this way overcome and dissolved by nature.

When we perceive, further, that medicines applied externally exert their influence on the body just as if they had been taken internally, the truth we are contending for is confirmed. Colocynth and aloes in this way move the belly, cantharides excites the urine, garlic applied to the soles of the feet assists expectoration, cordials strengthen, and an infinite number of examples of the same kind might be cited. Perhaps it will not, therefore, be found unreasonable, if we say that the veins, by means of their orifices, absorb some of the things that are applied externally and carry this inwards with the blood, not otherwise, it may be, than those of the mesentery imbibe the chyle from the intestines and carry it mixed with the blood to the liver. For the blood entering the mesentery by the coeliac artery, and the superior and inferior mesenterics, proceeds to the intestines, from which, along with the chyle that has been attracted into the veins, it returns by their numerous ramifications into the vena portae of the liver, and from this into the vena cava, and this in such wise that the blood in these veins has the same colour and consistency as in other veins, in opposition to what many believe to be the fact. Nor indeed can we imagine two contrary motions in any capillary system - the chyle upwards, the blood downwards. This could scarcely take place, and must be held as altogether improbable. But is not the thing rather arranged as it is by the consummate providence of nature? For were the chyle mingled with the blood, the crude with the digested, in equal proportions, the result would not be concoction, transmutation, and sanguification, but rather, and because they are severally active and passive, a mixture or combination, or medium compound of the two, precisely as happens when wine is mixed with water and syrup. But when a very minute quantity of chyle is mingled with a very large quantity of circulating blood, a quantity of chyle that bears no kind of proportion to the mass of blood, the effect is the same, as Aristotle says, as when a drop of water is added to a cask of wine, or the contrary; the mass does not then present itself as a mixture, but is still sensibly either wine or water.

So in the mesenteric veins of an animal we do not find either chyme or chyle and blood, blended together or distinct, but only blood, the same in colour, consistency, and other sensible properties, as it appears in the veins generally. Still as there is a certain though small and inappreciable portion of chyle or incompletely digested matter mingled with the blood, nature has interposed the liver, in whose meandering channels it suffers delay and undergoes additional change, lest arriving prematurely and crude at the heart, it should oppress the vital principle. Hence in the embryo, there is almost no use for the liver, but the umbilical vein passes directly through, a foramen or an anastomosis existing from the vena portae. The blood returns from the intestines of the foetus, not through the liver, but into the umbilical vein mentioned, and flows at once into the heart, mingled with the natural blood which is returning from the placenta; whence also it is that in the development of the foetus the liver is one of the organs that is last formed. I have observed all the members perfectly marked out in the human foetus, even the genital organs, whilst there was yet scarcely any trace of the liver. And indeed at the period when all the parts, like the heart itself in the beginning, are still white, and except in the veins there is no appearance of redness, you shall see nothing in the seat of the liver but a shapeless collection, as

it were, of extravasated blood, which you might take for the effects of a contusion or ruptured vein.

But in the incubated egg there are, as it were, two umbilical vessels, one from the albumen passing entire through the liver, and going straight to the heart; another from the yelk, ending in the vena portae; for it appears that the chick, in the first instance, is entirely formed and nourished by the white; but by the yelk after it has come to perfection and is excluded from the shell; for this part may still be found in the abdomen of the chick many days after its exclusion, and is a substitute for the milk to other animals.

But these matters will be better spoken of in my observations on the formation of the foetus, where many propositions, the following among the number, will be discussed: Wherefore is this part formed or perfected first, that last, and of the several members, what part is the cause of another? And there are many points having special reference to the heart, such as wherefore does it first acquire consistency, and appear to possess life, motion, sense, before any other part of the body is perfected, as Aristotle says in his third book, "*De partibus Animalium*"? And so also of the blood, wherefore does it precede all the rest? And in what way does it possess the vital and animal principle, and show a tendency to motion, and to be impelled hither and thither, the end for which the heart appears to be made? In the same way, in considering the pulse, why should one kind of pulse indicate death, another recovery? And so of all the other kinds of pulse, what may be the cause and indication of each? Likewise we must consider the reason of crises and natural critical discharges; of nutrition, and especially the distribution of the nutriment; and of defluxions of every description. Finally, reflecting on every part of medicine, physiology, pathology, semeiotics and therapeutics, when I see how many questions can be answered, how many doubts resolved, how much obscurity illustrated by the truth we have declared, the light we have made to shine, I see a field of such vast extent in which I might proceed so far, and expatiate so widely, that this my tractate would not only swell out into a volume, which was beyond my purpose, but my whole life, perchance, would not suffice for its completion.

In this place, therefore, and that indeed in a single chapter, I shall only endeavour to refer the various particulars that present themselves in the dissection of the heart and arteries to their several uses and causes; for so I shall meet with many things which receive light from the truth I have been contending for, and which, in their turn, render it more obvious. And indeed I would have it confirmed and illustrated by anatomical arguments above all others.

There is but a single point which indeed would be more correctly placed among our observations on the use of the spleen, but which it will not be altogether impertinent to notice in this place incidentally. From the splenic branch which passes into the pancreas, and from the upper part, arise the posterior coronary, gastric, and gastroepiploic veins, all of which are distributed upon the stomach in numerous branches and twigs, just as the mesenteric vessels are upon the intestines. In a similar way, from the inferior part of the same splenic branch, and along the back of the colon and rectum proceed the hemorrhoidal veins. The blood returning by these veins, and bringing the cruder juices along with it, on the one hand from the stomach, where they are thin, watery, and not yet perfectly chylified; on the other thick and more earthy, as derived from the faeces, but all poured into this splenic branch, are duly tempered by the admixture of contraries; and nature mingling together these two kinds of juices, difficult of coction by reason of most

opposite defects, and then diluting them with a large quantity of warm blood, (for we see that the quantity returned from the spleen must be very large when we contemplate the size of its arteries,) they are brought to the porta of the liver in a state of higher preparation. The defects of either extreme are supplied and compensated by this arrangement of the veins.

Chapter XVII: The Motion And Circulation Of The Blood Are Confirmed

(From The Particulars Apparent In The Structure Of The Heart, And From Those Things Which Dissection Unfolds)

I do not find the heart as a distinct and separate part in all animals; some, indeed, such as the zoophytes, have no heart; this is because these animals are coldest, of one great bulk, of soft texture, or of a certain uniform sameness or simplicity of structure; among the number I may instance grubs and earth-worms, and those that are engendered of putrefaction and do not preserve their species. These have no heart, as not requiring any impeller of nourishment into the extreme parts; for they have bodies which are connate and homogeneous and without limbs; so that by the contraction and relaxation of the whole body they assume and expel, move and remove, the aliment. Oysters, mussels, sponges, and the whole genus of zoophytes or plant-animals have no heart, for the whole body is used as a heart, or the whole animal is a heart. In a great number of animals, - almost the whole tribe of insects - we cannot see distinctly by reason of the smallness of the body; still in bees, flies, hornets, and the like we can perceive something pulsating with the help of a magnifying glass; in pediculi, also, the same thing may be seen, and as the body is transparent, the passage of the food through the intestines, like a black spot or stain, may be perceived by the aid of the same magnifying glass.

But in some of the pale-blooded and colder animals, as in snails, whelks, shrimps, and shell-fish, there is a part which pulsates, - a kind of vesicle or auricle without a heart, - slowly, indeed, and not to be perceived except in the warmer season of the year. In these creatures this part is so contrived that it shall pulsate, as there is here a necessity for some impulse to distribute the nutritive fluid, by reason of the variety of organic parts, or of the density of the substance; but the pulsations occur unfrequently, and sometimes in consequence of the cold not at all, an arrangement the best adapted to them as being of a doubtful nature, so that sometimes they appear to live, sometimes to die; sometimes they show the vitality of an animal, sometimes of a vegetable. This seems to be the case with the insects which conceal themselves in winter, and lie, as it were, defunct, or merely manifesting a kind of vegetative existence. But whether the same thing happens in the case of certain animals that have red blood, such as frogs, tortoises, serpents, swallows, may be very properly doubted.

In all the larger and warmer animals which have red blood, there was need of an impeller of the nutritive fluid, and that, perchance, possessing a considerable amount of power. In fishes, serpents, lizards, tortoises, frogs, and others of the same kind there is a heart present, furnished with both an auricle and a ventricle, whence it is perfectly true, as Aristotle has observed,¹ that no sanguineous animal is without a heart, by the impelling power of which the nutritive fluid is forced, both with greater vigour and rapidity, to a greater distance; and not merely agitated by an auricle, as it is in lower forms. And then in regard to animals that are yet larger, warmer, and

more perfect, as they abound in blood, which is always hotter and more spirituous, and which possess bodies of greater size and consistency, these require a larger, stronger, and more fleshy heart, in order that the nutritive fluid may be propelled with yet greater force and celerity. And further, inasmuch as the more perfect animals require a still more perfect nutrition, and a larger supply of native heat, in order that the aliment may be thoroughly concocted and acquire the last degree of perfection, they required both lungs and a second ventricle, which should force the nutritive fluid through them.

Every animal that has lungs has, therefore, two ventricles to its heart-one right, the other left; and wherever there is a right, there also is there a left ventricle; but the contrary of this does not hold good: where there is a left there is not always a right ventricle. The left ventricle I call that which is distinct in office, not in place from the other, that one, namely, which distributes the blood to the body at large, not to the lungs only. Hence the left ventricle seems to form the principal part of the heart; situated in the middle, more strongly marked, and constructed with greater care, the heart seems formed for the sake of the left ventricle, and the right but to minister to it. The right neither reaches to the apex of the heart nor is it nearly of such strength, being three times thinner in its walls, and in some sort jointed on to the left (as Aristotle says), though, indeed, it is of greater capacity, inasmuch as it has not only to supply material to the left ventricle, but likewise to furnish aliment to the lungs.

It is to be observed, however, that all this is otherwise in the embryo, where there is not such a difference between the two ventricles. There, as in a double nut, they are nearly equal in all respects, the apex of the right reaching to the apex of the left, so that the heart presents itself as a sort of double-pointed cone. And this is so, because in the foetus, as already said, whilst the blood is not passing through the lungs from the right to the left cavities of the heart, it flows by the foramen ovale and ductus arteriosus directly from the vena cava into the aorta, whence it is distributed to the whole body. Both ventricles have, therefore, the same office to perform, whence their equality of constitution. It is only when the lungs come to be used and it is requisite that the passages indicated should be blocked up that the difference in point of strength and other things between the two ventricles begins to be apparent. In the altered circumstances the right has only to drive the blood through the lungs, whilst the left has to propel it through the whole body.

There are, moreover, within the heart numerous braces, in the form of fleshy columns and fibrous bands, which Aristotle, in his third book on "Respiration," and the "Parts of Animals," entitles nerves. These are variously extended, and are either distinct or contained in grooves in the walls and partition, where they occasion numerous pits or depressions. They constitute a kind of small muscles, which are superadded and supplementary to the heart, assisting it to execute a more powerful and perfect contraction, and so proving subservient to the complete expulsion of the blood. They are, in some sort, like the elaborate and artful arrangement of ropes in a ship, bracing the heart on every side as it contracts, and so enabling it more effectually and forcibly to expel the charge of blood from its ventricles. This much is plain, at all events, that in some animals they are less strongly marked than in others; and, in all that have them, they are more numerous and stronger in the left than in the right ventricle; and while some have them present in the left, yet they are absent in the right ventricle. In man they are more numerous in the left than in the right ventricle, more abundant in the ventricles than in the auricles; and occasionally there

appear to be none present in the auricles. They are numerous in the large, more muscular and hardier bodies of countrymen, but fewer in more slender frames and in females.

In those animals in which the ventricles of the heart are smooth within and entirely without fibres of muscular bands, or anything like hollow pits, as in almost all the smaller birds, the partridge and the common fowl, serpents, frogs, tortoises, and most fishes, there are no chordae tendineae, nor bundles of fibres, neither are there any tricuspid valves in the ventricles.

Some animals have the right ventricle smooth internally, but the left provided with fibrous bands, such as the to be blown and to require a large quantity of air. But of these things, more in our "Treatise on Respiration."

It is in like manner evident that the auricles pulsate, contract, as I have said before, and throw the blood into the ventricles; so that wherever there is a ventricle, an auricle is necessary, not merely that it may serve, according to the general belief, as a source and magazine for the blood: for what were the use of its pulsations had it only to contain?

The auricles are prime movers of the blood, especially the right auricle, which, as already said, is "the first to live, the last to die"; whence they are subservient to sending the blood into the ventricles, which, contracting continuously, more readily and forcibly expel the blood already in motion; just as the ball-player can strike the ball more forcibly and further if he takes it on the rebound than if he simply threw it. Moreover, and contrary to the general opinion, neither the heart nor anything else can dilate or distend itself so as to draw anything into its cavity during the diastole, unless, like a sponge, it has been first compressed and is returning to its primary condition. But in animals all local motion proceeds from, and has its origin in, the contraction of some part; consequently it is by the contraction of the auricles that the blood is thrown into the ventricles, as I have already shown, and from there, by the contraction of the ventricles, it is propelled and distributed. Concerning local motions, it is true that the immediate moving organ in every motion of an animal primarily endowed with a motive spirit (as Aristotle has it²) is contractile; in which way the word *veupou* is derived from *veuw*, *nuto*, *contraho*; and if I am permitted to proceed in my purpose of making a particular demonstration of the organs of motion in animals from observations in my possession, I trust I shall be able to make sufficiently plain how Aristotle was acquainted with the muscles, and advisedly referred all motion in animals to the nerves, or to the contractile element, and, therefore, called those little bands in the heart nerves.

But that we may proceed with the subject which we have in hand, viz., the use of the auricles in filling the ventricles, we should expect that the more dense and compact the heart, the thicker its parietes, the stronger and more muscular must be the auricle to force and fill it, and vice versa. Now this is actually so: in some the auricle presents itself as a sanguinolent vesicle, as a thin membrane containing blood, as in fishes, in which the sac that stands in lieu of the auricles is of such delicacy and ample capacity that it seems to be suspended or to float above the heart. In those fishes in which the sac is somewhat more fleshy, as in the carp, barbel, tench, and others, it bears a wonderful and strong resemblance to the lungs.

In some men of sturdier frame and stouter make the right auricle is so strong, and so curiously constructed on its inner surface of bands and variously interlacing fibres, that it seems to equal in strength the ventricle of the heart in other subjects; and I must say that I am astonished to find such diversity in this particular in different individuals. It is to be observed, however, that in the foetus the auricles are out of all proportion large, which is because they are present before the heart makes its appearance or suffices for its office even when it has appeared, and they, therefore, have, as it were, the duty of the whole heart committed to them, as has already been demonstrated. But what I have observed in the formation of the foetus, as before remarked (and Aristotle had already confirmed all in studying the incubated egg), throws the greatest light and likelihood upon the point. Whilst the foetus is yet in the form of a soft worm, or, as is commonly said, in the milk, there is a mere bloody point or pulsating vesicle, a portion apparently of the umbilical vein, dilated at its commencement or base. Afterwards, when the outline of the foetus is distinctly indicated and it begins to have greater bodily consistence, the vesicle in question becomes more fleshy and stronger, changes its position, and passes into the auricles, above which the body of the heart begins to sprout, though as yet it apparently performs no office. When the foetus is farther advanced, when the bones can be distinguished from the fleshy parts and movements take place, then it also has a heart which pulsates, and, as I have said, throws blood by either ventricle from the vena cava into the arteries.

Thus nature, ever perfect and divine, doing nothing in vain, has neither given a heart where it was not required, nor produced it before its office had become necessary; but by the same stages in the development of every animal, passing through the forms of all, as I may say (ovum, worm, foetus), it acquires perfection in each. These points will be found elsewhere confirmed by numerous observations on the formation of the foetus.

Finally, it is not without good grounds that Hippocrates in his book, "De Corde," entitles it a muscle; its action is the same; so is its functions, viz., to contract and move something else - in this case the charge of the blood.

Farther, we can infer the action and use of the heart from the arrangement of its fibres and its general structures, as in muscles generally. All anatomists admit with Galen that the body of the heart is made up of various courses of fibres running straight, obliquely, and transversely, with reference to one another; but in a heart which has been boiled, the arrangement of the fibres is seen to be different. All the fibres in the parietes and septum are circular, as in the sphincters; those, again, which are in the columns extend lengthwise, and are oblique longitudinally; and so it comes to pass that when all the fibres contract simultaneously, the apex of the cone is pulled towards its base by the columns, the walls are drawn circularly together into a globe - the whole heart, in short, is contracted and the ventricles narrowed. It is, therefore, impossible not to perceive that, as the action of the organ is so plainly contraction, its function is to propel the blood into the arteries.

Nor are we the less to agree with Aristotle in regard to the importance of the heart, or to question if it receives sense and motion from the brain, blood from the liver, or whether it be the origin of the veins and of the blood, and such like. They who affirm these propositions overlook, or do not rightly understand, the principal argument, to the effect that the heart is the first part which exists, and that it contains within itself blood, life, sensation, and motion, before either the brain

or the liver were created or had appeared distinctly, or, at all events, before they could perform any function. The heart, ready furnished with its proper organs of motion, like a kind of internal creature, existed before the body. The first to be formed, nature willed that it should afterwards fashion, nourish, preserve, complete the entire animal, as its work and dwelling-place: and as the prince in a kingdom, in whose hands lie the chief and highest authority, rules over all, the heart is the source and foundation from which all power is derived, on which all power depends in the animal body.

Many things having reference to the arteries farther illustrate and confirm this truth. Why does not the pulmonary vein pulsate, seeing that it is numbered among the arteries? Or wherefore is there a pulse in the pulmonary artery? Because the pulse of the arteries is derived from the impulse of the blood. Why does an artery differ so much from a vein in the thickness and strength of its coats? Because it sustains the shock of the impelling heart and streaming blood. Hence, as perfect nature does nothing in vain, and suffices under all circumstances, we find that the nearer the arteries are to the heart, the more do they differ from the veins in structure; here they are both stronger and more ligamentous, whilst in extreme parts of the body, such as the feet and hands, the brain, the mesentery, and the testicles, the two orders of vessels are so much alike that it is impossible to distinguish between them with the eye. Now this is for the following very sufficient reasons: the more remote the vessels are from the heart, with so much the less force are they distended by the stroke of the heart, which is broken by the great distance at which it is given. Add to this that the impulse of the heart exerted upon the mass of blood, which must needs fill the trunks and branches of the arteries, is diverted, divided, as it were, and diminished at every subdivision, so that the ultimate capillary divisions of the arteries look like veins, and this not merely in constitution, but in function. They have either no perceptible pulse, or they rarely exhibit one, and never except where the heart beats more violently than usual, or at a part where the minute vessel is more dilated or open than elsewhere. It, therefore, happens that at times we are aware of a pulse in the teeth, in inflammatory tumours, and in the fingers; at another time we feel nothing of the sort. By this single symptom I have ascertained for certain that young persons whose pulses are naturally rapid were labouring under fever; and in like manner, on compressing the fingers in youthful and delicate subjects during a febrile paroxysm, I have readily perceived the pulse there. On the other hand, when the heart pulsates more languidly, it is often impossible to feel the pulse not merely in the fingers, but the wrist, and even at the temple, as in persons afflicted with lipothymiae asphyxia, or hysterical symptoms, and in the debilitated and moribund.

Here surgeons are to be advised that, when the blood escapes with force in the amputation of limbs, in the removal of tumours, and in wounds, it constantly comes from an artery; not always indeed per saltum, because the smaller arteries do not pulsate, especially if a tourniquet has been applied.

For the same reason the pulmonary artery not only has the structure of an artery, but it does not differ so widely from the veins in the thickness of its walls as does the aorta. The aorta sustains a more powerful shock from the left than the pulmonary artery does from the right ventricle, and the walls of this last vessel are thinner and softer than those of the aorta in the same proportion as the walls of the right ventricle of the heart are weaker and thinner than those of the left ventricle. In like manner the lungs are softer and laxer in structure than the flesh and other constituents of

the body, and in a similar way the walls of the branches of the pulmonary artery differ from those of the vessels derived from the aorta. And the same proportion in these particulars is universally preserved. The more muscular and powerful men are, the firmer their flesh; the stronger, thicker, denser, and more fibrous their hearts, the thicker, closer, and stronger are the auricles and arteries. Again, in those animals the ventricles of whose hearts are smooth on their inner surface, without villi or valves, and the walls of which are thin, as in fishes, serpents, birds, and very many genera of animals, the arteries differ little or nothing in the thickness of their coats from the veins.

Moreover, the reason why the lungs have such ample vessels, both arteries and veins (for the capacity of the pulmonary veins exceeds that of both crural and jugular vessels), and why they contain so large a quantity of blood, as by experience and ocular inspection we know they do, admonished of the fact indeed by Aristotle, and not led into error by the appearances found in animals which have been bled to death, is, because the blood has its fountain, and storehouse, and the workshop of its last perfection, in the heart and lungs. Why, in the same way, we find in the course of our anatomical dissections the pulmonary vein and left ventricle so full of blood, of the same black colour and clotted character as that with which the right ventricle and pulmonary artery are filled, is because the blood is incessantly passing from one side of the heart to the other through the lungs. Wherefore, in fine, the pulmonary artery has the structure of an artery, and the pulmonary veins have the structure of veins. In function and constitution and everything else the first is an artery, the others are veins, contrary to what is commonly believed; and the reason why the pulmonary artery has so large an orifice is because it transports much more blood than is requisite for the nutrition of the lungs.

All these appearances, and many others, to be noted in the course of dissection, if rightly weighed, seem clearly to illustrate and fully to confirm the truth contended for throughout these pages, and at the same time to oppose the vulgar opinion; for it would be very difficult to explain in any other way to what purpose all is constructed and arranged as we have seen it to be.