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с ограниченными возможностями
здоровья и инвалидов

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Практический перевод со второго иностранного языка
Рабочая программа дисциплины

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1. Пояснительная записка

Цели и задачи дисциплины

Цель дисциплины: дать студенту знания, умения и навыки, необходимые ему для осуществления его профессиональной деятельности в области письменного перевода текстов разных регистров и стилей. Задачи:

- научить студента анализировать стиль исходного текста и находить адекватные пути его воссоздания на русском языке;
- научить его создавать эквивалентный перевод исходного текста с учетом всех требований русского языка;
- научить его ориентироваться в массиве стилистических приемов русского языка;
- научить его приемам передачи на русском языке культурно-специфичной информации, заложенной в тексте;
- дать ему инструментарий, достаточный для дальнейшего самостоятельного решения проблем, возникающих в его профессиональной деятельности.

Задачи курса:

- научить студента анализировать стиль исходного текста и находить адекватные пути его воссоздания на русском языке;
- научить его создавать эквивалентный перевод исходного текста с учетом всех требований русского языка;
- научить его ориентироваться в массиве стилистических приемов русского языка;
- научить его приемам передачи на русском языке культурно-специфичной информации, заложенной в тексте;
- дать ему инструментарий, достаточный для дальнейшего самостоятельного решения проблем, возникающих в его профессиональной деятельности.

Содержание дисциплины охватывает круг теоретических вопросов и практических проблем, связанных с переводом публицистики, а также текстов официальной и деловой направленности.

Формируемые компетенции, соотнесённые с планируемыми результатами обучения по дисциплине

Компетенция (код и наименование)	Индикаторы компетенций (код и наименование)	Результаты обучения
ПК-2 Способен осуществлять письменный перевод	2.1 Определять тип текста и его жанровую принадлежность	умеет анализировать текст для определения его жанровых и иных характеристик
	2.2 Выполнять предпереводческий анализ текста	владеет методикой предпереводческого анализа текста, способствующей точному восприятию исходного высказывания
	2.3 Осуществлять писк информации в справочной, специальной литературе и компьютерных сетях	владеет методикой подготовки к выполнению перевода, включая поиск информации в справочной, специальной литературе и компьютерных сетях.

	2.4 Обеспечивать точную передачу смысла исходного текста	знать способы достижения эквивалентности в переводе, уметь осуществлять письменный перевод с соблюдением норм лексической эквивалентности, соблюдением грамматических, синтаксических и стилистических норм
	2.5 Сохранять коммуникационную цель и стиль исходного текста	уметь применять основные приемы перевода, свободно выражать свои мысли, адекватно используя разнообразные языковые средства с целью выделения релевантной информации, умеет использовать этикетные формулы в устной и письменной коммуникации
	2.6 Выполнять саморедактирование текста перевода	умеет редактировать текст своего перевода
	2.7 Использовать компьютерные технологии для форматирования и оформления перевода в соответствии с нормами языка перевода и требованиями заказчика	умеет оформлять текст перевода в компьютерном текстовом редакторе, работать с электронными словарями и другими электронными ресурсами
	2.8 Учитывает в процессе перевода культурный, социальный, прагматический контекст исходного текста	владеть основными дискурсивными способами реализации коммуникативных целей высказывания применительно к особенностям текущего коммуникативного контекста, основными способами выражения семантической, коммуникативной и структурной преемственности между частями высказывания, основными особенностями официального, нейтрального и неофициального регистров общения

Место дисциплины в структуре образовательной программы

Дисциплина относится к части, формируемой участниками образовательных отношений блока дисциплин учебного плана.

Для освоения дисциплины необходимы знания, умения и владения, сформированные в ходе изучения следующих дисциплин и прохождения практик: Теория перевода с 1 иностранного языка, Начальный курс 2 иностранного языка, Базовый курс 2 иностранного языка.

В результате освоения дисциплины формируются знания, умения и владения, необходимые для изучения следующих дисциплин и прохождения практик: Преддипломная практика, ГИА.

2. Структура дисциплины

1. Структура дисциплины

Общая трудоёмкость дисциплины составляет 10 з.е., 360 академических часа (ов).

Объем дисциплины в форме контактной работы обучающихся с педагогическими работниками и (или) лицами, привлекаемыми к реализации образовательной программы на иных условиях, при проведении учебных занятий:

Семестр	Тип учебных занятий	Количество часов
5	Практические занятия	48
6	Практические занятия	48
7	Практические занятия	72
8	Практические занятия	48
	Всего:	216

Объем дисциплины (модуля) в форме самостоятельной работы обучающихся составляет 144 академических часа(ов).

3. Содержание дисциплины

РАЗДЕЛ I. Перевод художественных текстов: начальный уровень.
Стилевые особенности художественного текста – стилистическая неоднородность. Регистры. Безэквивалентная лексика. Ошибки в переводе и причины их возникновения. Переводчик как толкователь. Отражение личности переводчика в тексте перевода. Границы переводческой свободы. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к разным стилям, регистрам, жанрам и родам литературы. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

РАЗДЕЛ II. Перевод научных текстов.
Особенности научного текста. Различия в характере и организации научного текста в русскоязычной и англоязычной традициях. Нейтральность научного текста. Терминологическая насыщенность научного текста. Безэквивалентная лексика. Клише научного языка. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам научного дискурса. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

РАЗДЕЛ III. Перевод публицистических текстов.
Особенности публицистического текста. Различия в характере и организации публицистического текста в русскоязычной и англоязычной традициях. Авторское отношение. Выбор выразительных средств. Нейтральность *vs* эмоциональное вовлечение читателя. Безэквивалентная лексика. Журналистские клише. Перевод заголовков. Языковая игра в публицистике. Перевод названий, должностей, иноязычных имен и фамилий. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам публицистики. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

РАЗДЕЛ IV. Перевод официально-деловых, технических, информационных и рекламных текстов.
Особенности официального дискурса. Различия в его характере в русскоязычной и англоязычной традиции. Нейтральность vs эмоциональность. Клише официального языка. Лаконичность формулировок. Особенности рекламно-информационного дискурса. Эмоциональность рекламного текста. Взаимодействие текста и иллюстрации. Языковая игра в рекламе. Лаконичность рекламного и информационного текста. Особенности

технического текста. Нейтральность технического текста. Терминологическая насыщенность, клише технического языка. Синтаксис технического дискурса: разница в синтаксической организации технического текста на русском и английском языке. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам официального дискурса. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам рекламных и информационных материалов. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам технического дискурса. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

РАЗДЕЛ V. Перевод художественных текстов: продвинутый уровень.
Языковые сложности, возникающие при переводе текстов сниженного регистра. Актуализованные метафоры, игра слов, каламбуры в переводе. Речевая характеристика персонажей; акценты, диалекты, просторечие, слэнг в переводе. Переводческая компенсация. Перевод цитат, пародий. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

РАЗДЕЛ VI. Перевод на второй иностранный язык.
Особенности перевода на иностранный язык. Переводческие соответствия, автоматизация навыков их употребления. Клишированные словосочетания. Речевая компрессия. Лексическое свертывание. Лексико-семантические преобразования. Использование базовых и специфических приемов в текстах разных жанров. Основные техники перевода на иностранный язык. Явление языковой интерференции и способы ее преодоления. Ложные друзья переводчика. Приемы, позволяющие добиться идиоматичности порождаемого текста. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

РАЗДЕЛ VII. Устный последовательный перевод.
Основные особенности устного последовательного перевода. Приемы сокращенной переводческой записи. Мнемотехника. Активация линейной памяти. Запоминание тематических рядов на русском и английском языке. Лексико-синтаксические конверсивы. Переводческие соответствия, автоматизация навыков их употребления. Клишированные словосочетания. Речевая компрессия. Лексическое свертывание. Лексико-семантические преобразования. Использование базовых и специфических приемов в текстах разных жанров. Особенности произношения носителей различных акцентов английского языка. Этика устного перевода. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

4. Образовательные технологии

Для проведения занятий применяются различные образовательные технологии.

В период временного приостановления посещения обучающимися помещений и территории РГГУ для организации учебного процесса с применением электронного обучения и дистанционных образовательных технологий могут быть использованы следующие образовательные технологии:

– видео-лекции**;**

– онлайн-лекции в режиме реального времени;

– электронные учебники, учебные пособия, научные издания в электронном виде и доступ к иным электронным образовательным ресурсам;

– системы для электронного тестирования;

– консультации с использованием телекоммуникационных средств.

2. Оценка планируемых результатов обучения

2.1 Система оценивания

Форма контроля	Макс. количество баллов
В течение семестра: устные ответы на занятиях выполнение домашних заданий контрольные работы	 20 баллов 20 баллов 20 баллов
Промежуточная аттестация	40 баллов
Итого за семестр	100 баллов

Полученный совокупный результат конвертируется в традиционную шкалу оценок и в шкалу оценок Европейской системы переноса и накопления кредитов (European Credit Transfer System; далее – ECTS) в соответствии с таблицей:

100-балльная шкала	Традиционная шкала		Шкала ECTS
95 – 100	отлично	зачтено	A
83 – 94			B
68 – 82	хорошо		C
56 – 67	удовлетворительно		D
50 – 55			E
20 – 49	неудовлетворительно	не зачтено	FX
0 – 19			F

2.2 Критерии выставления оценки по дисциплине

Баллы/ Шкала ECTS	**Оценка по дисциплине**	**Критерии оценки результатов обучения по дисциплине**
100-83/ A,B	отлично/ зачтено	Выставляется обучающемуся, если он глубоко и прочно усвоил теоретический и практический материал, может продемонстрировать это на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации. Обучающийся исчерпывающе и логически стройно излагает

Баллы/ Шкала ECTS	**Оценка по дисциплине**	**Критерии оценки результатов обучения по дисциплине**
		учебный материал, умеет увязывать теорию с практикой, справляется с решением задач профессиональной направленности высокого уровня сложности, правильно обосновывает принятые решения. Свободно ориентируется в учебной и профессиональной литературе. Оценка по дисциплине выставляются обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной, сформированы на уровне – «высокий».
82-68/ C	хорошо/ зачтено	Выставляется обучающемуся, если он знает теоретический и практический материал, грамотно и по существу излагает его на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации, не допуская существенных неточностей. Обучающийся правильно применяет теоретические положения при решении практических задач профессиональной направленности разного уровня сложности, владеет необходимыми для этого навыками и приёмами. Достаточно хорошо ориентируется в учебной и профессиональной литературе. Оценка по дисциплине выставляются обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной, сформированы на уровне – «хороший».
67-50/ D,E	удовлетво-рительно/ зачтено	Выставляется обучающемуся, если он знает на базовом уровне теоретический и практический материал, допускает отдельные ошибки при его изложении на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации. Обучающийся испытывает определённые затруднения в применении теоретических положений при решении практических задач профессиональной направленности стандартного уровня сложности, владеет необходимыми для этого базовыми навыками и приёмами. Демонстрирует достаточный уровень знания учебной литературы по дисциплине. Оценка по дисциплине выставляются обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной, сформированы на уровне – «достаточный».
49-0/ F,FX	неудовлет-ворительно/ не зачтено	Выставляется обучающемуся, если он не знает на базовом уровне теоретический и практический материал, допускает грубые ошибки при его изложении на занятиях и в ходе промежуточной аттестации. Обучающийся испытывает серьёзные затруднения в применении теоретических положений при решении практических задач профессиональной направленности стандартного уровня сложности, не владеет необходимыми для этого навыками и приёмами.

Баллы/ Шкала ECTS	Оценка по дисциплине	Критерии оценки результатов обучения по дисциплине
		Демонстрирует фрагментарные знания учебной литературы по дисциплине. Оценка по дисциплине выставляются обучающемуся с учётом результатов текущей и промежуточной аттестации. Компетенции на уровне «достаточный», закреплённые за дисциплиной, не сформированы.

5.3 Оценочные средства (материалы) для текущего контроля успеваемости, промежуточной аттестации обучающихся по дисциплине

Контрольные вопросы
по дисциплине
«Практический перевод со второго иностранного языка (английского)»

1. В чем отличие перевода художественного текста от перевода текстов других типов?
2. Что такое речевые регистры?
3. Каковы подходы к переводу языковой игры?
4. Каковы подходы к передаче в переводе акцентов, диалектов, слэнга?
5. Что такое переводческая компенсация?
6. Какова техника перевода пародийных текстов?
7. Какие ошибки могут возникать при переводе и почему?
8. Что такое безэквивалентная лексика и каковы подходы к ее передаче в переводе?
9. Как может отражаться в переводе личность переводчика?
10. Чем отличается перевод от пересказа?
11. В чем состоят особенности построения русскоязычного научного текста в отличие от английского?
12. В чем проявляется эмоциональная нейтральность научного текста?
13. Какие проблемы для перевода представляет терминологическая насыщенность научного текста?
14. Какую роль в научном тексте играет безэквивалентная лексика?
15. Приведите примеры клише, свойственных научному языку, и их соответствий на русском языке.
16. В чем состоят особенности технического текста? В чем его сложность для перевода?
17. В чем проявляется разница в синтаксической организации технического текста на русском и английском языке?
18. В чем заключаются особенности языка деловых документов?
19. Приведите примеры клише, свойственных деловому языку, и их соответствий на русском языке.
20. В чем заключаются особенности деловой терминологии на русском языке?
21. В чем состоят основные особенности публицистического текста?
22. В чем состоят различия в характере и организации публицистического текста в русскоязычной и англоязычной традициях?
23. Что такое авторское отношение и как оно может проявляться в тексте?
24. Нейтральность *vs* эмоциональное вовлечение читателя.
25. Что такое безэквивалентная лексика и каковы технологии ее перевода?

26. Что такое журналистские клише? Приведите примеры.
27. В чем сложность перевода англоязычных заголовков?
28. Приведите пример языковой игры в публицистике и ее перевода.
29. В чем сходство и различие в характере официального дискурса в русскоязычной и англоязычной традиции?
30. В чем состоят особенности официального дискурса?
31. В чес состоят особенности рекламно-информационного дискурса?
32. Как проявляется эмоциональность рекламного текста?
33. Какими способами рекламный текст воздействует на читателя?
34. Как взаимодействуют в рекламном и информационном дискурсе текста и иллюстрации?
35. Приведите пример языковый игры в рекламе и ее перевода.
36. Назовите известные вам приемы переводческой записи.
37. Что такое мнемотехника?
38. Что такое лексико-синтаксические конверсивы?
39. Что такое переводческие соответствия?
40. Как добиться автоматизации употребления переводческих соответствий?
41. Что такое речевая компрессия?
42. Что такое лексическое свертывание?
43. Назовите известные вам лексико-семантические преобразования.
44. Приведите примеры особенностей диалектной речи.
45. Каковы основные особенности перевода на иностранный язык?
46. Что такое языковая интерференция?
47. Что такое «ложные друзья переводчика»?
48. Приведите примеры «ложных друзей переводчика».

Типовые тексты для практического перевода на русский язык

Speech Development, Perception, and Production; Components of Reading; Defining Mathematics Learning Disability: Phonological Awareness, Speech Development, and Letter Knowledge in Preschool Children

Mann, Virginia A

Phonological awareness has been shown to be one of the most reliable predictors and associates of reading ability. In an attempt to better understand its development, we have examined the interrelations of speech skills and letter knowledge to the phonological awareness and early reading skills of 99 preschool children. We found that phoneme awareness, but not rhyme awareness, correlated with early reading measures. We further found that phoneme manipulation was closely associated with letter knowledge and with letter sound knowledge, in particular, where rhyme awareness was closely linked with speech perception and vocabulary. Phoneme judgment fell in between. The overall pattern of results is consistent with phonological representation as an important factor in the complex relationship between preschool children's phonological awareness, their emerging knowledge of the orthography, and their developing speech skills. However, where rhyme awareness is a concomitant of speech and vocabulary development, phoneme awareness more clearly associates with the products of literacy experience.

Phonological awareness is well recognized for its pivotal role in the achievement of alphabetic reading ability (for example, Adams, 1990; Gottardo, Stanovich, & Siegel, 1996; Lyon, 1995; Mann, 1998; Muter & Snowling, 1998; National Reading Panel, 2000; Snow, Burns, & Griffin,

1998; Stanovich, 1994; Wagner & Torgesen, 1987). Some research perspectives place the development of phonological awareness within the context of primary speech and language development (e.g., Bryant, Bradley, MacLean, & Grassland, 1989; Elbro, 1990, 1996; Fowler, 1991; Walley, 1993). Other perspectives place greater emphasis on the role of exposure to the alphabetic principle (see, for example, Barren, 1998; Mann & Wimmer, 2002; Morais, Carey, Alegria, & Bertelson, 1979; Read, Zhang, Nie, & Ding, 1986). In the present study, we examine the relationship between several types of phonological awareness and several core variables implicated by each of these developmental perspectives. We consider both phoneme and rhyme awareness in the context of vocabulary and speech skills (e.g., concomitants of natural language development), and in the context of letter name and sound knowledge (e.g., products of exposure to the alphabetic principle).

COMPONENTS OF PHONOLOGICAL AWARENESS

A growing body of evidence (e.g., Bertelson, de Gelder, Tfouni, & Morais, 1989; Hulme, 2002; Hulme, Hatcher, Nation, Brown, Adams, & Stuart, 2002; Morais, Bertelson, Gary, & Alegria, 1986) suggests that phoneme awareness and rhyme awareness are separate processes that make differential contributions to reading achievement. Our prior findings (Foy & Mann, 2001, 2003) showed rhyme awareness to be more closely aligned with natural language skills whereas phoneme awareness associated more closely with literacy exposure. Given this evidence, we have designed a further study to validate and extend our results. We examine both rhyme and phoneme awareness, and we employ both judgment and manipulation tasks as a probe to shallow vs. deeper levels of awareness (Mann & Wimmer, 2002; Stanovich, 1992). Within phoneme awareness, we will also be targeting both initial and final consonants as tasks involving single initial consonants cannot discern whether children possess true phoneme awareness as opposed to onset-rime awareness. Speech production, perception, vocabulary, and letter knowledge will all be examined, and analyses will focus on the associations between these measures and measures of phonological awareness and reading in a preschool population of four- to six-year-old children.

THE CASE FOR LINKING PHONOLOGICAL AWARENESS TO SPEECH DEVELOPMENT

We are particularly interested in common sources of variance among our diverse set of measures as these can point to a mechanism that might underlie their associations and the basis of individual differences in rhyme and/or phoneme awareness. Phonological representation is a likely candidate for such a measure, although it may not be a unitary construct (Foy & Mann, 2001). The literature contains several theories that link phonological representation to phoneme awareness (Elbro, Borstrom, & Petersen, 1998; Fowler, 1991; Metsala & Walley, 1998; Snowling, Hulme, Smith, & Thomas, 1994) as well as to some of the speech and language problems that can be found among poor readers (Chiappe, Chiappe, & Siegel, 2001).

Speech Perception Skills. To the extent that both phonological awareness and speech perception depend on a common, internal representation of phonological structure, the integrity of speech perception should be associated with the instantiation of phonological awareness. Perception requires that information provided by the speech signal be linked to some type of internal phonological representation; comparison or manipulation of individual parts of a syllable or word requires some means of internally representing phonological structures (e.g., Criddle & Durkin, 2001; Dietrich & Brady, 2001).

Recent research has shown that as a group, poor readers make more errors than good readers in speech categorization and/or discrimination tasks (e.g., Adlard & Hazan, 1998; Chiappe, et al.,

2001; Serniclaes, Sprenger-Charolles, Carre, & Demonet, 2001). However, these differences tend to be small (Manis, McBride-Chang, Seidenberg, Keating, Doi, & Petersen, 1997; Werker & Tees, 1987), if present at all (Nittrouer, 1999). At best, they tend to involve only the more difficult tasks and judgments (Brady, Shankweiler, & Mann, 1983; Godfrey, Syrdal-Laskey, Millay, & Knox, 1981; Serniclaes, et al., 2001) or apply only to a subset of the population of poor readers (Godfrey, et al, 1981; Joanisse, Manis, Keating, & Seidenberg, 2000; Marshall, Snowling, & Bailey, 2001). Thus, the theoretically appealing link between speech perception difficulties that are indicative of weak phonological representations and the poor phonological awareness that typifies reading problems has proved historically elusive.

Directly bridging between deficient phoneme perception and phoneme awareness, however, a recent study by Chiappe et al. (2001) has shown that variance in phoneme identification can account for significant variance in phoneme deletion. They suggest that deficits in speech perception play a causal role in the deficient phonological processing of poor readers and that insufficiently differentiated phonological representations are a mediating link between deficient speech perception and phonological awareness. This echoes and extends an earlier statement by Brady and her colleagues (Brady, Poggie, & Rapala, 1989) who suggested that differences between good and poor readers may lie in "the accuracy of formulating phonological representations" (p.120).

Speech Production Skills. In parallel to their problems with speech perception, poor readers also present difficulties with the repetition of multisyllabic words (Snowling, 1981), nonwords (Snowling, Goulandris, Bowlby, & Howell, 1986), and phonologically complex phrases (Catts, 1986). Their misarticulations could be viewed as a consequence of inadequate speech perception but deficient phonological representation could also be a factor. Reading difficulty is more prevalent among children with speech production deficits (Bishop & Adams, 1990; Silva, Williams, & McGee, 1987), although speech production problems do not necessarily predict poor reading achievement (Catts, 1991). These delays persist at least until adolescence (Stothard, Snowling, Bishop, Chipcase, & Kaplan, 1998)

PHONOLOGICAL AWARENESS AND LETTER KNOWLEDGE

Letter knowledge is another salient attribute of beginning reading success that has been linked to phonological awareness and early reading (Adams, 1990; Bradley & Bryant, 1991; Ehri, 1983; Mann, 1984; Muter, 1994). We review the literature supporting this link from two vantage points: vocabulary development and literacy experience.

Vocabulary and Phonological Awareness. Many studies have drawn a link between reading ability and vocabulary, especially expressive vocabulary (Wolf, 1991). Walley (1993) has suggested that vocabulary growth plays an active, causal role in phoneme awareness; she and her colleagues (Garlock, Walley, & Metsala, 2001) maintain that vocabulary growth essentially restructures phonological representations by forcing representations that are initially syllabic and holistic to become more phonemic and segmentai as lexical neighborhoods increase in density. Within this perspective, we might speculate that a tacit restructuring of phonological representations to distinguish between phonemes as well as syllables is spurred by the learning of letter names such as "vee," "gee," "dee,' and "tee" since letter names involve some highly overlapping features that produce dense neighborhoods of CV items.

Phonological Awareness and Literacy Experience. Letter knowledge can also prompt children to develop an awareness of phonemes because it helps them to develop initial hypotheses about grapheme-phoneme relationships (e.g., Barron, 1998; Byrne, 1996). Early reading acquisition and phonological awareness appear to be facilitated by the combined training of phonological

awareness skills and letter sound relationships (Ball & Blachman, 1991; Barron, Golden, Seldon, Tait, Marmurek, & Haines, 1992; Bradley & Bryant, 1983; Byrne & Fielding-Barnsley, 1990; Defior & Tudela, 1994). Likewise, phonological awareness skills are enhanced in children who have received phonological awareness training combined with explicit instruction in letter sound relationships. These findings have been widely interpreted as suggesting that learning to read and write letters may have a reciprocal effect on the development of phonological awareness (e.g., Barron, 1998; Burgess & Lonigan, 1998; Morais, 1991a, 1991b; Treiman, Tincoff, Rodriguez, Mouzaki, & Francis, 1998).

Treiman has suggested that children may use their knowledge of letter names to develop letter sound correspondences (Treiman, 1993; Treiman, Zukowski, & Richmond-Welty, 1995), using letters as "maps of phonemic content" (Treiman, 1998, p. 296) that initially represent holistic categories such as a syllables (e.g., Treiman, et al., 1995), but later change to representing smaller phonemic units. The inventive spellings of preliterate children are consistent with this view: Spellings such as "PPL" for "people" are a hallmark of the earlier, holistic stages of this transition, and spellings such as "pepul" are evidence of a more phonemic stage. The presence of more phonemically accurate invented spellings such as "pepul" is linked to phoneme awareness and is a predictor of reading ability (Mann, 1993; Mann, Tobin, & Wilson, 1988; Torgesen & Davis; 1996). Treiman's work also suggested that the learning of letter sound and letter name relationships may involve different processes (Treiman & Broderick, 1998). To us, this raises the possibility that the learning of letter names may be an aspect of vocabulary learning, where the learning of letter sounds may be more closely linked to phonological awareness and literacy exposure (for a contrasting view, see Burgess & Lonigan, 1998).

SUMMARY

Speech development and letter knowledge relate to phonological awareness and early reading ability in complex ways. Speech perception and speech production are each deficient in at least some poor readers, and discussions of this have often made reference to phonological representation as a mediating factor. Weak letter knowledge is another associate of poor reading and deficient phonological awareness. This may owe to the fact that vocabulary knowledge tends to be deficient among poor readers; vocabulary growth is linked to phonological representation and could be a factor in the relation between speech skills and reading. Letter knowledge, especially letter sound knowledge, however, follows from literacy exposure and can directly promote the child's growing awareness of phonological units. Thus, individual differences in letter knowledge may follow from factors above and beyond phonological representation.

The primary objective of the present study is to examine how speech perception and production, vocabulary, letter name, and letter sound knowledge may be interrelated with each other and with rhyme awareness, phoneme awareness, and reading ability, more generally. Letter knowledge is a particular focus as it appears to be especially well associated with phoneme awareness and reading. Less is known about its relation to vocabulary and very little is known about its relation to speech skills. We would expect to find both relationships to the extent that the relevance of letter knowledge to phonological awareness reflects a common role of phonological representation.

Specifically, we tested the hypotheses that:

* phonological awareness will be related to reading, and there will be separable relations for rhyme awareness and phoneme awareness.

* speech measures and vocabulary will relate to reading measures and to measures of phonological awareness by virtue of common demands on phonological representation.

* letter knowledge will bear special relations to reading and phonological awareness, independent of speech measures and vocabulary, and will reflect literacy exposure as opposed to the instantiation of phonological representations as an intervening variable.

METHOD

PARTICIPANTS

Ninety-nine four- to six-year-old children (50 girls and 49 boys) attending preschool/day care programs in southern California participated in the study during February and March. The final sample included 51 four-year-olds, 43 five-year-olds, and five six-year-olds. The children were from low to upper middle-class families, equally represented in each of the age groups. All of the preschools had same-age classroom groupings. None of the preschools explicitly taught "reading" and none taught phonological awareness. Letter name and letter sound training varied from classroom to classroom, including classrooms where the only exposure to letter names were computer games the children could choose to play if they so wished, and classrooms where letter names and sounds were introduced during the year prior to kindergarten entry. Descriptive statistics are given in table I.

MATERIALS

Reading. Separate scores were obtained for the Word Identification (real words) and Word Attack (nonwords) subtests of the Woodcock Reading Mastery Test-Revised (Woodcock, 1987). Due to floor effects for the nonword reading task, only the Word Identification scores, which were converted to W-scores, were used in the analysis.

Verbal Working Memory. The Digit Span subtest of the WISC-R (Wechsler, 1992) provided a measure of verbal shortterm memory, which has been linked to reading achievement and early reading skills (e.g., Mann, 1984; Marshall, et al., 2001; Snowling, et al., 1994), including phonological representation (Fowler, 1991).

Vocabulary. The WPPSI Vocabulary subtest (Wechsler, 1992) was used as a measure of expressive vocabulary. In this test, children are asked to give definitions for words of increasing difficulty.

Letter Knowledge. The letter identification and letter sound subtests of the Concepts about Print Test (Clay, 1979) were administered. This test involves identification and naming of all upper and lower case letters in random order. Letter sound knowledge was assessed by readministering the letter stimuli and asking children to provide the sound associated with each letter. The tasks were discontinued after eight consecutive failures, with the exception of letters in the child's first name, all of which were then tested. In addition, letter name and letter sound knowledge were assessed in four clusters of letters (br, gr, sw, and oa). The letter naming score reflects the summed scores on the letter identification tests for upper and lower case letters and cluster subtests. The letter sound score reflects the summed scores on the letter sound tests for upper and lower case letters, and the cluster sounds subtests. Letter name knowledge was assessed prior to letter sound knowledge, separated by several other tasks.

PHONOLOGICAL AWARENESS

Phoneme Awareness. The materials, taken from Foy & Mann (2001) consisted of practice trials and test items for each of six subtests assessing phoneme judgment, phoneme deletion, and phoneme substitution in both initial and final positions. The subtests each consisted of two practice items and five test items, and were administered in standard order: phoneme judgment, phoneme deletion, and phoneme substitution. In the phoneme judgment tests, the children were told that a puppet wanted them to help him play "the sound game." Following demonstration and practice, the examiner presented a stimulus word, followed by two test words, and the children responded with the word that started (initial) or ended (final) with the same sound as the target word. In the phoneme deletion tasks, the children were told that the puppet wanted to see what happens when the first (initial) or last (final) sound was taken out. After demonstration and practice, the children responded by indicating how the word would sound when the target sound was removed from each test word. In the phoneme substitution tests, the children were told that the examiner liked the letter /k/, and were invited to change the puppet's words by changing the first (initial) or last (final) sound to /k/. Following demonstration and practice, the children responded by changing the nonsense words into nonsense words that began (initial) or ended (final) with /k/. Raw scores on the phoneme judgment, phoneme deletion, and phoneme substitution segments of each test were summed to provide two scores for each subtest: initial and final.

Rhyming Awareness. The composite rhyme awareness score was derived by summing the raw scores on two rhyming tasks: rhyme recognition and rhyme production (Foy & Mann, 2001). In the rhyme recognition task, adapted from Chaney (1992), children saw three pictured objects at a time, two of which had names that rhymed. The examiner named the three objects and pointed to them. The children were asked to point to the pictures that "rhymed" or "sounded almost the same." After demonstration and three practice trials, the children indicated their responses to eight trials by pointing. In the rhyme production task, the children were asked to say, "what word rhymes with _ " for five trials consisting of common words (e.g., hop). Words and nonwords were scored as correct as long as they rhymed with the target word.

PHONOLOGICAL AWARENESS TASKS

The battery of phonological tests resulted in eight different scores (initial vs. final position for phoneme judgment deletion and substitution; rhyme production and rhyme identification). To simplify analysis and interpretation of our data, we attempted to recode the phonological awareness test scores into a smaller set of variables using principal components analysis. A principal components factor analysis using varimax rotation of the z-scores for all scores identified three components explaining 70 percent of the total variance. The first component, Phoneme judgment (accounting for 27.4 percent of the variance), consisted of the initial and final subtests requiring the children to judge which of two words started/ended with the same sound as a target (component loadings were .89 and .87, respectively). The second component (21.5 percent of variance), Phoneme Manipulation, consisted of tasks reflecting deeper levels of phonological sensitivity (Stanovich, 1992): phoneme deletion and substitution in both initial and final position (component loadings were .73, .58, .78, and .86). The third component, Rhyme Awareness (accounting for 20 percent of the total variance), consisted of the rhyme identification and rhyme production tasks (component loadings were both .91). These components will be used as measures of phonological awareness.

Speech Production. In the Goldman-Fristoe Test of Articulation (Goldman & Fristoe, 1986), the children are asked to name common objects/actions shown in simple black/white drawings, with the responses transcribed phonetically on-line and later analyzed. A licensed and certified speech-language pathologist performed the transcription and phonological analyses using

standard phonetic transcription. "Articulation" reflected the number of errors made on phonemes identified for testing in the Goldman-Fristoe Test of Articulation.

Naming Speed. An English language adaptation (Foy & Mann, 2001) of Elbro's naming task (see Elbro, 1990) was used to measure picture naming speed. It is a simple naming task with color pictures taken from magazines. These names of the pictures are within the vocabulary of five-year old children. Pictures from the same semantic category (e.g., chair, sofa, table) are presented three at a time on a single card, and the child is asked to name the objects depicted in the pictures as quickly as possible. The test has two trial items and 15 test items. If the child failed to name a picture, misnamed a picture, or took longer than 15 seconds to name the items on the card, the data from that item was disregarded in the naming data. The individual scores are average naming time in seconds.

Nonword Repetition. The modified Children's Test of Nonword Repetition (Gathercole, Willis, Baddeley, & Emslie, 1994) was used to assess nonword repetition ability. In order to shorten the task, only the first five nonwords from twosyllable, three-syllable, and four-syllable nonwords were administered to the children. According to Gathercole and colleagues (1994), the phoneme sequences are phonotactically and prosodically legal. Test-retest reliability was reported at .77. Pronunciation was modified for the American sample according to pronunciation by 10 normally reading adults (see Foy & Mann, 2001). On-line scoring has been previously reported at agreement on 97 percent of the items. Deletions, substitutions, and additions were all scored as errors. Percentage of correct words was calculated.

Speech Perception. Speech perception was assessed with a computerized task using synthesized stimuli generated using the CSLU Speech Toolskit with a sampling rate of 16000 samples/sec. The target stimuli were derived from the GoldmanFristoe Woodcock Test of Auditory Discrimination (Goldman, Fristoe, & Woodcock, 1970), and consisted of 12 minimal pairs of words that included the following contrasts in the initial position in words common to the vocabularies of young children (see the Appendix). They contrasted voicing (for example, /b/ vs. /p/), place of articulation (for example, /b/ vs. /d/), and manner of articulation (for example, /b/ vs. /s/). In the "quiet" condition, participants listened to the stimuli via noise-canceling earphones. In the "noise" condition, participants heard the same stimuli in a different order, masked by white noise (0 SNR) 440 msec preceding and during the duration of the speech sound presentation. The quiet condition always preceded the noise condition, and in both conditions, pointing responses were recorded by an experimenter who was blind to the speech pair condition. Prior to presentation of the stimuli, the children were first trained on the pointing task, and familiarized with the speech stimuli and visual line drawings of each word. After criterion performance of 90 percent was achieved on the pointing task, the children completed two blocks of 21 trials each. The trials consisted of a speech stimulus (e.g., "lake") followed immediately by a visual display of two simple black and white line drawings identical to the ones on which they had previously been trained (e.g., rake and lake.). The visual display was shown for 84 s. A 100 ms ISI separated each trial. The task was portrayed as a game in which aliens were trying to learn to speak like the children, and it was the children's job to teach the aliens which pictures went with which words. Stimuli were randomly presented and the target item location (i.e., right or left) was counterbalanced within each block. Separate scores were obtained for total errors under quiet and noise conditions. Ambiguous pointing responses were recorded as no-responses.

PROCEDURE

Participants were tested individually in quiet testing rooms on the school premises in two sessions each lasting approximately 30 minutes, and typically conducted on two separate days. They were rewarded with stickers as needed to ensure maximal motivation and attention.

RESULTS

Descriptive statistics for the major variables appear in table I and a zero-order correlation matrix appears in table II.

EXAMINATION OF THE DATA

Prior to analysis, the major variables were examined separately for fit between their distributions and the assumptions of multivariate analysis, as recommended by Tabachnick & Fidell (2001). Because some of the variables (word reading and phoneme manipulation) had positively skewed distributions (with zero), log transformations were applied to each of them. Word reading was also recoded prior to transformation in order to achieve a satisfactory distribution where W-scores of 340 were recoded as 1, W-scores greater than 340 but less than or equal to 371 were coded as 2, and W-scores greater than 371 were coded as 3. The transformations produced acceptable distributions and reduced skewness and kurtosis, indicating that the transformations had resulted in distributions that approached normality more closely (Tabachnick & Fidell, 2001, p. 81).

MULTIVARIATE ANALYSES

The cases, with transformations applied to word reading and phoneme manipulation, were then screened for multivariate outliers on all major variables through Mahalanobis distance with p

For all multiple regression analyses which we report, we examined the assumptions of normality, linearity, and homoscedasticity of residuals for multivariate analysis (Tabachnick & Fidell, 2001) and found them acceptable.

Hypothesis 1: Phonological Awareness Measures that Relate to Reading. Our results showed that both Phoneme judgment (A~Y" = .22, p

Hypothesis 2: Relations between Speech Measures, Vocabulary, Reading, and Phonological Awareness.

Relations involving speech perception. We had hypothesized that speech perception abilities would be associated with skills that have been previously linked with reading, phonological awareness, and such other measures as letter naming and letter sound knowledge, articulation errors, rapid naming, nonword repetition, and reading skills to the extent that phonological representation was a mediating factor reflected in all of these skills. Our examination of this research hypothesis involved first examining zero-order correlations, partial correlations controlling for age, and then sequential regression analyses controlling for those variables we wanted to statistically eliminate (i.e., age, digit span, vocabulary, letter knowledge, speech production, naming speed, and nonword repetition).

Quiet condition. Spearman rank correlations between the variables showed that speech perception under quiet conditions was significantly correlated with phoneme judgment (6 percent), rhyme awareness (14 percent), letter sound knowledge (13 percent), letter name knowledge (11 percent), speech production (5 percent), nonword repetition (8 percent), and (log of) reading skill (7 percent). When partial correlations controlled for age, the results were unchanged for phoneme judgment, pr(87) - .22, p

We next conducted three separate sequential regression analyses, predicting each of our phonological awareness measures. In each case, we first entered the variables we wished to control statistically (age, digit span, vocabulary, letter knowledge, naming, and nonword repetition) and then entered speech perception under quiet conditions. These results revealed that speech perception under quiet conditions was not independently related to either phoneme judgment, R^sup 2^ = .15, Adjusted R^sup 2^ = .06, R^sup 2^ [Delta] = .01, F[Delta](1, 81) = .735, ns, or phoneme manipulation, R^sup 2^ = .18, Adjusted R^sup 2^ = .08, R^sup 2^ [Delta] = .000, F[Delta](1,79) = .002, ns, or rhyme awareness, R^sup 2^ = .37, Adjusted R^sup 2^ = .30, R^sup 2^ [Delta] = .004, F[Delta](1, 80) = .573, ns. For rhyme awareness, vocabulary emerged as the only significant predictor in the final regression step (A~Y" = .41, p

Noise condition. Spearman rank correlations between the variables showed that speech perception under noise conditions was significantly correlated with rhyme awareness (18 percent), letter sounds (11 percent), letter names (10 percent), and (log of) word reading (10 percent). Partial correlations controlling for age did not change the results for rhyme awareness, pr(87) - .22, p

We next conducted sequential regression analyses predicting each of our phonological awareness measures, first entering the variables we wished to control statistically (age, digit span, vocabulary, letter knowledge, naming, and nonword repetition) and then speech perception under noise conditions. These results revealed that speech perception (noise) was not independently related to phoneme judgment (R^sup 2^ = .14, Adjusted R^sup 2^ = .05, R^sup 2^ [Delta] = .000, F[Delta](1, 81) = .02, ns), nor were any of the variables in the final step of the regression, which was not statistically significant.

Speech perception was also not independently related to (log of) phoneme manipulation, R^sup 2^ = .17, Adjusted R^sup 2^ = .08, R^sup 2^ [Delta] = .000, F[Delta](1, 79) = .02, ns. The final regression step was not statistically significant; the only significant predictor in this step, and the first step, which was statistically significant, was letter sound knowledge (A~Y" = .34, p

Hypothesis 3: Relations between Letter Knowledge, Vocabulary, Reading, and Phonological Awareness. Our third hypothesis proposed that letter knowledge (names and/or sounds) would associate with reading and phonological awareness above and beyond their associations with speech measures and vocabulary. An analysis by age generally supported previous findings (Worden & Boettcher, 1990) that preschool children know more letter names for upper case (M = 14.91, SD = 10.26) than lower case letters (M = 12.93, SD = 10.45), and fewer letter sounds (M = 11.11, SD = 17.03) than letter names (M = 27.84, SD = 20.39).

Spearman rank correlations showed that letter name knowledge was related to phoneme judgment (6 percent), rhyme awareness (20 percent), letter sound knowledge (35 percent), speech production (9 percent), nonword repetition (4 percent), (log of) word reading (11 percent), naming speed (14 percent), and discrimination of speech under quiet (11 percent) and noise conditions (14 percent).

Spearman rank correlations showed that letter sound knowledge also accounted for a significant proportion of the variance in (log of) phoneme manipulation (5 percent), phoneme judgment (9 percent), rhyme awareness (16 percent), letter name knowledge (35 percent), speech production (4 percent), (log of) word reading (11 percent), naming speed (14 percent), and discrimination of speech under quiet (12 percent) and noise conditions (11 percent).

To further examine the relation between our reading/ phonological measures and letter knowledge, we conducted a series of sequential multiple regression analyses, first entering the

variables we wished to statistically control (age, digit span, vocabulary, speech production, speech perception, naming speed, and nonword repetition), followed by our reading and phonological awareness measures. Results showed that letter name knowledge was not independently associated with either reading or phonological awareness. In contrast, significant variance in letter sound knowledge was accounted for by (log of) reading (A~Y" =. 60, p

Our analyses having indicated that letter sound knowledge is statistically and independently linked with reading and deeper levels of phoneme, we further explored the interrelationship between letter sound knowledge, phoneme manipulation, and reading. In order to determine whether letter sound knowledge predicted phoneme manipulation and reading independent of letter name knowledge, we conducted two separate sequential regression analyses, first entering the variables we wished to control, including letter name knowledge in the first analysis and then letter sound knowledge in the second. Results revealed that letter sound knowledge was an independent predictor of (log of) phoneme manipulation (R^sup 2^ = .14, R^sup 2^[Delta] = .09, p

Since letter sound knowledge and speech perception skills are apparently linked, we sought to determine whether the relationship between letter sound knowledge and phoneme manipulation was entirely dependent on speech perception skills. To this end, we conducted a sequential regression analysis predicting phoneme manipulation from letter sound knowledge, and controlling for other variables such as age and speech perception. Results showed that letter sound knowledge continued to emerge as an independent predictor (A~Y" = .35, p

Our third hypothesis had concerned the possibility that letter knowledge might be associated with speech development owing to a mutual association with phonological representation. In order to examine whether the relationship between speech perception and letter knowledge was independent of age, vocabulary, and digit span, we conducted two separate sequential multiple regression analyses, first entering the variables we wished to statistically control including age, vocabulary, and digit span in the first step, and then the composite speech perception scores. This revealed that speech perception contributed 5 percent of unique variance in letter sound knowledge (R^sup 2^ =. 40, Adjusted R^sup 2^ = .37, R^sup 2^[Delta] = .05, F[Delta](1, 86) = 7.56, p

We then examined whether the relationship between letter sound knowledge and phoneme manipulation was also independent of speech perception by entering our control variables into the first step including speech perception, and phoneme manipulation entered next in the regression. Results showed that the relationship between letter sound knowledge and phoneme manipulation was mediated by speech perception skills, (A~Y" = .10, ns).

Since we had found that age, letter name knowledge, phoneme manipulation, and speech discrimination all associated with letter sound knowledge, we were interested in examining the relative contribution of these variables to its prediction of letter sound knowledge. Thus, our final analysis was a standard multiple regression of factors that influenced letter sound knowledge, entering age, letter name knowledge, and speech discrimination in a single step. This revealed that letter name knowledge (A~Y" = .44, p

DISCUSSION

Consistent with previous findings (Foy & Mann, 2001, 2003; Muter, 1994), we have once again found that rhyme and phoneme awareness can be dissociated. They appear to involve different concomitants and are differentially associated with very early reading abilities. As we and others (e.g., Hulme, 2002; Hulme et al., 2002; Marshall et al., 2001) had previously found, rhyme

awareness in a preschool sample may not be linked with reading. It is phoneme awareness that is consistently the stronger predictor of emerging reading skill in children on the brink of kindergarten entry. Consistent with Stanovich's (1992) suggestion that shallow vs. deeper levels of phoneme awareness can be distinguished, we have also identified differences between phoneme judgment and phoneme manipulation. Manipulations of individual phonemes were more strongly linked with reading and letter sound knowledge than were either phoneme judgments or rhyme awareness. We did not, however, find trends that pointed to differences between initial and final phoneme positions. Regardless of position within the syllable, the manipulation and judgment of phonemes loaded on components separate from the factor that was linked to rhyme awareness, and this suggests that sensitivity to phoneme onsets was not a factor in our population of children.

Based on our review of the literature and our previous findings (Foy & Mann, 2001, 2003), we had focused our attention on two core variables that may relate to our measures of phonological awareness: speech development and letter knowledge. Speech perception and production errors were more reliably linked with rhyme awareness and phoneme judgment than with phoneme manipulation. These results for rhyme and phoneme judgment are consistent with previous research (Chiappe et al., 2001) linking low phonological awareness to insufficiently differentiated phonological representations. However, the results for phoneme manipulation suggest that deeper levels of phoneme awareness involve something above and beyond the internal representations of the phonemes, consistent with Morais (1991a,b).

Next to phonological awareness, letter knowledge is one of the best predictors of children's reading ability (Adams, 1990; Burgess & Lonigan, 1998; Mann, 1984; Wagner, Torgesen, & Rashotte, 1994). Our findings support this result, and, furthermore, show that letter name knowledge and letter sound knowledge have different associates (as suggested by Treiman & Broderick, 1998). Letter sound knowledge is more strongly linked with early reading skills and phoneme manipulation than is letter name knowledge. This concurs with Barron and his colleagues (Barron et al., 1992) who found that knowledge of letter sounds predicted deep levels of phoneme awareness (an onset deletion task in his study) but not rhyme awareness. It is also consistent with findings by Burgess and Lonigan (1998) who showed that letter sound knowledge in preschool children predicted more growth in performance on a phoneme deletion task than did knowledge of letter names. Unlike letter name knowledge, knowledge of letter sound relationships appears to be more than knowledge of vocabulary or just another product of effective phonological representations. Treiman and her colleagues (e.g., Treiman, et al., 1998) have clearly shown that children bring their knowledge of letter names to the learning of letter sounds, but that, in addition, phonological skills may be prerequisite for learning letter sounds (Treiman & Broderick, 1998, p.113). This suggests that letter names, together with phonological awareness measures, should relate to letter sounds more strongly than to letter names as we showed in the present study. It also accords with our finding that phoneme manipulation, but neither phoneme judgment nor rhyme awareness independently, predicted variance in letter sound knowledge when letter name knowledge was partialled out.

We had chosen to study speech skills and letter knowledge in relation to phonological awareness because they offered a means of evaluating two perspectives on the development of phonological awareness: a language-based account and a literacy experience-based account. Our findings suggest a complex pattern of relationships that gives credence to each perspective, depending on the level of phonological awareness and the type of letter knowledge at hand. Different aspects of phonological awareness bear different relationships to reading, and they also bear different relationships to speech skills, vocabulary, and knowledge of letters. The existence of so many interconnections is consistent with a language-based account (i.e., phonological representation). Yet the fact that knowledge of letter sounds bears a specific relation to the ability to manipulate

phonemes is consistent with a literacy experience account. Many skills are involved in the development of phonological awareness; speech skills and vocabulary may play a partial role, but something else pushes the learning of letter sounds and the ultimate attainment of phoneme manipulation. In the future, longitudinal research with a closer attention to the home and preschool literacy environment can shed light on the relative pacings of letter knowledge and phoneme manipulation, and clarify the sources of individual differences and the nature of causality.

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A Nation of Wimps

A nation of wimps: parents are going to ludicrous lengths to take the lumps and bumps and bumps out of life for their children. However well-intentioned, parental hyperconcern and microscrunity have the net effect of making kids more fragile. That may be why the young are breaking down in record numbers

Hara Estroff Marano

MAYBE IT'S THE CYCLIST IN THE PARK, TRIM UNDER HIS SLEEK METALLIC BLUE helmet, cruising along the dirt path ... at three miles an hour. On his tricycle.

Or perhaps it's today's playground, all-rubber-cushioned surface where kids used to skin their knees. And ... wait a minute ... those aren't little kids playing. Their mommies--and especially their daddies--are in there with them, coplaying or play-by-play coaching. Few take it half-easy on the perimeter benches, as parents used to do, letting the kids figure things out for themselves. Then there are the sanitizing gels, with which over a third of parents now send their kids to school, according to a recent survey. Presumably, parents now worry that school bathrooms are not good enough for their children.

Consider the teacher new to an upscale suburban town. Shuffling through the sheaf of reports certifying the educational "accommodations" he was required to make for many of his history students, he was struck by the exhaustive, well-written-and obviously costly--one on behalf of a girl who was already proving among the most competent of his ninth-graders. "She's somewhat neurotic," he confides, "but she is bright, organized and conscientious--the type who'd get to school to turn in a paper on time, even if she were dying of stomach flu." He finally found the disability he was to make allowances for: difficulty with Gestalt thinking. The 13-year-old "couldn't see the big picture." That cleverly devised defect (what 13-year-old can construct the big picture?) would allow her to take all her tests untimed, especially the big one at the end of the rainbow, the college-worthy SAT.

Behold the wholly sanitized childhood, without skinned knees or the occasional C in history. "Kids need to feel badly sometimes," says child psychologist David Elkind, professor at Tufts University. "We learn through experience and we learn through bad experiences. Through failure we learn how to cope."

Messing up, however, even in the playground, is wildly out of style. Although error and experimentation are the true mothers of success, parents are taking pains to remove failure from the equation.

"Life is planned out for us," says Elise Kramer, a Cornell University junior. "But we don't know what to want." As Elkind puts it, "Parents and schools are no longer geared toward child development, they're geared to academic achievement."

No one doubts that there are significant economic forces pushing parents to invest so heavily in their children's outcome from an early age. But taking all the discomfort, disappointment and even the play out of development, especially while increasing pressure for success, turns out to be misguided by just about 180 degrees. With few challenges all their own, kids are unable to forge their creative adaptations to the normal vicissitudes of life. That not only makes them risk-averse, it makes them psychologically fragile, riddled with anxiety. In the process they're robbed of identity, meaning and a sense of accomplishment, to say nothing of a shot at real happiness. Forget, too, about perseverance, not simply a moral virtue but a necessary life skill. These turn out to be the spreading psychic fault lines of 21st-century youth. Whether we want to or not, we're on our way to creating a nation of wimps.

THE FRAGILITY FACTOR

College, it seems, is where the fragility factor is now making its greatest mark. It's where intellectual and developmental tracks converge as the emotional training wheels come off. By all accounts, psychological distress is rampant on college campuses. It takes a variety of forms, including anxiety and depression--which are increasingly regarded as two faces of the same coin--binge drinking and substance abuse, serf-mutilation and other forms of disconnection. The mental state of students is now so precarious for so many that, says Steven Hyman, provost of Harvard University and former director of the National Institute of Mental Health, "it is interfering with the core mission of the university."

The severity of student mental health problems has been rising since 1988, according to an annual survey of counseling center directors. Through 1996, the most common problems raised by students were relationship issues. That is developmentally appropriate, reports Sherry Benton, assistant director of counseling at Kansas State University But in 1996, anxiety overtook relationship concerns and has remained the major problem. The University of Michigan Depression Center, the nation's first, estimates that 15 percent of college students nationwide are suffering from that disorder alone.

Relationship problems haven't gone away; their nature has dramatically shifted and the severity escalated. Colleges report ever more cases of obsessive pursuit, otherwise known as stalking, leading to violence, even death. Anorexia or bulimia in florid or subclinical form now afflicts 40 percent of women at some time in their college career. Eleven weeks into a semester, reports psychologist Russ Federman, head of counseling at the University of Virginia, "all appointment slots are filled. But the students don't stop coming."

Drinking, too, has changed. Once a means of social lubrication, it has acquired a darker, more desperate nature. Campuses nationwide are reporting record increases in binge drinking over the past decade, with students often stuporous in class, if they get there at all. Psychologist Paul E. Joffe, chair of the suicide prevention team at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, contends that at bottom binge-drinking is a quest for authenticity and intensity of experience. It gives young people something all their own to talk about, and sharing stories about the path to passing out is a primary purpose. It's an inverted world in which drinking to oblivion is the way to feel connected and alive.

"There is a ritual every university administrator has come to fear," reports John Portmann, professor of religious studies at the University of Virginia. "Every fall, parents drop off their well-groomed freshmen and within two or three days many have consumed a dangerous amount of alcohol and placed themselves in harm's way. These kids have been controlled for so long, they just go crazy."

Heavy drinking has also become the quickest and easiest way to gain acceptance, says psychologist Bernardo J. Carducci, professor at Indiana University Southeast and founder of its Shyness Research Institute. "Much of collegiate social activity is centered on alcohol

consumption because it's an anxiety reducer and demands no social skills," he says. "Plus it provides an instant identity; it lets people know that you are willing to belong."

WELCOME TO THE HOTHOUSE

Talk to a college president or administrator and you're almost certainly bound to hear tales of the parents who call at 2 a.m. to protest Branden's C in economics because it's going to damage his shot at grad school.

Shortly after psychologist Robert Epstein announced to his university students that he expected them to work hard and would hold them to high standards, he heard from a parent--on official judicial stationery--asking how he could dare mistreat the young. Epstein, former editor in chief of Psychology Today, eventually filed a complaint with the California commission on judicial misconduct, and the judge was censured for abusing his office--but not before he created havoc in the psychology department at the University of California San Diego.

Enter: grade inflation. When he took over as president of Harvard in July 2001, Lawrence Summers publicly ridiculed the value of honors after discovering that 94 percent of the college's seniors were graduating with them. Safer to lower the bar than raise the discomfort level. Grade inflation is the institutional response to parental anxiety about school demands on children, contends social historian Peter Stearns of George Mason University. As such, it is a pure index of emotional over-investment in a child's success. And it rests on a notion of juvenile frailty--"the assumption that children are easily bruised and need explicit uplift," Stearns argues in his book, Anxious Parenting: A History of Modern Childrearing in America.

Parental protectionism may reach its most comic excesses in college, but it doesn't begin there. Primary schools and high schools are arguably just as guilty of grade inflation. But if you're searching for someone to blame, consider Dr. Seuss. "Parents have told their kids from day one that there's no end to what they are capable of doing," says Virginia's Portmann. "They read them the Dr. Seuss book Oh, the Places You'll Go! and create bumper stickers telling the world their child is an honor student. American parents today expect their children to be perfect--the smartest, fastest, most charming people in the universe. And if they can't get the children to prove it on their own, they'll turn to doctors to make their kids into the people that parents want to believe their kids are."

What they're really doing, he stresses, is "showing kids how to work the system for their own benefit."

And subjecting them to intense scrutiny. "I wish my parents had some hobby other than me," one young patient told David Anderegg, a child psychologist in Lenox, Massachusetts, and professor of psychology at Bennington College. Anderegg finds that anxious parents are hyperattentive to their kids, reactive to every blip of their child's day, eager to solve every problem for their child--and believe that's good parenting. "If you have an infant and the baby has gas, burping the baby is being a good parent. But when you have a 10-year-old who has metaphoric gas, you don't have to burp him. You have to let him sit with it, try to figure out what to do about it. He then learns to tolerate moderate amounts of difficulty, and it's not the end of the world."

ARRIVEDERCI, PLAYTIME

In the hothouse that child raising has become, play is all but dead. Over 40,000 U.S. schools no longer have recess. And what play there is has been corrupted. The organized sports many kids participate in are managed by adults; difficulties that arise are not worked out by kids but adjudicated by adult referees.

"So many toys now are designed by and for adults," says Tufts' Elkind. When kids do engage in their own kind of play, parents become alarmed. Anderegg points to kids exercising time-honored curiosity by playing doctor. "It's normal for children to have curiosity about other children's genitals," he says. "But when they do, most parents I know are totally freaked out. They wonder what's wrong."

Kids are having a hard time even playing neighborhood pickup games because they've never done it, observes Barbara Carlson, president and cofounder of Putting Families First. "They've

been told by their coaches where on the field to stand, told by their parents what color socks to wear, told by the referees who's won and what's fair. Kids are losing leadership skills."

A lot has been written about the commercialization of children's play, but not the side effects, says Elkind. "Children aren't getting any benefits out of play as they once did." From the beginning play helps children learn how to control themselves, how to interact with others. Contrary to the widely held belief that only intellectual activities build a sharp brain, it's in play that cognitive agility really develops. Studies of children and adults around the world demonstrate that social engagement actually improves intellectual skills. It fosters decision-making, memory and thinking, speed of mental processing. This shouldn't come as a surprise. After all, the human mind is believed to have evolved to deal with social problems.

THE ETERNAL UMBILICUS

It's bad enough that today's children are raised in a psychological hothouse where they are overmonitored and oversheltered. But that hothouse no longer has geographical or temporal boundaries. For that you can thank the cell phone. Even in college--or perhaps especially at college--students are typically in contact with their parents several times a day, reporting every flicker of experience. One long-distance call overheard on a recent cross-campus walk: "Hi, Morn. I just got an ice-cream cone; can you believe they put sprinkles on the bottom as well as on top?"

"Kids are constantly talking to parents," laments Cornell student Kramer, which makes them perpetually homesick. Of course, they're not telling the folks everything, notes Portmann. "They're not calling their parents to say, 'I really went wild last Friday at the flat house and now I might have chlamydia. Should I go to the student health center?'"

The perpetual access to parents infantilizes the young, keeping them in a permanent state of dependency. Whenever the slightest difficulty arises, "they're constantly referring to their parents for guidance," reports Kramer. They're not learning how to manage for themselves.

Think of the cell phone as the eternal umbilicus. One of the ways we grow up is by internalizing an image of Mom and Dad and the values and advice they imparted over the early years. Then, whenever we find ourselves faced with uncertainty or difficulty, we call on that internalized image. We become, in a way, all the wise adults we've had the privilege to know. "But cell phones keep kids from figuring out what to do," says Anderegg. "They've never internalized any images; all they've internalized is 'call Morn or Dad.'"

Some psychologists think we have yet to recognize the full impact of the cell phone on child development, because its use is so new. Although there are far too many variables to establish clear causes and effects, Indiana's Carducci believes that reliance on cell phones undermines the young by destroying the ability to plan ahead. "The first thing students do when they walk out the door of my classroom is flip open the cell phone. Ninety-five percent of the conversations go like this: 'I just got out of class; I'll see you in the library in five minutes.' Absent the phone, you'd have to make arrangements ahead of time; you'd have to think ahead."

Herein lies another possible pathway to depression. The ability to plan resides in the prefrontal cortex (PFC), the executive branch of the brain. The PFC is a critical part of the self-regulation system, and it's deeply implicated in depression, a disorder increasingly seen as caused or maintained by unregulated thought patterns--lack of intellectual rigor, if you will. Cognitive therapy owes its very effectiveness to the systematic application of critical thinking to emotional reactions. Further, it's in the setting of goals and progress in working toward them, however mundane they are, that positive feelings are generated. From such everyday activity, resistance to depression is born.

What's more, cell phones--along with the instant availability of cash and almost any consumer good your heart desires--promote fragility by weakening self-regulation. "You get used to things happening right away," says Carducci. You not only want the pizza now, you generalize that expectation to other domains, like friendship and intimate relationships. You become frustrated and impatient easily. You become unwilling to work out problems. And so relationships fail--perhaps the single most powerful experience leading to depression.

FROM SCRUTINY TO ANXIETY ... AND BEYOND

The 1990s witnessed a landmark reversal in the traditional patterns of psychopathology. While rates of depression rise with advancing age among people over 40, they're now increasing fastest among children, striking more children at younger and younger ages.

In his now-famous studies of how children's temperaments play out, Harvard psychologist Jerome Kagan has shown unequivocally that what creates anxious children is parents hovering and protecting them from stressful experiences. About 20 percent of babies are born with a high-strung temperament. They can be spotted even in the womb; they have fast heartbeats. Their nervous systems are innately programmed to be overexcitable in response to stimulation, constantly sending out false alarms about what is dangerous.

As infants and children this group experiences stress in situations most kids find unthreatening, and they may go through childhood and even adulthood fearful of unfamiliar people and events, withdrawn and shy. At school age they become cautious, quiet and introverted. Left to their own devices they grow up shrinking from social encounters. They lack confidence around others. They're easily influenced by others. They are sitting ducks for bullies. And they are on the path to depression.

While their innate reactivity seems to destine all these children for later anxiety disorders, things didn't turn out that way. Between a touchy temperament in infancy and persistence of anxiety stand two highly significant things: parents. Kagan found to his surprise that the development of anxiety was scarcely inevitable despite apparent genetic programming. At age 2, none of the overexcitable infants wound up fearful if their parents backed off from hovering and allowed the children to find some comfortable level of accommodation to the world on their own. Those parents who overprotected their children--directly observed by conducting interviews in the home--brought out the worst in them.

A small percentage of children seem almost invulnerable to anxiety from the start. But the overwhelming majority of kids are somewhere in between. For them, overparenting can program the nervous system to create lifelong vulnerability to anxiety and depression.

There is in these studies a lesson for all parents. Those who allow their kids to find a way to deal with life's day-to-day stresses by themselves are helping them develop resilience and coping strategies. "Children need to be gently encouraged to take risks and learn that nothing terrible happens," says Michael Liebowitz, clinical professor of psychiatry at Columbia University and head of the Anxiety Disorders Clinic at New York State Psychiatric Institute. "They need gradual exposure to find that the world is not dangerous. Having overprotective parents is a risk factor for anxiety disorders because children do not have opportunities to master their innate shyness and become more comfortable in the world." They never learn to dampen the pathways from perception to alarm reaction.

Hothouse parenting undermines children in other ways, too, says Anderegg. Being examined all the time makes children extremely self-conscious. As a result they get less communicative; scrutiny teaches them to bury their real feelings deeply. And most of all, self-consciousness removes the safety to be experimental and playful. "If every drawing is going to end up on your parents' refrigerator, you're not free to fool around, to goof up or make mistakes," says Anderegg.

Parental hovering is why so many teenagers are so ironic, he notes. It's a kind of detachment, "a way of hiding in plain sight. They just don't want to be exposed to any more scrutiny."

Parents are always so concerned about children having high self-esteem, he adds. "But when you cheat on their behalf to get them ahead of other children"--by pursuing accommodations and recommendations--"you just completely corrode their sense of self. They feel 'I couldn't do this on my own.' It robs them of their own sense of efficacy." A child comes to think, "if I need every advantage I can get, then perhaps there is really something wrong with me." A slam dunk for depression.

Virginia's Portmann feels the effects are even more pernicious; they weaken the whole fabric of society. He sees young people becoming weaker right before his eyes, more responsive to the

herd, too eager to fit in--less assertive in the classroom, unwilling to disagree with their peers, afraid to question authority, more willing to conform to the expectations of those on the next rung of power above them.

ENDLESS ADOLESCENCE

The end result of cheating childhood is to extend it forever. Despite all the parental pressure, and probably because of it, kids are pushing back--in their own way. They're taking longer to grow up.

Adulthood no longer begins when adolescence ends, according to a recent report by University of Pennsylvania sociologist Frank E Furstenberg and colleagues. There is, instead, a growing no-man's-land of postadolescence from 20 to 30, which they dub "early adulthood." Those in it look like adults but "haven't become fully adult yet--traditionally defined as finishing school, landing a job with benefits, marrying and parenting--because they are not ready or perhaps not permitted to do so."

Using the classic benchmarks of adulthood, 65 percent of males had reached adulthood by the age of 30 in 1960. By contrast, in 2000, only 31 percent had. Among women, 77 percent met the benchmarks of adulthood by age 30 in 1960. By 2000, the number had fallen to 46 percent.

BOOM BOOM BOOMERANG

Take away play from the front end of development and it finds a way onto the back end. A steady march of success through regimented childhood arranged and monitored by parents creates young adults who need time to explore themselves. "They often need a period in college or afterward to legitimately experiment--to be children," says historian Stearns. "There's decent historical evidence to suggest that societies that allow kids a few years of latitude and even moderate [rebellion] end up with healthier kids than societies that pretend such impulses don't exist."

Marriage is one benchmark of adulthood, but its antecedents extend well into childhood. "The precursor to marriage is dating, and the precursor to dating is playing," says Carducci. The less time children spend in free play, the less socially competent they'll be as adults. It's in play that we learn give and take, the fundamental rhythm of all relationships. We learn how to read the feelings of others and how to negotiate conflicts. Taking the play out of childhood, he says, is bound to create a developmental lag, and he sees it clearly in the social patterns of today's adolescents and young adults, who hang around in groups that are more typical of childhood. Not to be forgotten: The backdrop of continued high levels of divorce confuses kids already too fragile to take the huge risk of commitment.

JUST WHOSE SHARK TANK IS IT ANYWAY?

The stressful world of cutthroat competition that parents see their kids facing may not even exist. Or it exists, but more in their mind than in reality--not quite a fiction, more like a distorting mirror. "Parents perceive the world as a terribly competitive place," observes Anderegg. "And many of them project that onto their children when they're the ones who live or work in a competitive environment. They then imagine that their children must be swimming in a big shark tank, too."

"It's hard to know what the world is going to look like 10 years from now," says Elkind. "How best do you prepare kids for that? Parents think that earlier is better. That's a natural intuition, but it happens to be wrong."

What if parents have micromanaged their kids' lives because they've hitched their measurement of success to a single event whose value to life and paycheck they have frantically overestimated? No one denies the Ivy League offers excellent learning experiences, but most educators know that some of the best programs exist at schools that don't top the U.S. News and World Report list, and that with the right attitude--a Willingness to be engaged by new ideas--it's possible to get a meaningful education almost anywhere. Further, argues historian Stearns, there are ample openings for students at an array of colleges. "We have a competitive frenzy that frankly involves parents more than it involves kids themselves," he observes, both as a father of eight and teacher of many. "Kids are more ambivalent about the college race than are parents ."

Yet the very process of application to select colleges undermines both the goal of education and the inherent strengths of young people. "It makes kids sneaky," says Anderegg. Bending rules and calling in favors to give one's kid a competitive edge is morally corrosive.

Like Stearns, he is alarmed that parents, pursuing disability diagnoses so that children can take untimed SATs, actually encourage kids to think of themselves as sickly and fragile. Colleges no longer know when SATs are untimed--but the kids know. "The kids know when you're cheating on their behalf," says Anderegg, "and it makes them feel terribly guilty. Sometimes they arrange to fail to right the scales. And when you cheat on their behalf, you completely undermine their sense of self-esteem. They feel they didn't earn it on their own."

In buying their children accommodations to assuage their own anxiety, parents are actually locking their kids into fragility. Says the suburban teacher: "Exams are a fact of life. They are anxiety-producing. The kids never learn how to cope with anxiety."

PUTTING WORRY IN ITS PLACE

Children, however, are not the only ones who are harmed by hyperconcem. Vigilance is enormously taxing--and it's taken all the fun out of parenting. "Parenting has in some measurable ways become less enjoyable than it used to be," says Stearns. "I find parents less Willing to indulge their children's sense of time. So they either force-feed them or do things for them."

Parents need to abandon the idea of perfection and give up some of the invasive control they've maintained over their children. The goal of parenting, Portmann reminds, is to raise an independent human being. Sooner or later, he says, most kids will be forced to confront their own mediocrity. Parents may find it easier to give up some control if they recognize they have exaggerated many of the dangers of childhood--although they have steadfastly ignored others, namely the removal of recess from schools and the ubiquity of video games that encourage aggression.

The childhood we've introduced to our children is very different from that in past eras, Epstein stresses. Children no longer work at young ages. They stay in school for longer periods of time and spend more time exclusively in the company of peers. Children are far less integrated into adult society than they used to be at every step of the way. We've introduced laws that give children many rights and protections--although we have allowed media and marketers to have free access.

In changing the nature of childhood, Stearns argues, we've introduced a tendency to assume that children can't handle difficult situations. "Middle-class parents especially assume that if kids start getting into difficulty they need to rush in and do it for them, rather than let them flounder a bit and learn from it. I don't mean we should abandon them," he says, "but give them more credit for figuring things out." And recognize that parents themselves have created many of the stresses and anxieties children are suffering from, without giving them tools to manage them.

While the adults are at it, they need to remember that one of the goals of higher education is to help young people develop the capacity to think for themselves.

Although we're well on our way to making kids more fragile, no one thinks that kids and young adults are fundamentally more flawed than in previous generations. Maybe many will "recover" from diagnoses too liberally slapped on to them. In his own studies of 14 skills he has identified as essential for adulthood in American culture, from love to leadership, Epstein has found that "although teens don't necessarily behave in a competent way, they have the potential to be every bit as competent and as incompetent as adults."

Parental anxiety has its place. But the way things now stand, it's not being applied wisely. We're paying too much attention to too few kids--and in the end, the wrong kids. As with the girl whose parents bought her the Gestalt-defect diagnosis, resources are being expended for kids who don't need them.

There are kids who are worth worrying about--kids in poverty, stresses Anderegg. "We focus so much on our own children," says Elkind, "It's time to begin caring about all children."

RELATED ARTICLE: A dangerous new remedy for anxiety.

Of all the disorders now afflicting young people, perhaps most puzzling is self-injury--deliberate cutting, cigarette-burning or other repetitive mutilation of body tissue. No one knows whether it's a sudden epidemic or has been rising gradually, but there appears to be an absolute increase in occurrence: "It has now reached critical mass and is on all our radar screens," says Russ Federman, director of counseling at the University of Virginia.

It's highly disturbing for a student to walk into a dorm room and find her roommate meticulously slicing her thighs with a shard of glass or a razor. But it may be the emblematic activity of the psychically shielded and overly fragile. People "do it to feel better. It's an impulsive act done to regulate mood," observes Armando Favazza, author of Bodies Under Siege: Self Mutilation in Psychiatry and Culture.

It's basically a very effective "home remedy" for anxiety, states Chicago psychiatrist Arthur Neilsen, who teaches at Northwestern University. People who deliberately hurt themselves--twice as many women as men--report "it's like popping a balloon." There's an immediate release of tension. It also serves an important defense--distraction--stresses Federman. "In the midst of emotional turmoil, physical pain helps people disconnect from the turmoil." But the effect is very short-lived.

Self-harm reflects young people's inability to find something that makes them feel fully alive. Earlier generations sought meaning in movements of social change or intellectual engagement inside and outside the classroom. "But young people are not speaking up or asking questions in the classroom," reports John Portmann, professor of religious studies at the University of Virginia and author of Bad for Us: The Lure of Self-Harm. It may be that cutting is their form of protest. So constrained and stressed by expectations, so invaded by parental control, they have no room to turn--except against themselves.--HEM

RELATED ARTICLE: Un-advice for parents: Chill out! If you're not having fun, you may be pushing your kids too hard.

* Never invest more in an outcome than your child does.
* Allow children of all ages time for free play. It's a natural way to learn regulation, social skills and cognitive skills.
* Be reasonable about what is dangerous and what is not. Some risk-taking is healthy.
* Don't overreact to every bad grade or negative encounter your child has. Sometimes discomfort is the appropriate response to a situation--and a stimulus to self-improvement.
* Don't be too willing to slap a disease label on your child at the first sign of a problem; instead, spend some time helping your child learn how to deal with the problem.
* Peers are important, but young people also need to spend time socializing with adults in order to know how to be adults.
* Modify your expectations about child-raising in light of your child's temperament; the same actions don't work with everyone.
* Recognize that there are many paths to success. Allow your children latitude--even to take a year off before starting college.
* Don't manipulate the academic system on behalf of your child; it makes kids guilty and doubtful of their own ability.
* Remember that the goal of child-rearing is to raise an independent adult. Encourage your children to think for themselves, to disagree (respectfully) with authority, even to incur the critical gaze of their peers.

The Failed Experiment

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES OMMANNEY FOR NEWSWEEK

YOU BRUSH UP AGAINST A LOT OF WEIRD stuff in the course of child rearing, but one phenomenon that always had me scratching my head was the parents who hit their kids to teach them that hitting was a bad thing.

In their defense, they had a civic model for that kind of bizarre circular reasoning. Americans still live in one of the few countries that kill people to make clear what a terrible thing killing people is.

Hardly any other civilized place does this anymore. In the past three decades, the number of nations that have abolished the death penalty has risen from 16 to 86. Last year four countries accounted for nearly all executions worldwide: China, Iran, Saudi Arabia and the United States.

As my Irish grandmother used to say, you're known by the company you keep.

Last week the Supreme Court agreed to cogitate once more about capital punishment, a boomerang the justices find coming back at them time and time again. This new case is about the way lethal injection is administered. The argument is that even though one drug anesthetizes, a second paralyzes and a third stops the heart, the first is not sufficient to mitigate the pain and the second makes the inmate appear peaceful when he is in agony.

In other words, the case is about whether being put to death hurts. Passing judgment on this particular issue is the equivalent of diagramming an ungrammatical sentence.

Much of the debate about the death penalty since it reared its ugly head again in the '70s has been about whether it is disproportionately meted out to poor minorities, whether it should be permitted for juvenile offenders, whether various methods constitute cruel and unusual punishment. Most of these discussions are designed not to examine underlying deep moral issues but to allow Americans to continue to put people to death and still feel good about themselves.

That's become increasingly difficult. At the same time the court decided to revisit lethal injection, the justices agreed to a federal hearing in the case of a man who has spent 20 years on death row. He was convicted of raping and murdering a neighbor. The prosecution said his semen was found on the dead woman. New DNA tests show that the semen was instead that of her husband, who witnesses say had drunkenly confessed to the murder.

This is just one of a long line of such cases. Accusers recant, guilty parties confess, the lab makes a match that wasn't possible before. Since 1976, more than a thousand men and women have been executed in the United States. But during that same period more than 123 death-row inmates have been exonerated. That's a terrible statistical average. Put another way, more than 123 individuals truly guilty of savage crimes were walking free while someone else sat waiting on death row. And most, if not all, of those death-row inmates would have been wrongly executed if not for the lengthy appeals process death-penalty advocates like to decry.

Last year only four countries accounted for nearly all executions worldwide: China, Iran, Saudi Arabia and the United States.

Some years ago the execution of a woman named Karla Faye Tucker in Texas got a lot of attention. She had been found guilty of a particularly heinous double murder involving a pickax. But in jail she had a religious conversion so transformative that she referred to the place where she was held as "life row."

When Tucker was put to death, there was a mob scene outside the prison. Some of those who gathered there were opponents of the death penalty. Some wanted the execution to proceed. And some of the latter group danced and laughed and cheered and acted as though they were at the Super Bowl and their team had just scored a touchdown. They did everything but sell funnel cakes. If they had lived 300 years earlier, they would have happily paraded through cobbled streets with Karla Faye's head on a pike.

Most people who support capital punishment can't be counted as members of that sorry fringe mob. But this is one of those issues where there isn't really a middle ground. Just because the electric chair has been phased out doesn't mean civilization has prevailed; it only means that people didn't like how reports of a convicted man's head bursting into flame made them feel about what they were doing. In judicial terms, Justice Harry Blackmun concluded in 1994 that all it came down to was figuring out how to "tinker with the machinery of death."

And he was officially finished with it, writing: "Rather than continue to coddle the Court's delusion that the desired level of fairness has been achieved and the need for regulation eviscerated, I feel morally and intellectually obligated simply to concede that the death penalty experiment has failed." The question isn't whether executions can be made painless: it's whether they're wrong. Everything else is just quibbling. And most of the quibbling simply boils down to trying to make the wrong seem right.

My Turn

C'mon, America, Fire Up Those Shredders

If you hear a little voice that whispers, 'Someday I might need it,' chances are you have infonoia.

BY LISA JOHNSTON

MAYBE IT WAS AT THE moment I found myself on my knees in my bathrobe, carefully prying tiny shards of paper out of the immobilized teeth of the shredder, that it finally hit me: The shredder had a paper jam. I had an info jam.

You know what I'm talking about if you have a job, a checking account, a home address—heck, if you even breathe somewhere in America today. It's the "stuff"—the endless, useless information—we're forced to chew up and digest about who we are, what we're doing, where we're going, what we could buy, where we could eat, whom we're talking with, what credit cards we have, or could have, that is clogging our collective arteries.

The sheer volume could kill us. While the U.S. Postal Service is doing a great job delivering 212 billion pieces of mail across the nation each year, some 94 million adults across the country plug into the Web each day to gulp up even more data. The average Joe will receive more than 2,200 junk e-mails this year alone, according to Pew Internet. While retailers churn out paper receipts for every gallon of milk and pair of tires, 55 million newspaper copies will hit curbs across the land every day this year. And what about the thousands of advertising messages that beg for our attention? I saw a TV report recently that featured a savvy entrepreneur who has begun selling ad space on the white lines between parking spaces.

The questions cry out to be asked: When is all this incoming information enough? Do we really need to see, hear and process all of it? Are we simply in love with information for information's sake? If you've ever spent half a day in your pajamas while you fill out your tax return, as I did a few months ago, you can't help noticing that this tsunami of stuff keeps getting in the way. It glazes the eyes. It numbs the brain.

PAPER JAM: I still have the warranty and the receipt from the last 23-inch color television we bought. I just don't have the TV.

And it halts you in your tracks. After 10 minutes spent staring at a fossil from my own financial archeological dig—the original bank agreement for a safe-deposit box I no longer have—I realized I was anxiously mulling over whether to keep it. My gut told me as I leaned over the shredder that my info jam had morphed into something even more dangerous: infonoia, the fear that some obscure piece of paper filled with useless information will someday be called for—*and I won't have it.* So I sat for a while imagining the phone ringing with an urgent call from the good people at the IRS asking, "Can you prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that you tipped the waiter exactly $9.50 on that rainy night in 1984 when you ate at the Outback Steakhouse on Bumble-down Road?"

Infonoia preys without mercy on the weak, the elderly, the conscientious. I still have the original box, the Styrofoam packing pieces, the warranty and the receipt from the last 23-inch color television we bought. I just don't have the TV. It was replaced long ago, but somehow it seemed important to keep everything else, because "someone might need it."

This hoarding of useless information is a problem not just in America's homes. The workplace is where infonoia thrives like a weed, totally without light and water. Staff where I'm employed filled two recycling containers in less than 30 minutes one Friday with outdated reports, files and notes from meetings held by people who no longer work there about projects that no longer exist. As in most workplaces, the purge was needed. Yet we were paralyzed at first by that nagging fear. Will someone, someday, suddenly ask to see the indecipherable doodles scribbled on the corner of a memo stapled to a pamphlet from 1991?

Come on, America. Just for today, let's clean out our desks and our minds. Let's dump the coupons, the faxes, the publications, the junk mail, the surveys and the monthly statements we didn't ask for. Let's vow from now on to adhere to the common tax wisdom to keep only seven years' worth of major records and use our shoeboxes for what nature intended: shoes.

I'm going to start by tossing the cash receipt from yesterday's trip to the grocery store into the recycling bin before it gets stuffed in my wallet for fiscal year 2006. Then I'm going for a long walk in the woods without headphones or a cell phone to process the kind of incoming information I truly need to keep. The kind that restores the spirit. Birds, brooks, breezes. Anyone want to join me?

JOHNSTON lives in Marietta, Ga.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ANGELA WEST FOR NEWSWEEK

The Last Word Anna Quindlen

Your Mother's Maiden Name

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES OMMANNEY FOR NEWSWEEK

I USED TO HEAR STRANGE CLICKING SOUNDS ON MY telephone and assume it was Verizon's usual level of service. Now I figure it's the National Security Agency. When USA Today broke the news that the Feds were tracking the phone records of tens of millions of ordinary Americans, allegedly in the interest of combating terrorism, apologists insisted that no one was listening in on individual calls. Except maybe for those calls made to foreign countries. I imagine transcripts of my many long and frustrating conversations with tech-service representatives based in India.

And yet there has been little outrage about what is essentially domestic spying, the notion that the same phone companies that cannot manage to get an installer to arrive on time nevertheless effortlessly turned over to the government the records of most households and businesses. Maybe people believe swapping personal data for national security is a fair trade. But maybe no one is agitated because the notion of privacy has become, like Atlantis, a persistent and attractive myth. The sad thing is that that's not so much because the government has invaded our privacy, but because we thoughtlessly gave it away bit by bit.

In the morning the ATM screen greets me: "Hello, Anna Quindlen!" The woman on the phone from J. Crew asks for the supersecret security code from the back of my Visa card. The credit-card company needs my date and place of birth and the last four digits of my Social Security number. Somewhere in computers there is a record of the books I've read, the music I like and the places outside the United States I've visited. A Web site even allows well-informed strangers to see how much I paid for my house and how much I might be able to get for it today. Add the satellite photos Google Earth provides, and you can peer at my roof. (When the resolution gets a little higher, everyone will know that the climbing hydrangea in the backyard is struggling.)

Luckily I am too old to be saddled with a Facebook profile. Facebook is a hugely popular site for college students in which they post pictures of themselves and their friends and describe their personalities, interests and even sexual preferences in what one expert has described as "egocasting." But students are beginning to see the downside of the site, and it's not just that way too many folks wind up knowing you appreciate, in the words of one profile, "being intoxicated, dancing all over the place, underwear shopping, electrical tape." Some colleges have announced they will discipline students whose Facebook entries show them engaged in underage drinking or illicit drug use. Others have warned that prospective employers are trolling Facebook, and that when they have a choice between the applicant pictured in his boxers hoisting a beer bong and the one who is not, they are likely to hire the latter.

The notion of privacy has become, like Atlantis, a persistent and attractive myth. We thoughtlessly gave it away bit by bit.

A man powers up his cell phone as a plane grinds to a halt and begins to have a business conversation beginning with the words "This is all under the cone of silence." Dozens of people listen in on just-between-us. It used to be that if you were stupid enough to give your boyfriend a picture of you in your underwear, he'd show it around to his dopey friends. Today he might post it online, and before you can say "pink lace," guys are looking at it in Boston, Brasília and Beijing.

We've given away our personal information, our predilections, our secrets, even our shame, during transactions, conversations and Internet exchanges. Maybe the notion that the government is keeping track of our phone records feels like just more of the same. It is indeed an outrage, that the big phone companies serve customers so poorly and the authorities so cravenly, that the so-called war on terrorism is so ineptly waged that billions of pages of numbers seemed like a useful tool. We can never forget that these were the same folks who intercepted two messages from Afghanistan on Sept. 10, 2001: "the match begins tomorrow" and "tomorrow is zero hour." No one understood except in hindsight, but hindsight was the only way the messages were seen. They weren't translated until Sept. 12, and zero hour had come and gone.

When it was reported recently that the Social Security numbers of more than 26 million veterans were up for grabs after someone stole the laptop of a government employee, it turned out that the theft was the old-fashioned kind, a jimmied window, a snatch-and-grab. But lots of current burglary is cybertech stuff, pulling ATM numbers off convenience-store computers, hacking into databases loaded with personal information. If these were conventional household crimes, the thieves could say truthfully that the doors and windows were left open, the loot in plain sight. That's what Americans do every day. It seems quaint to think of Orwell's futuristic novel and its warning that Big Brother was watching. Now 1984 is the past, not the future, and things have changed. There are many big brothers watching out there, and we're vamping for them every day. Sometimes in our underwear.

KID POWER

We all want the best for our children. But when they're driving the shopping cart, how much is too much?
BY KATY KELLY AND LINDA KULMAN,
US News and World Report
September 13, 2004

Sam is not yet 2. He watches almost no TV and is taken on daily walks through the zoo, so it was not surprising when he pointed to an elephant and said, "Ella." What was unexpected was when he pointed to his diaper and said, "Elmo".

In Sam's world, Elmo doesn't live on Sesame Street. He is the cheerful furry face of Pampers, printed on the waistband, requested at every change. The quarter-size image has made Pampers Sam's diaper of choice and Pampers purveyor Procter & Gamble very happy. If Sam's devotion holds, his parents will buy more than $2,000 worth of Pampers before their son is potty trained. And, the chances are, others who love Sam will encourage that transition with the Sesame Street Potty Elmo and over time such a slew of Elmo gear that Sam's family may feel they live on the Street.

Sam is but one of an army of tiny consumers. In the United States, children recognize logos by 18 months, according to Boston College economist .Juliet Schor, and, by 2, many ask for products by brand name. Some parents report that Baby's first word was not "mama" or "dada" but "Coke" - which makes sense considering that 26 percent of kids 2 and under have a TV in their room and the average American child sees some 40,000 commercials a year. That in turn helps explain why the United States, with 4.5 percent of the world's population, buys 45 percent of the global toy production. American kids get an average of 70 new toys a year, calculates Schor, who surveyed 300 children for her new book, Born to Buy.

Somewhere along the way we decided that one American Girl doll or one Thomas the Tank Engine was simply not enough. But in this land of plenty, many of us are overwhelmed by our kids' possessions. "We're maxed out in our house," says Eleanor Winborne Murray of Chapel Hill, N.C. The family room is the depot for her youngest child's dolls, dollhouses, and Disney princess costumes. "We've been exploring the idea of adding on a room or getting rid of the garage and using it."

New poll numbers released to U.S. News by the Center for a New American Dream, a group that promotes simplified living, show that 70 percent of parents believe kids are too focused on buying things. "It's really gotten bad now with the commercials and peer pressure," says Beverly Conyers of New Haven, Conn., who is helping raise her six grandchildren, ages 2 to 14. "They're just so into things."

Kids are big business. In 1984, children ages 4 to 12 spent $4.2 billion-that's their own pocket money. This year, they'll lay out $35 billion, often at stores built just for them. But it's their hold on the family purse that's the real economy booster. "Kids are empowered in family decision making in a historically unprecedented way," observes Schor, who says they will influence $670 billion worth of parental purchases, both small (which snacks to buy) and large (which SUV) this year. By comparison, the 2005 U.S. military budget is $417.5 billion. "When marketers think of kids, they should think of KIDS - Keepers of Infinite Dollars," writes children's marketing guru James McNeal in his book The Kids Market.

What brought about such a big change in such a short time? It occurred in part because most parents are no longer home during the day. Working and perhaps single, many trade treats for togetherness. Cheaper technology and more money have also made it easier to give - and give in. And kids know what they want: Advertisers spend some $15 billion a year telling them what's hot. But the biggest reason is love. Every generation believes its sons and daughters should have a larger life than the one before. More opportunities, more experiences, more stuff.

From a child's perspective, this is life as it should be. Many experts, though, say more is actually less - that too many gifts is no gift at all. Schor's research shows that higher consumer involvement by children can lead to depression, anxiety, low self-esteem, more psychosomatic complaints, and worse relationships with parents. Health experts say the have-it-all attitude factors into the record levels of childhood obesity. And, says Edward Hallowell, author of The Childhood Roots of Adult Happiness, "providing too much is the single biggest mistake that parents make," helping turn out "people who go through their adult lives chronically dissatisfied."

Certainly not everyone sees consuming as negative. "I grew up in a world where social place was well defined at birth," says James Twitchell, author of Branded Nation. "People cared if you were Jewish or Catholic and about the tint of your skin. In this new 'brand world,' we make judgments about people based on their consumption. I don't know if it's good or bad, but it is quite liberating."

Plenty of parents view the branding boom as a bonding experience. "Between iPods and cellphones, we're attracted to the same things," says Orange County, Calif., dad Dennis Bacopulos of his daughters, Amanda, 15, Ronni, 12, and Emily, 9. "Starbucks transcends all generations," he says. "Where else can you grab 20 minutes together today?" Except the mall. "We shop as a family," says Amanda. Dennis and his wife, Dana, see themselves as the girls' guides. "People miss the mark by oversheltering," Dennis says. "By giving them exposure, it puts them in a better position to make choices." He feels shopping has turned his brood into "confident, savvy, consumer-aware young ladies."

A cultural shift. Over the past 25 years, the national parenting style has become more flexible and less authoritarian. "Children's opinions are solicited, and parents are responding," says Schor. This is largely an improvement for both parent and child. But the flip side is that many parents find it hard to say no.

The pileup starts small. As a new mother, Carolyn Montie of Lincoln, Mass., was committed to owning "only a few wooden toys" - until her first child was dazzled by a Fisher-Price phone. "We thought, 'Maybe well just get one plastic toy,'" says Montie, who soon realized "it's just delightful to find something and say, 'I bet the girls would enjoy this.' "But the Monties quickly decided they were "getting off course," she says. "It's something that happens almost without noticing it."

Adds Fresno, Calif., mother Phoebe Wall Howard: "Consumerism [in childhood] is not a natural condition. It's created by relatives and friends giving your daughter a Roxy T-shirt and saying again and again, 'Roxy is beautiful.' As a parent, you are aggressively fending it off every day." Simply put, "there's always a consuming opportunity," says Schor. Fast food comes with prizes. Supermarkets hang toys at grab level for toddlers in the cart (a spot McNeal dubs "the observation post"). And birthday party goody bags are as extravagant as the gifts once were.

In spite of all this loot, it's easy to feel we're shortchanging our kids, especially when we skimp on time. "Parents are under so much stress that they're trying to make up with giving," says noted pediatrician T. Berry Brazelton.

We also buy because we can. Americans have more money - and more debt - than at any time in history. As parents' lifestyles are upgraded, so are their children's. Where mothers once invested in kids' clothing classic and sturdy enough to be handed down, they now spring for fashions designed and priced to be one-season wonders. "Express yourself, and if it doesn't work out," says Dennis Bacopulos, "no big deal." Deals are often part of the appeal, says Murray, who tucks daughter Eleanor, 4, into bargain-priced Sleeping Beauty sheets she got online.

Technology has also changed what - and how often - we buy. With microwaves in 92 percent of U.S. homes, kids themselves often answer the age-old question "What's for dinner?" Nearly a third of 6- and 7-year-olds pick their own food at the store. Plus, tech's rapid evolution makes last year's toys so, well, last year that we replace them, along with cellphones and laptops.

As seen on TV. Kids are asking for more because they are surrounded with carefully honed messages telling them to. 'We did extensive research on the psychology of the brain, how [children] perceive the world, and what their needs are," explains Dan Acuff, president of Youth Market Systems and author of What Kids Buy and Why. Not only do more agencies specialize in kids; their impact is greater because kiddie channels, websites, and video games provide almost unlimited viewing opportunities. "Screen time has replaced playtime," Acuff says. As Susan Linn writes in Consuming Kids: "Comparing the advertising of two or three decades ago to the commercialism that permeates our children's world is like comparing a BB gun to a smart bomb."

Advertising even goes to school. "It started in the '90s with soda-pouring contracts, fast-food deals, and the spread of Channel One," says Eric Schlosser, author of Fast Food Nation. The daily broadcast, which mixes 10 minutes of news with two minutes of ads, airs in 40 percent of the nation's middle and high schools. These days, companies even pay for their brands to appear in textbooks.

And while Madison Avenue once tried to impress parents ("Choosy moms choose Jif'), a former Saatchi & Saatchi employee told Schor, advertisers are now moving "toward direct kid marketing and not even worrying about Mom. Just take her out of the equation because the nag factor is so strong." A 2002 survey found that on average kids ages 12 to 17 ask nine times before parents give in, and more than 10 percent of 12- and 13-year-olds reported nagging parents more than 50 times for an item. "You say no to 99 percent of what your kids ask for, but you can't say no to everything," says Diane Levin, an education professor at Wheelock College. "The 1 percent adds up."

It's hard to say no because product images are everywhere. The 1984 deregulation of children's television by the Federal Trade Commission changed the rules, allowing TV shows and toys to be developed and marketed together as a package.

Within a year, nine of the top 10 best-selling toys were all tied to TV shows. "It went from toys to Band-Aids, lunchboxes, and pajamas," says Levin. "Kids go to bed with their sheets and wake up with their breakfast cereal." In 1990, regulators limited the number of advertising minutes during kids' programming but left the show-toy tie intact.

Thanks to ad-skipping Tivo, product placement is becoming increasingly common. Though not permitted on children's TV, "there are tons of product placements on shows kids watch," says Linn. "The Gilmore Girls - beloved by preteens - eat Pop-Tarts for breakfast, and Kellogg's is one of their sponsors." Why does it work? The more you see anything, the more positive your reaction.

In the long run, what does it matter if kids eat Spider-Man Fruit Snacks, use Winnie-the-Pooh toothpaste, and let Kate Spade Barbie languish at the bottom of the toy box? It's quantity that counts, say the experts. If children get all of their heart's desires, it matters a lot. "There is an addictive dimension to consuming," says Schor. "The more you do it, the more you have to do it. It keeps ratcheting up." Ironically, the special memories parents aim to create are diluted with each extra. Montie noticed that after a few back-to-back treats, "my dear, darling daughter was showing signs of acting like a spoiled brat. It was this sense of entitlement." Says Linn: "The message they're getting is that things will make them happy."

To the contrary. Kids in a constant state of receiving, says Hallowell, are "sitting ducks for horrible meltdowns." Schor's "Survey on Children, Media, and Consumer Culture" shows that kids steeped in consumerism are more likely to get depressed. "It teaches kids to measure themselves by asking, 'How much do I have, relative to other people?'" she says. As one marketer told her, "We are teaching them that if you don't have product X, you are not worthy."

Mad as hell. Treating kids as a demographic has many parents, activists, and legislators blaming the messengers. They say that marketers prey on kids' naivete and their need to conform. Some 85 percent of parents in the Center for a New American Dream survey think there should be more limits on advertising to children. The Children's Advertising Review Unit was founded in 1974 to police such ads. But the Motherhood Project, which promotes activism among moms, says CARU "cannot possibly monitor all the material directed at children." Last year, Commercial Alert, co-founded by Ralph Nader, petitioned the Federal Trade Commission for pop-up labels each time a paid product placement appears in a TV show. This winter, the American Psychological Association added its voice to that of the American Academy of Pediatrics, which is on record saying it "believes advertising directed toward children is inherently deceptive and exploits children under age 8." The APA says that before the age of 4 or 5, kids can't consistently distinguish between a show and a commercial and that until age 7 or 8, they're developmentally unable to grasp advertising's persuasive intent. When Whitney Howard,

6, heard a PBS announcer say, "If you enjoy watching Clifford, please call your parents into the room," she called, "Mommy, you need to come right now! Please send money to Clifford."
Dan Jaffe, executive vice president of the Association of National Advertisers, says: "We know that kids are not miniature adults. We have guidelines to make sure we are extra careful."
Moreover, Jaffe and others contend, it's up to parents to say no. "Some of the critics act as though parents don't exist," he says. As Peter Reynolds, former president of toy manufacturer Brio Corp., told KidScreen: "Parents aren't losing control; they're giving up."
Among youth marketers and educators participating in a Harris Poll released this spring, 72 percent say most companies put pressure on kids to grow up faster than they should.
For most people, deciding how much is enough is an ongoing process. "There's not an absolute answer," says Betsy Taylor, founder of the Center for a New American Dream. "I don't think you want to completely deprive your child. If you did, you'd probably be creating a monster."
Sally Manesiotis of Hilton Head Island, S.C., says, "I give an inch." Still, her son Mikie, 13, starts off a conversation saying, "Mom, I know you're going to say no," and often he's right. "It is so hard to say no. There are times I wake up where I think I don't want to do this again," she says. But rules like TV and Nintendo only on weekends and limiting purchases keep her family close. Besides, she says, "if you have everything at the age of 9, 10, 11, 12, what's there to look forward to in life?" The Monties set limits, too. Their kids, 6 and 8, don't eat sugared cereal, borrow books from the library, and spend playtime doing crafts, playing dress-up, and, since Helen plans to be a rock star, listening to Sheryl Crow.
Says Howard, "We don't ever preach that stuff is bad," but when friends give Whitney makeup, "I throw it away secretly and never bring it up again."
Of course, saying yes once in a while won't cause the ill effects Schor reports. Amanda Bacopulos, 15, calls her Coach purse her "prize possession" and says, "I have always wanted to get married in a Vera Wang dress." But hers is not a case of stuff spoiling the child. A cheerleader, Amanda is enthusiastic. Like her sisters, her manners and her grades are excellent. She likes her parents. And shopping, she says, boosts her self-esteem. "If I've had a good shopping day, I feel kind of beautiful."
As for Sam, he went to the supermarket last week. He scooted up the aisles, spotting Spider-Man and Shrek boxes for the first time. Though he had no idea what they contained, he claimed, "I need it. I need it." At the fish counter, he had but one word to say: "Nemo.".

TALKING THE TALK
Those in the business of marketing to kids have developed a specialized (and somewhat cynical) vocabulary to describe the strategies used to get children and their parents to pony up for the desire du jour.
KAGOY Kids Are Getting Older Younger. They know more, they've seen more, and it shows. The 12-going-on-22 phenomenon. Think 6-year-old Britney Spears look-alikes.,

NAG FACTOR (aka Pester Power, Leverage, Nudge Factor) Marketers count on kids to nag parents to the point of purchase. Kids-marketing pioneer James McNeal has ID'd different nagging styles, including the self-explanatory Sugar-coated, Pity, Pleading, Threatening, and Persistent.

SHUT-UP TOYS A toy costing $5 or less, bought in desperation and given to pacify a child begging for something much pricier.

TRANSTOYING The notion that everyday products can be toy-ified: Batman Band-Aids, soft-drinks with free CDs built into the lids, and Sponge Bob SquarePants toothbrushes.

VIRAL MARKETING Using cool kids (the persuaders) to launch a trend so wannabes will naturally follow. For example: The Girls Intelligence Agency's trademarked Slumber Party in a Box brings together PJ-clad girls, junk food, and a new product. It's the hostess's job to "be slick and find out some sly scoop on your friends" and, of course, get the skinny on the goods.

On home ground: St Petersburg
(Filed: 20/09/2003, The Daily Telegraph)

Sarah Raven rethinks her culinary prejudices about cabbage-obsessed Russia

I've just come back from St Petersburg where I had a good old snoop through the market to find out which vegetables, salads and herbs the Russians grow and cook at this time of year. Rather shortsightedly, I'd imagined piles of Northern roots, the borscht or Russian salad ingredients of carrots, beetroot and potatoes, with perhaps some cabbage, gherkins, a few lettuces and some kohlrabi mixed in, but not much more. These are the productive plants that grow easily in places with a short season.

What I found was a market as huge, abundant and exciting as any of the September jamborees in the classic food destinations of the South of France. It was pure paradise for any greedy gardener or cook like me. Every table in the building was bending under the weight of herbs, lettuce, shiny aubergines and fruit. The marketeers were only just able to reach over the beautifully arranged tiers of produce, all of which was of a quality that we can only dream about here. There were pure-white, flushed-pink nectarines and incredibly sweet, seedless white grapes from Georgia, huge croquette-shaped cantaloupe-like melons grown outside in Azerbaijan and fantastic mushrooms. Pristine penny buns, chanterelle and oyster mushrooms like rubbery ivory brains nestled in a bed of nettles - this was said to preserve them - pouring out of woven baskets. These were made from bleached 2in-wide silver birch laths and I couldn't resist them. In the end I bought five from a potato basket down to the perfect thing for picking our breakfast cherry tomatoes.

Of course, I bought much more than we were able to eat, and went completely overboard on the tomatoes. We were staying with foody friends who had spent the summer eating the tastiest toms they'd ever had - it turns out that Russia is famous for them. I wanted to try every type

There were three clear front-runners and I can hardly wait to sow the seed we brought back early next spring.

'Pink Caspian' is huge and covered in cracks at the stem end, a completely different breed to anything you have seen here on the supermarket shelves. It has been grown for centuries in the area between the Caspian and Black Seas. The weather may be cold there in the winter but it is baking during the summer months and 'Pink Caspian' grows and happily ripens outside (here it is one for the greenhouse). It can make massive fruit - there was one for sale that filled my two hands - with a fantastically juicy and firm texture and perfect, strong, delicious tomato taste. It stands out easily on the market tables with its characteristic slightly crimson-cum-pink skin and irregular distorted shape.

'Black Krim' is neater-looking, no bigger than palm-sized and an extraordinary colour - green turning reddish at the apex with a bruise, black and blue, over the whole skin. When I first saw it I thought it was a green tomato going bad, but cut into the firm juicy flesh and you realise it is as good as you'll ever get for a raw tomato salad. It is a very early cropper, so good for growing in Britain inside or out.

The plum type is best for cooking. When the fruit are heated the flavour of these little tomatoes intensifies much better than any heavily juicy, firm-fleshed form. 'Ox Heart' is a manageable size for growing and ripening here even if you don't have a greenhouse. It is a classic tomato red, the shape and size of a duck egg, and makes a delicious tomato and basil sauce, quickly cooked, slowly roasted or stewed. A real asset is its almost total lack of seeds.

THE CAFETERIA CRUSADER

High noon in Texas: the agriculture chief is making a stand against junk food. Can she win?

By **CATHY BOOTH-THOMAS** AUSTIN

MATTHEW MAHON FOR TIME (2)

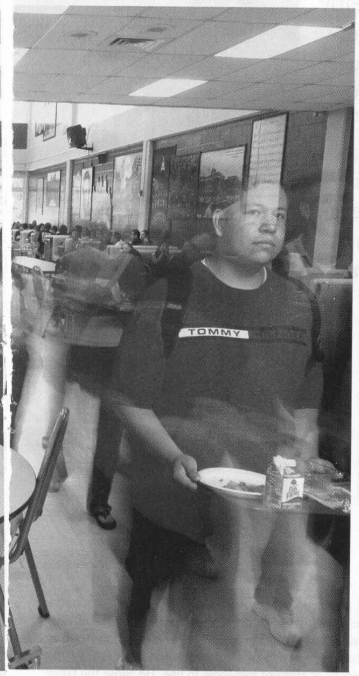
LUNCHROOM MONITOR Combs has taken a tough stand against junk-food vendors and parent bake sales

WHEN SCHOOLS OPENED IN Texas this fall, some favorites were missing from the cafeteria menus: sodas and candy bars had been banned for grade schoolers; chips and cookies were mini-size. And that perennial favorite, the French fry, was given just one more year before it too will be banned. Howls of protest could be heard from Lubbock to Laredo. And not just from students. Principals complained about being forced to act as "nutrition police." Teachers said they needed candy to reward students. Parents and kids traded schoolyard rumors about Twinkies being confiscated from lunch boxes. Nearly everyone, addicted to the revenues that vending machines bring in, yelled that there wouldn't be enough money for beloved activities like band camp and choir trips. Angry e-mails poured in to the woman who had imposed the new rules—Texas agriculture commissioner Susan Combs.

At 6 ft. 2 in., Combs would stand out in any food fight, but the School Nutrition Association hails her as a pioneer for her groundbreaking junk-food ban, which takes on suppliers such as Coca-Cola and Frito-Lay that count on selling to schools to establish brand loyalty in kids. Like a growing number of youngsters in the U.S., kids in Texas have been getting fatter. Over a third of all school-age children in the state are overweight or obese, far worse than the national rate of 10% to 15%. By 2040, the costs of treating those kids when they become obese adults is expected to hit $40 billion a year for Texas alone. But hardly anybody seems willing to do much about the problem. Cash-strapped school districts are reluctant to give up their slice of the $104 million that outside food vendors make in the state from the likes of supersize sodas and pizzas each year. Although California was the first state to forbid soft-drink sales at elementary and junior high schools last year, bans on junk food in schools face opposition across the U.S. A bill by Iowa's Senator Tom Harkin, a Democrat, to let the Federal Government develop nutrition guidelines for vending-machine food was scuttled by both parties. No other state has a food ban as strict as the one in Texas. Even Mom's home-baked goodies, sold to benefit the school art program or the prom, can't be eaten during school hours.

A fourth-generation Texas cattle rancher, Combs is given to straight talking and no-nonsense solutions. "The stats are so clear, the problem so dire, the financial problems so enormous, can we *not* address it?" she asks. Her detractors call her the Food Nazi behind her back—to which she replies serenely, "I prefer czarina, not that they'll understand the difference." The sniping about lost revenues from PTA bake sales and vending machines just leaves her exasperated. "Are we going to sell marijuana to build gyms?" she says, relishing the hyperbole. "Well, the health-care consequences of this food are that bad."

A mother of three (her 25-year-old son is a Marine on duty in Iraq), Combs, 59, has been interested in children's issues since she was a young prosecutor in Dallas working child-abuse cases. When she became Texas agriculture commissioner in 1999, she noted the rise in childhood obesity but had the authority to do little besides tout healthy farm products. Her breaking point came, she says, at a school in San Marcos, when the principal explained why the school needed junk food in vending machines as an obese young boy sat right in front of him. "We have food chaos in our schools, with coaches selling food, moms selling food, PTAs selling, Project Graduation, the Kiwanis, and then there's the manufacturers trying to get into the schools to build brand loyalty," she says.



HEALTHIER CHOICES Grain bars, nuts, baked chips and Fig Newtons are available in cafeteria vending machines

But even a lifelong Republican in a Republican state can do only so much. At first Combs couldn't get the Texas legislature to limit vending-machine sales, but in 2003, working behind the scenes with Governor Rick Perry, she got the federally funded breakfast and lunch programs transferred from the Texas education agency to the agriculture department, giving her oversight of the outside vendors. Last March she announced the new policy on junk food, to be implemented when school began in August. Combs has made adjustments over the months since, backing down on a ban on sweets at birthday parties and allowing bake sales—although students can't eat their purchases until the last bell has rung. And while kids can still bring whatever they want for lunch from home—"If you want to send deep-fat-fried Twinkies every day, that's your business," says Combs—no sharing is allowed.

By cracking down on the parent bake sales as well as the corporate vending machines, Combs has avoided a plate-throwing confrontation with big contractors who bristled at the suggestion that their products were making kids fat. Some suppliers of prepared school lunches have even embraced new rules that set a weekly limit on the amount of fat and sugar in the meals. Food-service provider Aramark, for instance, offers popular dishes like penne Alfredo made with less fat. Pizza Hut has reconfigured its school pizza to meet the new fat requirements. Frito-Lay brought in baked chips rather than fried ones and cut portion sizes. Coca-Cola, Pepsi and Nestlé hustled in healthier new offerings too.

Early skeptics, from principals to PTA moms, are coming around to Combs' point of view, but it hasn't been painless. Richardson High School, north of Dallas, had to shut down its profitable Eagle Emporium, which sold candy that paid for VCRs in every room as well as sheet music for the choir. "As sad as I was to lose the money," says former PTA head Pat Epstein, "we don't need to be stuffing our kids with bad food." At Haggar Elementary School in nearby Plano, principal Vicki Aldridge mourned the loss of the Donuts for Dads events, but was pleasantly surprised when parents bought $800 worth of books for the school instead of spending the money on doughnuts and other sweets.

Meanwhile, Combs has urged PTAs to offer healthy alternatives—muffins, fruit or water—at food sales and encouraged teachers to reward kids with coupons redeemable at in-school stores for nonfood prizes. She has a new assignment for herself as well: addressing the state's lack of adequate physical-education programs and the cancellation of recess. "We cram them full of unhealthy food and don't let them expend it," says Combs. "It's a recipe for disaster." Look for a Susan Combs recipe to fix that too. ■

I clearly need to rethink my culinary prejudices about the black bread, floury potato, cabbage-obsessed Russia. There is a burgeoning life there of which I only had a tiny taste and I can't wait to go back to sample more.

Rags and riches

Fashion is a way of defining our identity, writes John Andrews. However ephemeral, it is here to stay

AT THE January shows of women's high fashion in Paris, John Galliano, the designer for Dior, sent his models tottering along the runway dressed like gold-clad Pharaonic princesses, with towering head-dresses and masked faces. Emanuel Ungaro chose to flaunt extraordinary swirls of colour, micro-miniskirts and ruffles and veils that would make sitting in a taxi or eating lunch physically impossible. Donatella Versace showed dresses fit for a rockstar diva - all skin-revealing holes and sparkling fringes - but probably not for the girl on the commuter train.

It is easy to indulge an anti-fashion, predominantly male prejudice. As Bob Kerrey, a former American senator from Nebraska, puts it: "I saw fashion as more of a frivolous activity - beautiful women walking down runways with clothes no one can wear." Yet Mr Kerrey has had to change his view. Three years ago he became president of New York's New School University, which includes the Parsons School of Design, breeding ground for much of the American fashion industry. Now he realises that "fashion is a very serious business": it is the third-largest employer in New York after health care and finance. It keeps much of the advertising industry going; it plays a vital part in the retail trade; and, in a world of trade disputes and cotton subsidies, it is politically sensitive.

So why the prejudice? One answer is that it seems absurd to pay several hundred dollars for a cotton T-shirt from a "name" designer when a virtually identical garment can be bought in a supermarket for $10; or to spend almost $300 on a bikini so tiny it would hardly serve as a handkerchief. Worse, it smacks of wastefulness. Instead of frittering money away on pointless luxury, why not support a deserving charity?

Another answer is that, witness Mr Galliano's latest collection, the clothes often invite ridicule. No sane woman is going to walk down the high street looking as though she has just stepped from an ancient Egyptian tomb. Few women other than Madonna ever wore the conical metallic-looking bra designed by Jean-Paul Gaultier in 1990. Both Mr Galliano and Mr Gaultier are perfectly capable of making wearable clothes, so the idea must be to create publicity; but this only serves to increase the sneers of the fashion-averse.

No escape

However, there may be a third answer: a resentment of the fact that we are all fashion victims. "Clothes maketh the man," and what we wear matters. The elegant Parisienne who strolls along Avenue Montaigne in her Moschino jacket, Christian Lacroix skirt and Manolo Blahnik shoes is identified with a particular set. But so too is the London businessman hurrying along Pall Mall: his fashion is the pinstripe suit and dreadful club tie. The difference is that the Parisienne follows a fashion cycle that turns with the season; the clubman's cycle turns with the decade - and woe betide the fellow who tries to speed it up with a vermilion jacket lining.

The underlying paradox is that fashion, by definition ephemeral, is always with us. In the mid-1990s young black men, first in America and later in Europe, would roll up one trouser leg, apparently to symbolise the shackles their ancestors had to wear. It was the mark of a collective identity. Today, teenage boys insist on wearing baggy jeans so low that the crotch is almost at knee level. Teenage girls, for their part, insist on "low-rise" jeans, a revisitation of the hipster jeans of the 1960s, but this time worn with a bare midriff. Yet the mere fact that these fashions are so widespread means they must be about to disappear. In the world of fashion nothing is for keeps.

What exactly does fashion encompass? Older consumers think of clothing, harking back to the days when Christian Dior would take his tape measure and decree next season's hem length. Younger people have a broader definition: "what's in" covers not just clothes but music - hence the transformation of Sean Combs, variously known as Puff Daddy and P. Diddy, from hip-hop

singer and record producer to fashion leader, complete with a successful clothes label, Sean John.
Financial analysts have their own takes on the subject. For some, fashion means the world of luxury goods, from the haute couture labels of Paris to the handbag- and shoemakers of Italy and the watchmakers and jewellers of Switzerland - and most of those, it seems, produce their own perfumes as well. For others, fashion means a world of shops, from swanky stores such as Le Bon Marche in Paris to mass retailers such as America's Target.
This survey happily accepts all those definitions, but excludes watches and jewellery. After all, an expensive watch is bought to last, and diamonds, we are told, are forever - which is something fashion can never be. It must perpetually renew itself to avoid being boring.

This science is simply nonsense

(Guardian Unlimited. Filed: 28/04/2004)

Social sciences students are being duped by universities pretending that all opinions are equally valid, says Max Steuer

Students who are considering going to university to study a social science should think hard. So should their parents, the Government and anyone else who will be paying for the experience. The reason is that a growing proportion of social science departments are not doing social science at all.
Many are actively opposed to science in any form, especially when it comes to studying social matters. Instead, they engage in what they think of as literary or philosophical activity, but it is practised at a level so pitifully low that it would not be tolerated in any serious department of philosophy or literature.
Practitioners of this type of "pretend" social science try to make out that there is no such thing as knowledge, and that all opinions are equally valid. The claim is that all we have is "talk", though they prefer the word "discourse". You may have your discourse; someone else will have another. Science in all its forms is just another discourse, so they maintain. Being unwilling to undertake the demanding work that is science, they assert that one opinion is as good as another. If they were right, there would be very little reason to go to university.
It is usual to dress up this kind of extreme nonsense in fancy language. Obscure foreign words are used, along with unintelligible English ones. It is tempting to give an example, but brevity is not common in this activity. The teaching and the publications coming from "pretend" social science departments are peppered with references to figures such as Foucault, Habermas, Latour and Derrida. The more obscure and unintelligible the teaching and the writing, the better. The goal is to appear profound.
It is difficult for students to resist this kind of endeavour. Once one gets into the swim of it, in an odd way it is comforting. If nothing correct and meaningful can be said, then nothing wrong can be said either. The sustained effort needed to learn about something is no longer deemed necessary.
A shortcut to being educated is on offer. Just talk the talk, and leave it at that. This can turn students' heads. And then, there are examinations. Good grades matter. These can be achieved by responding in the manner of your teachers. It is surprising how few students notice, or are prepared to point out, that the emperor, or the teacher, has no academic clothes.
There are five major social sciences: anthropology, economics, political science, social psychology and sociology. Anthropology and sociology are particularly prone to being taught by those who favour the "post" and "beyond" style of writing.
This holds that knowledge may have existed at some time, but today we have something else. Among the more narrowly focused social science endeavours, such as demography, socio-

linguistics, media studies and information systems, the latter two have more than their share of would-be scholars who have gone off the rails intellectually.
A university education should involve learning how to think more effectively. It should involve the ability to sift sense from nonsense. It should encourage the ability to question, and to know when one understands something, and when not. A certain humility and the willingness to recognise one might be wrong does not go amiss. Education can be sheer pleasure. It also should include an appreciation of the need for sustained effort.
Those social science departments afflicted with the modern disease encourage exactly the opposite of what an education should provide. Students learn to be dismissive. The ability to discriminate is weakened, along with the ability to follow an argument. Fancy style is what matters.
Of course, science, including social science, cannot solve all our problems. What social science can do, when practised seriously, is give the best answers we have to a great range of important social questions. But those departments that have turned their backs on their designated task have not replaced social science with something interesting. They have replaced it with extremes of muddled thinking parading as wisdom.
The abandoning of social science by many departments that purport to teach the subject is not confined to the newer or less highly regarded institutions. Fashionable nonsense can readily be found in very well known and highly regarded institutions. So how can prospective students find out what they might be letting themselves in for?
There is no need to give up on social science. There are able people doing excellent work in some departments in all the social sciences. The educational experience can be as good as any. The problem is how to avoid signing up for a "pretend" department.
The key point is not to go by the university's overall reputation. Some careful and informed inquiry is needed. Maybe this article could serve as a litmus test. Measured questioning of the claims I make is clearly appropriate. Outrage in response to what is asserted here should make one suspicious.
A more direct test, if one can actually apply it, is to find out what the teachers really think. Any department with a substantial number of members who believe that something happened some years ago that makes knowledge impossible today is clearly suspect. The prospective student is strongly advised to look elsewhere.

Communiqué of United Arab Emirates-United Kingdom Taskforce meeting
16 September 2010
The Taskforce agreed a range of areas in which the two countries would look to extend and deepen cooperation over the next twelve months.

The second meeting of the UAE-UK Taskforce took place at the new Ministry of Foreign Affairs building in Abu Dhabi on 15 September 2010.
The meeting was hosted by His Excellency Dr Anwar Gargash, the UAE’s Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. The UK delegation was led by Alistair Burt MP, Minister for the Middle East and South Asia at the UK’s Foreign and Commonwealth Office.
The Taskforce was established in July 2010 following the visits of British Prime Minister David Cameron to the UAE, and UAE Foreign Minister HH Sheikh Abdullah bin Zayed Al Nahyan to the UK, with the intention of further strengthening the ties between the two countries.
The Taskforce members noted that strong historical links and shared values between the UK and the UAE provided an excellent foundation for cooperation, and agreed that the Taskforce should build on these to deliver concrete and mutually beneficial objectives.
In light of this, the Taskforce agreed a range of areas in which the two countries would look to extend and deepen cooperation over the next twelve months, including defence and security;

trade and investment; energy and climate change; international development; culture, education, health and sport; and consular relations.

On defence and security, the Taskforce recognised the potential for, and importance of, increased cooperation, welcomed the intensive dialogue between the two countries, and agreed to develop specific and enhanced commitments, underpinned by common assessments of threats. The Taskforce also agreed to enhance cooperation on law enforcement, economic crime and terrorist financing.

On trade and investment, the Taskforce agreed concrete steps towards realizing the ambition of increasing bilateral trade across all sectors to 65 billion Dhirams/£12 billion by 2015, including by agreeing to hold an early Joint Economic Committee meeting and by consulting on the establishment of a private-sector led UAE-UK Business Council to facilitate trade and investment between the countries. The Taskforce committed to work to promote free trade and to vigorously oppose any trend towards rising protectionism.

On energy and climate change, the Taskforce noted burgeoning collaborations between the two countries and identified opportunities for further joint working, including by using the upcoming European Future Energy Forum as an opportunity to promote investment between the two countries. The Taskforce members also agreed that the UAE and the UK will work closely together as hosts of the next two Clean Energy Ministerial summits to provide effective global leadership in the field of low carbon energy. The Taskforce also recognized the long-standing partnerships in the oil and gas sectors.

The Taskforce also recognized the leadership that the UAE is showing in its responsible and transparent approach to developing nuclear energy as a source of electricity for its citizens, and affirmed its desire to increase regulatory and commercial cooperation on nuclear energy, including through early signature of a UAE-UK Nuclear Cooperation Agreement.

On consular relations, recognising the more than 100,000 British residents in the UAE and around 50,000 UAE visitors to the UK each year, the Taskforce members agreed to conclude an early memorandum of understanding to ensure that consular procedures are proportionate and fit for the purpose of supporting increased tourism, business and friendship between the two countries while ensuring the security of each countries' citizens. The Parties also agreed to consult further on emergency travel procedures.

The Taskforce recognized the enormous range of interchanges between the two countries in the fields of culture, education, health and sport and looked forward to seeing planned collaborations realized and the continued development of new ones. The Taskforce specifically welcomed the planned partnership between the Sheikh Zayed Museum and the British Museum.

The Taskforce also discussed cooperation on political and international development issues, agreeing that UAE and UK policymakers should actively share expertise and experience, with a view to maximizing the impact of their common efforts. In this regard the Taskforce discussed:

• Pakistan, where the Taskforce expressed profound concern for those suffering as a result of the floods and committed to working together to ensure the people and government of Pakistan are provided with long term support, not just short term crisis relief, and in light of that endorsed the important contribution that the Friends of Pakistan initiative can make to supporting the long term stability of that country;

• Afghanistan, where the Taskforce reaffirmed support for addressing the long term challenge of promoting economic development, political stability and security, and noted the immediate challenge of enabling effective parliamentary elections;

• Yemen, where the Taskforce recognized the multiple challenges facing that country and committed to focus on the long term stability and development of Yemen as a key priority, and looked forward to agreeing further actions and assistance with the Government of Yemen at the next Friends of Yemen meeting; and

• the Middle East Peace Process, where the Taskforce welcomed the renewed dialogue, recognized the imperative that these negotiations are successful, and pledged to support measures leading to a just and comprehensive peace.
The Taskforce also agreed to hold an early, joint meeting on international development issues, engaging Ministries of Foreign Affairs, aid ministries and aid experts, to identify opportunities for closer coordination.
The Taskforce condemned the ongoing piracy in the Gulf of Aden, agreed to redouble their efforts to tackle this threat, and welcomed the UAE's proposal to organise an international conference on this issue.
The Taskforce reiterated its call for Iran to comply fully with UN Security Council Resolutions on its nuclear programme. The Taskforce also called for there to be a just solution to the dispute over the islands of Abu Musa, Greater Tunb and Lesser Tunb, either through bilateral negotiation or by submitting the issue to the International Court of Justice or another form of international arbitration.
Finally, the Taskforce welcomed the upcoming visits of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II to the UAE and His Highness General Sheikh Mohammed bin Zayed Al Nahyan to the UK. It noted that these visits represent significant opportunities to continue the process of building and showcasing partnership between the two countries.

Paris Summit for the Support to the Libyan People: Communique

Bureau of European and Eurasian Affairs
March 19, 2011

At the invitation of President of the French Republic, M. Nicolas SARKOZY, Mr. Ban Ki Moon, Secretary-General of the United Nations ; Mr. José Luis Zapatero, President of the Government of the Kingdom of Spain, Mrs. Angela Merkel, Federal Chancellor of Germany ; Mr. Steven Harper, Prime Minister of Canada; Sheikh Hamad Bin Jassem, Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affaires of the State of Qatar ; Mr. Donald Tusk, President of the Council of Ministers of the Republic of Poland ; Mr. Lars Loekke Rasmussen, Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Denmark ; Mr. Silvio Berlusconi, President of the Council of Ministers of the Italian Republic ; Mr. George Papandreou, Prime Minister de la Hellenic Republic ; Mr. Jens Stoltenberg, Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Norway ; Mr. Yves Leterme, Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Belgium ; Mr. David Cameron, Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland ; Mr. Mark Rutte, Prime Minister of the Kingdom of the Netherlands ; Mr. Amr Moussa, Secretary-General of the League of Arab States ; Mr. Herman Van Rompuy, President of the European Council ; Mrs. Catherine Ashton, European Union High Representative for Foreign affairs and Security policy ; Mr. Hoshyar Mahmoud Zebari, Foreign minister of the Republic of Irak ; Sheikh Abdullah Bin Zayed Al Nahyan, Foreign minister of the United Arab Emirates ;Mrs. Hillary Clinton, Secretary of State of the United States of America ; Mr. Nasser Joudeh, Foreign minister of the Kingdom of Jordan ; Mr. Taïeb Fassi-Fihri, Foreign minister of the Kingdom of Morocco.
At the end of the summit, the following declaration was adopted:
Since 15 February this year, the Libyan people have been peacefully expressing the rejection of their leaders and their aspiration for change. In the face of these legitimate requests coming from all over the country, the Libyan regime has carried out a growing brutal crackdown, using weapons of war against his own people and perpetrating against them grave and massive violations of humanitarian law.
Despite the demands which the Security Council expressed in UNSCR 1970 on 26 February, despite the condemnations of the Arab League, African Union, Organization of the Islamic Conference's Secretary-General and European Union, as well as very many governments in the

world, the Libyan regime has stepped up its violence in order to impose by force its will on that of its people.
This situation is intolerable.
We express our satisfaction after the adoption of UNSC 1973 which, inter alia, demands an immediate and complete ceasefire, authorises the taking of all necessary measures to protect civilians against attacks and establishes a no-fly zone over Libya. Finally, it strengthened and clarified the arms embargo vis-à-vis the Libyan regime and the rules applicable to the Libyan asset freeze, in particular on the National Oil Company, and travel restrictions against the Gaddafi's regime.
While contributing in differentiated way to the implementation of UNSCR 1973, we are determined to act collectively and resolutely to give full effect to these decisions.
Muammar Gaddafi and those executing his orders must immediately end the acts of violence carried out against civilians, to withdraw from all areas they have entered by force, return to their compounds, and allow full humanitarian access. We reiterate that the Security Council took the view that Libyan regime's forces actions may amount to crimes against humanity and that, to this end, it has referred the matter to the International Criminal Court.
We are determined to take all necessary action, including military, consistent with UNSCR 1973, to ensure compliance with all its requirements.
We assure the Libyan people of our determination to be at their side to help them realise their aspirations and build their future and institutions within a democratic framework.
We recall that UN Security Council resolution 1973 does not allow for any occupation of, or attempt to occupy the Libyan territory.
We pay tribute to the courageous action of the Libyan National Transition Council (NTC) and all the Libyans in positions of responsibility who have courageously disassociated themselves from the Libyan regime and given the NTC their support.
Our commitment is for the long term: we will not let Colonel Gaddafi and his regime go on defying the will of the international community and scorning that of his people. We will continue our aid to the Libyans so that they can rebuild their country, fully respecting Libya's sovereignty and territorial integrity.

U.S. Government Assistance to Eastern Europe under the Support for East European Democracy (SEED) Act

January 2004
In the nearly 14 years since the fall of the Berlin Wall and the passage of the Support for East European Democracy (SEED) Act, the countries of Central and Eastern Europe have made great progress in their transition to stable, prosperous democracies. Programs and activities financed under SEED have played an important role in making this progress possible. By helping move the Central and Eastern European countries in the direction of democracy and market-based economies, these programs promote long-term stability in the region and contribute to U.S. national security. In addition, SEED countries have proven valued partners for the United States in the war on terrorism. In Fiscal Year 2003, SEED-funded programs continued to help advance good governance and fight corruption, strengthen civil society and the independent media, enhance market reforms, create economic opportunity, mitigate conflict, fight disease, reduce threats of weapons of mass destruction, prevent trafficking in persons and contraband, and promote the rule of law and human rights throughout the region.
As the United States pursues the global war on terrorism as a top priority, SEED programs have become an important tool in the U.S. Government's engagement with the countries of the region. Where SEED once was predominantly focused on supporting the creation of the building blocks for democratic, free market societies, it is now also involved in providing the technical and financial means to governments to make their borders more secure, target illegal activities

that may be linked to terrorism, and improve law enforcement in accordance with democratic norms. As governments become stronger in these areas, the United States is more secure as well. SEED programs, from their onset, were intended to be transitional in nature. There have been substantial changes and reductions in the program already, as most of the countries in the region have moved toward integration into Euro-Atlantic institutions, principally NATO and the European Union, and toward becoming members in good standing in the Western community of nations. Of the 15 countries covered by the SEED Act, three are NATO members already, with another seven scheduled for membership in spring 2004. Eight of the 15 are slated to join the EU at about the same time. As a result, the program's focus has shifted predominantly to Southeastern Europe, where most of the countries were involved in or deeply affected by the Balkan wars of the 1990s. All are still challenged, in varying degrees, by economic and social problems, high unemployment, interethnic tension, inadequate legal structures and practices, widespread corruption, and other problems.

Steps to begin the phase-out of SEED assistance for the most advanced countries have accompanied the program's redirection predominantly toward Southeastern Europe. Plans for Croatia and Bulgaria to phase out, with FY 2006 as the last year of new SEED funding, have been outlined already. The Romania program is expected to follow shortly thereafter. Under my direction, the Office of the Coordinator of Assistance to Europe and Eurasia is developing these plans and will look ahead to other possible candidates as well. Phase-out strategies can cover a whole country program or simply those parts that may no longer be required. They will be prepared on the basis of an assessment of progress, or lack thereof, against the broad range of economic and democratic reform indicators collected by the European Bank for Reconstruction and Development, Freedom House, and other such organizations. These assessments will inform our decisions on assistance priorities and keep funding focused on the areas of greatest need. In developing phase-out strategies for SEED assistance in a given country or sector within a country, the U.S. Government will make every effort to leave behind a legacy of sustainable institutions that can continue to promote democratic reform and the growth of market economies.

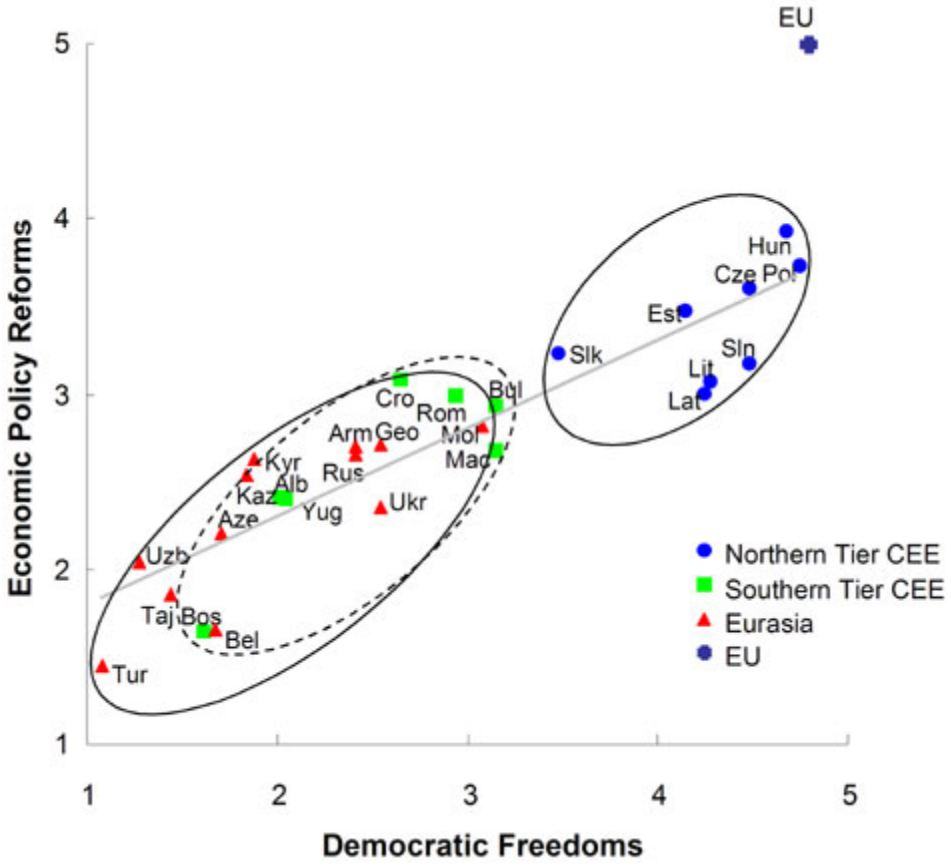
The past year was one of many important accomplishments, and some changing emphases, for the SEED program. Throughout the region, from the most advanced to the poorest countries, SEED stands as a symbol of continuing U.S. engagement and commitment. The greatest emphasis was on the still-volatile Balkans. The overarching goal of SEED assistance to such countries as Albania, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Macedonia, and Serbia and Montenegro is to help them stand completely on their own feet, politically, economically, and socially, and with reasonable prospects for eventual full integration into Euro-Atlantic structures. Assistance to Kosovo addresses both the underlying causes of ethnic tension and the implementation of the standards that will be the basis for Kosovo's future status.

To that end, SEED has supported a wide range of democracy building, economic reform, rule of law, and civil society programs. As a result, in Bosnia and Herzegovina over a million refugees and displaced persons have returned home. Albania, along with others in the region, is effectively attacking the scourge of trafficking in persons. In Macedonia, political stability is taking hold under the Framework Agreement for peace. Serbia and Montenegro has taken initial steps on political and economic transformation and needs to move the process forward. In Kosovo, microfinance programs have created tens of thousands of jobs, but more needs to be done to help Kosovars develop confidence in their economic future and integrate all Kosovars into economic and political life. While progress has not been achieved in a straight line, most of these areas are well ahead of where they were even three years ago. There is reason to expect that such progress will continue, if the United States maintains its involvement and commitment to getting the job done.

Bulgaria, Croatia, and Romania represent the next tier up in the reform process. Though all three have experienced difficulties and even turmoil in the transition from their communist past, all have made marked progress. Support from SEED, as well as from other donors and the international financial institutions, has played an important role in their positive evolution.

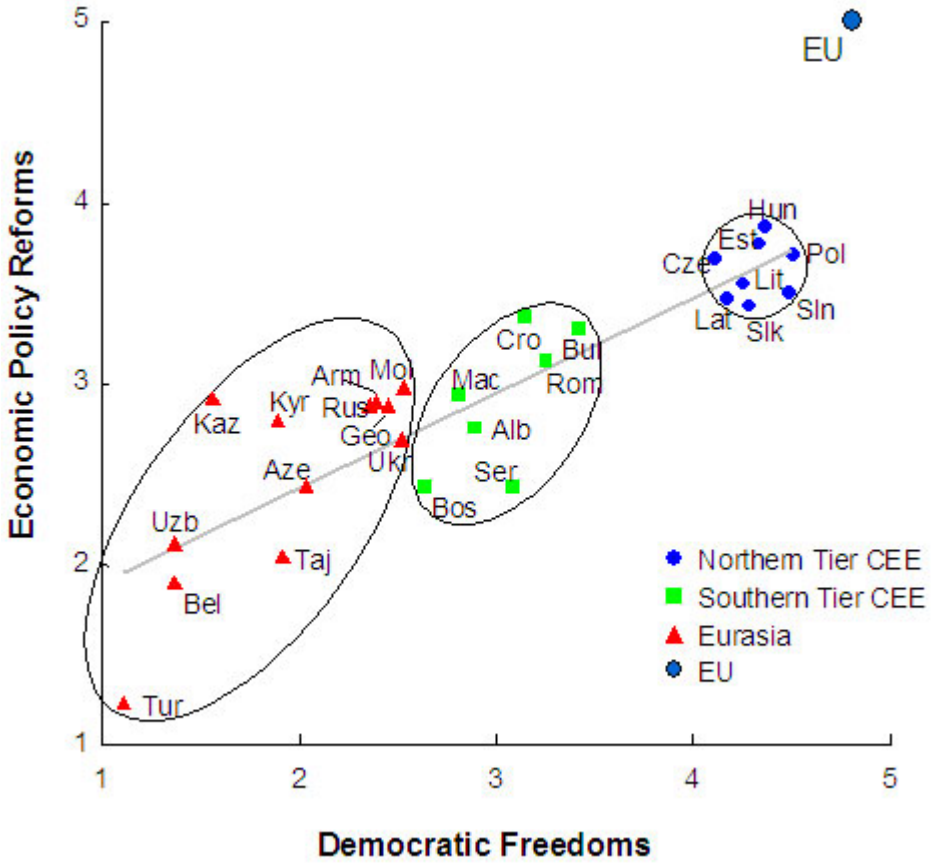
Bulgaria and Romania already are about to enter NATO and have expectations of becoming EU members in 2007. Croatia, while lagging behind the other two on the NATO and EU fronts, is catching up quickly and in many respects is a regional leader economically. The challenge for their governments, and for SEED, is to do everything possible to keep them on their current track. Relatively modest SEED assistance has filled critical gaps in all three countries, especially in such areas as the rule of law, health care reform, support for civil society, and anti-corruption.
In the eight countries where bilateral SEED assistance has largely phased out already the Czech Republic, Estonia, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Slovakia, and Slovenia the Embassy Democracy Commission small grants programs were the main vehicle for assistance and continued to provide material and moral support to local non-governmental organizations to help strengthen civil society. These grants of up to $25,000 each (most were much smaller) helped indigenous NGOs to pursue important agendas, in such varied areas as human rights, interethnic understanding, Holocaust awareness, women's issues, the mentally and physically challenged, get-out-the-vote activities, the environment, and youth volunteerism, to mention only a few. Other SEED funds, through Department of Justice programs, have given important support to promoting the rule of law and improving law enforcement in the recipient countries. Also, USAID's Partnership for Financial Stability has given valuable, short-term assistance to Central Banks and Ministries of Finance to help them bring their practices up to Western standards.
Ever since the terrorist attacks against the United States on September 11, 2001, SEED assistance has focused more sharply on terrorism-related areas in all of the countries where the program is active. This can mean, for example, providing help to host governments in drafting anti-terrorist legislation, training in tracking illegal movements of funds, advice and equipment to strengthen border controls against possible smuggling of weapons of mass destruction or their components, and specialized training for police.
Following this introduction, two charts are included that provide snapshots of country progress on economic and democratic reform, the first from 1998 and the second from 2002. The charts reflect the overall progress made by each SEED country in various economic and democratic reform areas relative to the other East European and Eurasian countries, as well as to European Union levels of performance.
In a new departure for this year's SEED report, we are providing a brief statement of U.S. interests, an overview of U.S. Government assistance, sections on assistance priorities and sectoral assessments, and a section on country performance measures for the countries for which there are bilateral SEED programs Albania, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Bulgaria, Croatia, Macedonia, Romania, and Serbia and Montenegro, as well as Kosovo. For the eight countries where bilateral SEED assistance has already phased out the Czech Republic, Estonia, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Hungary, Poland, Slovakia, and Slovenia no country performance measures are provided, since their small residual SEED programs all are ending.
While much important work remains to be done in Central and Eastern Europe, clearly an important corner has been turned. Today the whole area covered by the SEED Act is much closer than at any time since 1989 to being part of a Europe whole, free, and at peace. For that we have to thank not only the dedicated, hardworking people of those countries, but also the visionaries who conceived the SEED Act and the countless people from the Department of State, USAID, U.S. law enforcement, American consulting firms, universities, NGOs, and many others for their dedicated work. While the job is not finished yet, we are headed in the right direction.
Carlos E. Pascual
Coordinator of U.S. Assistance
for Europe and Eurasia

Economic Policy Reforms and Democratic Freedoms in Central & Eastern Europe and Eurasia: 1998



Ratings of democratic freedoms are from Freedom House, Nations in Transit 1998 (October 1998) and Freedom House, Freedom in the World 1998-1999 (June 1999), and assess reforms through December 1998. With 1 exception, economic policy reform ratings are from EBRD, Transition Report 1998 (November 1998), and cover events through early September 1998; economic policy reform rating for Yugoslavia is from Freedom House (October 1998). Ratings are based on a 1 to 5 scale, with 5 representing most advanced.

Economic Policy Reforms and Democratic Freedoms in Central & Eastern Europe and Eurasia: 2002



Ratings of democratic freedoms are from Freedom House, Nations in Transit 2003 (2003) and cover events through December 2002. Economic policy reform ratings are from EBRD, Transition Report 2002 (November 2002), and cover events through September 2002. Economic policyreforms include price liberalization, trade and foreign exchange, privatization, legal, banking and capital markets, enterprise restructuring (credit and subsidy policy), and infrastructure reforms. Democratic freedoms include political rights (free and fair elections; openness of the political system to competing political parties and to minority group representation; governance and public administration) and civil liberties (free media and judiciary; freedom to develop NGOs and trade unions; equality of opportunity and freedom from corruption). Ratings are based on a 1 to 5 scale, with 5 representing most advanced.

Remarks to the Press on the Release of the 2010 Country Reports on Human Rights Practices

Remarks
Michael H. Posner
Assistant Secretary, Bureau of Democracy, Human Rights, and Labor
Washington, DC
April 8, 2011

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Thank you, Madam Secretary. I want to just start by saying a few words of acknowledgement. As Secretary Clinton said, this is a mammoth undertaking. The report covers 194 countries in the world. It's over 2 million words long, in excess of 7,000 pages. It's the reflection of tens of thousands of hours of work by hundreds of people, both here in the Department and by human – by Foreign Service officers throughout the world. And I want to say a special thanks to the people in our bureau, the Bureau of Democracy, Human Rights, and Labor, who've worked so hard over many months to make the report as

excellent as it is, and in particular the overall editor and chief architect of it, Steve Eisenbraun. For the last five years, Steve has really driven this process.

I want to just say a couple of words about the purpose of the report. Originally in the 1970s, two members of Congress, Don Fraser and Tom Harkin, now Senator Harkin, introduced legislation in Congress linking human rights to security and economic aid. The report came out of that, a desire to inform Congress of what's happening in the world vis-a-vis these decisions about foreign assistance. Now it's much more. It is the single most exhaustive report by human rights done by anyone anywhere in the world, and it is based on a notion of fidelity to the truth.

This is not a policy-making document. It's a document to give us a clear and honest picture of what's going on and a basis for a range of decisions by this government and others in terms of how to address human rights challenges we face in the world. It doesn't include a section on the United States, but we are committed, as Secretary Clinton has said many times, to lead by example on these issues. And just last month, Harold Koh, the legal advisor here, and one of my deputies, Dan Baer, were in Geneva to complete a six-month process of submitting the United States to a process called the Universal Periodic Review at the UN Human Rights Council, where, for the first time, we presented a comprehensive evaluation of U.S. progress and U.S. issues relating to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. We did that after extensive consultation with our own civil society, took comments from a range of other governments, came back last month and provided a range of ways in which we're addressing our own domestic situation.

I want to just say a couple of words, and then I'm going to take your questions, about the trends that Secretary Clinton mentioned. The restrictions against NGOs: In the last several years we've seen more than 90 countries impose new restrictions on nongovernmental organizations. These laws often are burdensome restrictions on registration or the right to receive foreign funding. This week, for example, we're in a diplomatic negotiation with the Government of Cambodia, which is now considering adopting a new law to this effect, which would make it much more difficult for Cambodian human rights and other organizations to operate. In July last year, Secretary Clinton gave a speech on this at the Community of Democracies in Krakow. We've set up a fund calling the Endangered NGO Fund, and we've now gotten a number of other governments – the Dutch, the Poles, the Chileans, the Lithuanians – to join us in funding a collective effort to address this problem.

The second subject is internet freedom, and certainly if there are lessons from the so-called Arab Spring, it's both that the internet and these new technologies provide an extraordinary opportunity for activists to communicate with each other, to mobilize, to organize, but also that there are risks attendant to these new technologies. Our internet policy is based on an open, neutral platform for communication, whether it's by human rights activists, by commercial interests for innovation or whatever. But we also recognize that we need to do more diplomatically, through our funding and support for groups that are involved in human rights using the internet, and also to work with NGOs directly and with companies. We're doing all of that through an internet freedom initiative that the Secretary announced in a speech in February. And I'm very proud of it. I think it's one of the most important things we're doing.

And finally, the third aspect of this report, the third trend that we talked about, the discrimination against vulnerable groups. What we're seeing in many places in the world – Pakistan, she mentioned, in China, in Tibet, and Xinjiang with the Uyghurs, in places around Africa, where the LGBT communities are under threat, in places in Europe or the Middle East, where anti-Semitism still flourishes – we're seeing that these issues of discrimination that divide often lead to conflict. And what we need to do and what we are doing is addressing these issues again by our diplomacy, our public diplomacy and privately, and also trying to focus particularly on education and on the media, which plays such an important part either in fueling these conflicts or trying to address them in constructive ways. Let me stop there, and I'm happy to take your questions, please.

Yes, sir.

QUESTION: Good morning. Sir, in your Near East section, you cover Iran, Iraq, Syria, Bahrain, and Libya. But there is no mention of the human rights situation in the occupied Palestinian territories. So do you believe that –
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: I'm sorry. No mention of –
QUESTION: There's no mention of the human rights situation in the occupied Palestinian territories. My question to you, sir, do you believe that Israel adheres to good or maintains good human rights practices toward the Palestinians? And conversely, does the Palestinian Authority maintain proper and good human rights practices toward its Palestinian citizens?
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: We, in fact – I guess you're looking at the introduction. We have a section both on Israel and a separate section on the territories, and in the section on the territories, we comment both on human rights problems, violations by the Palestinian Authority, by Hamas, and by the Government of Israel. So yes, we're very mindful of it. There are a range of issues, challenges on all of those fronts, and we continue to be very active in addressing those issues.
Yeah.
QUESTION: Correct me if I'm wrong, but I thought that the – that you did include the United States in last year's report. Can you say why that was excluded this time?
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: The report done last year on trafficking in persons included a U.S. section. We've never done it here.
QUESTION: Right. Okay.
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: And what we've done, essentially, is to, instead, focus – at least for this year – on the Universal Periodic Review. We're also going to be submitting, in the next couple of months, reports under a couple of treaties – the Covenant on Civil and Political Rights will come first, and then our report on the Convention Against All Forms of Torture.
QUESTION: And then just if I can –
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Sure.
QUESTION: Separate topic, in a number of the cases, a number of the sections on countries that have seen uprisings this year, the first line is, "Inability to change their governments." Can you kind of talk a little bit about how some of the conditions you saw last year may have led to what we're seeing this year?
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Sure. One of the things that I – one of the countries I've devoted probably more attention to than any is Egypt. I was there twice in 2010, in January and October, and commented on – publicly there – on a range of concerns we had about systemic human rights problems, including the state of emergency, including problems with state security police, including detention policy and the like. All of those things are documented in detail in this report on 2010. And obviously, those were some of the things – important piece of why people took to the square in January, and this led to change.
Please.
QUESTION: Thank you. I know the report says that you can't generalize. A lot of the countries that were swept up with this in the Mid-East and North Africa are very different. But is there any type of overall trend that you – as you look at this now that could say a general improvement because of these revolutions? And bearing in mind, again, it's a 2010 report, but you did have some new information.
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Yeah. I guess I would say, first of all, I'm a chronic optimist. I've been in the human rights world for 30-some years, and I always believe that – I look for what's possible. And what I see that's possible and that is a trend in the Middle East is that you have individual citizens who have operated and lived in very closed societies who are demanding change. They're demanding change in a couple of ways. They're seeking more of a stake and a role in the governance of their country. They want to be involved more in the political side. And they're also seeking greater economic opportunity. They want to live in dignity. They want to be treated fairly. Those are human rights aspirations. And although the

particulars in the countries are very different, and the outcomes may be very different, what's interesting is how much what started in Tunisia has now spread across the region, and in some cases, against all odds people have said, "We really want our voices to be heard." I think that's an optimistic trend, and again, we will wait and see how it turns out, but it's certainly something we're encouraging.

Yes.

QUESTION: Yes, sir. This report has been coming out for the last 38 years. Millions of people now in China, including Tibetans and so many other minorities, are seeking and want to come out, but each time they are repressed, and because like you said, many societies are closed societies. China is maybe the most closed society on the globe. What message do you have those people who want to come out just like the rest of the world in the Middle East and Tunisia and also Libya? They want to come out, and they have been suppressed as far as their human rights and basic rights are concerned.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: One of the things that's very interesting to me and important is the extent to which people around the world pay attention to what we say, and in particular, in these reports. We get – I think the State Department may get more traffic to these reports today and in the coming weeks than almost anything we produce. What that reflects is that people are hungry for the truth about their own societies and about what's going on in the world. That's why this report is so important.

The Chinese Government, as Secretary Clinton said earlier this week, arrested a renowned artist, Ai Weiwei. And yesterday in commenting on that case, they said, "Oh, this is not a human rights case. This has nothing to do with human rights." No, it does. This is an individual, a peaceful dissenter who has been critical of the government. He's a prominent artist and is well known not only in China but around the world. We've called for his immediate release. We will continue to do it.

We'll continue to raise cases like Gao Zhisheng, the human rights lawyer who's been missing for a year now, disappeared last April; like Liu Xiaobo, the Nobel Prize winner who's gotten an 11-year sentence. And people in China hear that. They know it. They find that out. It reinforces their own call for freedom.

And so we are not going to be shy about these things. Secretary – Assistant Secretary Campbell, Kurt Campbell, was in China yesterday. He had meetings with the foreign minister and at least a couple of other senior officials. He raised these cases. We're going to continue to do that because this is what we consider an important part of our diplomacy.

Yes, please.

QUESTION: One more just to follow.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Okay.

QUESTION: On Thailand, sir – thank you – in Thailand, millions of Hindus are under attack as far as human rights are concerned and now so many demonstrations have gone and thousands and thousands of people in Thailand on the streets and also here. In Maryland, they had a function at Hindu American Foundation. What they are asking is the Secretary should take action as far as human rights or the minority – especially Hindus in Thailand – and nobody is paying any attention.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Well, we are paying attention. The report reflects that. And it's also, again, another example of a situation – there are many, many in the world where there are divisions based on ethnicity, religion, race, whatever. Again, these are things that fuel differences, fuel conflict. It's the responsibility of governments everywhere to be trying to figure out how to mitigate those differences and how to create a human rights standard that allows people to be different but to coexist.

Yes, please.

QUESTION: Could you elaborate on the situation – human rights situation in Russia that the Secretary mentioned, especially related to the upcoming elections in December? Some critics have argued that the reset is being conducted at the expense of human rights and

democracy. And more specifically with regard to Belarus, which is also detailed, the U.S. has imposed visa bans on the most – on the senior human rights violators. Is the same measure possible and being considered towards Russian human rights violators?
Thank you.
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Yeah. We are very mindful and very concerned about an increasingly negative human rights environment in Russia. My – one of my deputies, Tom Melia, was out there last week, in fact. Part of what we're seeing is a crackdown on dissenters, the so-called Strategy 31 protestors, who every 31st – month go out and demonstrate in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and other places. March 31st there were demonstrations in seven cities, and there was a crackdown, in particular, in St. Petersburg.
We continue to follow those cases. We raise concerns with the government as Tom did last week. We're also concerned about some of the more public cases like Magnitsky, who died in prison. We continue to call for an investigation. Estemirova – Natalia Estemirova, who – in Chechnya, was monitoring what was happening and was killed because of her advocacy. So there are a range of concerns there, and we will continue to raise them.
In Belarus, you had an election last December, and Lukashenko crackdown arrested dozens of people, including five of his opposition candidates. There's a very grim scene there now where it's very, very difficult for people to operate, which is why we've enacted these sanctions. We continue to be very resolute. We're working with our European allies on this. The human rights situation there is of grave concern to us.
QUESTION: Is it possible for (inaudible) to be (inaudible)?
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: I don't – we have not discussed that.
Yes, please.
QUESTION: Hi. You list a slew of human rights problems in Bahrain. I'm wondering how limited you think you are in your ability to influence Bahrain by the presence of the Fifth Fleet and the national security concerns.
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: We – I was in Bahrain with the Secretary in December. Again, one of my deputies, Kathy Fitzpatrick, was out there in January. We are very mindful of what has really been a deteriorating situation over months in terms of the climate for the kind of dialogue that the Crown Prince has asked for. We are very concerned about the continued arrest and detention of peaceful critics, including some leaders of the political opposition, the fact that some senior newspaper executives have been dismissed and the like. Those things, I think, make it harder for the dialogue to begin.
We're also mindful that on the other side, it's imperative that those who've been demonstrating not resort to violence themselves. But we're at a point now where, as close as we may have come six weeks or two months ago to having that dialogue started, we really need people on all sides of this to begin thinking about what are the confidence-building measures that will bring people back into a dialogue. There are a range of very real issues that need to be addressed. They're not going to be addressed only by security measures. And that message has been communicated by people here and in other parts of our government. We are eager to work with our allies in Bahrain, the government, but we're also very mindful that the situation – the human rights situation is serious.
QUESTION: Can I just follow up?
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Sure.
QUESTION: Do they – do you get the sense that they are receptive to your message? I mean, they – you need them more than they need you.
ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Well, I wouldn't characterize it that way. And I also wouldn't say that there's necessarily a unified response in the government. I think there is a recognition, certainly by some senior people in the government, that where we are right now is not conducive to addressing the challenges. And it's important that there be a resumption of, or a creation of an environment where there can be a dialogue to address the fundamental issues that people who took to the streets are asking about. There's a – there are a set of issues that

need to be discussed. They have to be discussed at a table where people are willing to come and really talk about differences and how to resolve them. We're not there, but we're certainly encouraging all sides to try to get there.

Please.

QUESTION: Can I ask you two quick questions? One, given the important role that the internet played in the revolutions in Northern Africa and the Middle East, are you worried that governments will crack down even harder on internet access? And secondly, if I may, separately, there have been reports of clashes near the Iraqi-Iranian border at Camp Ashraf. I'm sure you're familiar with it. What have you learned about this and what can you tell us?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: On the internet question, we're spending a lot of time trying to stay ahead of the curve here and trying to keep track of what governments are doing. Governments that seek control and that are nervous about dissent are increasingly looking for ways to control the internet. There's a narrative, and it's part of the history of this, that some governments – the Chinese would be an example, or the Iranians – put up a firewall; that's true. And one of the things we're doing is to support technologies, circumvention technologies that allow people to get access to the internet. In fact, we had some – review of some funding applications yesterday, and there are some fantastic technologies that we're now supporting financially.

But the other piece, which I think has been underreported or under-understood, is that most governments aren't going to shut down the internet; they're simply going to go after the people who use it that are dissenters. So they hack into their computers. They take their cell phones when they're arrested and they grab the list of names that are in their address book. They use every technical capacity they have to invade privacy, to monitor what these dissenters are doing. And in a lot of cases, people who are using the internet in these societies aren't sufficiently mindful either of what their possibilities are technically to protect themselves or what the risks are. So we're doing a huge amount of training. We've trained 5,000 people from every region of the world on what are the new opportunities and risks with the internet. I'm really excited about this. I think it's one of the most innovative things we're doing, and other governments are coming to us and saying, "How are you doing this? We want to be involved." This is part of this internet freedom funding initiative.

On the – I'm sorry. The second question was about --

QUESTION: It relates to reported attacks in Iraq –

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Oh. Oh, in – yeah.

QUESTION: Yeah.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: This morning, we got reports of further attacks at Camp Ashraf. Secretary Gates was in Iraq today, expressed concern about the violence. At this stage, I know our Embassy in Baghdad has been in contact with Iraqi officials, but I don't have more details of exactly what happened or why. But I can assure you it's something we're very mindful of. And Secretary Gates, on the scene, was very quick to raise concerns about the loss of life.

Yeah. Please, in the back.

QUESTION: Yeah. How do you view the human rights record in Libya, Yemen, and Syria at this time? Not, as the report mentioned, for last year, 2010.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Well, each – let me take each of those. Libya, obviously, we have for the last 35 years reported on a pattern of human rights abuses by the Qadhafi government. And those abuses continued in 2010 and were part of what – I would say a large part of what led people to take to the streets and create the beginning of what's now become a very violent and very dangerous situation. We continue to be, obviously, involved both on a military side through the no-fly and so forth, but also diplomatically. And I think our greatest hope is that, as Musa Kusa and other officials, senior officials, have started to bail out, we're going to see other defections. And through some combination of the NATO operation and these various diplomatic initiatives, including by the Arab League, we're going to see some

resolution of this. It is not going to be easy, but we are, obviously, very mindful of the human rights consequences of this and the humanitarian consequences. There are very real risks to a large number of people in these areas where the fighting is going on.

In Syria, again, we have had decades of human rights violations, a very restrictive political environment, a very difficult security police, which has crack downed on dissent for many, many years. We had reports again this morning of some violence in Syria. We're tracking that very closely. Our new ambassador there is raising these issues with authorities, but again, people in the country have said we want something different, and that's part of what we're facing there.

The third country you mentioned is Yemen, and there probably in the region outside of Libya is no country where we have greater anxieties over the violence, including violence perpetuated by government forces. That violence is not subsiding, and I can't tell you that I have an answer for it, but we're certainly tracking and monitoring what's going on on an hourly basis.

QUESTION: (Off mike.)

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Yeah. Please.

QUESTION: What are the most concerning facts in regards with human rights in Mexico, and how do you think the war on drugs is maybe deteriorating this situation of human rights?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: I visited Mexico twice last year for bilateral discussions with the Mexican Government. A lot of the focus was on exactly that question. We met with senior military officials. One of the challenges Mexico faces in fighting the drug violence is – has been the relative weakness of local police, and therefore the army has come into play, in effect, a policing role in urban neighborhoods. I think it's fair to say that the army is not thrilled to be in that role. And one of the challenges is for Mexico, I think, is over the medium and long-term, how to build up a stronger national police that have particular expertise in how to fight these very violent drug criminals and to allow the army to go back to doing what it was trained to do.

We have raised issues there about some of the excesses by the military. One of the things they've said to us is that local courts aren't very effective in prosecuting people. And so there is a real set of challenges there and we – our Embassy there is very involved in these things. The only other thing I would mention that concerned me quite a bit is that a number of the human rights activists and monitors have themselves been targeted, and that's a distressing signal. I think it's really important you have a very vibrant local human rights community. Those people need to be able to continue to speak out forcefully, even if it's critical of the government, along with the National Commission on Human Rights, which does a very good job, but we're watching that very closely as well.

QUESTION: Do you believe the military in Mexico must be more open and transparent in regards with the information about the way that is processing the people? And maybe do you believe the militaries that occur in these type of violations must be trial in civil courts?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Yeah. Well, part of our dialogue – and I was part of some of these and a counterpart in DOD has also gone. I think there have been three or four of these meetings – is exactly on those issues. We are encouraging greater transparency in looking at the particular cases where violations have been alleged. And obviously, you want to break any notion of a cycle of impunity and make sure that there are prosecutions or discipline where excessive force has been used. That's the debate, but again, I'm not going to go into more detail than that.

Yeah. Please.

QUESTION: Thank you. I'd like to go to Turkey, if it's possible. It seems that it – Turkey case needs someone like you, a chronic optimist, to look to freedom of press issues in a better lens. My question is only freedom of press in this Turkey report about 4 to 6 page, about 8, 9 pages, and in recent weeks there are nothing in this report that other events happened, confiscate a draft book or other issues. Would you please comment on Turkey's situation this year? Thank you.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Yeah. Again, the report, I think, presents accurately a mixed picture in Turkey, as it should. As you suggest, in the early months of this year there have been the arrests of several well known Turkish journalists in connection with Ergenekon trial, and we are – we've expressed concern to the Turkish Government of that. We'll continue to do so, and those events will be reflected in our 2011 report.

QUESTION: (Inaudible) sits a journalist only arrested because of anti-terror laws, and Turkish authorities just yesterday in the town was rejecting any kind of suggestion to change this kind of law. Is --

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Well, we're – there's – the anti-terror law has both some provisions that cause us concern but also some things that we're pleased about. For example, it's resulted in the release of hundreds of young people from jails. So this is a new law, enacted last year, being implemented. And we're going to, again, communicate with the government that we are both trying to encourage the aspects of it that are reform oriented and also be mindful of the things that restrict basic human rights.

In the back, please.

QUESTION: Thank you. Mr. Posner, what the U.S. expect should happen with the release of this report in the countries that were, like, highlighted for not respecting the human rights?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Well, I guess I would say three things. One is that the report itself gives our diplomats an opportunity to go into other governments and engage in a conversation. We do it all year, but here we're now putting out a sort of comprehensive list of things that are the subject of diplomatic bilateral discussion, point one.

Second thing, it is for us then, as I said at the outset, a baseline to begin to figure out what are the things throughout the year that we need to do on a bilateral basis and a multilateral basis. We haven't talked very much about the multilateral side. But we are increasingly involved at the UN Human Rights Council, in various other intergovernmental bodies. These reports are also a basis for those international organizations, and we can use them to that effect.

And then the third piece, which I think in some ways may be the most important, is that this – these documents, this report, gives people outside of government – whether they're journalists or human rights activists or others – an opportunity to basically take information that's been digested and analyzed by the U.S. Government and use it in ways that will help reinforce a human rights agenda. The fact is that we – for all the work that goes into this report, the U.S. Government is an important audience, but there are many, many other audiences. And I think people around the world increasingly find these reports as a very useful departure point for their own advocacy.

What's interesting also is that a lot of – clearly, a lot of governments don't like this report. They don't like the criticism. We stand by the facts. This is a report based on facts. And when governments come back and they say you've got a fact wrong, we stand ready to correct it. But it's very rare that that happens, which is, again, a credit to Steve Eisenbraun and the team that works on it. We've worked very hard to get just the facts and get them straight. And it provides, I think, as I say, for the range of audiences a chance to figure out what do you do based on these facts.

Yes, please.

QUESTION: Can I ask one on North Korea?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Sure.

QUESTION: Would you say that the situation there has improved or gotten worse over time? And what can the U.S. do to help the situation, considering the lack of diplomatic presence there and information on the ground?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: The situation in North Korea is grim, grim, grim. It is a highly controlled, closed society where any notion of dissent, any notion of public debate, any notion of free press or free assembly is simply not tolerated. I don't know that I would say it's better or worse. It's poor. It's poor. It's dismal. If there are some positive developments, they're minor. We are really dealing there with a government that has really tried to shut itself

off from the world, and, in large measure, succeeded. And so it's one of the places – when you read these reports, it's one of the places – I look at it and I go, "We really have not made much progress."

Please, in the back.

QUESTION: Could you elaborate a little bit about the 40 countries that started restricting the use of media inside the country, what Secretary Clinton mentioned earlier? How many countries? Or, like, can you elaborate a little bit more what the list of countries that --

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Yeah. I don't have the list in front of me, but it ranges from governments that are using laws and regulations to restrict media or internet, and countries, through these various technical means, either the firewall or through imposition on people's privacy, are really, in a systematic way, trying to limit free expression, free assembly, free association.

Again, our view is that there ought to be an open internet, a neutral platform available to everybody in the world. And there are many, many governments that are threatened by that, and --

QUESTION: (Off-mike.)

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Please.

QUESTION: No. Can I say – that includes China and North Korea and the Middle East countries?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: It includes all of those and then some.

QUESTION: Okay.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Yeah.

QUESTION: On Burma, after the release of Aung San Suu Kyi and the elections there, do you see any changes in the human rights situation in that country, or is just like North Korea?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: We are – we continue to be very concerned about the situation in Burma, especially, I would say, the continued detention of more than 2,000 political prisoners – we continue to call for their release – but also the very harsh and unreasonable restrictions on Aung San Suu Kyi and her party. So we have a long way to go there. As you know, under the JADE Act, we are supposed to be appointing a special representative, and I think that's about to happen, although it hasn't been formally announced. But that, I think, will be a signal of a kind of renewed effort on our part to revisit some of these questions and figure out where to go from here.

QUESTION: And on India (inaudible), your report, detailed report, does mention about the Gujarat (inaudible) rights in 2002, and this also has a passing reference about the Chief Minister Narendra Modi. What is U.S.'s stance on it? Do you consider him personally responsible for those rights, a violation of human rights in Gujarat?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: I don't think I have anything to add to what's in the report on that, honestly.

Yeah. Please.

QUESTION: Yes, thank you. Every year, you present this report which brings a lot of cases of violations that should be condemned. But every year, this report is questioned by many countries because there is no chapter about United States violations, and I could mention as an example Guantanamo – it's a real example. And the other point is the legitimacy of the United States to bring the world this type of document, this question also, because most of the countries say that it's (inaudible) of United States about this subject, human rights.

I wanted to ask you, what should you say about today's points, and I would like to ask you about the situation of Brazil in this topic.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: On the first question, as I said at the outset, the absence of a U.S. chapter on this report in no way suggests that we're not willing to be scrutinized or to scrutinize ourselves.

Last year, I led an effort here to undertake the first-ever look at the United States through this UN Universal Periodic Review. We went to 16 cities, 18 sessions. We talked to probably a

thousand activists. We went to the Muslim community in Dearborn, Michigan. We went to the border states to talk to Mexican Americans. We talked about prisons. We talked here with the national security advocates about Guantanamo and about detention issues at Bagram and so forth. And we produced a report, which I think is as good as any government's done. We subjected ourselves in November – I was there – to questions from a range of countries. We've come back and answered them.

So we are not in any way unwilling to hold ourselves accountable. I worked outside of government for a lot of years, and I was one of those very critical of Guantanamo and of the torture policies. Inside the government, I continue to be one, along with President Obama, who says we've got to close Guantanamo. We've ended the policy of enhanced interrogation techniques. We're very mindful.

And as, again, Secretary Clinton has said, we are determined to lead by example. If somebody else would do this report, the United Nations or some other agency, and do it comprehensively and do it with the same commitment to the truth, we would be delighted. Frankly, it would free up a lot of time in my office for us to do other things. But nobody else is doing it. And this is a valuable, valuable piece of work that provides information that otherwise wouldn't exist. It helps us do our work. It helps our government make intelligent decisions. And until somebody else figures out how to do it, we're going to keep doing it.

QUESTION: And what about Brazil?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: On Brazil, I --

QUESTION: And the last question --

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Again, the report, I think, reflects a mixed picture – a central government, a newly elected president with a clear commitment to these issues, but at a local level, a range of issues that still need to be resolved.

QUESTION: Thank you.

QUESTION: The last question on close allies. Pakistan is a close ally of the U.S. We were here last year and we are here today. A governor has lost his life, a minister has lost his life, and thousands of people. What are we going to do? We have been pumping billions of dollars, so next year, again, we'll have a report. Do you have anything about --

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Yeah. I --

QUESTION: -- talking – walking the walk instead of just talking the talk?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: No. These are – the issues you raise are of great concern. I was in Pakistan in January. I met with Governor Taseer's family three weeks after he was assassinated, continue to be in contact with them. I met with Minister Bhatti there and again here. Secretary Clinton and I met him together several weeks before he was killed. The issues of intolerance in Pakistan trouble us greatly, and I think they trouble most Pakistanis. I am particularly concerned about the Urdu press and the role it plays in that. Again, we can't force that change, but we are very mindful – our Ambassador Cameron Munter is very, very attuned and very sensitive to the real challenges that we and the Pakistani Government face in trying to tamp down the intolerance that now is so pervasive.

QUESTION: And now another ally –

QUESTION: A clarification, if I may interrupt, because you mentioned something on --

MODERATOR: I think that's enough for today. Assistant Secretary Posner is going to have another media engagement this afternoon, so if you have follow-up (inaudible).

QUESTION: Okay. I wanted to ask (inaudible).

ASSISTANT SECRETARY POSNER: Thank you.

"There will be no downgrading of human rights under this Government"
31 March 2011
Foreign Secretary William Hague addressed the launch of the Human Rights & Democracy report on 31 March.

"Welcome to the Foreign Office for the launch of the 2010 Command Paper on Human Rights and Democracy, which was laid before Parliament this morning. I am pleased to see Parliamentarians from all Parties here and a wide range of representatives of civil society. This is one of many areas of public life where the efforts of Government are bolstered beyond measure by the work of people outside government. Britain is strongest in speaking out against human rights abuses when it does so with one voice.

I am very pleased I am joined by two distinguished guests; Agnes Callamard from Article 19 who is also a member of my Human Rights Advisory Group, and Maziar Bahari, a journalist, playwright and filmmaker. I am sure he will not mind me noting that his courageous reporting on Iran's 2009 Presidential elections led to him spending 118 days in prison in Iran. Iran is notorious for seeking to silence the voices of anyone brave enough to stand up for human rights, and his experience is a sobering one for us all. I thank both Agnes and Maziar for accepting my invitation to speak today.

Our government promised from the outset a foreign policy that will always have support for human rights and poverty reduction at its irreducible core.
It is not in our character as a nation to have a foreign policy without a conscience, and neither is it in our interests:

The belief in political and economic freedom, in human rights and in the rule of law, are part of our national DNA;

Where human rights abuses go unchecked our security and our prosperity suffers as well;
And how we are seen to uphold our own values is a crucial component of our influence in the world. This is one reason why this government went to such lengths to ensure that international military operations to protect civilians in Libya have a clear legal basis, UN Security Council authorisation and wide support in the region and in the Arab world.
The Libyan people have suffered serious human rights abuses for decades. Their plight at the moment is worse than ever. They are facing regime forces that have used live rounds, indiscriminate shelling and air strikes against civilians, they have endured torture, extra-judicial executions, illegal arrests and detention, and they now face shortages of food, medicine and basic supplies.

Britain and its allies have intervened in Libya to save lives, to prevent a humanitarian catastrophe and to give the Libyan people a chance to determine their own future. It is action that is legal, necessary and right. We led the drive to refer Libya to the International Criminal Court and to suspend it from the UN Human Rights Council, so that those responsible for atrocities know that there will be a day of reckoning. Today, we are pressing for full and immediate access to Libya for ICC investigators and the Human Rights Council's Commission of Inquiry. The Qadhafi regime has lost all legitimacy, and today, I renew our calls for those remaining around him to abandon him and to unite in support of a better future of their country.

In that connection I can confirm, as we did last night, that the Libyan Foreign Minister, Musa Kusa, arrived at Farnborough Airport yesterday from Tunisia. He travelled here under his own free will, he said that he is resigning his post. We're discussing this with him and we will release further details.

We encourage those around Qadhafi to abandon him and embrace the better future for Libya that allows political transition and real reform, that meets the aspirations of the Libyan people.

Musa Kusa is one of the most senior members of the Qadhafi regime, he has been my channel of

communication to the regime in recent weeks and I've spoken to him several times on the telephone, most recently last Friday. His resignation shows that Qadhafi's regime, which has already seen significant defections to the opposition, is fragmented, under pressure and crumbling from within. Qadhafi must be asking himself who will be the next to abandon him.

We reiterate our call for Qadhafi to go. Musa Kusa is not being offered any immunity from British or international justice, he is voluntarily talking to British officials at the moment including members of British Embassy in Tripoli which is, of course, now based in London, and our Ambassador Richard Northern. And as I say we will release further details in due course.

We came into government with two explicit commitments, alongside the pledge to put consistent support for human rights at the heart of our foreign policy:
First, that we would work to put right some of the damage caused to Britain's moral authority by allegations of complicity in torture and in rendition leading to torture. Within our first year in government we have set up the Gibson Inquiry into allegations of complicity in torture; we have published the guidance given to UK Intelligence Officers and Service personnel overseas; we have reached a settlement with former Guantanamo Bay detainees and are seeking the return of the last remaining British resident, Shaker Aamer; and I have set up a new Advisory Group on human rights and published the Foreign Office's own advice about reporting allegations or concerns of alleged torture or cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment. We are not complacent – this is a continuous process and we must apply the same high standards to actions we take now as well as to actions taken by others in the past.

And secondly, I promised that we would strengthen the human rights work of the Foreign Office. Today's report makes good on that pledge.

Promoting human rights is not about glossy publications but about patient hard work. So in order to focus resources on what really matters we have replaced the previous expensive human rights publication with this form of report.

We have also introduced continuous online reporting on Human Rights on our website. This report covers the period from January to December 2010; since then of course, the landscape of the Middle East has already changed dramatically, so we believe our approach will be a welcome improvement in the regularity of human rights reporting.
We will update the report online every three months to highlight key events in each of the featured countries of concern. Today, for example, details of abuses in Syria, Yemen and Libya are being posted on our website.

So for the first time people will be able to follow, as it develops, our reporting on Human Rights and the actions we are taking. Members of the public will be able not just to read the report but to comment on it online, and to host on their own websites any sections that are of particular interest to them.

Finally in terms of the improvement of our reporting, this Command Paper is more extensive than previous reports – covering 26 countries, more than ever before, as well as new ground such as the interplay between trade and human rights. It is intended not only to shine a light on human rights violations but to inform our work and shape our future policy.

This is particular relevant in the Middle East and North Africa today.
We believe that human rights are universal and apply to all people, of every religion, ethnicity or culture, in all places and at all times. We do not accept the argument that democracy is not right for all peoples, even though there is more than one model of democracy. The yearning for

freedom and for a life free from oppression has the power to move millions to fight back for themselves and for future generations, and is one that we will always support.

The torrent of change, hope and optimism flooding large parts of the Middle East today puts paid once and for all to the myth that the Arab world is the one region immune from these aspirations. Their voices must be heard.

Our message to all governments of the region is that without change, legitimate grievances and demands for human rights and political freedom will not go away.
If change can be achieved peacefully in the Middle East it will be the biggest advance of democratic freedoms since the collapse of communism in Eastern Europe. If it cannot, we are likely to see turmoil and unrest which sets back the cause of democracy and human rights. That is why our response to these events must be bold, ambitious and historic, in its nature and scale. For our part, we will offer assistance to those countries striving to reform, as we have done so already with Tunisia and with Egypt, and we will continue to urge the European Union to use the resources at its disposal to act as a magnet for positive change.

The eyes of the world are on the Arab world today. But this must not diminish our efforts to defend human rights elsewhere, in countries flagged up by this report.
Our report concludes that the human rights situation in Iran is bleaker now than at any other time in the last decade; with more executions per capita than any other country and more jailed journalists than anywhere else in the world. We continue to work hard with other countries to highlight and take action against human rights abuses in Iran. Last week, the EU announced that it will seek swiftly to impose sanctions against individuals in Iran responsible for egregious human rights abuses, and the UN created a new Special Rapporteur on human rights in Iran with our strong support.

The report finds that there was no significant progress on civil and political rights in China in 2010. We remain committed to engagement with China on human rights. China has made progress on improving economic and social conditions, lifting nearly half a billion people out of poverty between 1990 and 2005. But the development of independent civil society and application of human rights under the rule of law are, in our view, essential prerequisites for China's long-term prosperity and sustainable growth.
In 2010 serious human rights violations continued in North Korea; defectors from the country paint a picture of a place where torture, inhumane treatment and severe restrictions to freedom of speech, movement and assembly are routine.

In Burma, the welcome release of Aung San Suu Kyi has not led to an improvement in the human rights situation there or greater political openness. Britain played an important role in securing the toughest and most comprehensive human rights resolution on Burma to date at the UN General Assembly in November, just as we did at the UN Human Rights Council recently in agreeing a Commission of Inquiry into the recent human rights violations in Cote d'Ivoire.

The inclusion of Belarus in our report is a reminder that we cannot be complacent about the human rights situation closer to home. The human rights situation there is probably the worst it has been since the breakup of the Soviet Union. After December's flawed Presidential elections hundreds of protestors were detained including several presidential candidates. Many allege torture at the hands of the security service.

The report shows that women continue to face discrimination around the world. In the Democratic Republic of Congo nearly two thirds of married women report physical or sexual abuse by their partners; in Iraq 82% of women do not work; in Saudi Arabia women may not

drive and a man can refuse permission for the women in his family to study, travel or work; and in Pakistan, Human Rights Watch estimated that 90% of women are affected by some form of domestic abuse. We are committed to advancing women's rights and to tackling violence against them. The government launched a plan earlier this month in this area, which will be supported by Lynne Featherstone, the government's ministerial champion for tackling violence against women and girls overseas.

Another worrying theme across our reporting is the continuing significant restrictions on freedom of expression - 51 reporters were kidnapped in 2010, up from 33 the previous year – and the report documents concerns restrictions to freedom of expression on the internet. This trend is likely to accelerate, given the central role the internet has played in protest movements in the Arab region. Our Foreign Office Minister with particular responsibility for human rights, Jeremy Browne, met representatives of Facebook in October and Google in November to explore what more could be done to uphold international freedom of expression on the internet.

The work we do on human rights, and the manner in which we report it, matters.
I pay tribute to the men and women of the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, who are in many respects standard bearers for Britain overseas. In my first ten months as Foreign Secretary I have seen their deep commitment to upholding human rights and the highest standards in their work in London and abroad. This report represents a great deal of painstaking work to uncover and document human rights concerns, to lobby the governments in question and to support Foreign Office Ministers in raising these issues.
Each of the countries I have mentioned is very different, and we have to recognise that they are likely to develop at different paces. Democracy and human right rests on foundations that have to be built patiently over time, including strong institutions, responsible and accountable government. We have to work with the grain of other societies, while always standing up for universal human rights. This will continue to be our approach.

It is one that is fully consistent with our efforts to strengthen links between our economy and those of the emerging economic powers, some of whom have patchy human rights records. We have to persuade such governments to change, we have to make the case that it will become ever harder for undemocratic governments to deny their people basic freedoms. We will raise our concerns about human rights wherever and whenever they arise, including with countries with whom we are seeking closer ties, and we will be a powerful advocate for British values in multilateral diplomacy and international institutions – within the European Union, the UN and the Commonwealth, and on working towards a global Arms Trade Treaty.

The uprisings in the Middle East and North Africa demonstrate the huge consequences of suppressing people's basic and fundamental rights, and are just the start of a process which will no doubt lead to similar demands elsewhere in the world. This is therefore an important hour for these issues.

Over the last 60 years we have seen the end of apartheid, the fall of the Berlin Wall and the rise of democracy in Eastern Europe. All these things should give us the fortifying knowledge that change is possible, and redouble our determination. There will be no downgrading of human rights under this Government indeed there is a substantial upgrading of attention, as I have pointed out. For pursuing a foreign policy with a conscience is the right thing to do and is in the long term enlightened national interest of our country.

'Sixty years of British-Israeli diplomatic relations'
30 March 2011

Foreign Secretary William Hague said Israel is a "friend and a strategic partner" of the UK in a speech to Chatham House today.

It is a pleasure to join you to mark sixty years of diplomatic relations between Britain and Israel. This is a milestone in our shared history, coming at a time of great change and optimism across the Middle East, as well danger in certain respects, as people aspire to greater political and economic freedom and their full human rights.

I congratulate Chatham House and the Israeli Embassy for giving us the opportunity to celebrate the anniversary and to reflect on its significance, not only for our relations but in the context of the sixty year search for peace between Israelis and Palestinians.

Ron Prosor, the Israeli Ambassador, is leaving us soon to go to the United Nations instead. He has been such a strong Ambassador for Israel in Britain that his Foreign Ministry has clearly decided that his talents are wasted representing Israel in just one country, so they have decided to make him their representative to the entire world.

Our relationship with Israel goes far beyond the realm of diplomatic relations, as important as those are. It is based on bonds between families and communities as well as shared values and common interests. Israel is a friend and a strategic partner of this country in the Middle East, and we are always very grateful for that.

The Prime Minister gave a speech earlier this month about our government's absolute commitment to security for the Jewish community in Britain. He said that our Government will never rest while the Jewish community, which makes such a contribution to our national life, feels under threat from anti-Semitism or extremism.

I want to pick up that theme today, and to talk about Israel's security at a time of profound change in the Middle East, and why we believe these changes make urgent process on the Peace Process an objective that is even more pressing than before.

But before I do, I would like to say a few things about our relations with Israel.

First, Britain, this British Government and this Foreign Secretary will stand for a secure future for Israel as a homeland for the Jewish people, alongside of course a viable and sovereign Palestinian state. Britain's support for Israel was there at the very start. We are steadfast in our support for it today. Our belief in Israel's right to exist is not an issue of discussion or compromise.

Second, we oppose efforts to undermine Israel's legitimacy. Israel has the right to defend itself and we will continue to stand up for that. This does not mean that we will agree on every expression of that right or on every one of Israel's actions. I do believe that it is vital that in exercising the right to self defence, of course, Israel takes every possible step to avoid loss of innocent life. But it does mean that this Government is firmly opposed to those who seek to deligitimise Israel, and that we are firmly opposed to boycotts.

And third, it is my personal hope that the ties between Britain and Israel will thrive and grow even stronger in the future than they are today. When I sent our excellent new Ambassador to Israel some months ago I gave him very clear instructions to work to advance the peace process and to build the best possible relationship with Israel. In the last six months we have launched a UK/Israel Life Sciences Council, a UK/Israel Regenerative Medicine fund, a major push to promote links between our high tech economies and a new Film Treaty to expand our cultural cooperation. In 2010 trade between the two countries went up 30% compared to the year before.

These three things are the fundamentals of our relationship. But while they remain constant, the Middle East itself is in the throes of major upheaval.

It is a moment of unprecedented change in the Arab world, one which combines the immense potential for greater democracy and human development with the risk of violence and threat to human life that we see so represented to an extreme degree in Libya today.

Across the region, young people are demanding their human rights and a say in their government – universal aspirations that our country strongly supports.

As our Prime Minister has said, “for those of us who – like Israel – believe in and practise democracy this is a precious moment of opportunity for political and economic reform in the Arab world that could deliver greater stability and security for all.”

Britain is at the forefront of those countries calling for extraordinary efforts by the international community to seize this moment. We must support countries like Egypt and Tunisia which are in transition, so that they are encouraged and assisted to move irrevocably in the direction of democracy and freedom. The Prime Minister and I are working to galvanise a transformation of the European Union’s neighbourhood policy so that it can act as a magnet for positive change, providing clearer incentives for the creation of free, democratic and just societies that respect human rights. This is an immense long-term prize – potentially the greatest gain for human rights and freedom since the collapse of communism in Eastern Europe.

Israel finds itself very close to these dramatic developments, and concerned about the implications for its security.

I know that change in Egypt has created fears for some Israelis who recall the dark days when the country was at war with every one of their neighbours. For the past thirty years Israel has built its stability on the peace with Egypt so we can understand Israel’s concern.

In Lebanon, Hezbollah continues to re-arm itself in a way that directly threatens Israel and undermines peace. And further afield the President of Iran has indulged in unacceptable and abhorrent rhetoric about the state of Israel, while his government continues its nuclear programme in defiance of UN Security Council Resolutions.

As I saw when I visited Israel’s northern borders, security is at the very heart of the daily life of Israelis - we need only think about people in places like Sderot, the recent barrage of rocket attacks from Gaza the cruel murder of the Fogel family or the appalling bus bomb last week, for Israel’s sense of insecurity to be brought home very forcibly. Last week, we in Britain felt the cost of Israel’s insecurity painfully, when a British woman was killed in a terrorist attack in Jerusalem. At the same time Palestinian civilians have been killed over the last week in the Gaza Strip too. Loss of innocent life on all sides deepens wounds and only bolsters those who argue for violence and revenge.

Security is also at the very heart of the search for peace between Israel and the Palestinians, and Israel and the wider region. I am always struck by the fact that there are still 57 countries in the Muslim and Arab world that do not yet recognise Israel – something that I want to see reversed as part of a comprehensive peace, starting with acceptance and implementation of the Arab Peace Initiative.

I know that the threats for Israel are not just historical, they are real, clear and present, and that Israel sees itself as a country that lives on a knife-edge. As Ehud Olmert put it, Israeli Prime ministers have to go to sleep with one eye open. To lead any country under any circumstances is a heavy responsibility, but I know that those who lead Israel feel the responsibility to ensure its very survival.

Those, like me, who want Israel to have a secure future forever, know that this cannot be achieved easily in the face of such dangers. But the alternative, of decades of insecurity and reduced opportunities, is not one we can contemplate without grave concern. Each day without peace exacts a terrible human toll on both Israelis and Palestinians and makes a two state solution harder to achieve.

So I want to spend the remainder of my speech talking about how we can overcome the difficulties and achieve long term peace, reconciling the legitimate aspiration of the Palestinian people for a state of their own with Israel’s natural and justifiable yearning for long term security. Both of these are goals which the British Government supports. We do not believe that they are contradictory, and recognise that reaching them will take huge effort, bold leadership and difficult compromises on all sides.

For like the vast majority of Israelis, and the vast majority of Palestinians, I believe Israel’s long-term future and security can only be guaranteed by a two state solution, and that the search for peace enhances Israel’s security.

There are several reasons for this.
It is partly a question of simple demographics – an argument repeated so often and for so long that its force has diminished, but which still holds true.
But even more compelling is the fact that time is working against the interests of all those who want peace. The British Government has made very clear our concern about ongoing settlement expansion. We do believe it is illegal, an obstacle to peace and a threat to a two state solution. This is the position of the previous Government and it is the position of this Government. We should not pretend that settlement expansion can continue indefinitely since over time it will make the creation of a Palestinian state more and more difficult to achieve and ultimately impossible. That is why we voted last month at the UN Security Council for the Palestinian resolution on settlements.
The change in the wider region makes the peace process even more important. For one of the most important lessons from the 'Arab Spring' is that legitimate aspirations cannot be ignored and must be addressed.
It cannot be in anyone's interests if the new order of the region is determined at a time of minimum hope in the peace process. This creates a risk that in each country, the politics sets with maximum hostility to Israel, rather than giving the new leaders of these countries strong grounds to support the pursuit of peace.
Furthermore, the risk of conflict is significantly heightened in the absence of a meaningful peace process. Israel has experienced this many times before. If we cannot create a path for legitimate aspirations to be secured through negotiations, then clearly there is a risk of violence and generations of young people seeing little hope for the future and being vulnerable to radicalisation. We can't afford to let this happen. That is why I was concerned by the risk of a spiral of violence following some recent attacks in Israel and Israeli strikes in Gaza. We understand that Israel needs to defend its people. but have underlined the need to avoid further loss of innocent life.
In short, the Peace Process must not become a casualty of uncertainty in the region. We are calling for Israelis and Palestinians to recommit themselves urgently to negotiations on the basis of clear principles supported by the international community.
The UK, France and Germany have set out our views on what those principles should be two states for two peoples based on: 1967 borders with equivalent land swaps, security arrangements that protect Israel whilst respecting Palestinian sovereignty by ending the Occupation; a fair realistic and agreed solution for refugees and Jerusalem as the capital of both states.
We are calling on the United States and the Quartet to set out clear principles on this basis as soon as possible and on both sides to resume negotiations to address final status issues. There has been talk about whether interim solutions will suffice. But I don't believe they will be sufficient. Final status issues have to be resolved.
We want to see progress by September. This is the deadline set by President Obama and the international community. And it is also the moment when we review the programme to build the institutions of a Palestinian State that the British Government has strongly supported.
Both Israelis and Palestinians must be determined to make peace and must enter into negotiations into good faith too. However, simple the answer looks on paper, peace will not be easy or straightforward to negotiate. If both sides are absolutely committed, it will still be hard. If either side is less than fully committed, then peace will be completely impossible. The Quartet are due to discuss the Peace Process again in April. We will continue to work with Israelis, Palestinians and the United States and EU partners to secure urgent progress.
At the same time, we shall not be distracted from addressing the threat Iran presents to the region. In recent weeks, Iran has tried to suggest events are running in its favour and that popular protests in the region have been inspired by Iranian ideals. I doubt people in the region see Iran as a model of freedom, not least because Iran has brutally suppressed its own protesters. Iran's treatment of its own people, as well as its attitude to Israel and posturing in the region show that it would be a disaster to let Iran acquire nuclear weapons. Iran should therefore

not doubt the resolve of the international community to address the concerns about its nuclear programme. We and our partners will be working hard over the coming months to increase the pressure on Iran to negotiate seriously.
To conclude, I never forget that Israel is a country that has been repeatedly attacked through its brief history, that has been at war with all its neighbours for some of its history and with some of its neighbours for all of its history. I remember that Israel has been shelled repeatedly from Gaza and from Lebanon and that it has suffered grievously from terrorism. And I am deeply conscious why the Jewish people – of all peoples – have cause to believe that they must look after themselves, and never rely on others to keep them safe.
But it is because of such things that we are such ardent advocates of the two-state solution and of negotiations now – because security will become harder, not easier, to achieve over time.
In the words of Shimon Peres, we want “to dream about a Middle East in which its countries will depart from the conflicts of their parents on behalf of peace for their children”, so that in 60 years time those who come after us can look back on years of peace for Israel, rather than years of conflict and uncertainty. Britain will be a friend of both Israelis and Palestinians as they strive towards this historic prize."

Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone

By Joanne Kathleen Rowling

CHAPTER ONE
THE BOY WHO LIVED

Mr. and Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.
Mr. Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings, which made drills. He was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large moustache. Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbours. The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere.
The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. They didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Potters. Mrs. Potter was Mrs. Dursley's sister, but they hadn't met for several years; in fact, Mrs. Dursley pretended she didn't have a sister, because her sister and her good-for-nothing husband were as unDursleyish as it was possible to be. The Dursleys shuddered to think what the neighbours would say if the Potters arrived in the street. The Dursleys knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another good reason for keeping the Potters away; they didn't want Dudley mixing with a child like that.
When Mr. and Mrs. Dursley woke up on the dull, grey Tuesday our story starts, there was nothing about the cloudy sky outside to suggest that strange and mysterious things would soon be happening all over the country. Mr. Dursley hummed as he picked out his most boring tie for work, and Mrs. Dursley gossiped away happily as she wrestled a screaming Dudley into his high chair.
None of them noticed a large, tawny owl flutter past the window.
At half past eight, Mr. Dursley picked up his briefcase, pecked Mrs. Dursley on the cheek, and tried to kiss Dudley good-bye but missed, because Dudley was now having a tantrum and

throwing his cereal at the walls. "Little tyke," chortled Mr. Dursley as he left the house. He got into his car and backed out of number four's drive.

It was on the corner of the street that he noticed the first sign of something peculiar -- a cat reading a map. For a second, Mr. Dursley didn't realise what he had seen -- then he jerked his head around to look again. There was a tabby cat standing on the corner of Privet Drive, but there wasn't a map in sight. What could he have been thinking of? It must have been a trick of the light. Mr. Dursley blinked and stared at the cat. It stared back. As Mr. Dursley drove around the corner and up the road, he watched the cat in his mirror. It was now reading the sign that said Privet Drive -- no, looking at the sign; cats couldn't read maps or signs. Mr. Dursley gave himself a little shake and put the cat out of his mind. As he drove toward town he thought of nothing except a large order of drills he was hoping to get that day.

But on the edge of town, drills were driven out of his mind by something else. As he sat in the usual morning traffic jam, he couldn't help noticing that there seemed to be a lot of strangely dressed people about. People in cloaks. Mr. Dursley couldn't bear people who dressed in funny clothes -- the getups you saw on young people! He supposed this was some stupid new fashion. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel and his eyes fell on a huddle of these weirdos standing quite close by. They were whispering excitedly together. Mr. Dursley was enraged to see that a couple of them weren't young at all; why, that man had to be older than he was, and wearing an emerald-green cloak! The nerve of him! But then it struck Mr. Dursley that this was probably some silly stunt -- these people were obviously collecting for something... yes, that would be it. The traffic moved on and a few minutes later, Mr. Dursley arrived in the Grunnings car park, his mind back on drills.

Mr. Dursley always sat with his back to the window in his office on the ninth floor. If he hadn't, he might have found it harder to concentrate on drills that morning. He didn't see the owls swooping past in broad daylight, though people down in the street did; they pointed and gazed open-mouthed as owl after owl sped overhead. Most of them had never seen an owl even at nighttime. Mr. Dursley, however, had a perfectly normal, owl-free morning. He yelled at five different people. He made several important telephone calls and shouted a bit more. He was in a very good mood until lunchtime, when he thought he'd stretch his legs and walk across the road to buy himself a bun from the baker's opposite.

He'd forgotten all about the people in cloaks until he passed a group of them next to the baker's. He eyed them angrily as he passed. He didn't know why, but they made him uneasy. This lot were whispering excitedly, too, and he couldn't see a single collecting tin. It was on his way back past them, clutching a large doughnut in a bag, that he caught a few words of what they were saying.

"The Potters, that's right, that's what I heard, yes, their son, Harry--"

Mr. Dursley stopped dead. Fear flooded him. He looked back at the whisperers as if he wanted to say something to them, but thought better of it.

He dashed back across the road, hurried up to his office, snapped at his secretary not to disturb him, seized his telephone, and had almost finished dialing his home number when he changed his mind. He put the receiver back down and stroked his mustache, thinking... no, he was being stupid. Potter wasn't such an unusual name. He was sure there were lots of people called Potter who had a son called Harry. Come to think of it, he wasn't even sure his nephew was called Harry. He'd never even seen the boy. It might have been Harvey. Or Harold. There was no point in worrying Mrs. Dursley; she always got so upset at any mention of her sister. He didn't blame her -- if he'd had a sister like that... but all the same, those people in cloaks...

He found it a lot harder to concentrate on drills that afternoon and when he left the building at five o'clock, he was still so worried that he walked straight into someone just outside the door.

"Sorry," he grunted, as the tiny old man stumbled and almost fell. It was a few seconds before Mr. Dursley realised that the man was wearing a violet cloak. He didn't seem at all upset at being almost knocked to the ground. On the contrary, his face split into a wide smile and he said in a squeaky voice that made passersby stare, "Don't be sorry, my dear sir, for nothing could upset

me today! Rejoice, for You-Know-Who has gone at last! Even Muggles like yourself should be celebrating, this happy, happy day!"
And the old man hugged Mr. Dursley around the middle and walked off.
Mr. Dursley stood rooted to the spot. He had been hugged by a complete stranger. He also thought he had been called a Muggle, whatever that was. He was rattled. He hurried to his car and set off for home, hoping he was imagining things, which he had never hoped before, because he didn't approve of imagination.
As he pulled into the driveway of number four, the first thing he saw -- and it didn't improve his mood -- was the tabby cat he'd spotted that morning. It was now sitting on his garden wall. He was sure it was the same one; it had the same markings around its eyes.
"Shoo!" said Mr. Dursley loudly. The cat didn't move. It just gave him a stern look. Was this normal cat behavior? Mr. Dursley wondered. Trying to pull himself together, he let himself into the house. He was still determined not to mention anything to his wife.
Mrs. Dursley had had a nice, normal day. She told him over dinner all about Mrs. Next Door's problems with her daughter and how Dudley had learned a new word ("Shan't!"). Mr. Dursley tried to act normally. When Dudley had been put to bed, he went into the living room in time to catch the last report on the evening news:
"And finally, bird-watchers everywhere have reported that the nation's owls have been behaving very unusually today. Although owls normally hunt at night and are hardly ever seen in daylight, there have been hundreds of sightings of these birds flying in every direction since sunrise. Experts are unable to explain why the owls have suddenly changed their sleeping pattern." The newscaster allowed himself a grin. "Most mysterious. And now, over to Jim McGuffin with the weather. Going to be any more showers of owls tonight, Jim?"
"Well, Ted," said the weatherman, "I don't know about that, but it's not only the owls that have been acting oddly today. Viewers as far apart as Kent, Yorkshire, and Dundee have been phoning in to tell me that instead of the rain I promised yesterday, they've had a downpour of shooting stars! Perhaps people have been celebrating Bonfire Night early -- it's not until next week, folks! But I can promise a wet night tonight."
Mr. Dursley sat frozen in his armchair. Shooting stars all over Britain? Owls flying by daylight? Mysterious people in cloaks all over the place? And a whisper, a whisper about the Potters...
Mrs. Dursley came into the living room carrying two cups of tea. It was no good. He'd have to say something to her. He cleared his throat nervously. "Er -- Petunia, dear -- you haven't heard from your sister lately, have you?"
As he had expected, Mrs. Dursley looked shocked and angry. After all, they normally pretended she didn't have a sister.
"No," she said sharply. "Why?"
"Funny stuff on the news," Mr. Dursley mumbled. "Owls... shooting stars... and there were a lot of funny-looking people in town today..."
"So?" snapped Mrs. Dursley.
"Well, I just thought... maybe... it was something to do with... you know... her lot."
Mrs. Dursley sipped her tea through pursed lips. Mr. Dursley wondered whether he dared tell her he'd heard the name "Potter." He decided he didn't dare. Instead he said, as casually as he could, "Their son -- he'd be about Dudley's age now, wouldn't he?"
"I suppose so," said Mrs. Dursley stiffly.
"What's his name again? Howard, isn't it?"
"Harry. Nasty, common name, if you ask me."
"Oh, yes," said Mr. Dursley, his heart sinking horribly. "Yes, I quite agree."
He didn't say another word on the subject as they went upstairs to bed. While Mrs. Dursley was in the bathroom, Mr. Dursley crept to the bedroom window and peered down into the front garden. The cat was still there. It was staring down Privet Drive as though it were waiting for something.

Was he imagining things? Could all this have anything to do with the Potters? If it did... if it got out that they were related to a pair of -- well, he didn't think he could bear it.

The Dursleys got into bed. Mrs. Dursley fell asleep quickly but Mr. Dursley lay awake, turning it all over in his mind. His last, comforting thought before he fell asleep was that even if the Potters were involved, there was no reason for them to come near him and Mrs. Dursley. The Potters knew very well what he and Petunia thought about them and their kind.... He couldn't see how he and Petunia could get mixed up in anything that might be going on -- he yawned and turned over -- it couldn't affect them....

How very wrong he was.

Mr. Dursley might have been drifting into an uneasy sleep, but the cat on the wall outside was showing no sign of sleepiness. It was sitting as still as a statue, its eyes fixed unblinkingly on the far corner of Privet Drive. It didn't so much as quiver when a car door slammed on the next street, nor when two owls swooped overhead. In fact, it was nearly midnight before the cat moved at all.

A man appeared on the corner the cat had been watching, appeared so suddenly and silently you'd have thought he'd just popped out of the ground. The cat's tail twitched and its eyes narrowed.

Nothing like this man had ever been seen on Privet Drive. He was tall, thin, and very old, judging by the silver of his hair and beard, which were both long enough to tuck into his belt. He was wearing long robes, a purple cloak that swept the ground, and high-heeled, buckled boots. His blue eyes were light, bright, and sparkling behind half-moon spectacles and his nose was very long and crooked, as though it had been broken at least twice. This man's name was Albus Dumbledore.

Albus Dumbledore didn't seem to realise that he had just arrived in a street where everything from his name to his boots was unwelcome. He was busy rummaging in his cloak, looking for something. But he did seem to realise he was being watched, because he looked up suddenly at the cat, which was still staring at him from the other end of the street. For some reason, the sight of the cat seemed to amuse him. He chuckled and muttered, "I should have known."

He found what he was looking for in his inside pocket. It seemed to be a silver cigarette lighter. He flicked it open, held it up in the air, and clicked it. The nearest street lamp went out with a little pop. He clicked it again -- the next lamp flickered into darkness. Twelve times he clicked the Put-Outer, until the only lights left on the whole street were two tiny pinpricks in the distance, which were the eyes of the cat watching him. If anyone looked out of their window now, even beady-eyed Mrs. Dursley, they wouldn't be able to see anything that was happening down on the pavement. Dumbledore slipped the Put-Outer back inside his cloak and set off down the street toward number four, where he sat down on the wall next to the cat. He didn't look at it, but after a moment he spoke to it.

"Fancy seeing you here, Professor McGonagall."

He turned to smile at the tabby, but it had gone. Instead he was smiling at a rather severe-looking woman who was wearing square glasses exactly the shape of the markings the cat had had around its eyes. She, too, was wearing a cloak, an emerald one. Her black hair was drawn into a tight bun. She looked distinctly ruffled.

"How did you know it was me?" she asked.

"My dear Professor, I 've never seen a cat sit so stiffly."

"You'd be stiff if you'd been sitting on a brick wall all day," said Professor McGonagall.

"All day? When you could have been celebrating? I must have passed a dozen feasts and parties on my way here."

Professor McGonagall sniffed angrily.

"Oh yes, everyone's celebrating, all right," she said impatiently. "You'd think they'd be a bit more careful, but no -- even the Muggles have noticed something's going on. It was on their news." She jerked her head back at the Dursleys' dark living-room window. "I heard it. Flocks of owls...

shooting stars.... Well, they're not completely stupid. They were bound to notice something. Shooting stars down in Kent -- I'll bet that was Dedalus Diggle. He never had much sense."
"You can't blame them," said Dumbledore gently. "We've had precious little to celebrate for eleven years."
"I know that," said Professor McGonagall irritably. "But that's no reason to lose our heads. People are being downright careless, out on the streets in broad daylight, not even dressed in Muggle clothes, swapping rumors."
She threw a sharp, sideways glance at Dumbledore here, as though hoping he was going to tell her something, but he didn't, so she went on. "A fine thing it would be if, on the very day You-Know-Who seems to have disappeared at last, the Muggles found out about us all. I suppose he really has gone, Dumbledore?"
"It certainly seems so," said Dumbledore. "We have much to be thankful for. Would you care for a sherbet lemon?"
"A what?"
"A sherbet lemon. They're a kind of Muggle sweet I'm rather fond of."
"No, thank you," said Professor McGonagall coldly, as though she didn't think this was the moment for sherbet lemons. "As I say, even if You-Know-Who has gone -"
"My dear Professor, surely a sensible person like yourself can call him by his name? All this 'You-Know-Who' nonsense -- for eleven years I have been trying to persuade people to call him by his proper name: Voldemort." Professor McGonagall flinched, but Dumbledore, who was unsticking two sherbet lemons, seemed not to notice. "It all gets so confusing if we keep saying 'You-Know-Who.' I have never seen any reason to be frightened of saying Voldemort's name."
"I know you haven 't, said Professor McGonagall, sounding half exasperated, half admiring. "But you're different. Everyone knows you're the only one You-Know- oh, all right, Voldemort, was frightened of."
"You flatter me," said Dumbledore calmly. "Voldemort had powers I will never have."
"Only because you're too -- well -- noble to use them."
"It's lucky it's dark. I haven't blushed so much since Madam Pomfrey told me she liked my new earmuffs."
Professor McGonagall shot a sharp look at Dumbledore and said, "The owls are nothing next to the rumors that are flying around. You know what everyone's saying? About why he's disappeared? About what finally stopped him?"
It seemed that Professor McGonagall had reached the point she was most anxious to discuss, the real reason she had been waiting on a cold, hard wall all day, for neither as a cat nor as a woman had she fixed Dumbledore with such a piercing stare as she did now. It was plain that whatever "everyone" was saying, she was not going to believe it until Dumbledore told her it was true. Dumbledore, however, was choosing another sherbet lemon and did not answer.
"What they're saying," she pressed on, "is that last night Voldemort turned up in Godric's Hollow. He went to find the Potters. The rumor is that Lily and James Potter are -- are -- that they're -- dead. "
Dumbledore bowed his head. Professor McGonagall gasped.
"Lily and James... I can't believe it... I didn't want to believe it... Oh, Albus..."
Dumbledore reached out and patted her on the shoulder. "I know... I know..." he said heavily.
Professor McGonagall's voice trembled as she went on. "That's not all. They're saying he tried to kill the Potters' son, Harry. But -- he couldn't. He couldn't kill that little boy. No one knows why, or how, but they're saying that when he couldn't kill Harry Potter, Voldemort's power somehow broke -- and that's why he's gone."
Dumbledore nodded glumly.
"It's -- it's true?" faltered Professor McGonagall. "After all he's done... all the people he's killed... he couldn't kill a little boy? It's just astounding... of all the things to stop him... but how in the name of heaven did Harry survive?"
"We can only guess," said Dumbledore. "We may never know."

Professor McGonagall pulled out a lace handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes beneath her spectacles. Dumbledore gave a great sniff as he took a golden watch from his pocket and examined it. It was a very odd watch. It had twelve hands but no numbers; instead, little planets were moving around the edge. It must have made sense to Dumbledore, though, because he put it back in his pocket and said, "Hagrid's late. I suppose it was he who told you I'd be here, by the way?"

"Yes," said Professor McGonagall. "And I don't suppose you're going to tell me why you're here, of all places?"

"I've come to bring Harry to his aunt and uncle. They're the only family he has left now."

"You don't mean -- you can't mean the people who live here?" cried Professor McGonagall, jumping to her feet and pointing at number four. "Dumbledore -- you can't. I've been watching them all day. You couldn't find two people who are less like us. And they've got this son -- I saw him kicking his mother all the way up the street, screaming for sweets. Harry Potter come and live here!"

"It's the best place for him," said Dumbledore firmly. "His aunt and uncle will be able to explain everything to him when he's older. I've written them a letter."

"A letter?" repeated Professor McGonagall faintly, sitting back down on the wall. "Really, Dumbledore, you think you can explain all this in a letter? These people will never understand him! He'll be famous -- a legend -- I wouldn't be surprised if today was known as Harry Potter day in the future -- there will be books written about Harry -- every child in our world will know his name!"

"Exactly," said Dumbledore, looking very seriously over the top of his half-moon glasses. "It would be enough to turn any boy's head. Famous before he can walk and talk! Famous for something he won't even remember! Can't you see how much better off he'll be, growing up away from all that until he's ready to take it?"

Professor McGonagall opened her mouth, changed her mind, swallowed, and then said, "Yes -- yes, you're right, of course. But how is the boy getting here, Dumbledore?" She eyed his cloak suddenly as though she thought he might be hiding Harry underneath it.

"Hagrid's bringing him."

"You think it -- wise -- to trust Hagrid with something as important as this?"

"I would trust Hagrid with my life," said Dumbledore.

"I'm not saying his heart isn't in the right place," said Professor McGonagall grudgingly, "but you can't pretend he's not careless. He does tend to -- what was that?"

A low rumbling sound had broken the silence around them. It grew steadily louder as they looked up and down the street for some sign of a headlight; it swelled to a roar as they both looked up at the sky -- and a huge motorbike fell out of the air and landed on the road in front of them.

If the motorbike was huge, it was nothing to the man sitting astride it. He was almost twice as tall as a normal man and at least five times as wide. He looked simply too big to be allowed, and so wild - long tangles of bushy black hair and beard hid most of his face, he had hands the size of dustbin lids, and his feet in their leather boots were like baby dolphins. In his vast, muscular arms he was holding a bundle of blankets.

"Hagrid," said Dumbledore, sounding relieved. "At last. And where did you get that motorbike?"

"Borrowed it, Professor Dumbledore, sir," said the giant, climbing carefully off the motorbike as he spoke. "Young Sirius Black lent it to me. I've got him, sir."

"No problems, were there?"

"No, sir -- house was almost destroyed, but I got him out all right before the Muggles started swarmin' around. He fell asleep as we was flyin' over Bristol."

Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall bent forward over the bundle of blankets. Inside, just visible, was a baby boy, fast asleep. Under a tuft of jet-black hair over his forehead they could see a curiously shaped cut, like a bolt of lightning.

"Is that where -?" whispered Professor McGonagall.

"Yes," said Dumbledore. "He'll have that scar forever."
"Couldn't you do something about it, Dumbledore?"
"Even if I could, I wouldn't. Scars can come in handy. I have one myself above my left knee that is a perfect map of the London Underground. Well -- give him here, Hagrid -- we'd better get this over with."
Dumbledore took Harry in his arms and turned toward the Dursleys' house.
"Could I -- could I say good-bye to him, sir?" asked Hagrid. He bent his great, shaggy head over Harry and gave him what must have been a very scratchy, whiskery kiss. Then, suddenly, Hagrid let out a howl like a wounded dog.
"Shhh!" hissed Professor McGonagall, "you'll wake the Muggles!"
"S-s-sorry," sobbed Hagrid, taking out a large, spotted handkerchief and burying his face in it. "But I c-c-can't stand it -- Lily an' James dead -- an' poor little Harry off ter live with Muggles -"
"Yes, yes, it's all very sad, but get a grip on yourself, Hagrid, or we'll be found," Professor McGonagall whispered, patting Hagrid gingerly on the arm as Dumbledore stepped over the low garden wall and walked to the front door. He laid Harry gently on the doorstep, took a letter out of his cloak, tucked it inside Harry's blankets, and then came back to the other two. For a full minute the three of them stood and looked at the little bundle; Hagrid's shoulders shook, Professor McGonagall blinked furiously, and the twinkling light that usually shone from Dumbledore's eyes seemed to have gone out.
"Well," said Dumbledore finally, "that's that. We've no business staying here. We may as well go and join the celebrations."
"Yeah," said Hagrid in a very muffled voice, "I'll be takin' Sirius his bike back. G'night, Professor McGonagall -- Professor Dumbledore, sir."
Wiping his streaming eyes on his jacket sleeve, Hagrid swung himself onto the motorbike and kicked the engine into life; with a roar it rose into the air and off into the night.
"I shall see you soon, I expect, Professor McGonagall," said Dumbledore, nodding to her.
Professor McGonagall blew her nose in reply.
Dumbledore turned and walked back down the street. On the corner he stopped and took out the silver Put-Outer. He clicked it once, and twelve balls of light sped back to their street lamps so that Privet Drive glowed suddenly orange and he could make out a tabby cat slinking around the corner at the other end of the street. He could just see the bundle of blankets on the step of number four.
"Good luck, Harry," he murmured. He turned on his heel and with a swish of his cloak, he was gone.
A breeze ruffled the neat hedges of Privet Drive, which lay silent and tidy under the inky sky, the very last place you would expect astonishing things to happen. Harry Potter rolled over inside his blankets without waking up. One small hand closed on the letter beside him and he slept on, not knowing he was special, not knowing he was famous, not knowing he would be woken in a few hours' time by Mrs. Dursley's scream as she opened the front door to put out the milk bottles, nor that he would spend the next few weeks being prodded and pinched by his cousin Dudley... He couldn't know that at this very moment, people meeting in secret all over the country were holding up their glasses and saying in hushed voices: "To Harry Potter -- the boy who lived!"

CHAPTER TWO
THE VANISHING GLASS

Nearly ten years had passed since the Dursleys had woken up to find their nephew on the front step, but Privet Drive had hardly changed at all. The sun rose on the same tidy front gardens and lit up the brass number four on the Dursleys' front door; it crept into their living room, which was almost exactly the same as it had been on the night when Mr. Dursley had seen that fateful news report about the owls. Only the photographs on the mantelpiece really showed how much time

had passed. Ten years ago, there had been lots of pictures of what looked like a large pink beach ball wearing different-coloured bobble hats -- but Dudley Dursley was no longer a baby, and now the photographs showed a large blond boy riding his first bicycle, on a roundabout at the fair, playing a computer game with his father, being hugged and kissed by his mother. The room held no sign at all that another boy lived in the house, too.

Yet Harry Potter was still there, asleep at the moment, but not for long. His Aunt Petunia was awake and it was her shrill voice that made the first noise of the day.

"Up! Get up! Now!"

Harry woke with a start. His aunt rapped on the door again.

"Up!" she screeched. Harry heard her walking toward the kitchen and then the sound of the frying pan being put on the cooker. He rolled onto his back and tried to remember the dream he had been having. It had been a good one. There had been a flying motorbike in it. He had a funny feeling he'd had the same dream before.

His aunt was back outside the door.

"Are you up yet?" she demanded.

"Nearly," said Harry.

"Well, get a move on, I want you to look after the bacon. And don't you dare let it burn, I want everything perfect on Duddy's birthday."

Harry groaned.

"What did you say?" his aunt snapped through the door.

"Nothing, nothing..."

Dudley's birthday -- how could he have forgotten? Harry got slowly out of bed and started looking for socks. He found a pair under his bed and, after pulling a spider off one of them, put them on. Harry was used to spiders, because the cupboard under the stairs was full of them, and that was where he slept.

When he was dressed he went down the hall into the kitchen. The table was almost hidden beneath all Dudley's birthday presents. It looked as though Dudley had got the new computer he wanted, not to mention the second television and the racing bike. Exactly why Dudley wanted a racing bike was a mystery to Harry, as Dudley was very fat and hated exercise -- unless of course it involved punching somebody. Dudley's favourite punch-bag was Harry, but he couldn't often catch him. Harry didn't look it, but he was very fast.

Perhaps it had something to do with living in a dark cupboard, but Harry had always been small and skinny for his age. He looked even smaller and skinnier than he really was because all he had to wear were old clothes of Dudley's, and Dudley was about four times bigger than he was. Harry had a thin face, knobbly knees, black hair, and bright green eyes. He wore round glasses held together with a lot of Sellotape because of all the times Dudley had punched him on the nose. The only thing Harry liked about his own appearance was a very thin scar on his forehead that was shaped like a bolt of lightning. He had had it as long as he could remember, and the first question he could ever remember asking his Aunt Petunia was how he had got it.

"In the car crash when your parents died," she had said. "And don't ask questions."

Don't ask questions -- that was the first rule for a quiet life with the Dursleys.

Uncle Vernon entered the kitchen as Harry was turning over the bacon.

"Comb your hair!" he barked, by way of a morning greeting.

About once a week, Uncle Vernon looked over the top of his newspaper and shouted that Harry needed a haircut. Harry must have had more haircuts than the rest of the boys in his class put together, but it made no difference, his hair simply grew that way -- all over the place.

Harry was frying eggs by the time Dudley arrived in the kitchen with his mother. Dudley looked a lot like Uncle Vernon. He had a large pink face, not much neck, small, watery blue eyes, and thick blond hair that lay smoothly on his thick, fat head. Aunt Petunia often said that Dudley looked like a baby angel -- Harry often said that Dudley looked like a pig in a wig.

Harry put the plates of egg and bacon on the table, which was difficult as there wasn't much room. Dudley, meanwhile, was counting his presents. His face fell.

"Thirty-six," he said, looking up at his mother and father. "That's two less than last year."
"Darling, you haven't counted Auntie Marge's present, see, it's here under this big one from Mummy and Daddy."
"All right, thirty-seven then," said Dudley, going red in the face. Harry, who could see a huge Dudley tantrum coming on, began wolfing down his bacon as fast as possible in case Dudley turned the table over.
Aunt Petunia obviously scented danger, too, because she said quickly, "And we'll buy you another two presents while we're out today. How's that, popkin? Two more presents. Is that all right?"
Dudley thought for a moment. It looked like hard work. Finally he said slowly, "So I'll have thirty ... thirty..."
"Thirty-nine, sweetums," said Aunt Petunia.
"Oh." Dudley sat down heavily and grabbed the nearest parcel. "All right then."
Uncle Vernon chuckled. "Little tyke wants his money's worth, just like his father. 'Atta boy, Dudley!" He ruffled Dudley's hair.
At that moment the telephone rang and Aunt Petunia went to answer it while Harry and Uncle Vernon watched Dudley unwrap the racing bike, a cine-camera, a remote control airplane, sixteen new computer games, and a video recorder. He was ripping the paper off a gold wristwatch when Aunt Petunia came back from the telephone looking both angry and worried.
"Bad news, Vernon," she said. "Mrs. Figg's broken her leg. She can't take him." She jerked her head in Harry's direction.
Dudley's mouth fell open in horror, but Harry's heart gave a leap. Every year on Dudley's birthday, his parents took him and a friend out for the day, to adventure parks, hamburger bars, or the cinema. Every year, Harry was left behind with Mrs. Figg, a mad old lady who lived two streets away. Harry hated it there. The whole house smelled of cabbage and Mrs. Figg made him look at photographs of all the cats she'd ever owned.
"Now what?" said Aunt Petunia, looking furiously at Harry as though he'd planned this. Harry knew he ought to feel sorry that Mrs. Figg had broken her leg, but it wasn't easy when he reminded himself it would be a whole year before he had to look at Tibbles, Snowy, Mr. Paws, and Tufty again.
"We could phone Marge," Uncle Vernon suggested.
"Don't be silly, Vernon, she hates the boy."
The Dursleys often spoke about Harry like this, as though he wasn't there -- or rather, as though he was something very nasty that couldn't understand them, like a slug.
"What about what's-her-name, your friend -- Yvonne?"
"On vacation in Majorca," snapped Aunt Petunia.
"You could just leave me here," Harry put in hopefully (he'd be able to watch what he wanted on television for a change and maybe even have a go on Dudley's computer).
Aunt Petunia looked as though she'd just swallowed a lemon.
"And come back and find the house in ruins?" she snarled.
"I won't blow up the house," said Harry, but they weren't listening.
"I suppose we could take him to the zoo," said Aunt Petunia slowly, "... and leave him in the car...."
"That car's new, he's not sitting in it alone...."
Dudley began to cry loudly. In fact, he wasn't really crying -- it had been years since he'd really cried -- but he knew that if he screwed up his face and wailed, his mother would give him anything he wanted.
"Dinky Duddydums, don't cry, Mummy won't let him spoil your special day!" she cried, flinging her arms around him.
"I... don't... want... him... t-t-to come!" Dudley yelled between huge, pretend sobs. "He always sp- spoils everything!" He shot Harry a nasty grin through the gap in his mother's arms.

Just then, the doorbell rang -- "Oh, good Lord, they're here!" said Aunt Petunia frantically -- and a moment later, Dudley's best friend, Piers Polkiss, walked in with his mother. Piers was a scrawny boy with a face like a rat. He was usually the one who held people's arms behind their backs while Dudley hit them. Dudley stopped pretending to cry at once.

Half an hour later, Harry, who couldn't believe his luck, was sitting in the back of the Dursleys' car with Piers and Dudley, on the way to the zoo for the first time in his life. His aunt and uncle hadn't been able to think of anything else to do with him, but before they'd left, Uncle Vernon had taken Harry aside.

"I'm warning you," he had said, putting his large purple face right up close to Harry's, "I'm warning you now, boy -- any funny business, anything at all -- and you'll be in that cupboard from now until Christmas."

"I'm not going to do anything," said Harry, "honestly."

But Uncle Vernon didn't believe him. No one ever did.

The problem was, strange things often happened around Harry and it was just no good telling the Dursleys he didn't make them happen.

Once, Aunt Petunia, tired of Harry coming back from the barber's looking as though he hadn't been at all, had taken a pair of kitchen scissors and cut his hair so short he was almost bald except for his fringe, which she left "to hide that horrible scar." Dudley had laughed himself silly at Harry, who spent a sleepless night imagining school the next day, where he was already laughed at for his baggy clothes and sellotaped glasses. Next morning, however, he had got up to find his hair exactly as it had been before Aunt Petunia had sheared it off. He had been given a week in his cupboard for this, even though he had tried to explain that he couldn't explain how it had grown back so quickly.

Another time, Aunt Petunia had been trying to force him into a revolting old jumper of Dudley's (brown with orange bobbles) -- The harder she tried to pull it over his head, the smaller it seemed to become, until finally it might have fitted a glove puppet, but certainly wouldn't fit Harry. Aunt Petunia had decided it must have shrunk in the wash and, to his great relief, Harry wasn't punished.

On the other hand, he'd got into terrible trouble for being found on the roof of the school kitchens. Dudley's gang had been chasing him as usual when, as much to Harry's surprise as anyone else's, there he was sitting on the chimney. The Dursleys had received a very angry letter from Harry's headmistress telling them Harry had been climbing school buildings. But all he'd tried to do (as he shouted at Uncle Vernon through the locked door of his cupboard) was jump behind the big dustbins outside the kitchen doors. Harry supposed that the wind must have caught him in mid-jump.

But today, nothing was going to go wrong. It was even worth being with Dudley and Piers to be spending the day somewhere that wasn't school, his cupboard, or Mrs. Figg's cabbage-smelling living room.

While he drove, Uncle Vernon complained to Aunt Petunia. He liked to complain about things: people at work, Harry, the council, Harry, the bank, and Harry were just a few of his favourite subjects. This morning, it was motorbikes.

"... roaring along like maniacs, the young hoodlums," he said, as a motorbike overtook them.

"I had a dream about a motorbike," said Harry, remembering suddenly. "It was flying."

Uncle Vernon nearly crashed into the car in front. He turned right around in his seat and yelled at Harry, his face like a gigantic beetroot with a mustache: "MOTORBIKES DON'T FLY!"

Dudley and Piers sniggered.

"I know they don't," said Harry. "It was only a dream."

But he wished he hadn't said anything. If there was one thing the Dursleys hated even more than his asking questions, it was his talking about anything acting in a way it shouldn't, no matter if it was in a dream or even a cartoon -- they seemed to think he might get dangerous ideas.

It was a very sunny Saturday and the zoo was crowded with families. The Dursleys bought Dudley and Piers large chocolate ice creams at the entrance and then, because the smiling lady in

the van had asked Harry what he wanted before they could hurry him away, they bought him a cheap lemon ice lolly. It wasn't bad, either, Harry thought, licking it as they watched a gorilla scratching its head who looked remarkably like Dudley, except that it wasn't blond.

Harry had the best morning he'd had in a long time. He was careful to walk a little way apart from the Dursleys so that Dudley and Piers, who were starting to get bored with the animals by lunchtime, wouldn't fall back on their favourite hobby of hitting him. They ate in the zoo restaurant, and when Dudley had a tantrum because his knickerbocker glory didn't have enough ice cream on top, Uncle Vernon bought him another one and Harry was allowed to finish the first.

Harry felt, afterward, that he should have known it was all too good to last.

After lunch they went to the reptile house. It was cool and dark in there, with lit windows all along the walls. Behind the glass, all sorts of lizards and snakes were crawling and slithering over bits of wood and stone. Dudley and Piers wanted to see huge, poisonous cobras and thick, man-crushing pythons. Dudley quickly found the largest snake in the place. It could have wrapped its body twice around Uncle Vernon's car and crushed it into a dustbin -- but at the moment it didn't look in the mood. In fact, it was fast asleep.

Dudley stood with his nose pressed against the glass, staring at the glistening brown coils.

"Make it move," he whined at his father. Uncle Vernon tapped on the glass, but the snake didn't budge.

"Do it again," Dudley ordered. Uncle Vernon rapped the glass smartly with his knuckles, but the snake just snoozed on.

"This is boring," Dudley moaned. He shuffled away.

Harry moved in front of the tank and looked intently at the snake. He wouldn't have been surprised if it had died of boredom itself -- no company except stupid people drumming their fingers on the glass trying to disturb it all day long. It was worse than having a cupboard as a bedroom, where the only visitor was Aunt Petunia hammering on the door to wake you up; at least he got to visit the rest of the house.

The snake suddenly opened its beady eyes. Slowly, very slowly, it raised its head until its eyes were on a level with Harry's.

It winked.

Harry stared. Then he looked quickly around to see if anyone was watching. They weren't. He looked back at the snake and winked, too.

The snake jerked its head toward Uncle Vernon and Dudley, then raised its eyes to the ceiling. It gave Harry a look that said quite plainly:

"I get that all the time."

"I know," Harry murmured through the glass, though he wasn't sure the snake could hear him. "It must be really annoying."

The snake nodded vigorously.

"Where do you come from, anyway?" Harry asked.

The snake jabbed its tail at a little sign next to the glass. Harry peered at it.

Boa Constrictor, Brazil.

"Was it nice there?"

The boa constrictor jabbed its tail at the sign again and Harry read on: "This specimen was bred in the zoo. "Oh, I see -- so you've never been to Brazil?"

As the snake shook its head, a deafening shout behind Harry made both of them jump.

"DUDLEY! MR. DURSLEY! COME AND LOOK AT THIS SNAKE! YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT IT'S DOING!"

Dudley came waddling toward them as fast as he could.

"Out of the way, you," he said, punching Harry in the ribs. Caught by surprise, Harry fell hard on the concrete floor. What came next happened so fast no one saw how it happened -- one second,

Piers and Dudley were leaning right up close to the glass, the next, they had leapt back with howls of horror.
Harry sat up and gasped; the glass front of the boa constrictor's tank had vanished. The great snake was uncoiling itself rapidly, slithering out onto the floor. People throughout the reptile house screamed and started running for the exits.
As the snake slid swiftly past him, Harry could have sworn a low, hissing voice said, "Brazil, here I come.... Thanksss, amigo."
The keeper of the reptile house was in shock.
"But the glass," he kept saying, "where did the glass go?"
The zoo director himself made Aunt Petunia a cup of strong, sweet tea while he apologised over and over again. Piers and Dudley could only gibber. As far as Harry had seen, the snake hadn't done anything except snap playfully at their heels as it passed, but by the time they were all back in Uncle Vernon's car, Dudley was telling them how it had nearly bitten off his leg, while Piers was swearing it had tried to squeeze him to death. But worst of all, for Harry at least, was Piers calming down enough to say, "Harry was talking to it, weren't you, Harry?"
Uncle Vernon waited until Piers was safely out of the house before starting on Harry. He was so angry he could hardly speak. He managed to say, "Go -- cupboard -- stay -- no meals," before he collapsed into a chair, and Aunt Petunia had to run and get him a large brandy.
Harry lay in his dark cupboard much later, wishing he had a watch. He didn't know what time it was and he couldn't be sure the Dursleys were asleep yet. Until they were, he couldn't risk sneaking to the kitchen for some food.
He'd lived with the Dursleys almost ten years, ten miserable years, as long as he could remember, ever since he'd been a baby and his parents had died in that car crash. He couldn't remember being in the car when his parents had died. Sometimes, when he strained his memory during long hours in his cupboard, he came up with a strange vision: a blinding flash of green light and a burning pain on his forehead. This, he supposed, was the crash, though he couldn't imagine where all the green light came from. He couldn't remember his parents at all. His aunt and uncle never spoke about them, and of course he was forbidden to ask questions. There were no photographs of them in the house.
When he had been younger, Harry had dreamed and dreamed of some unknown relation coming to take him away, but it had never happened; the Dursleys were his only family. Yet sometimes he thought (or maybe hoped) that strangers in the street seemed to know him. Very strange strangers they were, too. A tiny man in a violet top hat had bowed to him once while out shopping with Aunt Petunia and Dudley. After asking Harry furiously if he knew the man, Aunt Petunia had rushed them out of the shop without buying anything. A wild-looking old woman dressed all in green had waved merrily at him once on a bus. A bald man in a very long purple coat had actually shaken his hand in the street the other day and then walked away without a word. The weirdest thing about all these people was the way they seemed to vanish the second Harry tried to get a closer look.
At school, Harry had no one. Everybody knew that Dudley's gang hated that odd Harry Potter in his baggy old clothes and broken glasses, and nobody liked to disagree with Dudley's gang.

My Unknown Friend

By Stephen Leacock

He stepped into the smoking compartment of the Pullman, where I was sitting alone.
He had on a long fur-lined coat, and he carried a fifty-dollar suit case that he put down on the seat.
Then he saw me.
"Well! well!" he said, and recognition broke out all over his face like morning sunlight.
"Well! well!" I repeated.
"By Jove!" he said, shaking hands vigorously, "who would have thought of seeing you?"
"Who, indeed", I thought to myself.

He looked at me more closely.
"You haven't changed a bit", he said.
"Neither have you", said I heartily.
"You may be a *little* stouter", he went on critically.
"Yes", I said, "a little; but you're stouter yourself.
This of course would help to explain away any undue stoutness on my part.
"No", I continued boldly and firmly, "you look -just about the same as ever".
And all the time I was wondering who he was. I didn't know him from Adam; I couldn't recall him a bit. I don't mean that my memory is weak. On the contrary, it is singularly tenacious. True, I find it very hard to remember people's *names;* very often, too, it is hard for me to recall *a face,* and frequently I fail to recall a person's appearance, and of course clothes are a thing one doesn't notice. But apart from these details I never forget anybody, and I am proud of it. But when it does happen that a name or face escapes me I never lose my presence of mind. I know just how to deal with the situation. It only needs coolness and intellect, and it all comes right.
My friend sat down.
"It's a long time since we met", he said.
"A long time", I repeated with something of a note of sadness. I wanted him to feel that I, too, had suffered from it.
"But it has gone very quickly".
"Like a flash", I assented cheerfully.
"Strange", he said, "how life goes on and we lose track of people, and things alter. I often think about it. I sometimes wonder", he continued, "where all the old gang are gone to".

"So do I", I said. In fact I was wondering about it at the very moment. I always find in circumstances like these that a man begins sooner or later to talk of the "old gang" or "the boys" or "the crowd". That's where the opportunity comes in to gather who he is.
"Do you ever go back to the old place?" he asked.
"Never", I said, firmly and flatly. This had to be absolute. I felt that once and for all the "old place" must be ruled out of the discussion till I could discover where it was.
"No", he went on, "I suppose you'd hardly care to".
"Not now", I said very gently.
"I understand. I beg your pardon", he said, and there was silence for a few moments.
So far I had scored the first point. There was evidently an old place somewhere to which I would hardly care to go. That was something to build on.
Presently he began again.
"Yes", he said. "I sometimes meet some of the old boys and they begin to talk of you and wonder what you're doing".
"Poor things", I thought, but I didn't say it.
I knew it was time now to make a bold stroke; so I used the method that I always employ. I struck in with great animation.
"Say!" I said, "where's Billy? Do you ever hear anything of Billy now?"
This is really a very safe line. Every old gang has a Billy in it.
"Yes", said my friend, "sure — Billy is ranching out in Montana. I saw him in Chicago last spring, — weighed about two hundred pounds, — you wouldn't know him".
"No, I certainly wouldn't", 1 murmured to myself.
"And where's Pete?" I said. This was safe ground. There is always a Pete
"You mean Billy's brother", he said.
"Yes, yes, Billy's brother Pete. I often think of him".
"Oh", answered the unknown man, "old Pete's quite changed, — settled down altogether". Here he began to chuckle, "Why, Pete's married!"
I started to laugh, too. Under these circumstances it is always supposed to be very funny if a man has got married. The notion of old Peter (whoever he is) being married is presumed to be simply killing. I kept on chuckling away quietly at the mere idea of it. I was hoping that I might manage

to keep on laughing till the train stopped. I had only fifty miles more to go. It's not hard to laugh for fifty miles if you know how.

But my friend wouldn't be content with it.

"I often meant to write to you", he said, his voice falling to a confidential tone, "especially when I heard of your loss".

I remained quiet. What had I lost? Was it money? And if so, how much? And why had I lost it? I wondered if it had ruined me or only partly ruined me.

"One can never get over a loss like that", he continued solemnly.

Evidently I was plumb ruined. But I said nothing and remained under cover, waiting to draw his fire.

"Yes", the man went on, "death is always sad".

Death! Oh, that was it, was it? I almost hiccoughed with joy. That was easy. Handling a case of death in these conversations is simplicity itself. One has only to sit quiet and wait to find out who is dead.

"Yes", I murmured, "very sad. But it has its other side, too".

"Very true, especially, of course, at that age".

"As you say at that age, and after such a life".

"Strong and bright to the last I suppose", he continued, very sympathetically.

"Yes", I said, falling on sure ground, "able to sit up in bed and smoke within a few days of the end".

"What", he said, perplexed, "did your grandmother" — My grandmother! That was it, was it?

"Pardon *me",* I said provoked at my own stupidity; "When I say *smoked*, I mean able to sit up and be smoked to, a habit she had, — being read to, and being smoked to, — only thing that seemed to compose her — "

As I said this I could hear the rattle and clatter of the train running past the semaphores and switch points and slacking to a stop.

My friend looked quickly out of the window.

His face was agitated.

"Great heavens!" he said, "that's the junction. I've missed my stop. I should have got out at the last station. Say, porter", he called out into the alleyway, "how long do we stop here?"

"Just two minutes, sah"[1], called a voice back. "She's late now, she's makin' up **tahm!"**[2]

My friend had hopped up now and had pulled out a bunch of keys and was fumbling at the lock of the suit case.

"I'll have to wire back or something", he gasped. "Confound this lock — my money's in the suit case".

My one fear now was that he would fail to get off.

"Here", I said, pulling some money out of my pocket, "don't bother with the lock. Here's money".

"Thanks", he said grabbing the roll of money out of my hand, — in his excitement he took all that I had. — "I'll just have time".

He sprang from the train. I saw him through the window, moving toward the waiting-room. He didn't seem going very fast.

I waited.

The porters were calling, "All abawd![3] All abawd". There was the clang of a bell, a hiss of steam, and in a second the train was off.

"Idiot", I thought, "he's missed it"; and there was his fifty-dollar suit case lying on the seat.

I waited, looking out of the window and wondering who the man was, anyway.

Then presently I heard the porter's voice again. He evidently was guiding someone through the car.

"Ah looked all through the kyar[4] for it, sah", he was saying.

"I left it in the seat in the car there behind my wife", said the angry voice of a stranger, a well-dressed man who put his head into the door of the compartment.

Then his face, too, beamed all at once with recognition. But it was not for me. It was for the fifty-dollar valise.
"Ah, there it is", he cried, seizing it and carrying it off.
I sank back in dismay. The "old gang!" Pete's marriage! My grandmother's death! Great heavens! And my money! I saw it all; the other man was "making talk", too, and making it with a purpose. Stung!
And next time that I fall into talk with a casual stranger in a car, I shall not try to be quite so extraordinarily clever.

(From the collection of stories "Behind the Beyond". 1913)

Ray Bradbury
The Veldt
George, I wish you'd look at the nursery.
What's wrong with it?
I don't know.
Well, then.
I just want you to look at it, is all, or call a psychologist in to look at it.
What would a psychologist want with a nursery?
You know very well what he'd want. His wife paused in the middle of the kitchen and watched the stove busy humming to itself, making supper for four.
It's just that the nursery is different now than it was.
All right, let's have a look.
They walked down the hall of their soundproofed Happylife Home, which had cost them thirty thousand dollars installed, this house which clothed and fed and rocked them to sleep and played and sang and was good to them. Their approach sensitized a switch somewhere and the nursery light flicked on when they came within ten feet of it. Similarly, behind them, in the halls, lights went on and off as they left them behind, with a soft automaticity.
Well, said George Hadley.
They stood on the thatched floor of the nursery. It was forty feet across by forty feet long and thirty feet high; it had cost half again as much as the rest of the house. But nothing's too good for our children, George had said.
The nursery was silent. It was empty as a jungle glade at hot high noon. The walls were blank and two dimensional. Now, as George and Lydia Hadley stood in the center of the room, the walls began to purr and recede into crystalline distance, it seemed, and presently an African veldt appeared, in three dimensions, on all sides, in color reproduced to the final pebble and bit of straw. The ceiling above them became a deep sky with a hot yellow sun.
George Hadley felt the perspiration start on his brow.

Let's get out of this sun, he said. This is a little too real. But I don't see anything wrong.
Wait a moment, you'll see, said his wife.
Now the hidden odorophonics were beginning to blow a wind of odor at the two people in the middle of the baked veldtland. The hot straw smell of lion grass, the cool green smell of the hidden water hole, the great rusty smell of animals, the smell of dust like a red paprika in the hot air. And now the sounds: the thump of distant antelope feet on grassy sod, the papery rustling of vultures. A shadow passed through the sky. The shadow flickered on George Hadley's upturned, sweating face.
Filthy creatures, he heard his wife say.
The vultures.
You see, there are the lions, far over, that way. Now they're on their way to the water hole.
They've just been eating, said Lydia. I don't know what.
Some animal. George Hadley put his hand up to shield off the burning light from his squinted eyes. A zebra or a baby giraffe, maybe.

Are you sure? His wife sounded peculiarly tense.
No, it's a little late to be sure, be said, amused. Nothing over there I can see but cleaned bone, and the vultures dropping for what's left.
Did you bear that scream? she asked.
'No.
About a minute ago?
Sorry, no.
The lions were coming. And again George Hadley was filled with admiration for the mechanical genius who had conceived this room. A miracle of efficiency selling for an absurdly low price. Every home should have one. Oh, occasionally they frightened you with their clinical accuracy, they startled you, gave you a twinge, but most of the time what fun for everyone, not only your own son and daughter, but for yourself when you felt like a quick jaunt to a foreign land, a quick change of scenery. Well, here it was!
And here were the lions now, fifteen feet away, so real, so feverishly and startlingly real that you could feel the prickling fur on your hand, and your mouth was stuffed with the dusty upholstery smell of their heated pelts, and the yellow of them was in your eyes like the yellow of an exquisite French tapestry, the yellows of lions and summer grass, and the sound of the matted lion lungs exhaling on the silent noontide, and the smell of meat from the panting, dripping mouths.
The lions stood looking at George and Lydia Hadley with terrible green-yellow eyes.
Watch out! screamed Lydia.
The lions came running at them.
Lydia bolted and ran. Instinctively, George sprang after her. Outside, in the hall, with the door slammed he was laughing and she was crying, and they both stood appalled at the other's reaction.
George!
Lydia! Oh, my dear poor sweet Lydia!
They almost got us!
Walls, Lydia, remember; crystal walls, that's all they are. Oh, they look real, I must admit – Africa in your parlor – but it's all dimensional, superreactionary, supersensitive color film and mental tape film behind glass screens. It's all odorophonics and sonics, Lydia. Here's my handkerchief.
I'm afraid. She came to him and put her body against him and cried steadily. Did you see? Did you *feel?* It's too real.
Now, Lydia...
You've got to tell Wendy and Peter not to read any more on Africa.
Of course – of course. He patted her.
Promise?
Sure.
And lock the nursery for a few days until I get my nerves settled.
You know how difficult Peter is about that. When I punished him a month ago by locking the nursery for even a few hours – the tantrum be threw! And Wendy too. They *live* for the nursery. It's got to be locked, that's all there is to it.
All right. Reluctantly he locked the huge door. You've been working too hard. You need a rest.
I don't know – I don't know, she said, blowing her nose, sitting down in a chair that immediately began to rock and comfort her. Maybe I don't have enough to do. Maybe I have time to think too much. Why don't we shut the whole house off for a few days and take a vacation?
You mean you want to fry my eggs for me?
Yes. She nodded.
And dam my socks?
Yes. A frantic, watery-eyed nodding.
And sweep the house?

Yes, yes – oh, yes!"
But I thought that's why we bought this house, so we wouldn't have to do anything?
That's just it. I feel like I don't belong here. The house is wife and mother now, and nursemaid. Can I compete with an African veldt? Can I give a bath and scrub the children as efficiently or quickly as the automatic scrub bath can? I cannot. And it isn't just me. It's you. You've been awfully nervous lately.
I suppose I have been smoking too much.
You look as if you didn't know what to do with yourself in this house, either. You smoke a little more every morning and drink a little more every afternoon and need a little more sedative every night. You're beginning to feel unnecessary too.
Am I? He paused and tried to feel into himself to see what was really there.
Oh, George! She looked beyond him, at the nursery door. Those lions can't get out of there, can they?
He looked at the door and saw it tremble as if something had jumped against it from the other side.
Of course not, he said.
At dinner they ate alone, for Wendy and Peter were at a special plastic carnival across town and bad televised home to say they'd be late, to go ahead eating. So George Hadley, bemused, sat watching the dining-room table produce warm dishes of food from its mechanical interior.
We forgot the ketchup, he said.
Sorry, said a small voice within the table, and ketchup appeared.
As for the nursery, thought George Hadley, it won't hurt for the children to be locked out of it awhile. Too much of anything isn't good for anyone. And it was clearly indicated that the children had been spending a little too much time on Africa. That *sun.* He could feel it on his neck, still, like a hot paw. And the *lions.* And the smell of blood. Remarkable how the nursery caught the telepathic emanations of the children's minds and created life to fill their every desire. The children thought lions, and there were lions. The children thought zebras, and there were zebras. Sun – sun. Giraffes – giraffes. Death and death.
That *last* . He chewed tastelessly on the meat that the table bad cut for him. Death thoughts. They were awfully young, Wendy and Peter, for death thoughts. Or, no, you were never too young, really. Long before you knew what death was you were wishing it on someone else. When you were two years old you were shooting people with cap pistols.
But this – the long, hot African veldt-the awful death in the jaws of a lion. And repeated again and again.
Where are you going?
He didn't answer Lydia. Preoccupied, be let the lights glow softly on ahead of him, extinguish behind him as he padded to the nursery door. He listened against it. Far away, a lion roared.
He unlocked the door and opened it. Just before he stepped inside, he heard a faraway scream. And then another roar from the lions, which subsided quickly.
He stepped into Africa. How many times in the last year had he opened this door and found Wonderland, Alice, the Mock Turtle, or Aladdin and his Magical Lamp, or Jack Pumpkinhead of Oz, or Dr. Doolittle, or the cow jumping over a very real-appearing moon-all the delightful contraptions of a make-believe world. How often had he seen Pegasus flying in the sky ceiling, or seen fountains of red fireworks, or heard angel voices singing. But now, is yellow hot Africa, this bake oven with murder in the heat. Perhaps Lydia was right. Perhaps they needed a little vacation from the fantasy which was growing a bit too real for ten-year-old children. It was all right to exercise one's mind with gymnastic fantasies, but when the lively child mind settled on *one* pattern...? It seemed that, at a distance, for the past month, he had heard lions roaring, and smelled their strong odor seeping as far away as his study door. But, being busy, he had paid it no attention.

George Hadley stood on the African grassland alone. The lions looked up from their feeding, watching him. The only flaw to the illusion was the open door through which he could see his wife, far down the dark hall, like a framed picture, eating her dinner abstractedly.
Go away, he said to the lions.
They did not go.
He knew the principle of the room exactly. You sent out your thoughts. Whatever you thought would appear. Let's have Aladdin and his lamp, he snapped. The veldtland remained; the lions remained.
Come on, room! I demand Aladin! he said.
Nothing happened. The lions mumbled in their baked pelts.
Aladin!
He went back to dinner. The fool room's out of order, he said. It won't respond.
Or-
Or what?
Or it *can't* respond, said Lydia, because the children have thought about Africa and lions and killing so many days that the room's in a rut.
Could be.
Or Peter's set it to remain that way.
Set it?
He may have got into the machinery and fixed something.
Peter doesn't know machinery.
He's a wise one for ten. That I.Q. of his -
Nevertheless -
Hello, Mom. Hello, Dad.
The Hadleys turned. Wendy and Peter were coming in the front door, cheeks like peppermint candy, eyes like bright blue agate marbles, a smell of ozone on their jumpers from their trip in the helicopter.
You're just in time for supper, said both parents.
We're full of strawberry ice cream and hot dogs, said the children, holding hands. But we'll sit and watch.
Yes, come tell us about the nursery, said George Hadley.
The brother and sister blinked at him and then at each other. Nursery?
All about Africa and everything, said the father with false joviality.
I don't understand, said Peter.
Your mother and I were just traveling through Africa with rod and reel; Tom Swift and his Electric Lion, said George Hadley.
There's no Africa in the nursery, said Peter simply.
Oh, come now, Peter. We know better.
I don't remember any Africa, said Peter to Wendy. Do you?
No.
Run see and come tell.
She obeyed
Wendy, come back here! said George Hadley, but she was gone. The house lights followed her like a flock of fireflies. Too late, he realized he had forgotten to lock the nursery door after his last inspection.
Wendy'll look and come tell us, said Peter.
She doesn't have to tell *me.* I've seen it.
I'm sure you're mistaken, Father.
I'm not, Peter. Come along now.
But Wendy was back. It's not Africa, she said breathlessly.
We'll see about this, said George Hadley, and they all walked down the hall together and opened the nursery door.

There was a green, lovely forest, a lovely river, a purple mountain, high voices singing, and Rima, lovely and mysterious, lurking in the trees with colorful flights of butterflies, like animated bouquets, lingering in her long hair. The African veldtland was gone. The lions were gone. Only Rima was here now, singing a song so beautiful that it brought tears to your eyes.
George Hadley looked in at the changed scene. Go to bed, he said to the children.
They opened their mouths.
You heard me, he said.
They went off to the air closet, where a wind sucked them like brown leaves up the flue to their slumber rooms.
George Hadley walked through the singing glade and picked up something that lay in the comer near where the lions had been. He walked slowly back to his wife.
What is that? she asked.
An old wallet of mine, he said.
He showed it to her. The smell of hot grass was on it and the smell of a lion. There were drops of saliva on it, it bad been chewed, and there were blood smears on both sides.
He closed the nursery door and locked it, tight.
In the middle of the night he was still awake and he knew his wife was awake. Do you think Wendy changed it? she said at last, in the dark room.
Of course.
Made it from a veldt into a forest and put Rima there instead of lions?
Yes.
Why?
I don't know. But it's staying locked until I find out.
How did your wallet get there?
I don't know anything, he said, except that I'm beginning to be sorry we bought that room for the children. If children are neurotic at all, a room like that -
It's supposed to help them work off their neuroses in a healthful way.
I'm starting to wonder. He stared at the ceiling.
We've given the children everything they ever wanted. Is this our reward-secrecy, disobedience? Who was it said, 'Children are carpets, they should be stepped on occasionally'? We've never lifted a hand. They're insufferable – let's admit it. They come and go when they like; they treat us as if we were offspring. They're spoiled and we're spoiled.
They've been acting funny ever since you forbade them to take the rocket to New York a few months ago.
They're not old enough to do that alone, I explained.
Nevertheless, I've noticed they've been decidedly cool toward us since.
I think I'll have David McClean come tomorrow morning to have a look at Africa.
But it's not Africa now, it's *Green Mansions* country and Rima.
I have a feeling it'll be Africa again before then.
A moment later they heard the screams.
Two screams. Two people screaming from downstairs. And then a roar of lions.
Wendy and Peter aren't in their rooms, said his wife.
He lay in his bed with his beating heart. No, he said. They've broken into the nursery.
Those screams – they sound familiar.
Do they?
Yes, awfully.
And although their beds tried very bard, the two adults couldn't be rocked to sleep for another hour. A smell of cats was in the night air.
Father? said Peter.
Yes.
Peter looked at his shoes. He never looked at his father any more, nor at his mother. You aren't going to lock up the nursery for good, are you?

That all depends.
On what? snapped Peter.
On you and your sister. If you intersperse this Africa with a little variety – oh, Sweden perhaps, or Denmark or China -
I thought we were free to play as we wished.
You are, within reasonable bounds.
What's wrong with Africa, Father?
Oh, so now you admit you have been conjuring up Africa, do you?
I wouldn't want the nursery locked up, said Peter coldly. Ever.
Matter of fact, we're thinking of turning the whole house off for about a month. Live sort of a carefree one-for-all existence.
That sounds dreadful! Would I have to tie my own shoes instead of letting the shoe tier do it?
And brush my own teeth and comb my hair and give myself a bath?
It would be fun for a change, don't you think?
No, it would be horrid. I didn't like it when you took out the picture painter last month.
That's because I wanted you to learn to paint all by yourself, son.
I don't want to do anything but look and listen and smell; what else is there to do?
All right, go play in Africa.
Will you shut off the house sometime soon?
We're considering it.
I don't think you'd better consider it any more, Father.
I won't have any threats from my son!
Very well. And Peter strolled off to the nursery.
Am I on time? said David McClean.
Breakfast? asked George Hadley.
Thanks, had some. What's the trouble?
David, you're a psychologist.
I should hope so.
Well, then, have a look at our nursery. You saw it a year ago when you dropped by; did you notice anything peculiar about it then?
Can't say I did; the usual violences, a tendency toward a slight paranoia here or there, usual in children because they feel persecuted by parents constantly, but, oh, really nothing.
They walked down the ball. I locked the nursery up, explained the father, and the children broke back into it during the night. I let them stay so they could form the patterns for you to see.
There was a terrible screaming from the nursery.
There it is, said George Hadley. See what you make of it.
They walked in on the children without rapping.
The screams had faded. The lions were feeding.
Run outside a moment, children, said George Hadley. No, don't change the mental combination. Leave the walls as they are. Get!
With the children gone, the two men stood studying the lions clustered at a distance, eating with great relish whatever it was they had caught.
I wish I knew what it was, said George Hadley. Sometimes I can almost see. Do you think if I brought high-powered binoculars here and -
David McClean laughed dryly. Hardly. He turned to study all four walls. How long has this been going on?
A little over a month.
It certainly doesn't *feel* good.
I want facts, not feelings.
My dear George, a psychologist never saw a fact in his life. He only hears about feelings; vague things. This doesn't feel good, I tell you. Trust my hunches and my instincts. I have a nose for

something bad. This is very bad. My advice to you is to have the whole damn room torn down and your children brought to me every day during the next year for treatment.
Is it that bad?
I'm afraid so. One of the original uses of these nurseries was so that we could study the patterns left on the walls by the child's mind, study at our leisure, and help the child. In this case, however, the room has become a channel toward-destructive thoughts, instead of a release away from them.
Didn't you sense this before?
I sensed only that you bad spoiled your children more than most. And now you're letting them down in some way. What way?
I wouldn't let them go to New York.
What else?
I've taken a few machines from the house and threatened them, a month ago, with closing up the nursery unless they did their homework. I did close it for a few days to show I meant business.
Ah, ha!
Does that mean anything?
Everything. Where before they had a Santa Claus now they have a Scrooge. Children prefer Santas. You've let this room and this house replace you and your wife in your children's affections. This room is their mother and father, far more important in their lives than their real parents. And now you come along and want to shut it off. No wonder there's hatred here. You can feel it coming out of the sky. Feel that sun. George, you'll have to change your life. Like too many others, you've built it around creature comforts. Why, you'd starve tomorrow if something went wrong in your kitchen. You wouldn't know bow to tap an egg. Nevertheless, turn everything off. Start new. It'll take time. But we'll make good children out of bad in a year, wait and see.
But won't the shock be too much for the children, shutting the room up abruptly, for good?
I don't want them going any deeper into this, that's all.
The lions were finished with their red feast.
The lions were standing on the edge of the clearing watching the two men.
Now *I'm* feeling persecuted, said McClean. Let's get out of here. I never have cared for these damned rooms. Make me nervous.
The lions look real, don't they? said George Hadley. I don't suppose there's any way -
What?
– that they could *become* real?
Not that I know.
Some flaw in the machinery, a tampering or something?
No.
They went to the door.
I don't imagine the room will like being turned off, said the father.
Nothing ever likes to die – even a room.
I wonder if it hates me for wanting to switch it off?
Paranoia is thick around here today, said David McClean. You can follow it like a spoor. Hello.
He bent and picked up a bloody scarf. This yours?
No. George Hadley's face was rigid. It belongs to Lydia.
They went to the fuse box together and threw the switch that killed the nursery.
The two children were in hysterics. They screamed and pranced and threw things. They yelled and sobbed and swore and jumped at the furniture.
You can't do that to the nursery, you can't!"
Now, children.
The children flung themselves onto a couch, weeping.
George, said Lydia Hadley, turn on the nursery, just for a few moments. You can't be so abrupt.
No.

You can't be so cruel...
Lydia, it's off, and it stays off. And the whole damn house dies as of here and now. The more I see of the mess we've put ourselves in, the more it sickens me. We've been contemplating our mechanical, electronic navels for too long. My God, how we need a breath of honest air!
And he marched about the house turning off the voice clocks, the stoves, the heaters, the shoe shiners, the shoe lacers, the body scrubbers and swabbers and massagers, and every other machine be could put his hand to.
The house was full of dead bodies, it seemed. It felt like a mechanical cemetery. So silent. None of the humming hidden energy of machines waiting to function at the tap of a button.
Don't let them do it! wailed Peter at the ceiling, as if he was talking to the house, the nursery.
Don't let Father kill everything. He turned to his father. Oh, I hate you!
Insults won't get you anywhere.
I wish you were dead!
We were, for a long while. Now we're going to really start living. Instead of being handled and massaged, we're going to *live* .
Wendy was still crying and Peter joined her again. Just a moment, just one moment, just another moment of nursery, they wailed.
Oh, George, said the wife, it can't hurt.
All right – all right, if they'll just shut up. One minute, mind you, and then off forever.
Daddy, Daddy, Daddy! sang the children, smiling with wet faces.
And then we're going on a vacation. David McClean is coming back in half an hour to help us move out and get to the airport. I'm going to dress. You turn the nursery on for a minute, Lydia, just a minute, mind you.
And the three of them went babbling off while he let himself be vacuumed upstairs through the air flue and set about dressing himself. A minute later Lydia appeared.
I'll be glad when we get away, she sighed.
Did you leave them in the nursery?
I wanted to dress too. Oh, that horrid Africa. What can they see in it?
Well, in five minutes we'll be on our way to Iowa. Lord, how did we ever get in this house? What prompted us to buy a nightmare?
Pride, money, foolishness.
I think we'd better get downstairs before those kids get engrossed with those damned beasts again.
Just then they heard the children calling, Daddy, Mommy, come quick – quick!
They went downstairs in the air flue and ran down the hall. The children were nowhere in sight.
Wendy? Peter!
They ran into the nursery. The veldtland was empty save for the lions waiting, looking at them.
Peter, Wendy?
The door slammed.
Wendy, Peter!
George Hadley and his wife whirled and ran back to the door.
Open the door! cried George Hadley, trying the knob. Why, they've locked it from the outside!
Peter! He beat at the door. Open up!
He heard Peter's voice outside, against the door.
Don't let them switch off the nursery and the house, he was saying.
Mr. and Mrs. George Hadley beat at the door. Now, don't be ridiculous, children. It's time to go. Mr. McClean'll be here in a minute and...
And then they heard the sounds.
The lions on three sides of them, in the yellow veldt grass, padding through the dry straw, rumbling and roaring in their throats.
The lions.

Mr. Hadley looked at his wife and they turned and looked back at the beasts edging slowly forward crouching, tails stiff.
Mr. and Mrs. Hadley screamed.
And suddenly they realized why those other screams had sounded familiar.

Well, here I am, said David McClean in the nursery doorway, Oh, hello. He stared at the two children seated in the center of the open glade eating a little picnic lunch. Beyond them was the water hole and the yellow veldtland; above was the hot sun. He began to perspire. Where are your father and mother?
The children looked up and smiled. Oh, they'll be here directly.
Good, we must get going. At a distance Mr. McClean saw the lions fighting and clawing and then quieting down to feed in silence under the shady trees.
He squinted at the lions with his hand tip to his eyes.
Now the lions were done feeding. They moved to the water hole to drink.
A shadow flickered over Mr. McClean's hot face. Many shadows flickered. The vultures were dropping down the blazing sky.
A cup of tea? asked Wendy in the silence.

GETTING READY TO GO
BY FRANK J. MORLOCK
Etext by Dagny
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C 1986
Characters:
Chuck
Barbara

Scene: Chuck and Barbara's bedroom. A window at back and a door. The room looks lived in and comfortable. It may be furnished elegantly or sparsely as no particular social class is indicated. Chuck and Barbara are of no particular age, young or middle-aged. They are, however, childless.

Chuck As usual. Every time. Nice weather in the morning—then around noon it clouds up. It's going to rain for sure. All this because I want to go to the game. (looking out the window, somewhat disgusted)
Barbara
I didn't know you intended to go to the game this afternoon.
Chuck
I told you this morning.
Barbara (putting on a housecoat)
You're going to lose your money.
Chuck
You know I don't gamble.

Barbara
Don't leave me all alone. Take me along.
Chuck
No, no, it's not the same with you along. It costs too much.
Barbara
I won't eat anything—promise.
Chuck
Besides, it's bad weather. Anyway, when I go with you, I don't have any fun.
Barbara
You're real polite.
Chuck
You know I only have a good time when I go alone. When you're with me I can't wander around and stuff. I have to look after you. When I'm alone I can relax. Besides, if you come along I'll have to dress up. That's no fun.
Barbara
But I like the game, too.
Chuck
If you want to go out with me, that's okay, but let's do something else. I don't want to go to the game.
Barbara
Well, I don't want to go for a walk with you!
Chuck
Now who's being polite?
Barbara
You never stop making remarks if we go for a walk.
Chuck
Because you won't give me your arm.
Barbara
That looks stupid.
Chuck
Woman's libber.
Barbara (frostily)
It's got nothing to do with Women's Liberation.
Chuck
That's what you say.
Barbara (icily)
What's wrong with Women's Liberation, Male Chauvinist Pig?
Chuck
Nothing, except that for some reason you won't take my arm.
Barbara
It just looks stupid. Why do you have to make comments because I won't take your arm? Lots of people don't walk around like that. I've always been that way. Really.
Chuck
If you'd walk like other people.
Barbara
Now it's the way I walk.
Chuck
You always walk so fast. You act like you're trying to catch a bus!
Barbara
So I grew up in New York.
Chuck
I like to enjoy a walk. I don't want to have to run to keep up with you.

Barbara
I'll walk slow. I'll walk like an elephant. Slow and stately.
Chuck
Are you suggesting that I walk like an elephant?
Barbara
Don't be so touchy. Can we go for a walk?
Chuck
No. You say childish things when you walk.
Barbara
Then, why do you let me go out alone?
Chuck
Why?
Barbara
Yes. Why?
Chuck
Because—
Barbara
Because you don't care!
Chuck
What do you mean I don't care?
Barbara
You don't give a damn what silly things I say so long as you aren't around to hear them.
Chuck
Look, sweetie, whenever we go out we always have a fight.
Barbara
So what! We fight here, too.
Chuck
I don't like to fight with you. And I particularly don't like fighting with you in front of strangers.
Barbara
What difference does it make? They don't know us. We're just a man and a woman fighting.
Chuck
I just don't like it.
Barbara
You're all up tight. You've got to learn to express your emotions. You're so bourgeois.
Chuck
Bourgeois! Me! Bourgeois. I am so un-Bourgeois that—that—well, it's ridiculous, that's all.
Barbara
I didn't mean it. Let's go.
Chuck
Look, you don't really enjoy going out with me—it doesn't excite you.
Barbara
Oh, no. It really doesn't excite me. But, if you were nice, and didn't make a lot of sarcastic remarks, I'd prefer to go out with you to just about anybody.
Chuck
Awww!
(Barbara comes over and kisses him.)
Barbara
That excites me.
Chuck
Now that you mention it—
(Suddenly they are clawing madly at each other. They fall onto the couch in a wild embrace.)

Chuck
MMMMM!
Barbara
Ahhhh!
Chuck
Do that again.
Barbara
Ohhhh!
Chuck
I love you, I love you.
Barbara
Don't stop. Don't stop.
Chuck
Wonderful.
Barbara
Super.
Barbara, Chuck
Ahhhh! Aieeee!
(Silence.)
Chuck (after a long pause)
What time is it?
Barbara
I don't know. I think we stopped the clock. At least two o'clock.
Chuck (coming out from the couch, straightening up)
I'll go across the hall.
Barbara
They never can keep their time right. It's either slow or fast.
Chuck
Never mind. I'm going to try to make the game anyway. If I'm late, so what. I'll catch the bus.
Barbara
Then you're really going to leave me all alone?
Chuck (sitting down beside her)
Look honey—why make a fuss if I go out and have a good time. If I stay with you, you'll be bored to death.
Barbara
Charming. It's perfectly natural that I should be bored while the gentleman is having a good time.
Chuck
Look, it's no weather for a walk.
Barbara
It's no weather to go to the game.
Chuck
Yeah, it is. At the game, nobody gives a damn about the weather. Sure, it's more fun if it doesn't rain. Shit, I'm not going to have much fun today.
Barbara
Why can't I come?
Chuck
I already told you. And besides, if it rains, you'll ruin your dress.
Barbara
I'll wear a rain coat.
Chuck
And then you won't have any fun. It's a waste of money.

Barbara
Maybe we could go to a movie.
Chuck
That's a good idea. You're a practical girl. When I get back from the game we can go to the movies. I'm going. You want me to, don't you?
Barbara
Do whatever you like.
Chuck
Tell me what you want.
Barbara
You're perfectly free. This is an open relationship.
Chuck
I don't want to go if you're going to be angry.
Barbara
You expect me to jump for joy because you go out and have fun and leave me all alone like a little puppy dog.
Chuck
Why don't you go out?
Barbara
Where do you expect me to go?
Chuck
I don't know—take a walk—go to the Holiday Spa. I hesitate to say it—but you could go shopping.
Barbara
I'm not in the mood.
Chuck
I just did what I could to put you in a good mood.
Barbara
Do you mean what I think you mean?
Chuck
Yes.
Barbara
You motherfucker! You think just because you screw me that I'm supposed to feel joy all day and enjoy being left alone. Oh—I hate men.
Chuck
Uh-oh. You're pissed.
Barbara
Not in the least. I just don't like your attitude. Not that it differs from that of most men.
Chuck
What the hell, Barbara?
Barbara
You think all you have to do is screw me and that takes care of all my needs.
Chuck
I didn't mean that.
Barbara
You said—
Chuck
I know it's useless to try to explain—
Barbara
Try, if you like—

Chuck
This probably won't come out right, but here goes. When I make love to you, I think I'm demonstrating my love and affection in—in an unmistakable way.

Barbara
Oh, it's unmistakable.

Chuck
You just don't want to understand. You know that I'm not going off to run around with someone else and that I love you with all of my heart. (pause) You want me to tell you something? You are a bitch—a real little bitch.

Barbara
Why?

Chuck
Because you pull a long face just to prevent me from having some harmless fun. It's stupid of me to let a nasty piece like you get under my skin! If I feel like going out, I'm going out. Damn the selfishness of women. Bye—give me a hug, at least.

Barbara
No!

Chuck
Why? Now she won't even give me a hug!

Barbara
Why should I hug a man who calls me a little bitch?

Chuck
That's it, that's it! You are trying to prevent me from going to the game. Well, be satisfied. I'm not going.

Barbara
Shit!

Chuck (sitting down beside her)
Look, honey. Let me make you a proposition. You know how much I love you. I'm going to stay here for another quarter of an hour with you.

Barbara (dryly)
You'll be late for the game.

Chuck
Never mind.

Barbara (savagely)
If you're going to go, get out!

Chuck
Oh, if that's the way you feel, I'm going. Bye— (hesitates) Give me a kiss.

Barbara
You haven't said you were sorry for calling me a bitch.

Chuck
Of course I'm sorry.

Barbara (giving him a quick peck)
There.

Chuck
Like you mean it!

Barbara (going into the other room without kissing him)
You piss me off!

(Chuck hesitates, starts to go, then sits down. A long pause.)

Barbara (returning)
What? You didn't go? You're perfectly free to leave. I'm going out.

Chuck
Where are you going?

Barbara
To see Mona.
Chuck
Good. Perfect. I'm going. Bye.
Barbara
Bye, honey. Have a good time.
Chuck (stopping)
What did you say?
Barbara (puzzled)
I told you to have a good time.
Chuck
You're willing to let me go to the game?
Barbara
Sure, why not? Enjoy yourself.
Chuck
It's unnatural for you to be so willing for me to go. I'm staying home.
Barbara (sensing he is jealous and suspicious)
My poor darling, you are completely crazy.
Chuck
Sure, I'm an imbecile. I don't believe you're going to see Mona. You don't even like her.
Barbara
I don't like most of my friends. So what?
Chuck
You're up to something.
Barbara
You're crazy. I am not going to answer you.
Chuck
Better and better. The game is almost started. So, I'll miss it. I don't want to go to the game under these conditions. I prefer to remain right here with you.
Barbara
This is frightful.
Chuck
Yes, I know. I upset your plans. You've got everything worked out with Mona.
Barbara
What are you talking about?
Chuck
I know what Mona is. She gobbles up men. And you are planning to have a little munch, too.
Barbara
You are a fantastic person. You're jealous.
Chuck
Me, jealous? Not a bit of it.
Barbara
Then, why are you acting like this?
Chuck
I just don't like being made a fool of.
Barbara
You stupid bastard, if I want to make a fool of you, you think you can stop me? Be careful or I'll stay out all night.
Chuck
I am going to wait right here. Very calmly.

Barbara
Listen, go to the game. You're getting on my nerves. I don't want to spend the rest of the afternoon with someone as insupportable as you are.

Chuck
Good. I am staying right here. I won't budge.

Barbara
What are you afraid of?

Chuck
You aren't going to see Mona?

Barbara
You can come with me if you like.

Chuck
I can? All right, we'll go together.

Barbara
The only way I can get you to go out with me is to make you jealous.

Chuck
You're really willing to let me go with you?

Barbara
Yes, if it will make you happy.

Chuck
All right, then. I'm going to the game. I'm being silly. My apologies. Love you—bye. (kissing her) But, you know, you know what you ought to do to be real sweet?

Barbara
What?

Chuck
Stay home. Don't go see Mona. Like a nice kid.

Barbara
That's too much. Beautiful baby. Not satisfied to leave me at home like an old shoe, you want to prevent me from going out. (crying) All right. I'll stay home, you crazy bastard.

Chuck
My poor darling, my poor darling. Don't cry. I am going to stay with you. I am going to stay with my little girl. Daddy loves his little girl.

Barbara
You love me in your way.

Chuck
I love you so much I will sacrifice my afternoon. Willingly, willingly. (pause) If I were in your shoes, I would tell you, I would say, sweetheart, you've sufficiently proved your love.

(Barbara pulls away from him.)

Chuck
I would say, I don't want you to sacrifice your afternoon. Honey, we're like little kids. Let's understand each other. Making distasteful sacrifices doesn't make people happy. We are happy when we follow our own inclinations.

Barbara
Wonder philosophy! But you won't do it for me when it's my turn to have some fun. You know how much I like to dance. You always refuse to go with me under the pretext that you don't like dancing. And you won't let me go without you.

Chuck
Honey, it's not the same thing. I don't want you dancing with some stranger and I don't like dancing with you. If we go dancing, I have to dance with you. You don't have to go to the game with me.

Barbara
But I'm willing to go. Take me.

Chuck
It's raining.
Barbara (looking out the window)
It's stopped.
Chuck
It will start again.
Barbara
Go ahead, have some fun.
Chuck
Thanks. You don't mind?
Barbara
Not at all.
Chuck
You're not going to insist on going out? You're going to stay home like a little puppy dog?
Barbara
Like a little puppy dog.
Chuck
You're an angel. Bye. I'm going to the game. (goes out)
Barbara
Well, now that he's finally gone, I'm going to have some fun and watch Julia Child. How nice it is to have the place all to myself.

CURTAIN

Lady Susan
Jane Austen

I. LADY SUSAN VERNON TO MR. VERNON
Langford, Dec.
MY DEAR BROTHER,—I can no longer refuse myself the pleasure of profiting by your kind invitation when we last parted of spending some weeks with you at Churchhill, and, therefore, if quite convenient to you and Mrs. Vernon to receive me at present, I shall hope within a few days to be introduced to a sister whom I have so long desired to be acquainted with. My kind friends here are most affectionately urgent with me to prolong my stay, but their hospitable and cheerful dispositions lead them too much into society for my present situation and state of mind; and I impatiently look forward to the hour when I shall be admitted into Your delightful retirement.
I long to be made known to your dear little children, in whose hearts I shall be very eager to secure an interest. I shall soon have need for all my fortitude, as I am on the point of separation from my own daughter. The long illness of her dear father prevented my paying her that attention which duty and affection equally dictated, and I have too much reason to fear that the governess to whose care I consigned her was unequal to the charge. I have therefore resolved on placing her at one of the best private schools in town, where I shall have an opportunity of leaving her myself in my way to you. I am determined, you see, not to be denied admittance at Churchhill. It would indeed give me most painful sensations to know that it were not in your power to receive me.
Your most obliged and affectionate sister,
S. VERNON.
II. LADY SUSAN VERNON TO MRS. JOHNSON
Langford.
You were mistaken, my dear Alicia, in supposing me fixed at this place for the rest of the winter: it grieves me to say how greatly you were mistaken, for I have seldom spent three months more agreeably than those which have just flown away. At present, nothing goes smoothly; the

females of the family are united against me. You foretold how it would be when I first came to Langford, and Mainwaring is so uncommonly pleasing that I was not without apprehensions for myself. I remember saying to myself, as I drove to the house, "I like this man, pray Heaven no harm come of it!" But I was determined to be discreet, to bear in mind my being only four months a widow, and to be as quiet as possible: and I have been so, my dear creature; I have admitted no one's attentions but Mainwaring's. I have avoided all general flirtation whatever; I have distinguished no creature besides, of all the numbers resorting hither, except Sir James Martin, on whom I bestowed a little notice, in order to detach him from Miss Mainwaring; but, if the world could know my motive THERE they would honour me. I have been called an unkind mother, but it was the sacred impulse of maternal affection, it was the advantage of my daughter that led me on; and if that daughter were not the greatest simpleton on earth, I might have been rewarded for my exertions as I ought.

Sir James did make proposals to me for Frederica; but Frederica, who was born to be the torment of my life, chose to set herself so violently against the match that I thought it better to lay aside the scheme for the present. I have more than once repented that I did not marry him myself; and were he but one degree less contemptibly weak I certainly should: but I must own myself rather romantic in that respect, and that riches only will not satisfy me. The event of all this is very provoking: Sir James is gone, Maria highly incensed, and Mrs. Mainwaring insupportably jealous; so jealous, in short, and so enraged against me, that, in the fury of her temper, I should not be surprized at her appealing to her guardian, if she had the liberty of addressing him: but there your husband stands my friend; and the kindest, most amiable action of his life was his throwing her off for ever on her marriage. Keep up his resentment, therefore, I charge you. We are now in a sad state; no house was ever more altered; the whole party are at war, and Mainwaring scarcely dares speak to me. It is time for me to be gone; I have therefore determined on leaving them, and shall spend, I hope, a comfortable day with you in town within this week. If I am as little in favour with Mr. Johnson as ever, you must come to me at 10 Wigmore street; but I hope this may not be the case, for as Mr. Johnson, with all his faults, is a man to whom that great word "respectable" is always given, and I am known to be so intimate with his wife, his slighting me has an awkward look.

I take London in my way to that insupportable spot, a country village; for I am really going to Churchhill. Forgive me, my dear friend, it is my last resource. Were there another place in England open to me I would prefer it. Charles Vernon is my aversion; and I am afraid of his wife. At Churchhill, however, I must remain till I have something better in view. My young lady accompanies me to town, where I shall deposit her under the care of Miss Summers, in Wigmore street, till she becomes a little more reasonable. She will make good connections there, as the girls are all of the best families. The price is immense, and much beyond what I can ever attempt to pay.

Adieu, I will send you a line as soon as I arrive in town.

Yours ever,

S. VERNON.

III. MRS. VERNON TO LADY DE COURCY

Churchhill.

My dear Mother,—I am very sorry to tell you that it will not be in our power to keep our promise of spending our Christmas with you; and we are prevented that happiness by a circumstance which is not likely to make us any amends. Lady Susan, in a letter to her brother-in-law, has declared her intention of visiting us almost immediately; and as such a visit is in all probability merely an affair of convenience, it is impossible to conjecture its length. I was by no means prepared for such an event, nor can I now account for her ladyship's conduct; Langford appeared so exactly the place for her in every respect, as well from the elegant and expensive style of living there, as from her particular attachment to Mr. Mainwaring, that I was very far from expecting so speedy a distinction, though I always imagined from her increasing friendship for us since her husband's death that we should, at some future period, be obliged to receive her. Mr.

Vernon, I think, was a great deal too kind to her when he was in Staffordshire; her behaviour to him, independent of her general character, has been so inexcusably artful and ungenerous since our marriage was first in agitation that no one less amiable and mild than himself could have overlooked it all; and though, as his brother's widow, and in narrow circumstances, it was proper to render her pecuniary assistance, I cannot help thinking his pressing invitation to her to visit us at Churchhill perfectly unnecessary. Disposed, however, as he always is to think the best of everyone, her display of grief, and professions of regret, and general resolutions of prudence, were sufficient to soften his heart and make him really confide in her sincerity; but, as for myself, I am still unconvinced, and plausibly as her ladyship has now written, I cannot make up my mind till I better understand her real meaning in coming to us. You may guess, therefore, my dear madam, with what feelings I look forward to her arrival. She will have occasion for all those attractive powers for which she is celebrated to gain any share of my regard; and I shall certainly endeavour to guard myself against their influence, if not accompanied by something more substantial. She expresses a most eager desire of being acquainted with me, and makes very gracious mention of my children but I am not quite weak enough to suppose a woman who has behaved with inattention, if not with unkindness, to her own child, should be attached to any of mine. Miss Vernon is to be placed at a school in London before her mother comes to us which I am glad of, for her sake and my own. It must be to her advantage to be separated from her mother, and a girl of sixteen who has received so wretched an education, could not be a very desirable companion here. Reginald has long wished, I know, to see the captivating Lady Susan, and we shall depend on his joining our party soon. I am glad to hear that my father continues so well; and am, with best love, &c.,

CATHERINE VERNON.

IV. MR. DE COURCY TO MRS. VERNON

Parklands.

My dear Sister,—I congratulate you and Mr. Vernon on being about to receive into your family the most accomplished coquette in England. As a very distinguished flirt I have always been taught to consider her, but it has lately fallen in my way to hear some particulars of her conduct at Langford: which prove that she does not confine herself to that sort of honest flirtation which satisfies most people, but aspires to the more delicious gratification of making a whole family miserable. By her behaviour to Mr. Mainwaring she gave jealousy and wretchedness to his wife, and by her attentions to a young man previously attached to Mr. Mainwaring's sister deprived an amiable girl of her lover.

I learnt all this from Mr. Smith, now in this neighbourhood (I have dined with him, at Hurst and Wilford), who is just come from Langford where he was a fortnight with her ladyship, and who is therefore well qualified to make the communication.

What a woman she must be! I long to see her, and shall certainly accept your kind invitation, that I may form some idea of those bewitching powers which can do so much—engaging at the same time, and in the same house, the affections of two men, who were neither of them at liberty to bestow them- -and all this without the charm of youth! I am glad to find Miss Vernon does not accompany her mother to Churchhill, as she has not even manners to recommend her; and, according to Mr. Smith's account, is equally dull and proud. Where pride and stupidity unite there can be no dissimulation worthy notice, and Miss Vernon shall be consigned to unrelenting contempt; but by all that I can gather Lady Susan possesses a degree of captivating deceit which it must be pleasing to witness and detect. I shall be with you very soon, and am ever,

Your affectionate brother,

R. DE COURCY.

V. LADY SUSAN VERNON TO MRS. JOHNSON

Churchhill.

I received your note, my dear Alicia, just before I left town, and rejoice to be assured that Mr. Johnson suspected nothing of your engagement the evening before. It is undoubtedly better to deceive him entirely, and since he will be stubborn he must be tricked. I arrived here in safety,

and have no reason to complain of my reception from Mr. Vernon; but I confess myself not equally satisfied with the behaviour of his lady. She is perfectly well-bred, indeed, and has the air of a woman of fashion, but her manners are not such as can persuade me of her being prepossessed in my favour. I wanted her to be delighted at seeing me. I was as amiable as possible on the occasion, but all in vain. She does not like me. To be sure when we consider that I DID take some pains to prevent my brother-in-law's marrying her, this want of cordiality is not very surprizing, and yet it shows an illiberal and vindictive spirit to resent a project which influenced me six years ago, and which never succeeded at last.

I am sometimes disposed to repent that I did not let Charles buy Vernon Castle, when we were obliged to sell it; but it was a trying circumstance, especially as the sale took place exactly at the time of his marriage; and everybody ought to respect the delicacy of those feelings which could not endure that my husband's dignity should be lessened by his younger brother's having possession of the family estate. Could matters have been so arranged as to prevent the necessity of our leaving the castle, could we have lived with Charles and kept him single, I should have been very far from persuading my husband to dispose of it elsewhere; but Charles was on the point of marrying Miss De Courcy, and the event has justified me. Here are children in abundance, and what benefit could have accrued to me from his purchasing Vernon? My having prevented it may perhaps have given his wife an unfavourable impression, but where there is a disposition to dislike, a motive will never be wanting; and as to money matters it has not withheld him from being very useful to me. I really have a regard for him, he is so easily imposed upon! The house is a good one, the furniture fashionable, and everything announces plenty and elegance. Charles is very rich I am sure; when a man has once got his name in a banking-house he rolls in money; but they do not know what to do with it, keep very little company, and never go to London but on business. We shall be as stupid as possible. I mean to win my sister-in-law's heart through the children; I know all their names already, and am going to attach myself with the greatest sensibility to one in particular, a young Frederic, whom I take on my lap and sigh over for his dear uncle's sake.

Poor Mainwaring! I need not tell you how much I miss him, how perpetually he is in my thoughts. I found a dismal letter from him on my arrival here, full of complaints of his wife and sister, and lamentations on the cruelty of his fate. I passed off the letter as his wife's, to the Vernons, and when I write to him it must be under cover to you.

Ever yours, S. VERNON.

VI. MRS. VERNON TO MR. DE COURCY

Churchhill.

Well, my dear Reginald, I have seen this dangerous creature, and must give you some description of her, though I hope you will soon be able to form your own judgment she is really excessively pretty; however you may choose to question the allurements of a lady no longer young, I must, for my own part, declare that I have seldom seen so lovely a woman as Lady Susan. She is delicately fair, with fine grey eyes and dark eyelashes; and from her appearance one would not suppose her more than five and twenty, though she must in fact be ten years older, I was certainly not disposed to admire her, though always hearing she was beautiful; but I cannot help feeling that she possesses an uncommon union of symmetry, brilliancy, and grace. Her address to me was so gentle, frank, and even affectionate, that, if I had not known how much she has always disliked me for marrying Mr. Vernon, and that we had never met before, I should have imagined her an attached friend. One is apt, I believe, to connect assurance of manner with coquetry, and to expect that an impudent address will naturally attend an impudent mind; at least I was myself prepared for an improper degree of confidence in Lady Susan; but her countenance is absolutely sweet, and her voice and manner winningly mild. I am sorry it is so, for what is this but deceit? Unfortunately, one knows her too well. She is clever and agreeable, has all that knowledge of the world which makes conversation easy, and talks very well, with a happy command of language, which is too often used, I believe, to make black appear white. She has already almost persuaded me of her being warmly attached to her daughter, though I have been

so long convinced to the contrary. She speaks of her with so much tenderness and anxiety, lamenting so bitterly the neglect of her education, which she represents however as wholly unavoidable, that I am forced to recollect how many successive springs her ladyship spent in town, while her daughter was left in Staffordshire to the care of servants, or a governess very little better, to prevent my believing what she says.

If her manners have so great an influence on my resentful heart, you may judge how much more strongly they operate on Mr. Vernon's generous temper. I wish I could be as well satisfied as he is, that it was really her choice to leave Langford for Churchhill; and if she had not stayed there for months before she discovered that her friend's manner of living did not suit her situation or feelings, I might have believed that concern for the loss of such a husband as Mr. Vernon, to whom her own behaviour was far from unexceptionable, might for a time make her wish for retirement. But I cannot forget the length of her visit to the Mainwarings, and when I reflect on the different mode of life which she led with them from that to which she must now submit, I can only suppose that the wish of establishing her reputation by following though late the path of propriety, occasioned her removal from a family where she must in reality have been particularly happy. Your friend Mr. Smith's story, however, cannot be quite correct, as she corresponds regularly with Mrs. Mainwaring. At any rate it must be exaggerated. It is scarcely possible that two men should be so grossly deceived by her at once.

Yours, &c.,

CATHERINE VERNON

VII. LADY SUSAN VERNON TO MRS. JOHNSON

Churchhill.

My dear Alicia,—You are very good in taking notice of Frederica, and I am grateful for it as a mark of your friendship; but as I cannot have any doubt of the warmth of your affection, I am far from exacting so heavy a sacrifice. She is a stupid girl, and has nothing to recommend her. I would not, therefore, on my account, have you encumber one moment of your precious time by sending for her to Edward Street, especially as every visit is so much deducted from the grand affair of education, which I really wish to have attended to while she remains at Miss Summers's. I want her to play and sing with some portion of taste and a good deal of assurance, as she has my hand and arm and a tolerable voice. I was so much indulged in my infant years that I was never obliged to attend to anything, and consequently am without the accomplishments which are now necessary to finish a pretty woman. Not that I am an advocate for the prevailing fashion of acquiring a perfect knowledge of all languages, arts, and sciences. It is throwing time away to be mistress of French, Italian, and German: music, singing, and drawing, &c., will gain a woman some applause, but will not add one lover to her list—grace and manner, after all, are of the greatest importance. I do not mean, therefore, that Frederica's acquirements should be more than superficial, and I flatter myself that she will not remain long enough at school to understand anything thoroughly. I hope to see her the wife of Sir James within a twelvemonth. You know on what I ground my hope, and it is certainly a good foundation, for school must be very humiliating to a girl of Frederica's age. And, by-the-by, you had better not invite her any more on that account, as I wish her to find her situation as unpleasant as possible. I am sure of Sir James at any time, and could make him renew his application by a line. I shall trouble you meanwhile to prevent his forming any other attachment when he comes to town. Ask him to your house occasionally, and talk to him of Frederica, that he may not forget her. Upon the whole, I commend my own conduct in this affair extremely, and regard it as a very happy instance of circumspection and tenderness. Some mothers would have insisted on their daughter's accepting so good an offer on the first overture; but I could not reconcile it to myself to force Frederica into a marriage from which her heart revolted, and instead of adopting so harsh a measure merely propose to make it her own choice, by rendering her thoroughly uncomfortable till she does accept him—but enough of this tiresome girl. You may well wonder how I contrive to pass my time here, and for the first week it was insufferably dull. Now, however, we begin to mend, our party is enlarged by Mrs. Vernon's brother, a handsome young man, who promises me some

amusement. There is something about him which rather interests me, a sort of sauciness and familiarity which I shall teach him to correct. He is lively, and seems clever, and when I have inspired him with greater respect for me than his sister's kind offices have implanted, he may be an agreeable flirt. There is exquisite pleasure in subduing an insolent spirit, in making a person predetermined to dislike acknowledge one's superiority. I have disconcerted him already by my calm reserve, and it shall be my endeavour to humble the pride of these self important De Courcys still lower, to convince Mrs. Vernon that her sisterly cautions have been bestowed in vain, and to persuade Reginald that she has scandalously belied me. This project will serve at least to amuse me, and prevent my feeling so acutely this dreadful separation from you and all whom I love.

Yours ever,

S. VERNON.

VIII. MRS. VERNON TO LADY DE COURCY

Churchhill.

My dear Mother,—You must not expect Reginald back again for some time. He desires me to tell you that the present open weather induces him to accept Mr. Vernon's invitation to prolong his stay in Sussex, that they may have some hunting together. He means to send for his horses immediately, and it is impossible to say when you may see him in Kent. I will not disguise my sentiments on this change from you, my dear mother, though I think you had better not communicate them to my father, whose excessive anxiety about Reginald would subject him to an alarm which might seriously affect his health and spirits. Lady Susan has certainly contrived, in the space of a fortnight, to make my brother like her. In short, I am persuaded that his continuing here beyond the time originally fixed for his return is occasioned as much by a degree of fascination towards her, as by the wish of hunting with Mr. Vernon, and of course I cannot receive that pleasure from the length of his visit which my brother's company would otherwise give me. I am, indeed, provoked at the artifice of this unprincipled woman; what stronger proof of her dangerous abilities can be given than this perversion of Reginald's judgment, which when he entered the house was so decidedly against her! In his last letter he actually gave me some particulars of her behaviour at Langford, such as he received from a gentleman who knew her perfectly well, which, if true, must raise abhorrence against her, and which Reginald himself was entirely disposed to credit. His opinion of her, I am sure, was as low as of any woman in England; and when he first came it was evident that he considered her as one entitled neither to delicacy nor respect, and that he felt she would be delighted with the attentions of any man inclined to flirt with her. Her behaviour, I confess, has been calculated to do away with such an idea; I have not detected the smallest impropriety in it—nothing of vanity, of pretension, of levity; and she is altogether so attractive that I should not wonder at his being delighted with her, had he known nothing of her previous to this personal acquaintance; but, against reason, against conviction, to be so well pleased with her, as I am sure he is, does really astonish me. His admiration was at first very strong, but no more than was natural, and I did not wonder at his being much struck by the gentleness and delicacy of her manners; but when he has mentioned her of late it has been in terms of more extraordinary praise; and yesterday he actually said that he could not be surprised at any effect produced on the heart of man by such loveliness and such abilities; and when I lamented, in reply, the badness of her disposition, he observed that whatever might have been her errors they were to be imputed to her neglected education and early marriage, and that she was altogether a wonderful woman. This tendency to excuse her conduct or to forget it, in the warmth of admiration, vexes me; and if I did not know that Reginald is too much at home at Churchhill to need an invitation for lengthening his visit, I should regret Mr. Vernon's giving him any. Lady Susan's intentions are of course those of absolute coquetry, or a desire of universal admiration; I cannot for a moment imagine that she has anything more serious in view; but it mortifies me to see a young man of Reginald's sense duped by her at all.

I am, &c.,

CATHERINE VERNON.

IX. MRS. JOHNSON TO LADY S. VERNON

Edward Street.

My dearest Friend,—I congratulate you on Mr. De Courcy's arrival, and I advise you by all means to marry him; his father's estate is, we know, considerable, and I believe certainly entailed. Sir Reginald is very infirm, and not likely to stand in your way long. I hear the young man well spoken of; and though no one can really deserve you, my dearest Susan, Mr. De Courcy may be worth having. Mainwaring will storm of course, but you easily pacify him; besides, the most scrupulous point of honour could not require you to wait for HIS emancipation. I have seen Sir James; he came to town for a few days last week, and called several times in Edward Street. I talked to him about you and your daughter, and he is so far from having forgotten you, that I am sure he would marry either of you with pleasure. I gave him hopes of Frederica's relenting, and told him a great deal of her improvements. I scolded him for making love to Maria Mainwaring; he protested that he had been only in joke, and we both laughed heartily at her disappointment; and, in short, were very agreeable. He is as silly as ever.

Yours faithfully,

ALICIA.

X. LADY SUSAN VERNON TO MRS. JOHNSON

Churchhill.

I am much obliged to you, my dear Friend, for your advice respecting Mr. De Courcy, which I know was given with the full conviction of its expediency, though I am not quite determined on following it. I cannot easily resolve on anything so serious as marriage; especially as I am not at present in want of money, and might perhaps, till the old gentleman's death, be very little benefited by the match. It is true that I am vain enough to believe it within my reach. I have made him sensible of my power, and can now enjoy the pleasure of triumphing over a mind prepared to dislike me, and prejudiced against all my past actions. His sister, too, is, I hope, convinced how little the ungenerous representations of anyone to the disadvantage of another will avail when opposed by the immediate influence of intellect and manner. I see plainly that she is uneasy at my progress in the good opinion of her brother, and conclude that nothing will be wanting on her part to counteract me; but having once made him doubt the justice of her opinion of me, I think I may defy her. It has been delightful to me to watch his advances towards intimacy, especially to observe his altered manner in consequence of my repressing by the cool dignity of my deportment his insolent approach to direct familiarity. My conduct has been equally guarded from the first, and I never behaved less like a coquette in the whole course of my life, though perhaps my desire of dominion was never more decided. I have subdued him entirely by sentiment and serious conversation, and made him, I may venture to say, at least half in love with me, without the semblance of the most commonplace flirtation. Mrs. Vernon's consciousness of deserving every sort of revenge that it can be in my power to inflict for her ill-offices could alone enable her to perceive that I am actuated by any design in behaviour so gentle and unpretending. Let her think and act as she chooses, however. I have never yet found that the advice of a sister could prevent a young man's being in love if he chose. We are advancing now to some kind of confidence, and in short are likely to be engaged in a sort of platonic friendship. On my side you may be sure of its never being more, for if I were not attached to another person as much as I can be to anyone, I should make a point of not bestowing my affection on a man who had dared to think so meanly of me. Reginald has a good figure and is not unworthy the praise you have heard given him, but is still greatly inferior to our friend at Langford. He is less polished, less insinuating than Mainwaring, and is comparatively deficient in the power of saying those delightful things which put one in good humour with oneself and all the world. He is quite agreeable enough, however, to afford me amusement, and to make many of those hours pass very pleasantly which would otherwise be spent in endeavouring to overcome my sister-in-law's reserve, and listening to the insipid talk of her husband. Your account of Sir James is most satisfactory, and I mean to give Miss Frederica a hint of my intentions very soon.

Yours, &c.,
S. VERNON.

XI. MRS. VERNON TO LADY DE COURCY

Churchhill

I really grow quite uneasy, my dearest mother, about Reginald, from witnessing the very rapid increase of Lady Susan's influence. They are now on terms of the most particular friendship, frequently engaged in long conversations together; and she has contrived by the most artful coquetry to subdue his judgment to her own purposes. It is impossible to see the intimacy between them so very soon established without some alarm, though I can hardly suppose that Lady Susan's plans extend to marriage. I wish you could get Reginald home again on any plausible pretence; he is not at all disposed to leave us, and I have given him as many hints of my father's precarious state of health as common decency will allow me to do in my own house. Her power over him must now be boundless, as she has entirely effaced all his former ill-opinion, and persuaded him not merely to forget but to justify her conduct. Mr. Smith's account of her proceedings at Langford, where he accused her of having made Mr. Mainwaring and a young man engaged to Miss Mainwaring distractedly in love with her, which Reginald firmly believed when he came here, is now, he is persuaded, only a scandalous invention. He has told me so with a warmth of manner which spoke his regret at having believed the contrary himself. How sincerely do I grieve that she ever entered this house! I always looked forward to her coming with uneasiness; but very far was it from originating in anxiety for Reginald. I expected a most disagreeable companion for myself, but could not imagine that my brother would be in the smallest danger of being captivated by a woman with whose principles he was so well acquainted, and whose character he so heartily despised. If you can get him away it will be a good thing.

Yours, &c.,
CATHERINE VERNON.

XII. SIR REGINALD DE COURCY TO HIS SON

Parklands.

I know that young men in general do not admit of any enquiry even from their nearest relations into affairs of the heart, but I hope, my dear Reginald, that you will be superior to such as allow nothing for a father's anxiety, and think themselves privileged to refuse him their confidence and slight his advice. You must be sensible that as an only son, and the representative of an ancient family, your conduct in life is most interesting to your connections; and in the very important concern of marriage especially, there is everything at stake—your own happiness, that of your parents, and the credit of your name. I do not suppose that you would deliberately form an absolute engagement of that nature without acquainting your mother and myself, or at least, without being convinced that we should approve of your choice; but I cannot help fearing that you may be drawn in, by the lady who has lately attached you, to a marriage which the whole of your family, far and near, must highly reprobate. Lady Susan's age is itself a material objection, but her want of character is one so much more serious, that the difference of even twelve years becomes in comparison of small amount. Were you not blinded by a sort of fascination, it would be ridiculous in me to repeat the instances of great misconduct on her side so very generally known.

Her neglect of her husband, her encouragement of other men, her extravagance and dissipation, were so gross and notorious that no one could be ignorant of them at the time, nor can now have forgotten them. To our family she has always been represented in softened colours by the benevolence of Mr. Charles Vernon, and yet, in spite of his generous endeavours to excuse her, we know that she did, from the most selfish motives, take all possible pains to prevent his marriage with Catherine.

My years and increasing infirmities make me very desirous of seeing you settled in the world. To the fortune of a wife, the goodness of my own will make me indifferent, but her family and character must be equally unexceptionable. When your choice is fixed so that no objection can

be made to it, then I can promise you a ready and cheerful consent; but it is my duty to oppose a match which deep art only could render possible, and must in the end make wretched. It is possible her behaviour may arise only from vanity, or the wish of gaining the admiration of a man whom she must imagine to be particularly prejudiced against her; but it is more likely that she should aim at something further. She is poor, and may naturally seek an alliance which must be advantageous to herself; you know your own rights, and that it is out of my power to prevent your inheriting the family estate. My ability of distressing you during my life would be a species of revenge to which I could hardly stoop under any circumstances.

I honestly tell you my sentiments and intentions: I do not wish to work on your fears, but on your sense and affection. It would destroy every comfort of my life to know that you were married to Lady Susan Vernon; it would be the death of that honest pride with which I have hitherto considered my son; I should blush to see him, to hear of him, to think of him. I may perhaps do no good but that of relieving my own mind by this letter, but I felt it my duty to tell you that your partiality for Lady Susan is no secret to your friends, and to warn you against her. I should be glad to hear your reasons for disbelieving Mr. Smith's intelligence; you had no doubt of its authenticity a month ago. If you can give me your assurance of having no design beyond enjoying the conversation of a clever woman for a short period, and of yielding admiration only to her beauty and abilities, without being blinded by them to her faults, you will restore me to happiness; but, if you cannot do this, explain to me, at least, what has occasioned so great an alteration in your opinion of her.

I am, &c., &c,

REGINALD DE COURCY

XIII. LADY DE COURCY TO MRS. VERNON

Parklands.

My dear Catherine,—Unluckily I was confined to my room when your last letter came, by a cold which affected my eyes so much as to prevent my reading it myself, so I could not refuse your father when he offered to read it to me, by which means he became acquainted, to my great vexation, with all your fears about your brother. I had intended to write to Reginald myself as soon as my eyes would let me, to point out, as well as I could, the danger of an intimate acquaintance, with so artful a woman as Lady Susan, to a young man of his age, and high expectations. I meant, moreover, to have reminded him of our being quite alone now, and very much in need of him to keep up our spirits these long winter evenings. Whether it would have done any good can never be settled now, but I am excessively vexed that Sir Reginald should know anything of a matter which we foresaw would make him so uneasy. He caught all your fears the moment he had read your letter, and I am sure he has not had the business out of his head since. He wrote by the same post to Reginald a long letter full of it all, and particularly asking an explanation of what he may have heard from Lady Susan to contradict the late shocking reports. His answer came this morning, which I shall enclose to you, as I think you will like to see it. I wish it was more satisfactory; but it seems written with such a determination to think well of Lady Susan, that his assurances as to marriage, &c., do not set my heart at ease. I say all I can, however, to satisfy your father, and he is certainly less uneasy since Reginald's letter. How provoking it is, my dear Catherine, that this unwelcome guest of yours should not only prevent our meeting this Christmas, but be the occasion of so much vexation and trouble! Kiss the dear children for me.

Your affectionate mother,

C. DE COURCY.

XIV. MR. DE COURCY TO SIR REGINALD

Churchhill.

My dear Sir,—I have this moment received your letter, which has given me more astonishment than I ever felt before. I am to thank my sister, I suppose, for having represented me in such a light as to injure me in your opinion, and give you all this alarm. I know not why she should choose to make herself and her family uneasy by apprehending an event which no one but

herself, I can affirm, would ever have thought possible. To impute such a design to Lady Susan would be taking from her every claim to that excellent understanding which her bitterest enemies have never denied her; and equally low must sink my pretensions to common sense if I am suspected of matrimonial views in my behaviour to her. Our difference of age must be an insuperable objection, and I entreat you, my dear father, to quiet your mind, and no longer harbour a suspicion which cannot he more injurious to your own peace than to our understandings. I can have no other view in remaining with Lady Susan, than to enjoy for a short time (as you have yourself expressed it) the conversation of a woman of high intellectual powers. If Mrs. Vernon would allow something to my affection for herself and her husband in the length of my visit, she would do more justice to us all; but my sister is unhappily prejudiced beyond the hope of conviction against Lady Susan. From an attachment to her husband, which in itself does honour to both, she cannot forgive the endeavours at preventing their union, which have been attributed to selfishness in Lady Susan; but in this case, as well as in many others, the world has most grossly injured that lady, by supposing the worst where the motives of her conduct have been doubtful. Lady Susan had heard something so materially to the disadvantage of my sister as to persuade her that the happiness of Mr. Vernon, to whom she was always much attached, would be wholly destroyed by the marriage. And this circumstance, while it explains the true motives of Lady Susan's conduct, and removes all the blame which has been so lavished on her, may also convince us how little the general report of anyone ought to be credited; since no character, however upright, can escape the malevolence of slander. If my sister, in the security of retirement, with as little opportunity as inclination to do evil, could not avoid censure, we must not rashly condemn those who, living in the world and surrounded with temptations, should be accused of errors which they are known to have the power of committing.

I blame myself severely for having so easily believed the slanderous tales invented by Charles Smith to the prejudice of Lady Susan, as I am now convinced how greatly they have traduced her. As to Mrs. Mainwaring's jealousy it was totally his own invention, and his account of her attaching Miss Mainwaring's lover was scarcely better founded. Sir James Martin had been drawn in by that young lady to pay her some attention; and as he is a man of fortune, it was easy to see HER views extended to marriage. It is well known that Miss M. is absolutely on the catch for a husband, and no one therefore can pity her for losing, by the superior attractions of another woman, the chance of being able to make a worthy man completely wretched. Lady Susan was far from intending such a conquest, and on finding how warmly Miss Mainwaring resented her lover's defection, determined, in spite of Mr. and Mrs. Mainwaring's most urgent entreaties, to leave the family. I have reason to imagine she did receive serious proposals from Sir James, but her removing to Langford immediately on the discovery of his attachment, must acquit her on that article with any mind of common candour. You will, I am sure, my dear Sir, feel the truth of this, and will hereby learn to do justice to the character of a very injured woman. I know that Lady Susan in coming to Churchhill was governed only by the most honourable and amiable intentions; her prudence and economy are exemplary, her regard for Mr. Vernon equal even to HIS deserts; and her wish of obtaining my sister's good opinion merits a better return than it has received. As a mother she is unexceptionable; her solid affection for her child is shown by placing her in hands where her education will be properly attended to; but because she has not the blind and weak partiality of most mothers, she is accused of wanting maternal tenderness. Every person of sense, however, will know how to value and commend her well-directed affection, and will join me in wishing that Frederica Vernon may prove more worthy than she has yet done of her mother's tender care. I have now, my dear father, written my real sentiments of Lady Susan; you will know from this letter how highly I admire her abilities, and esteem her character; but if you are not equally convinced by my full and solemn assurance that your fears have been most idly created, you will deeply mortify and distress me.

I am, &c., &c.,

R. DE COURCY.

XV. MRS. VERNON TO LADY DE COURCY

Churchhill

My dear Mother,—I return you Reginald's letter, and rejoice with all my heart that my father is made easy by it: tell him so, with my congratulations; but, between ourselves, I must own it has only convinced ME of my brother's having no PRESENT intention of marrying Lady Susan, not that he is in no danger of doing so three months hence. He gives a very plausible account of her behaviour at Langford; I wish it may be true, but his intelligence must come from herself, and I am less disposed to believe it than to lament the degree of intimacy subsisting, between them implied by the discussion of such a subject. I am sorry to have incurred his displeasure, but can expect nothing better while he is so very eager in Lady Susan's justification. He is very severe against me indeed, and yet I hope I have not been hasty in my judgment of her. Poor woman! though I have reasons enough for my dislike, I cannot help pitying her at present, as she is in real distress, and with too much cause. She had this morning a letter from the lady with whom she has placed her daughter, to request that Miss Vernon might be immediately removed, as she had been detected in an attempt to run away. Why, or whither she intended to go, does not appear; but, as her situation seems to have been unexceptionable, it is a sad thing, and of course highly distressing to Lady Susan. Frederica must be as much as sixteen, and ought to know better; but from what her mother insinuates, I am afraid she is a perverse girl. She has been sadly neglected, however, and her mother ought to remember it. Mr. Vernon set off for London as soon as she had determined what should be done. He is, if possible, to prevail on Miss Summers to let Frederica continue with her; and if he cannot succeed, to bring her to Churchhill for the present, till some other situation can be found for her. Her ladyship is comforting herself meanwhile by strolling along the shrubbery with Reginald, calling forth all his tender feelings, I suppose, on this distressing occasion. She has been talking a great deal about it to me. She talks vastly well; I am afraid of being ungenerous, or I should say, TOO well to feel so very deeply; but I will not look for her faults; she may be Reginald's wife! Heaven forbid it! but why should I be quicker-sighted than anyone else? Mr. Vernon declares that he never saw deeper distress than hers, on the receipt of the letter; and is his judgment inferior to mine? She was very unwilling that Frederica should be allowed to come to Churchhill, and justly enough, as it seems a sort of reward to behaviour deserving very differently; but it was impossible to take her anywhere else, and she is not to remain here long. "It will be absolutely necessary," said she, "as you, my dear sister, must be sensible, to treat my daughter with some severity while she is here; a most painful necessity, but I will ENDEAVOUR to submit to it. I am afraid I have often been too indulgent, but my poor Frederica's temper could never bear opposition well: you must support and encourage me; you must urge the necessity of reproof if you see me too lenient." All this sounds very reasonable. Reginald is so incensed against the poor silly girl. Surely it is not to Lady Susan's credit that he should be so bitter against her daughter; his idea of her must be drawn from the mother's description. Well, whatever may be his fate, we have the comfort of knowing that we have done our utmost to save him. We must commit the event to a higher power.

Yours ever, &c.,

CATHERINE VERNON.

XVI. LADY SUSAN TO MRS. JOHNSON

Churchhill.

Never, my dearest Alicia, was I so provoked in my life as by a letter this morning from Miss Summers. That horrid girl of mine has been trying to run away. I had not a notion of her being such a little devil before, she seemed to have all the Vernon milkiness; but on receiving the letter in which I declared my intention about Sir James, she actually attempted to elope; at least, I cannot otherwise account for her doing it. She meant, I suppose, to go to the Clarkes in Staffordshire, for she has no other acquaintances. But she shall be punished, she shall have him. I have sent Charles to town to make matters up if he can, for I do not by any means want her here. If Miss Summers will not keep her, you must find me out another school, unless we can get her married immediately. Miss S. writes word that she could not get the young lady to assign any cause for her extraordinary conduct, which confirms me in my own previous explanation of it,

Frederica is too shy, I think, and too much in awe of me to tell tales, but if the mildness of her uncle should get anything out of her, I am not afraid. I trust I shall be able to make my story as good as hers. If I am vain of anything, it is of my eloquence. Consideration and esteem as surely follow command of language as admiration waits on beauty, and here I have opportunity enough for the exercise of my talent, as the chief of my time is spent in conversation.

Reginald is never easy unless we are by ourselves, and when the weather is tolerable, we pace the shrubbery for hours together. I like him on the whole very well; he is clever and has a good deal to say, but he is sometimes impertinent and troublesome. There is a sort of ridiculous delicacy about him which requires the fullest explanation of whatever he may have heard to my disadvantage, and is never satisfied till he thinks he has ascertained the beginning and end of everything. This is one sort of love, but I confess it does not particularly recommend itself to me. I infinitely prefer the tender and liberal spirit of Mainwaring, which, impressed with the deepest conviction of my merit, is satisfied that whatever I do must be right; and look with a degree of contempt on the inquisitive and doubtful fancies of that heart which seems always debating on the reasonableness of its emotions. Mainwaring is indeed, beyond all compare, superior to Reginald—superior in everything but the power of being with me! Poor fellow! he is much distracted by jealousy, which I am not sorry for, as I know no better support of love. He has been teazing me to allow of his coming into this country, and lodging somewhere near INCOG.; but I forbade everything of the kind. Those women are inexcusable who forget what is due to themselves, and the opinion of the world.

Yours ever, S. VERNON.

XVII. MRS. VERNON TO LADY DE COURCY

Churchhill.

My dear Mother,—Mr. Vernon returned on Thursday night, bringing his niece with him. Lady Susan had received a line from him by that day's post, informing her that Miss Summers had absolutely refused to allow of Miss Vernon's continuance in her academy; we were therefore prepared for her arrival, and expected them impatiently the whole evening. They came while we were at tea, and I never saw any creature look so frightened as Frederica when she entered the room. Lady Susan, who had been shedding tears before, and showing great agitation at the idea of the meeting, received her with perfect self-command, and without betraying the least tenderness of spirit. She hardly spoke to her, and on Frederica's bursting into tears as soon as we were seated, took her out of the room, and did not return for some time. When she did, her eyes looked very red and she was as much agitated as before. We saw no more of her daughter. Poor Reginald was beyond measure concerned to see his fair friend in such distress, and watched her with so much tender solicitude, that I, who occasionally caught her observing his countenance with exultation, was quite out of patience. This pathetic representation lasted the whole evening, and so ostentatious and artful a display has entirely convinced me that she did in fact feel nothing. I am more angry with her than ever since I have seen her daughter; the poor girl looks so unhappy that my heart aches for her. Lady Susan is surely too severe, for Frederica does not seem to have the sort of temper to make severity necessary. She looks perfectly timid, dejected, and penitent. She is very pretty, though not so handsome as her mother, nor at all like her. Her complexion is delicate, but neither so fair nor so blooming as Lady Susan's, and she has quite the Vernon cast of countenance, the oval face and mild dark eyes, and there is peculiar sweetness in her look when she speaks either to her uncle or me, for as we behave kindly to her we have of course engaged her gratitude.

Her mother has insinuated that her temper is intractable, but I never saw a face less indicative of any evil disposition than hers; and from what I can see of the behaviour of each to the other, the invariable severity of Lady Susan and the silent dejection of Frederica, I am led to believe as heretofore that the former has no real love for her daughter, and has never done her justice or treated her affectionately. I have not been able to have any conversation with my niece; she is shy, and I think I can see that some pains are taken to prevent her being much with me. Nothing satisfactory transpires as to her reason for running away. Her kind-hearted uncle, you may be

sure, was too fearful of distressing her to ask many questions as they travelled. I wish it had been possible for me to fetch her instead of him. I think I should have discovered the truth in the course of a thirty-mile journey. The small pianoforte has been removed within these few days, at Lady Susan's request, into her dressing-room, and Frederica spends great part of the day there, practising as it is called; but I seldom hear any noise when I pass that way; what she does with herself there I do not know. There are plenty of books, but it is not every girl who has been running wild the first fifteen years of her life, that can or will read. Poor creature! the prospect from her window is not very instructive, for that room overlooks the lawn, you know, with the shrubbery on one side, where she may see her mother walking for an hour together in earnest conversation with Reginald. A girl of Frederica's age must be childish indeed, if such things do not strike her. Is it not inexcusable to give such an example to a daughter? Yet Reginald still thinks Lady Susan the best of mothers, and still condemns Frederica as a worthless girl! He is convinced that her attempt to run away proceeded from no justifiable cause, and had no provocation. I am sure I cannot say that it HAD, but while Miss Summers declares that Miss Vernon showed no signs of obstinacy or perverseness during her whole stay in Wigmore Street, till she was detected in this scheme, I cannot so readily credit what Lady Susan has made him, and wants to make me believe, that it was merely an impatience of restraint and a desire of escaping from the tuition of masters which brought on the plan of an elopement. O Reginald, how is your judgment enslaved! He scarcely dares even allow her to be handsome, and when I speak of her beauty, replies only that her eyes have no brilliancy! Sometimes he is sure she is deficient in understanding, and at others that her temper only is in fault. In short, when a person is always to deceive, it is impossible to be consistent. Lady Susan finds it necessary that Frederica should be to blame, and probably has sometimes judged it expedient to *excuse her of ill-nature and sometimes to lament her want of sense. Reginald is only repeating after her ladyship.

I remain, &c., &c.,

CATHERINE VERNON.

XVIII. FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

Churchhill.

My dear Mother,—I am very glad to find that my description of Frederica Vernon has interested you, for I do believe her truly deserving of your regard; and when I have communicated a notion which has recently struck me, your kind impressions in her favour will, I am sure, be heightened. I cannot help fancying that she is growing partial to my brother. I so very often see her eyes fixed on his face with a remarkable expression of pensive admiration. He is certainly very handsome; and yet more, there is an openness in his manner that must be highly prepossessing, and I am sure she feels it so. Thoughtful and pensive in general, her countenance always brightens into a smile when Reginald says anything amusing; and, let the subject be ever so serious that he may be conversing on, I am much mistaken if a syllable of his uttering escapes her. I want to make him sensible of all this, for we know the power of gratitude on such a heart as his; and could Frederica's artless affection detach him from her mother, we might bless the day which brought her to Churchhill. I think, my dear mother, you would not disapprove of her as a daughter. She is extremely young, to be sure, has had a wretched education, and a dreadful example of levity in her mother; but yet I can pronounce her disposition to be excellent, and her natural abilities very good. Though totally without accomplishments, she is by no means so ignorant as one might expect to find her, being fond of books and spending the chief of her time in reading. Her mother leaves her more to herself than she did, and I have her with me as much as possible, and have taken great pains to overcome her timidity. We are very good friends, and though she never opens her lips before her mother, she talks enough when alone with me to make it clear that, if properly treated by Lady Susan, she would always appear to much greater advantage. There cannot be a more gentle, affectionate heart; or more obliging manners, when acting without restraint; and her little cousins are all very fond of her.

Your affectionate daughter,

C. VERNON

XIX. LADY SUSAN TO MRS. JOHNSON

Churchhill.

You will be eager, I know, to hear something further of Frederica, and perhaps may think me negligent for not writing before. She arrived with her uncle last Thursday fortnight, when, of course, I lost no time in demanding the cause of her behaviour; and soon found myself to have been perfectly right in attributing it to my own letter. The prospect of it frightened her so thoroughly, that, with a mixture of true girlish perverseness and folly, she resolved on getting out of the house and proceeding directly by the stage to her friends, the Clarkes; and had really got as far as the length of two streets in her journey when she was fortunately missed, pursued, and overtaken. Such was the first distinguished exploit of Miss Frederica Vernon; and, if we consider that it was achieved at the tender age of sixteen, we shall have room for the most flattering prognostics of her future renown. I am excessively provoked, however, at the parade of propriety which prevented Miss Summers from keeping the girl; and it seems so extraordinary a piece of nicety, considering my daughter's family connections, that I can only suppose the lady to be governed by the fear of never getting her money. Be that as it may, however, Frederica is returned on my hands; and, having nothing else to employ her, is busy in pursuing the plan of romance begun at Langford. She is actually falling in love with Reginald De Courcy! To disobey her mother by refusing an unexceptionable offer is not enough; her affections must also be given without her mother's approbation. I never saw a girl of her age bid fairer to be the sport of mankind. Her feelings are tolerably acute, and she is so charmingly artless in their display as to afford the most reasonable hope of her being ridiculous, and despised by every man who sees her.

Artlessness will never do in love matters; and that girl is born a simpleton who has it either by nature or affectation. I am not yet certain that Reginald sees what she is about, nor is it of much consequence. She is now an object of indifference to him, and she would be one of contempt were he to understand her emotions. Her beauty is much admired by the Vernons, but it has no effect on him. She is in high favour with her aunt altogether, because she is so little like myself, of course. She is exactly the companion for Mrs. Vernon, who dearly loves to be firm, and to have all the sense and all the wit of the conversation to herself: Frederica will never eclipse her. When she first came I was at some pains to prevent her seeing much of her aunt; but I have relaxed, as I believe I may depend on her observing the rules I have laid down for their discourse. But do not imagine that with all this lenity I have for a moment given up my plan of her marriage. No; I am unalterably fixed on this point, though I have not yet quite decided on the manner of bringing it about. I should not chuse to have the business brought on here, and canvassed by the wise heads of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon; and I cannot just now afford to go to town. Miss Frederica must therefore wait a little.

Yours ever,

S. VERNON.

XX. MRS. VERNON TO LADY DE COURCY

Churchhill

We have a very unexpected guest with us at present, my dear Mother: he arrived yesterday. I heard a carriage at the door, as I was sitting with my children while they dined; and supposing I should be wanted, left the nursery soon afterwards, and was half-way downstairs, when Frederica, as pale as ashes, came running up, and rushed by me into her own room. I instantly followed, and asked her what was the matter. "Oh!" said she, "he is come—Sir James is come, and what shall I do?" This was no explanation; I begged her to tell me what she meant. At that moment we were interrupted by a knock at the door: it was Reginald, who came, by Lady Susan's direction, to call Frederica down. "It is Mr. De Courcy!" said she, colouring violently. "Mamma has sent for me; I must go." We all three went down together; and I saw my brother examining the terrified face of Frederica with surprize. In the breakfast-room we found Lady Susan, and a young man of gentlemanlike appearance, whom she introduced by the name of Sir

James Martin—the very person, as you may remember, whom it was said she had been at pains to detach from Miss Mainwaring; but the conquest, it seems, was not designed for herself, or she has since transferred it to her daughter; for Sir James is now desperately in love with Frederica, and with full encouragement from mamma. The poor girl, however, I am sure, dislikes him; and though his person and address are very well, he appears, both to Mr. Vernon and me, a very weak young man. Frederica looked so shy, so confused, when we entered the room, that I felt for her exceedingly. Lady Susan behaved with great attention to her visitor; and yet I thought I could perceive that she had no particular pleasure in seeing him. Sir James talked a great deal, and made many civil excuses to me for the liberty he had taken in coming to Churchhill—mixing more frequent laughter with his discourse than the subject required—said many things over and over again, and told Lady Susan three times that he had seen Mrs. Johnson a few evenings before. He now and then addressed Frederica, but more frequently her mother. The poor girl sat all this time without opening her lips—her eyes cast down, and her colour varying every instant; while Reginald observed all that passed in perfect silence. At length Lady Susan, weary, I believe, of her situation, proposed walking; and we left the two gentlemen together, to put on our pelisses. As we went upstairs Lady Susan begged permission to attend me for a few moments in my dressing-room, as she was anxious to speak with me in private. I led her thither accordingly, and as soon as the door was closed, she said: "I was never more surprized in my life than by Sir James's arrival, and the suddenness of it requires some apology to you, my dear sister; though to ME, as a mother, it is highly flattering. He is so extremely attached to my daughter that he could not exist longer without seeing her. Sir James is a young man of an amiable disposition and excellent character; a little too much of the rattle, perhaps, but a year or two will rectify THAT: and he is in other respects so very eligible a match for Frederica, that I have always observed his attachment with the greatest pleasure; and am persuaded that you and my brother will give the alliance your hearty approbation. I have never before mentioned the likelihood of its taking place to anyone, because I thought that whilst Frederica continued at school it had better not be known to exist; but now, as I am convinced that Frederica is too old ever to submit to school confinement, and have, therefore, begun to consider her union with Sir James as not very distant, I had intended within a few days to acquaint yourself and Mr. Vernon with the whole business. I am sure, my dear sister, you will excuse my remaining silent so long, and agree with me that such circumstances, while they continue from any cause in suspense, cannot be too cautiously concealed. When you have the happiness of bestowing your sweet little Catherine, some years hence, on a man who in connection and character is alike unexceptionable, you will know what I feel now; though, thank Heaven, you cannot have all my reasons for rejoicing in such an event. Catherine will be amply provided for, and not, like my Frederica, indebted to a fortunate establishment for the comforts of life." She concluded by demanding my congratulations. I gave them somewhat awkwardly, I believe; for, in fact, the sudden disclosure of so important a matter took from me the power of speaking with any clearness, She thanked me, however, most affectionately, for my kind concern in the welfare of herself and daughter; and then said: "I am not apt to deal in professions, my dear Mrs. Vernon, and I never had the convenient talent of affecting sensations foreign to my heart; and therefore I trust you will believe me when I declare, that much as I had heard in your praise before I knew you, I had no idea that I should ever love you as I now do; and I must further say that your friendship towards me is more particularly gratifying because I have reason to believe that some attempts were made to prejudice you against me. I only wish that they, whoever they are, to whom I am indebted for such kind intentions, could see the terms on which we now are together, and understand the real affection we feel for each other; but I will not detain you any longer. God bless you, for your goodness to me and my girl, and continue to you all your present happiness." What can one say of such a woman, my dear mother? Such earnestness such solemnity of expression! and yet I cannot help suspecting the truth of everything she says. As for Reginald, I believe he does not know what to make of the matter. When Sir James came, he appeared all astonishment and perplexity; the folly of the young man and the confusion of Frederica entirely engrossed him; and though a little

private discourse with Lady Susan has since had its effect, he is still hurt, I am sure, at her allowing of such a man's attentions to her daughter. Sir James invited himself with great composure to remain here a few days—hoped we would not think it odd, was aware of its being very impertinent, but he took the liberty of a relation; and concluded by wishing, with a laugh, that he might be really one very soon. Even Lady Susan seemed a little disconcerted by this forwardness; in her heart I am persuaded she sincerely wished him gone. But something must be done for this poor girl, if her feelings are such as both I and her uncle believe them to be. She must not be sacrificed to policy or ambition, and she must not be left to suffer from the dread of it. The girl whose heart can distinguish Reginald De Courcy, deserves, however he may slight her, a better fate than to be Sir James Martin's wife. As soon as I can get her alone, I will discover the real truth; but she seems to wish to avoid me. I hope this does not proceed from anything wrong, and that I shall not find out I have thought too well of her. Her behaviour to Sir James certainly speaks the greatest consciousness and embarrassment, but I see nothing in it more like encouragement. Adieu, my dear mother.

Yours, &c.,

C. VERNON.

XXI. MISS VERNON TO MR DE COURCY

Sir,—I hope you will excuse this liberty; I am forced upon it by the greatest distress, or I should be ashamed to trouble you. I am very miserable about Sir James Martin, and have no other way in the world of helping myself but by writing to you, for I am forbidden even speaking to my uncle and aunt on the subject; and this being the case, I am afraid my applying to you will appear no better than equivocation, and as if I attended to the letter and not the spirit of mamma's commands. But if you do not take my part and persuade her to break it off, I shall be half distracted, for I cannot bear him. No human being but YOU could have any chance of prevailing with her. If you will, therefore, have the unspeakably great kindness of taking my part with her, and persuading her to send Sir James away, I shall be more obliged to you than it is possible for me to express. I always disliked him from the first: it is not a sudden fancy, I assure you, sir; I always thought him silly and impertinent and disagreeable, and now he is grown worse than ever. I would rather work for my bread than marry him. I do not know how to apologize enough for this letter; I know it is taking so great a liberty. I am aware how dreadfully angry it will make mamma, but I remember the risk.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

F. S. V.

XXII. LADY SUSAN TO MRS. JOHNSON

Churchhill.

This is insufferable! My dearest friend, I was never so enraged before, and must relieve myself by writing to you, who I know will enter into all my feelings. Who should come on Tuesday but Sir James Martin! Guess my astonishment, and vexation—for, as you well know, I never wished him to be seen at Churchhill. What a pity that you should not have known his intentions! Not content with coming, he actually invited himself to remain here a few days. I could have poisoned him! I made the best of it, however, and told my story with great success to Mrs. Vernon, who, whatever might be her real sentiments, said nothing in opposition to mine. I made a point also of Frederica's behaving civilly to Sir James, and gave her to understand that I was absolutely determined on her marrying him. She said something of her misery, but that was all. I have for some time been more particularly resolved on the match from seeing the rapid increase of her affection for Reginald, and from not feeling secure that a knowledge of such affection might not in the end awaken a return. Contemptible as a regard founded only on compassion must make them both in my eyes, I felt by no means assured that such might not be the consequence. It is true that Reginald had not in any degree grown cool towards me; but yet he has lately mentioned Frederica spontaneously and unnecessarily, and once said something in praise of her person. HE was all astonishment at the appearance of my visitor, and at first observed Sir James with an attention which I was pleased to see not unmixed with jealousy; but

unluckily it was impossible for me really to torment him, as Sir James, though extremely gallant to me, very soon made the whole party understand that his heart was devoted to my daughter. I had no great difficulty in convincing De Courcy, when we were alone, that I was perfectly justified, all things considered, in desiring the match; and the whole business seemed most comfortably arranged. They could none of them help perceiving that Sir James was no Solomon; but I had positively forbidden Frederica complaining to Charles Vernon or his wife, and they had therefore no pretence for interference; though my impertinent sister, I believe, wanted only opportunity for doing so. Everything, however, was going on calmly and quietly; and, though I counted the hours of Sir James's stay, my mind was entirely satisfied with the posture of affairs. Guess, then, what I must feel at the sudden disturbance of all my schemes; and that, too, from a quarter where I had least reason to expect it. Reginald came this morning into my dressing-room with a very unusual solemnity of countenance, and after some preface informed me in so many words that he wished to reason with me on the impropriety and unkindness of allowing Sir James Martin to address my daughter contrary to her inclinations. I was all amazement. When I found that he was not to be laughed out of his design, I calmly begged an explanation, and desired to know by what he was impelled, and by whom commissioned, to reprimand me. He then told me, mixing in his speech a few insolent compliments and ill-timed expressions of tenderness, to which I listened with perfect indifference, that my daughter had acquainted him with some circumstances concerning herself, Sir James, and me which had given him great uneasiness. In short, I found that she had in the first place actually written to him to request his interference, and that, on receiving her letter, he had conversed with her on the subject of it, in order to understand the particulars, and to assure himself of her real wishes. I have not a doubt but that the girl took this opportunity of making downright love to him. I am convinced of it by the manner in which he spoke of her. Much good may such love do him! I shall ever despise the man who can be gratified by the passion which he never wished to inspire, nor solicited the avowal of. I shall always detest them both. He can have no true regard for me, or he would not have listened to her; and SHE, with her little rebellious heart and indelicate feelings, to throw herself into the protection of a young man with whom she has scarcely ever exchanged two words before! I am equally confounded at HER impudence and HIS credulity. How dared he believe what she told him in my disfavour! Ought he not to have felt assured that I must have unanswerable motives for all that I had done? Where was his reliance on my sense and goodness then? Where the resentment which true love would have dictated against the person defaming me—that person, too, a chit, a child, without talent or education, whom he had been always taught to despise? I was calm for some time; but the greatest degree of forbearance may be overcome, and I hope I was afterwards sufficiently keen. He endeavoured, long endeavoured, to soften my resentment; but that woman is a fool indeed who, while insulted by accusation, can be worked on by compliments. At length he left me, as deeply provoked as myself; and he showed his anger more. I was quite cool, but he gave way to the most violent indignation; I may therefore expect it will the sooner subside, and perhaps his may be vanished for ever, while mine will be found still fresh and implacable. He is now shut up in his apartment, whither I heard him go on leaving mine. How unpleasant, one would think, must be his reflections! but some people's feelings are incomprehensible. I have not yet tranquillised myself enough to see Frederica. SHE shall not soon forget the occurrences of this day; she shall find that she has poured forth her tender tale of love in vain, and exposed herself for ever to the contempt of the whole world, and the severest resentment of her injured mother.

Your affectionate

S. VERNON.

XXIII. MRS. VERNON TO LADY DE COURCY

Churchhill.

Let me congratulate you, my dearest Mother! The affair which has given us so much anxiety is drawing to a happy conclusion. Our prospect is most delightful, and since matters have now taken so favourable a turn, I am quite sorry that I ever imparted my apprehensions to you; for the

pleasure of learning that the danger is over is perhaps dearly purchased by all that you have previously suffered. I am so much agitated by delight that I can scarcely hold a pen; but am determined to send you a few short lines by James, that you may have some explanation of what must so greatly astonish you, as that Reginald should be returning to Parklands. I was sitting about half an hour ago with Sir James in the breakfast parlour, when my brother called me out of the room. I instantly saw that something was the matter; his complexion was raised, and he spoke with great emotion; you know his eager manner, my dear mother, when his mind is interested. "Catherine," said he, "I am going home to-day; I am sorry to leave you, but I must go: it is a great while since I have seen my father and mother. I am going to send James forward with my hunters immediately; if you have any letter, therefore, he can take it. I shall not be at home myself till Wednesday or Thursday, as I shall go through London, where I have business; but before I leave you," he continued, speaking in a lower tone, and with still greater energy, "I must warn you of one thing—do not let Frederica Vernon be made unhappy by that Martin. He wants to marry her; her mother promotes the match, but she cannot endure the idea of it. Be assured that I speak from the fullest conviction of the truth of what I say; I Know that Frederica is made wretched by Sir James's continuing here. She is a sweet girl, and deserves a better fate. Send him away immediately; he is only a fool: but what her mother can mean, Heaven only knows! Good bye," he added, shaking my hand with earnestness; "I do not know when you will see me again; but remember what I tell you of Frederica; you MUST make it your business to see justice done her. She is an amiable girl, and has a very superior mind to what we have given her credit for." He then left me, and ran upstairs. I would not try to stop him, for I know what his feelings must be. The nature of mine, as I listened to him, I need not attempt to describe; for a minute or two I remained in the same spot, overpowered by wonder of a most agreeable sort indeed; yet it required some consideration to be tranquilly happy. In about ten minutes after my return to the parlour Lady Susan entered the room. I concluded, of course, that she and Reginald had been quarrelling; and looked with anxious curiosity for a confirmation of my belief in her face. Mistress of deceit, however, she appeared perfectly unconcerned, and after chatting on indifferent subjects for a short time, said to me, "I find from Wilson that we are going to lose Mr. De Courcy—is it true that he leaves Churchhill this morning?" I replied that it was. "He told us nothing of all this last night," said she, laughing, "or even this morning at breakfast; but perhaps he did not know it himself. Young men are often hasty in their resolutions, and not more sudden in forming than unsteady in keeping them. I should not be surprised if he were to change his mind at last, and not go." She soon afterwards left the room. I trust, however, my dear mother, that we have no reason to fear an alteration of his present plan; things have gone too far. They must have quarrelled, and about Frederica, too. Her calmness astonishes me. What delight will be yours in seeing him again; in seeing him still worthy your esteem, still capable of forming your happiness! When I next write I shall be able to tell you that Sir James is gone, Lady Susan vanquished, and Frederica at peace. We have much to do, but it shall be done. I am all impatience to hear how this astonishing change was effected. I finish as I began, with the warmest congratulations.

Yours ever, &c.,

CATH. VERNON.

XXIV. FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME

Churchhill.

Little did I imagine, my dear Mother, when I sent off my last letter, that the delightful perturbation of spirits I was then in would undergo so speedy, so melancholy a reverse. I never can sufficiently regret that I wrote to you at all. Yet who could have foreseen what has happened? My dear mother, every hope which made me so happy only two hours ago has vanished. The quarrel between Lady Susan and Reginald is made up, and we are all as we were before. One point only is gained. Sir James Martin is dismissed. What are we now to look forward to? I am indeed disappointed; Reginald was all but gone, his horse was ordered and all but brought to the door; who would not have felt safe? For half an hour I was in momentary

expectation of his departure. After I had sent off my letter to you, I went to Mr. Vernon, and sat with him in his room talking over the whole matter, and then determined to look for Frederica, whom I had not seen since breakfast. I met her on the stairs, and saw that she was crying. "My dear aunt," said she, "he is going—Mr. De Courcy is going, and it is all my fault. I am afraid you will be very angry with me. but indeed I had no idea it would end so." "My love," I replied, "do not think it necessary to apologize to me on that account. I shall feel myself under an obligation to anyone who is the means of sending my brother home, because," recollecting myself, "I know my father wants very much to see him. But what is it you have done to occasion all this?" She blushed deeply as she answered: "I was so unhappy about Sir James that I could not help—I have done something very wrong, I know; but you have not an idea of the misery I have been in: and mamma had ordered me never to speak to you or my uncle about it, and—" "You therefore spoke to my brother to engage his interference," said I, to save her the explanation. "No, but I wrote to him—I did indeed, I got up this morning before it was light, and was two hours about it; and when my letter was done I thought I never should have courage to give it. After breakfast however, as I was going to my room, I met him in the passage, and then, as I knew that everything must depend on that moment, I forced myself to give it. He was so good as to take it immediately. I dared not look at him, and ran away directly. I was in such a fright I could hardly breathe. My dear aunt, you do not know how miserable I have been." "Frederica" said I, "you ought to have told me all your distresses. You would have found in me a friend always ready to assist you. Do you think that your uncle or I should not have espoused your cause as warmly as my brother?" "Indeed, I did not doubt your kindness," said she, colouring again, "but I thought Mr. De Courcy could do anything with my mother; but I was mistaken: they have had a dreadful quarrel about it, and he is going away. Mamma will never forgive me, and I shall be worse off than ever." "No, you shall not," I replied; "in such a point as this your mother's prohibition ought not to have prevented your speaking to me on the subject. She has no right to make you unhappy, and she shall NOT do it. Your applying, however, to Reginald can be productive only of good to all parties. I believe it is best as it is. Depend upon it that you shall not be made unhappy any longer." At that moment how great was my astonishment at seeing Reginald come out of Lady Susan's dressing-room. My heart misgave me instantly. His confusion at seeing me was very evident. Frederica immediately disappeared. "Are you going?" I said; "you will find Mr. Vernon in his own room." "No, Catherine," he replied, "I am not going. Will you let me speak to you a moment?" We went into my room. "I find," he continued, his confusion increasing as he spoke, "that I have been acting with my usual foolish impetuosity. I have entirely misunderstood Lady Susan, and was on the point of leaving the house under a false impression of her conduct. There has been some very great mistake; we have been all mistaken, I fancy. Frederica does not know her mother. Lady Susan means nothing but her good, but she will not make a friend of her. Lady Susan does not always know, therefore, what will make her daughter happy. Besides, I could have no right to interfere. Miss Vernon was mistaken in applying to me. In short, Catherine, everything has gone wrong, but it is now all happily settled. Lady Susan, I believe, wishes to speak to you about it, if you are at leisure." "Certainly," I replied, deeply sighing at the recital of so lame a story. I made no comments, however, for words would have been vain.

Reginald was glad to get away, and I went to Lady Susan, curious, indeed, to hear her account of it. "Did I not tell you," said she with a smile, "that your brother would not leave us after all?" "You did, indeed," replied I very gravely; "but I flattered myself you would be mistaken." "I should not have hazarded such an opinion," returned she, "if it had not at that moment occurred to me that his resolution of going might be occasioned by a conversation in which we had been this morning engaged, and which had ended very much to his dissatisfaction, from our not rightly understanding each other's meaning. This idea struck me at the moment, and I instantly determined that an accidental dispute, in which I might probably be as much to blame as himself, should not deprive you of your brother. If you remember, I left the room almost immediately. I was resolved to lose no time in clearing up those mistakes as far as I could. The case was this—Frederica had set herself violently against marrying Sir James." "And can your ladyship wonder

that she should?" cried I with some warmth; "Frederica has an excellent understanding, and Sir James has none." "I am at least very far from regretting it, my dear sister," said she; "on the contrary, I am grateful for so favourable a sign of my daughter's sense. Sir James is certainly below par (his boyish manners make him appear worse); and had Frederica possessed the penetration and the abilities which I could have wished in my daughter, or had I even known her to possess as much as she does, I should not have been anxious for the match." "It is odd that you should alone be ignorant of your daughter's sense!" "Frederica never does justice to herself; her manners are shy and childish, and besides she is afraid of me. During her poor father's life she was a spoilt child; the severity which it has since been necessary for me to show has alienated her affection; neither has she any of that brilliancy of intellect, that genius or vigour of mind which will force itself forward." "Say rather that she has been unfortunate in her education!" "Heaven knows, my dearest Mrs. Vernon, how fully I am aware of that; but I would wish to forget every circumstance that might throw blame on the memory of one whose name is sacred with me." Here she pretended to cry; I was out of patience with her. "But what," said I, "was your ladyship going to tell me about your disagreement with my brother?" "It originated in an action of my daughter's, which equally marks her want of judgment and the unfortunate dread of me I have been mentioning—she wrote to Mr. De Courcy." "I know she did; you had forbidden her speaking to Mr. Vernon or to me on the cause of her distress; what could she do, therefore, but apply to my brother?" "Good God!" she exclaimed, "what an opinion you must have of me! Can you possibly suppose that I was aware of her unhappiness! that it was my object to make my own child miserable, and that I had forbidden her speaking to you on the subject from a fear of your interrupting the diabolical scheme? Do you think me destitute of every honest, every natural feeling? Am I capable of consigning HER to everlasting: misery whose welfare it is my first earthly duty to promote? The idea is horrible!" "What, then, was your intention when you insisted on her silence?" "Of what use, my dear sister, could be any application to you, however the affair might stand? Why should I subject you to entreaties which I refused to attend to myself? Neither for your sake nor for hers, nor for my own, could such a thing be desirable. When my own resolution was taken I could nor wish for the interference, however friendly, of another person. I was mistaken, it is true, but I believed myself right." "But what was this mistake to which your ladyship so often alludes! from whence arose so astonishing a misconception of your daughter's feelings! Did you not know that she disliked Sir James?" "I knew that he was not absolutely the man she would have chosen, but I was persuaded that her objections to him did not arise from any perception of his deficiency. You must not question me, however, my dear sister, too minutely on this point," continued she, taking me affectionately by the hand; "I honestly own that there is something to conceal. Frederica makes me very unhappy! Her applying to Mr. De Courcy hurt me particularly." "What is it you mean to infer," said I, "by this appearance of mystery? If you think your daughter at all attached to Reginald, her objecting to Sir James could not less deserve to be attended to than if the cause of her objecting had been a consciousness of his folly; and why should your ladyship, at any rate, quarrel with my brother for an interference which, you must know, it is not in his nature to refuse when urged in such a manner?"

"His disposition, you know, is warm, and he came to expostulate with me; his compassion all alive for this ill-used girl, this heroine in distress! We misunderstood each other: he believed me more to blame than I really was; I considered his interference less excusable than I now find it. I have a real regard for him, and was beyond expression mortified to find it, as I thought, so ill bestowed We were both warm, and of course both to blame. His resolution of leaving Churchhill is consistent with his general eagerness. When I understood his intention, however, and at the same time began to think that we had been perhaps equally mistaken in each other's meaning, I resolved to have an explanation before it was too late. For any member of your family I must always feel a degree of affection, and I own it would have sensibly hurt me if my acquaintance with Mr. De Courcy had ended so gloomily. I have now only to say further, that as I am convinced of Frederica's having a reasonable dislike to Sir James, I shall instantly inform him

that he must give up all hope of her. I reproach myself for having even, though innocently, made her unhappy on that score. She shall have all the retribution in my power to make; if she value her own happiness as much as I do, if she judge wisely, and command herself as she ought, she may now be easy. Excuse me, my dearest sister, for thus trespassing on your time, but I owe it to my own character; and after this explanation I trust I am in no danger of sinking in your opinion." I could have said, "Not much, indeed!" but I left her almost in silence. It was the greatest stretch of forbearance I could practise. I could not have stopped myself had I begun. Her assurance! her deceit! but I will not allow myself to dwell on them; they will strike you sufficiently. My heart sickens within me. As soon as I was tolerably composed I returned to the parlour. Sir James's carriage was at the door, and he, merry as usual, soon afterwards took his leave. How easily does her ladyship encourage or dismiss a lover! In spite of this release, Frederica still looks unhappy: still fearful, perhaps, of her mother's anger; and though dreading my brother's departure, jealous, it may be, of his staying. I see how closely she observes him and Lady Susan, poor girl! I have now no hope for her. There is not a chance of her affection being returned. He thinks very differently of her from what he used to do; he does her some justice, but his reconciliation with her mother precludes every dearer hope. Prepare, my dear mother, for the worst! The probability of their marrying is surely heightened! He is more securely hers than ever. When that wretched event takes place, Frederica must belong wholly to us. I am thankful that my last letter will precede this by so little, as every moment that you can be saved from feeling a joy which leads only to disappointment is of consequence.

Yours ever, &c.,

CATHERINE VERNON.

XXV. LADY SUSAN TO MRS. JOHNSON

Churchhill.

I call on you, dear Alicia, for congratulations: I am my own self, gay and triumphant! When I wrote to you the other day I was, in truth, in high irritation, and with ample cause. Nay, I know not whether I ought to be quite tranquil now, for I have had more trouble in restoring peace than I ever intended to submit to—a spirit, too, resulting from a fancied sense of superior integrity, which is peculiarly insolent! I shall not easily forgive him, I assure you. He was actually on the point of leaving Churchhill! I had scarcely concluded my last, when Wilson brought me word of it. I found, therefore, that something must be done; for I did not choose to leave my character at the mercy of a man whose passions are so violent and so revengeful. It would have been trifling with my reputation to allow of his departing with such an impression in my disfavour; in this light, condescension was necessary. I sent Wilson to say that I desired to speak with him before he went; he came immediately. The angry emotions which had marked every feature when we last parted were partially subdued. He seemed astonished at the summons, and looked as if half wishing and half fearing to be softened by what I might say. If my countenance expressed what I aimed at, it was composed and dignified; and yet, with a degree of pensiveness which might convince him that I was not quite happy. "I beg your pardon, sir, for the liberty I have taken in sending for you," said I; "but as I have just learnt your intention of leaving this place to-day, I feel it my duty to entreat that you will not on my account shorten your visit here even an hour. I am perfectly aware that after what has passed between us it would ill suit the feelings of either to remain longer in the same house: so very great, so total a change from the intimacy of friendship must render any future intercourse the severest punishment; and your resolution of quitting Churchhill is undoubtedly in unison with our situation, and with those lively feelings which I know you to possess. But, at the same time, it is not for me to suffer such a sacrifice as it must be to leave relations to whom you are so much attached, and are so dear. My remaining here cannot give that pleasure to Mr. and Mrs. Vernon which your society must; and my visit has already perhaps been too long. My removal, therefore, which must, at any rate, take place soon, may, with perfect convenience, be hastened; and I make it my particular request that I may not in any way be instrumental in separating a family so affectionately attached to each other. Where I go is of no consequence to anyone; of very little to myself; but you are of importance to all your

connections." Here I concluded, and I hope you will be satisfied with my speech. Its effect on Reginald justifies some portion of vanity, for it was no less favourable than instantaneous. Oh, how delightful it was to watch the variations of his countenance while I spoke! to see the struggle between returning tenderness and the remains of displeasure. There is something agreeable in feelings so easily worked on; not that I envy him their possession, nor would, for the world, have such myself; but they are very convenient when one wishes to influence the passions of another. And yet this Reginald, whom a very few words from me softened at once into the utmost submission, and rendered more tractable, more attached, more devoted than ever, would have left me in the first angry swelling of his proud heart without deigning to seek an explanation. Humbled as he now is, I cannot forgive him such an instance of pride, and am doubtful whether I ought not to punish him by dismissing him at once after this reconciliation, or by marrying and teazing him for ever. But these measures are each too violent to be adopted without some deliberation; at present my thoughts are fluctuating between various schemes. I have many things to compass: I must punish Frederica, and pretty severely too, for her application to Reginald; I must punish him for receiving it so favourably, and for the rest of his conduct. I must torment my sister-in-law for the insolent triumph of her look and manner since Sir James has been dismissed; for, in reconciling Reginald to me, I was not able to save that ill-fated young man; and I must make myself amends for the humiliation to which I have stooped within these few days. To effect all this I have various plans. I have also an idea of being soon in town; and whatever may be my determination as to the rest, I shall probably put THAT project in execution; for London will be always the fairest field of action, however my views may be directed; and at any rate I shall there be rewarded by your society, and a little dissipation, for a ten weeks' penance at Churchhill. I believe I owe it to my character to complete the match between my daughter and Sir James after having so long intended it. Let me know your opinion on this point. Flexibility of mind, a disposition easily biassed by others, is an attribute which you know I am not very desirous of obtaining; nor has Frederica any claim to the indulgence of her notions at the expense of her mother's inclinations. Her idle love for Reginald, too! It is surely my duty to discourage such romantic nonsense. All things considered, therefore, it seems incumbent on me to take her to town and marry her immediately to Sir James. When my own will is effected contrary to his, I shall have some credit in being on good terms with Reginald, which at present, in fact, I have not; for though he is still in my power, I have given up the very article by which our quarrel was produced, and at best the honour of victory is doubtful. Send me your opinion on all these matters, my dear Alicia, and let me know whether you can get lodgings to suit me within a short distance of you.

Your most attached

S. VERNON.

XXVI. MRS. JOHNSON TO LADY SUSAN

Edward Street.

I am gratified by your reference, and this is my advice: that you come to town yourself, without loss of time, but that you leave Frederica behind. It would surely be much more to the purpose to get yourself well established by marrying Mr. De Courcy, than to irritate him and the rest of his family by making her marry Sir James. You should think more of yourself and less of your daughter. She is not of a disposition to do you credit in the world, and seems precisely in her proper place at Churchhill, with the Vernons. But you are fitted for society, and it is shameful to have you exiled from it. Leave Frederica, therefore, to punish herself for the plague she has given you, by indulging that romantic tender-heartedness which will always ensure her misery enough, and come to London as soon as you can. I have another reason for urging this: Mainwaring came to town last week, and has contrived, in spite of Mr. Johnson, to make opportunities of seeing me. He is absolutely miserable about you, and jealous to such a degree of De Courcy that it would be highly unadvisable for them to meet at present. And yet, if you do not allow him to see you here, I cannot answer for his not committing some great imprudence—such as going to Churchhill, for instance, which would be dreadful! Besides, if you take my

advice, and resolve to marry De Courcy, it will be indispensably necessary to you to get Mainwaring out of the way; and you only can have influence enough to send him back to his wife. I have still another motive for your coming: Mr. Johnson leaves London next Tuesday; he is going for his health to Bath, where, if the waters are favourable to his constitution and my wishes, he will be laid up with the gout many weeks. During his absence we shall be able to chuse our own society, and to have true enjoyment. I would ask you to Edward Street, but that once he forced from me a kind of promise never to invite you to my house; nothing but my being in the utmost distress for money should have extorted it from me. I can get you, however, a nice drawing-room apartment in Upper Seymour Street, and we may be always together there or here; for I consider my promise to Mr. Johnson as comprehending only (at least in his absence) your not sleeping in the house. Poor Mainwaring gives me such histories of his wife's jealousy. Silly woman to expect constancy from so charming a man! but she always was silly—intolerably so in marrying him at all, she the heiress of a large fortune and he without a shilling: one title, I know, she might have had, besides baronets. Her folly in forming the connection was so great that, though Mr. Johnson was her guardian, and I do not in general share HIS feelings, I never can forgive her.

Adieu. Yours ever,

ALICIA.

XXVII. MRS. VERNON TO LADY DE COURCY

Churchhill.

This letter, my dear Mother, will be brought you by Reginald. His long visit is about to be concluded at last, but I fear the separation takes place too late to do us any good. She is going to London to see her particular friend, Mrs. Johnson. It was at first her intention that Frederica should accompany her, for the benefit of masters, but we overruled her there. Frederica was wretched in the idea of going, and I could not bear to have her at the mercy of her mother; not all the masters in London could compensate for the ruin of her comfort. I should have feared, too, for her health, and for everything but her principles—there I believe she is not to be injured by her mother, or her mother's friends; but with those friends she must have mixed (a very bad set, I doubt not), or have been left in total solitude, and I can hardly tell which would have been worse for her. If she is with her mother, moreover, she must, alas! in all probability be with Reginald, and that would be the greatest evil of all. Here we shall in time be in peace, and our regular employments, our books and conversations, with exercise, the children, and every domestic pleasure in my power to procure her, will, I trust, gradually overcome this youthful attachment. I should not have a doubt of it were she slighted for any other woman in the world than her own mother. How long Lady Susan will be in town, or whether she returns here again, I know not. I could not be cordial in my invitation, but if she chuses to come no want of cordiality on my part will keep her away. I could not help asking Reginald if he intended being in London this winter, as soon as I found her ladyship's steps would be bent thither; and though he professed himself quite undetermined, there was something in his look and voice as he spoke which contradicted his words. I have done with lamentation; I look upon the event as so far decided that I resign myself to it in despair. If he leaves you soon for London everything will be concluded.

Your affectionate, &c.,

C. VERNON.

XXVIII. MRS. JOHNSON TO LADY SUSAN

Edward Street.

My dearest Friend,—I write in the greatest distress; the most unfortunate event has just taken place. Mr. Johnson has hit on the most effectual manner of plaguing us all. He had heard, I imagine, by some means or other, that you were soon to be in London, and immediately contrived to have such an attack of the gout as must at least delay his journey to Bath, if not wholly prevent it. I am persuaded the gout is brought on or kept off at pleasure; it was the same when I wanted to join the Hamiltons to the Lakes; and three years ago, when I had a fancy for Bath, nothing could induce him to have a gouty symptom.

I am pleased to find that my letter had so much effect on you, and that De Courcy is certainly your own. Let me hear from you as soon as you arrive, and in particular tell me what you mean to do with Mainwaring. It is impossible to say when I shall be able to come to you; my confinement must be great. It is such an abominable trick to be ill here instead of at Bath that I can scarcely command myself at all. At Bath his old aunts would have nursed him, but here it all falls upon me; and he bears pain with such patience that I have not the common excuse for losing my temper.

Yours ever,

ALICIA.

XXIX. LADY SUSAN VERNON TO MRS. JOHNSON

Upper Seymour Street.

My dear Alicia,—There needed not this last fit of the gout to make me detest Mr. Johnson, but now the extent of my aversion is not to be estimated. To have you confined as nurse in his apartment! My dear Alicia, of what a mistake were you guilty in marrying a man of his age! just old enough to be formal, ungovernable, and to have the gout; too old to be agreeable, too young to die. I arrived last night about five, had scarcely swallowed my dinner when Mainwaring made his appearance. I will not dissemble what real pleasure his sight afforded me, nor how strongly I felt the contrast between his person and manners and those of Reginald, to the infinite disadvantage of the latter. For an hour or two I was even staggered in my resolution of marrying him, and though this was too idle and nonsensical an idea to remain long on my mind, I do not feel very eager for the conclusion of my marriage, nor look forward with much impatience to the time when Reginald, according to our agreement, is to be in town. I shall probably put off his arrival under some pretence or other. He must not come till Mainwaring is gone. I am still doubtful at times as to marrying; if the old man would die I might not hesitate, but a state of dependance on the caprice of Sir Reginald will not suit the freedom of my spirit; and if I resolve to wait for that event, I shall have excuse enough at present in having been scarcely ten months a widow. I have not given Mainwaring any hint of my intention, or allowed him to consider my acquaintance with Reginald as more than the commonest flirtation, and he is tolerably appeased. Adieu, till we meet; I am enchanted with my lodgings.

Yours ever,

S. VERNON.

XXX. LADY SUSAN VERNON TO MR. DE COURCY

Upper Seymour Street.

I have received your letter, and though I do not attempt to conceal that I am gratified by your impatience for the hour of meeting, I yet feel myself under the necessity of delaying that hour beyond the time originally fixed. Do not think me unkind for such an exercise of my power, nor accuse me of instability without first hearing my reasons. In the course of my journey from Churchhill I had ample leisure for reflection on the present state of our affairs, and every review has served to convince me that they require a delicacy and cautiousness of conduct to which we have hitherto been too little attentive. We have been hurried on by our feelings to a degree of precipitation which ill accords with the claims of our friends or the opinion of the world. We have been unguarded in forming this hasty engagement, but we must not complete the imprudence by ratifying it while there is so much reason to fear the connection would be opposed by those friends on whom you depend. It is not for us to blame any expectations on your father's side of your marrying to advantage; where possessions are so extensive as those of your family, the wish of increasing them, if not strictly reasonable, is too common to excite surprize or resentment. He has a right to require a woman of fortune in his daughter-in-law, and I am sometimes quarrelling with myself for suffering you to form a connection so imprudent; but the influence of reason is often acknowledged too late by those who feel like me. I have now been but a few months a widow, and, however little indebted to my husband's memory for any happiness derived from him during a union of some years, I cannot forget that the indelicacy of so early a second marriage must subject me to the censure of the world, and incur, what would

be still more insupportable, the displeasure of Mr. Vernon. I might perhaps harden myself in time against the injustice of general reproach, but the loss of HIS valued esteem I am, as you well know, ill-fitted to endure; and when to this may be added the consciousness of having injured you with your family, how am I to support myself? With feelings so poignant as mine, the conviction of having divided the son from his parents would make me, even with you, the most miserable of beings. It will surely, therefore, be advisable to delay our union—to delay it till appearances are more promising—till affairs have taken a more favourable turn. To assist us In such a resolution I feel that absence will be necessary. We must not meet. Cruel as this sentence may appear, the necessity of pronouncing it, which can alone reconcile it to myself, will be evident to you when you have considered our situation in the light in which I have found myself imperiously obliged to place it. You may be—you must be—well assured that nothing but the strongest conviction of duty could induce me to wound my own feelings by urging a lengthened separation, and of insensibility to yours you will hardly suspect me. Again, therefore, I say that we ought not, we must not, yet meet. By a removal for some months from each other we shall tranquillise the sisterly fears of Mrs. Vernon, who, accustomed herself to the enjoyment of riches, considers fortune as necessary everywhere, and whose sensibilities are not of a nature to comprehend ours. Let me hear from you soon—very soon. Tell me that you submit to my arguments, and do not reproach me for using such. I cannot bear reproaches: my spirits are not so high as to need being repressed. I must endeavour to seek amusement, and fortunately many of my friends are in town; amongst them the Mainwarings; you know how sincerely I regard both husband and wife.

I am, very faithfully yours,

S. VERNON

XXXI. LADY SUSAN TO MRS. JOHNSON

Upper Seymour Street.

My dear Friend,—That tormenting creature, Reginald, is here. My letter, which was intended to keep him longer in the country, has hastened him to town. Much as I wish him away, however, I cannot help being pleased with such a proof of attachment. He is devoted to me, heart and soul. He will carry this note himself, which is to serve as an introduction to you, with whom he longs to be acquainted. Allow him to spend the evening with you, that I may be in no danger of his returning here. I have told him that I am not quite well, and must be alone; and should he call again there might be confusion, for it is impossible to be sure of servants. Keep him, therefore, I entreat you, in Edward Street. You will not find him a heavy companion, and I allow you to flirt with him as much as you like. At the same time, do not forget my real interest; say all that you can to convince him that I shall be quite wretched if he remains here; you know my reasons—propriety, and so forth. I would urge them more myself, but that I am impatient to be rid of him, as Mainwaring comes within half an hour. Adieu!

S VERNON

XXXII. MRS. JOHNSON TO LADY SUSAN

Edward Street.

My dear Creature,—I am in agonies, and know not what to do. Mr. De Courcy arrived just when he should not. Mrs. Mainwaring had that instant entered the house, and forced herself into her guardian's presence, though I did not know a syllable of it till afterwards, for I was out when both she and Reginald came, or I should have sent him away at all events; but she was shut up with Mr. Johnson, while he waited in the drawing-room for me. She arrived yesterday in pursuit of her husband, but perhaps you know this already from himself. She came to this house to entreat my husband's interference, and before I could be aware of it, everything that you could wish to be concealed was known to him, and unluckily she had wormed out of Mainwaring's servant that he had visited you every day since your being in town, and had just watched him to your door herself! What could I do! Facts are such horrid things! All is by this time known to De Courcy, who is now alone with Mr. Johnson. Do not accuse me; indeed, it was impossible to prevent it. Mr. Johnson has for some time suspected De Courcy of intending to marry you, and

would speak with him alone as soon as he knew him to be in the house. That detestable Mrs. Mainwaring, who, for your comfort, has fretted herself thinner and uglier than ever, is still here, and they have been all closeted together. What can be done? At any rate, I hope he will plague his wife more than ever. With anxious wishes, Yours faithfully,

ALICIA.

XXXIII. LADY SUSAN TO MRS. JOHNSON

Upper Seymour Street.

This eclaircissement is rather provoking. How unlucky that you should have been from home! I thought myself sure of you at seven! I am undismayed however. Do not torment yourself with fears on my account; depend on it, I can make my story good with Reginald. Mainwaring is just gone; he brought me the news of his wife's arrival. Silly woman, what does she expect by such manoeuvres? Yet I wish she had stayed quietly at Langford. Reginald will be a little enraged at first, but by to-morrow's dinner, everything will be well again.

Adieu!

S. V.

XXXIV. MR. DE COURCY TO LADY SUSAN

—- Hotel

I write only to bid you farewell, the spell is removed; I see you as you are. Since we parted yesterday, I have received from indisputable authority such a history of you as must bring the most mortifying conviction of the imposition I have been under, and the absolute necessity of an immediate and eternal separation from you. You cannot doubt to what I allude. Langford! Langford! that word will be sufficient. I received my information in Mr. Johnson's house, from Mrs. Mainwaring herself. You know how I have loved you; you can intimately judge of my present feelings, but I am not so weak as to find indulgence in describing them to a woman who will glory in having excited their anguish, but whose affection they have never been able to gain.

R. DE COURCY.

XXXV. LADY SUSAN TO MR. DE COURCY

Upper Seymour Street.

I will not attempt to describe my astonishment in reading the note this moment received from you. I am bewildered in my endeavours to form some rational conjecture of what Mrs. Mainwaring can have told you to occasion so extraordinary a change in your sentiments. Have I not explained everything to you with respect to myself which could bear a doubtful meaning, and which the ill-nature of the world had interpreted to my discredit? What can you now have heard to stagger your esteem for me? Have I ever had a concealment from you? Reginald, you agitate me beyond expression, I cannot suppose that the old story of Mrs. Mainwaring's jealousy can be revived again, or at least be LISTENED to again. Come to me immediately, and explain what is at present absolutely incomprehensible. Believe me the single word of Langford is not of such potent intelligence as to supersede the necessity of more. If we ARE to part, it will at least be handsome to take your personal leave—but I have little heart to jest; in truth, I am serious enough; for to be sunk, though but for an hour, in your esteem Is a humiliation to which I know not how to submit. I shall count every minute till your arrival.

S. V.

XXXVI. MR. DE COURCY TO LADY SUSAN

—— Hotel.

Why would you write to me? Why do you require particulars? But, since it must be so, I am obliged to declare that all the accounts of your misconduct during the life, and since the death of Mr. Vernon, which had reached me, in common with the world in general, and gained my entire belief before I saw you, but which you, by the exertion of your perverted abilities, had made me resolved to disallow, have been unanswerably proved to me; nay more, I am assured that a connection, of which I had never before entertained a thought, has for some time existed, and still continues to exist, between you and the man whose family you robbed of its peace in return for the hospitality with which you were received into it; that you have corresponded with him

ever since your leaving Langford; not with his wife, but with him, and that he now visits you every day. Can you, dare you deny it? and all this at the time when I was an encouraged, an accepted lover! From what have I not escaped! I have only to be grateful. Far from me be all complaint, every sigh of regret. My own folly had endangered me, my preservation I owe to the kindness, the integrity of another; but the unfortunate Mrs. Mainwaring, whose agonies while she related the past seemed to threaten her reason, how is SHE to be consoled! After such a discovery as this, you will scarcely affect further wonder at my meaning in bidding you adieu. My understanding is at length restored, and teaches no less to abhor the artifices which had subdued me than to despise myself for the weakness on which their strength was founded.
R. DE COURCY.

XXXVII. LADY SUSAN TO MR. DE COURCY

Upper Seymour Street.

I am satisfied, and will trouble you no more when these few lines are dismissed. The engagement which you were eager to form a fortnight ago is no longer compatible with your views, and I rejoice to find that the prudent advice of your parents has not been given in vain. Your restoration to peace will, I doubt not, speedily follow this act of filial obedience, and I flatter myself with the hope of surviving my share in this disappointment.
S. V.

XXXVIII. MRS. JOHNSON TO LADY SUSAN VERNON

Edward Street

I am grieved, though I cannot be astonished at your rupture with Mr. De Courcy; he has just informed Mr. Johnson of it by letter. He leaves London, he says, to-day. Be assured that I partake in all your feelings, and do not be angry if I say that our intercourse, even by letter, must soon be given up. It makes me miserable; but Mr. Johnson vows that if I persist in the connection, he will settle in the country for the rest of his life, and you know it is impossible to submit to such an extremity while any other alternative remains. You have heard of course that the Mainwarings are to part, and I am afraid Mrs. M. will come home to us again; but she is still so fond of her husband, and frets so much about him, that perhaps she may not live long. Miss Mainwaring is just come to town to be with her aunt, and they say that she declares she will have Sir James Martin before she leaves London again. If I were you, I would certainly get him myself. I had almost forgot to give you my opinion of Mr. De Courcy; I am really delighted with him; he is full as handsome, I think, as Mainwaring, and with such an open, good-humoured countenance, that one cannot help loving him at first sight. Mr. Johnson and he are the greatest friends in the world. Adieu, my dearest Susan, I wish matters did not go so perversely. That unlucky visit to Langford! but I dare say you did all for the best, and there is no defying destiny.
Your sincerely attached
ALICIA.

XXXIX. LADY SUSAN TO MRS. JOHNSON

Upper Seymour Street.

My dear Alicia,—I yield to the necessity which parts us. Under circumstances you could not act otherwise. Our friendship cannot be impaired by it, and in happier times, when your situation is as independent as mine, it will unite us again in the same intimacy as ever. For this I shall impatiently wait, and meanwhile can safely assure you that I never was more at ease, or better satisfied with myself and everything about me than at the present hour. Your husband I abhor, Reginald I despise, and I am secure of never seeing either again. Have I not reason to rejoice? Mainwaring is more devoted to me than ever; and were we at liberty, I doubt if I could resist even matrimony offered by HIM. This event, if his wife live with you, it may be in your power to hasten. The violence of her feelings, which must wear her out, may be easily kept in irritation. I rely on your friendship for this. I am now satisfied that I never could have brought myself to marry Reginald, and am equally determined that Frederica never shall. To-morrow, I shall fetch her from Churchhill, and let Maria Mainwaring tremble for the consequence. Frederica shall be Sir James's wife before she quits my house, and she may whimper, and the Vernons may storm, I

regard them not. I am tired of submitting my will to the caprices of others; of resigning my own judgment in deference to those to whom I owe no duty, and for whom I feel no respect. I have given up too much, have been too easily worked on, but Frederica shall now feel the difference. Adieu, dearest of friends; may the next gouty attack be more favourable! and may you always regard me as unalterably yours,

S. VERNON

XL. LADY DE COURCY TO MRS. VERNON

My dear Catherine,—I have charming news for you, and if I had not sent off my letter this morning you might have been spared the vexation of knowing of Reginald's being gone to London, for he is returned. Reginald is returned, not to ask our consent to his marrying Lady Susan, but to tell us they are parted for ever. He has been only an hour in the house, and I have not been able to learn particulars, for he is so very low that I have not the heart to ask questions, but I hope we shall soon know all. This is the most joyful hour he has ever given us since the day of his birth. Nothing is wanting but to have you here, and it is our particular wish and entreaty that you would come to us as soon as you can. You have owed us a visit many long weeks; I hope nothing will make it inconvenient to Mr. Vernon; and pray bring all my grand-children; and your dear niece is included, of course; I long to see her. It has been a sad, heavy winter hitherto, without Reginald, and seeing nobody from Churchhill. I never found the season so dreary before; but this happy meeting will make us young again. Frederica runs much in my thoughts, and when Reginald has recovered his usual good spirits (as I trust he soon will) we will try to rob him of his heart once more, and I am full of hopes of seeing their hands joined at no great distance.

Your affectionate mother,

C. DE COURCY

XLI. MRS. VERNON TO LADY DE COURCY

Churchhill.

My dear Mother,—Your letter has surprized me beyond measure! Can it be true that they are really separated—and for ever? I should be overjoyed if I dared depend on it, but after all that I have seen how can one be secure? And Reginald really with you! My surprize is the greater because on Wednesday, the very day of his coming to Parklands, we had a most unexpected and unwelcome visit from Lady Susan, looking all cheerfulness and good-humour, and seeming more as if she were to marry him when she got to London than as if parted from him for ever. She stayed nearly two hours, was as affectionate and agreeable as ever, and not a syllable, not a hint was dropped, of any disagreement or coolness between them. I asked her whether she had seen my brother since his arrival in town; not, as you may suppose, with any doubt of the fact, but merely to see how she looked. She immediately answered, without any embarrassment, that he had been kind enough to call on her on Monday; but she believed he had already returned home, which I was very far from crediting. Your kind invitation is accepted by us with pleasure, and on Thursday next we and our little ones will be with you. Pray heaven, Reginald may not be in town again by that time! I wish we could bring dear Frederica too, but I am sorry to say that her mother's errand hither was to fetch her away; and, miserable as it made the poor girl, it was impossible to detain her. I was thoroughly unwilling to let her go, and so was her uncle; and all that could be urged we did urge; but Lady Susan declared that as she was now about to fix herself in London for several months, she could not be easy if her daughter were not with her for masters, &c. Her manner, to be sure, was very kind and proper, and Mr. Vernon believes that Frederica will now be treated with affection. I wish I could think so too. The poor girl's heart was almost broke at taking leave of us. I charged her to write to me very often, and to remember that if she were in any distress we should be always her friends. I took care to see her alone, that I might say all this, and I hope made her a little more comfortable; but I shall not be easy till I can go to town and judge of her situation myself. I wish there were a better prospect than now appears of the match which the conclusion of your letter declares your expectations of. At present, it is not very likely

Yours ever, &c.,
C. VERNON

CONCLUSION

This correspondence, by a meeting between some of the parties, and a separation between the others, could not, to the great detriment of the Post Office revenue, be continued any longer. Very little assistance to the State could be derived from the epistolary intercourse of Mrs. Vernon and her niece; for the former soon perceived, by the style of Frederica's letters, that they were written under her mother's inspection! and therefore, deferring all particular enquiry till she could make it personally in London, ceased writing minutely or often. Having learnt enough, in the meanwhile, from her open-hearted brother, of what had passed between him and Lady Susan to sink the latter lower than ever in her opinion, she was proportionably more anxious to get Frederica removed from such a mother, and placed under her own care; and, though with little hope of success, was resolved to leave nothing unattempted that might offer a chance of obtaining her sister-in-law's consent to it. Her anxiety on the subject made her press for an early visit to London; and Mr. Vernon, who, as it must already have appeared, lived only to do whatever he was desired, soon found some accommodating business to call him thither. With a heart full of the matter, Mrs. Vernon waited on Lady Susan shortly after her arrival in town, and was met with such an easy and cheerful affection, as made her almost turn from her with horror. No remembrance of Reginald, no consciousness of guilt, gave one look of embarrassment; she was in excellent spirits, and seemed eager to show at once by ever possible attention to her brother and sister her sense of their kindness, and her pleasure in their society. Frederica was no more altered than Lady Susan; the same restrained manners, the same timid look in the presence of her mother as heretofore, assured her aunt of her situation being uncomfortable, and confirmed her in the plan of altering it. No unkindness, however, on the part of Lady Susan appeared. Persecution on the subject of Sir James was entirely at an end; his name merely mentioned to say that he was not in London; and indeed, in all her conversation, she was solicitous only for the welfare and improvement of her daughter, acknowledging, in terms of grateful delight, that Frederica was now growing every day more and more what a parent could desire. Mrs. Vernon, surprized and incredulous, knew not what to suspect, and, without any change in her own views, only feared greater difficulty in accomplishing them. The first hope of anything better was derived from Lady Susan's asking her whether she thought Frederica looked quite as well as she had done at Churchhill, as she must confess herself to have sometimes an anxious doubt of London's perfectly agreeing with her. Mrs. Vernon, encouraging the doubt, directly proposed her niece's returning with them into the country. Lady Susan was unable to express her sense of such kindness, yet knew not, from a variety of reasons, how to part with her daughter; and as, though her own plans were not yet wholly fixed, she trusted it would ere long be in her power to take Frederica into the country herself, concluded by declining entirely to profit by such unexampled attention. Mrs. Vernon persevered, however, in the offer of it, and though Lady Susan continued to resist, her resistance in the course of a few days seemed somewhat less formidable. The lucky alarm of an influenza decided what might not have been decided quite so soon. Lady Susan's maternal fears were then too much awakened for her to think of anything but Frederica's removal from the risk of infection; above all disorders in the world she most dreaded the influenza for her daughter's constitution!

Frederica returned to Churchhill with her uncle and aunt; and three weeks afterwards, Lady Susan announced her being married to Sir James Martin. Mrs. Vernon was then convinced of what she had only suspected before, that she might have spared herself all the trouble of urging a removal which Lady Susan had doubtless resolved on from the first. Frederica's visit was nominally for six weeks, but her mother, though inviting her to return in one or two affectionate letters, was very ready to oblige the whole party by consenting to a prolongation of her stay, and in the course of two months ceased to write of her absence, and in the course of two or more to write to her at all. Frederica was therefore fixed in the family of her uncle and aunt till such time as Reginald De Courcy could be talked, flattered, and finessed into an affection for her which,

allowing leisure for the conquest of his attachment to her mother, for his abjuring all future attachments, and detesting the sex, might be reasonably looked for in the course of a twelvemonth. Three months might have done it in general, but Reginald's feelings were no less lasting than lively. Whether Lady Susan was or was not happy in her second choice, I do not see how it can ever be ascertained; for who would take her assurance of it on either side of the question? The world must judge from probabilities; she had nothing against her but her husband, and her conscience. Sir James may seem to have drawn a harder lot than mere folly merited; I leave him, therefore, to all the pity that anybody can give him. For myself, I confess that I can pity only Miss Mainwaring; who, coming to town, and putting herself to an expense in clothes which impoverished her for two years, on purpose to secure him, was defrauded of her due by a woman ten years older than herself.

Green Tea
J. Sheridan LeFanu
PROLOGUE
Martin Hesselius, the German Physician
Through carefully educated in medicine and surgery, I have never practiced either. The study of each continues, nevertheless, to interest me profoundly. Neither idleness nor caprice caused my secession from the honorable calling which I had just entered. The cause was a very trifling scratch inflicted by a dissecting knife. This trifle cost me the loss of two fingers, amputated promptly, and the more painful loss of my health, for I have never been quite well since, and have seldom been twelve months together in the same place.
In my wanderings I became acquainted with Dr. Martin Hesselius, a wanderer like myself, like me a physician, and like me an enthusiast in his profession. Unlike me in this, that his wanderings were voluntary, and he a man, if not of fortune, as we estimate fortune in England, at least in what our forefathers used to term "easy circumstances." He was an old man when I first saw him; nearly five-and-thirty years my senior.
In Dr. Martin Hesselius, I found my master. His knowledge was immense, his grasp of a case was an intuition. He was the very man to inspire a young enthusiast, like me, with awe and delight. My admiration has stood the test of time and survived the separation of death. I am sure it was well-founded.
For nearly twenty years I acted as his medical secretary. His immense collection of papers he has left in my care, to be arranged, indexed and bound. His treatment of some of these cases is curious. He writes in two distinct characters. He describes what he saw and heard as an intelligent layman might, and when in this style of narrative he had seen the patient either through his own hall-door, to the light of day, or through the gates of darkness to the caverns of the dead, he returns upon the narrative, and in the terms of his art and with all the force and originality of genius, proceeds to the work of analysis, diagnosis and illustration.
Here and there a case strikes me as of a kind to amuse or horrify a lay reader with an interest quite different from the peculiar one which it may possess for an expert. With slight modifications, chiefly of language, and of course a change of names, I copy the following. The narrator is Dr. Martin Hesselius. I find it among the voluminous notes of cases which he made during a tour in England about sixty-four years ago.
It is related in series of letters to his friend Professor Van Loo of Leyden. The professor was not a physician, but a chemist, and a man who read history and metaphysics and medicine, and had, in his day, written a play.
The narrative is therefore, if somewhat less valuable as a medical record, necessarily written in a manner more likely to interest an unlearned reader.
These letters, from a memorandum attached, appear to have been returned on the death of the professor, in 1819, to Dr. Hesselius. They are written, some in English, some in French, but the greater part in German. I am a faithful, though I am conscious, by no means a graceful translator,

and although here and there I omit some passages, and shorten others, and disguise names, I have interpolated nothing.

CHAPTER I. Dr. Hesselius Relates How He Met the Rev. Mr. Jennings

The Rev. Mr. Jennings is tall and thin. He is middle-aged, and dresses with a natty, old-fashioned, high-church precision. He is naturally a little stately, but not at all stiff. His features, without being handsome, are well formed, and their expression extremely kind, but also shy.

I met him one evening at Lady Mary Haddock's. The modesty and benevolence of his countenance are extremely prepossessing.

We were but a small party, and he joined agreeably enough in the conversation, He seems to enjoy listening very much more than contributing to the talk; but what he says is always to the purpose and well said. He is a great favourite of Lady Mary's, who it seems, consults him upon many things, and thinks him the most happy and blessed person on earth. Little knows she about him.

The Rev. Mr. Jennings is a bachelor, and has, they say sixty thousand pounds in the funds. He is a charitable man. He is most anxious to be actively employed in his sacred profession, and yet though always tolerably well elsewhere, when he goes down to his vicarage in Warwickshire, to engage in the actual duties of his sacred calling, his health soon fails him, and in a very strange way. So says Lady Mary.

There is no doubt that Mr. Jennings' health does break down in, generally, a sudden and mysterious way, sometimes in the very act of officiating in his old and pretty church at Kenlis. It may be his heart, it may be his brain. But so it has happened three or four times, or oftener, that after proceeding a certain way in the service, he has on a sudden stopped short, and after a silence, apparently quite unable to resume, he has fallen into solitary, inaudible prayer, his hands and his eyes uplifted, and then pale as death, and in the agitation of a strange shame and horror, descended trembling, and got into the vestry-room, leaving his congregation, without explanation, to themselves. This occurred when his curate was absent. When he goes down to Kenlis now, he always takes care to provide a clergyman to share his duty, and to supply his place on the instant should he become thus suddenly incapacitated.

When Mr. Jennings breaks down quite, and beats a retreat from the vicarage, and returns to London, where, in a dark street off Piccadilly, he inhabits a very narrow house, Lady Mary says that he is always perfectly well. I have my own opinion about that. There are degrees of course. We shall see.

Mr. Jennings is a perfectly gentlemanlike man. People, however, remark something odd. There is an impression a little ambiguous. One thing which certainly contributes to it, people I think don't remember; or, perhaps, distinctly remark. But I did, almost immediately. Mr. Jennings has a way of looking sidelong upon the carpet, as if his eye followed the movements of something there. This, of course, is not always. It occurs now and then. But often enough to give a certain oddity, as I have said, to his manner, and in this glance traveling along the floor there is something both shy and anxious.

A medical philosopher, as you are good enough to call me, elaborating theories by the aid of cases sought out by himself, and by him watched and scrutinized with more time at command, and consequently infinitely more minuteness than the ordinary practitioner can afford, falls insensibly into habits of observation, which accompany him everywhere, and are exercised, as some people would say, impertinently, upon every subject that presents itself with the least likelihood of rewarding inquiry.

There was a promise of this kind in the slight, timid, kindly, but reserved gentleman, whom I met for the first time at this agreeable little evening gathering. I observed, of course, more than I here set down; but I reserve all that borders on the technical for a strictly scientific paper.

I may remark, that when I here speak of medical science, I do so, as I hope some day to see it more generally understood, in a much more comprehensive sense than its generally material treatment would warrant. I believe the entire natural world is but the ultimate expression of that spiritual world from which, and in which alone, it has its life. I believe that the essential man is a

spirit, that the spirit is an organized substance, but as different in point of material from what we ordinarily understand by matter, as light or electricity is; that the material body is, in the most literal sense, a vesture, and death consequently no interruption of the living man's existence, but simply his extrication from the natural body--a process which commences at the moment of what we term death, and the completion of which, at furthest a few days later, is the resurrection "in power."

The person who weighs the consequences of these positions will probably see their practical bearing upon medical science. This is, however, by no means the proper place for displaying the proofs and discussing the consequences of this too generally unrecognized state of facts.

In pursuance of my habit, I was covertly observing Mr. Jennings, with all my caution--l think he perceived it--and I saw plainly that he was as cautiously observing me. Lady Mary happening to address me by my name, as Dr. Hesselius, I saw that he glanced at me more sharply, and then became thoughtful for a few minutes.

After this, as I conversed with a gentleman at the other end of the room, I saw him look at me more steadily, and with an interest which I thought I understood. I then saw him take an opportunity of chatting with Lady Mary, and was, as one always is, perfectly aware of being the subject of a distant inquiry and answer.

This tall clergyman approached me by-and-by; and in a little time we had got into conversation. When two people, who like reading, and know books and places, having traveled, wish to discourse, it is very strange if they can't find topics. It was not accident that brought him near me, and led him into conversation. He knew German and had read my Essays on Metaphysical Medicine which suggest more than they actually say.

This courteous man, gentle, shy, plainly a man of thought and reading, who moving and talking among us, was not altogether of us, and whom I already suspected of leading a life whose transactions and alarms were carefully concealed, with an impenetrable reserve from, not only the world, but his best beloved friends--was cautiously weighing in his own mind the idea of taking a certain step with regard to me.

I penetrated his thoughts without his being aware of it, and was careful to say nothing which could betray to his sensitive vigilance my suspicions respecting his position, or my surmises about his plans respecting myself.

We chatted upon indifferent subjects for a time but at last he said:

"I was very much interested by some papers of yours, Dr. Hesselius, upon what you term Metaphysical Medicine--I read them in German, ten or twelve years ago--have they been translated?"

"No, I'm sure they have not--I should have heard. They would have asked my leave, I think."

"I asked the publishers here, a few months ago, to get the book for me in the original German; but they tell me it is out of print."

"So it is, and has been for some years; but it flatters me as an author to find that you have not forgotten my little book, although," I added, laughing, "ten or twelve years is a considerable time to have managed without it; but I suppose you have been turning the subject over again in your mind, or something has happened lately to revive your interest in it."

At this remark, accompanied by a glance of inquiry, a sudden embarrassment disturbed Mr. Jennings, analogous to that which makes a young lady blush and look foolish. He dropped his eyes, and folded his hands together uneasily, and looked oddly, and you would have said, guiltily, for a moment.

I helped him out of his awkwardness in the best way, by appearing not to observe it, and going straight on, I said: "Those revivals of interest in a subject happen to me often; one book suggests an other, and often sends me back a wild-goose chase over an interval of twenty years. But if you still care to possess a copy, I shall be only too happy to provide you; I have still got two or three by me --and if you allow me to present one I shall be very much honoured."

"You are very good indeed," he said, quite at his ease again, in a moment: "I almost despaired--I don't know how to thank you.

"Pray don't say a word; the thing is really so little worth that I am only ashamed of having offered it, and if you thank me any more I shall throw it into the fire in a fit of modesty."
Mr. Jennings laughed. He inquired where I was staying in London, and after a little more conversation on a variety of subjects, he took his departure.

CHAPTER II. The Doctor Questions Lady Mary and She Answers

"I like your vicar so much, Lady Mary," said I, as soon as he was gone. "He has read, traveled, and thought, and having also suffered, he ought to be an accomplished companion."
"So he is, and, better still, he is a really good man," said she. "His advice is invaluable about my schools, and all my little undertakings at Dawlbridge, and he's so painstaking, he takes so much trouble--you have no idea wherever he thinks he can be of use: he's so good-natured and so sensible."
"It is pleasant to hear so good an account of his neighbourly virtues. I can only testify to his being an agreeable and gentle companion, and in addition to what you have told me, I think I can tell you two or three things about him," said I.
"Really!"
"Yes, to begin with, he's unmarried."
"Yes, that's right---go on."
"He has been writing, that is he was, but for two or three years perhaps, he has not gone on with his work, and the book was upon some rather abstract subject--perhaps theology."
"Well, he was writing a book, as you say; I'm not quite sure what it was about, but only that it was nothing that I cared for; very likely you are right, and he certainly did stop--yes."
"And although he only drank a little coffee here to-night, he likes tea, at least, did like it extravagantly."
"Yes, that's quite true."
"He drank green tea, a good deal, didn't he?" I pursued.
"Well, that's very odd! Green tea was a subject on which we used almost to quarrel."
"But he has quite given that up," said I. "So he has."
"And, now, one more fact. His mother or his father, did you know them?"
"Yes, both; his father is only ten years dead, and their place is near Dawlbridge. We knew them very well," she answered.
"Well, either his mother or his father--I should rather think his father, saw a ghost," said I.
"Well, you really are a conjurer, Dr. Hesselius."
"Conjurer or no, haven't I said right?" I answered merrily.
"You certainly have, and it was his father: he was a silent, whimsical man, and he used to bore my father about his dreams, and at last he told him a story about a ghost he had seen and talked with, and a very odd story it was. I remember it particularly, because I was so afraid of him. This story was long before he died--when I was quite a child--and his ways were so silent and moping, and he used to drop in sometimes, in the dusk, when I was alone in the drawing-room, and I used to fancy there were ghosts about him."
I smiled and nodded.
"And now, having established my character as a conjurer, I think I must say good-night!" said I.
"But how did you find it out?"
"By the planets, of course, as the gypsies do," I answered, and so, gaily we said good-night.
Next morning I sent the little book he had been inquiring after, and a note to Mr. Jennings, and on returning late that evening, I found that he had called at my lodgings, and left his card. He asked whether I was at home, and asked at what hour he would be most likely to find me.
Does he intend opening his case, and consulting me "professionally," as they say? I hope so. I have already conceived a theory about him. It is supported by Lady Mary's answers to my parting questions. I should like much to ascertain from his own lips. But what can I do consistently with good breeding to invite a confession? Nothing. I rather think he meditates one. At all events, my dear Van L., I shan't make myself difficult of access; I mean to re turn his visit

tomorrow. It will be only civil in return for his politeness, to ask to see him. Perhaps something may come of it. Whether much, little, or nothing, my dear Van L., you shall hear.

CHAPTER III. Dr. Hesselius Picks Up Something in Latin Books

Well, I have called at Blank Street.

On inquiring at the door, the servant told me that Mr. Jennings was engaged very particularly with a gentleman, a clergyman from Kenlis, his parish in the country. Intending to reserve my privilege, and to call again, I merely intimated that I should try another time, and had turned to go, when the servant begged my pardon, and asked me, looking at me a little more attentively than well-bred persons of his order usually do, whether I was Dr. Hesselius; and, on learning that I was, he said, "Perhaps then, sir, you would allow me to mention it to Mr. Jennings, for I am sure he wishes to see you."

The servant returned in a moment, with a message from Mr. Jennings, asking me to go into his study, which was in effect his back drawing-room, promising to be with me in a very few minutes.

This was really a study--almost a library. The room was lofty, with two tall slender windows, and rich dark curtains. It was much larger than I had expected, and stored with books on every side, from the floor to the ceiling. The upper carpet--for to my tread it felt that there were two or three--was a Turkey carpet. My steps fell noiselessly. The bookcases standing out, placed the windows, particularly narrow ones, in deep recesses. The effect of the room was, although extremely comfortable, and even luxurious, decidedly gloomy, and aided by the silence, almost oppressive. Perhaps, however, I ought to have allowed something for association. My mind had connected peculiar ideas with Mr. Jennings. I stepped into this perfectly silent room, of a very silent house, with a peculiar foreboding; and its darkness, and solemn clothing of books, for except where two narrow looking-glasses were set in the wall, they were everywhere, helped this sombre feeling.

While awaiting Mr. Jennings' arrival, I amused myself by looking into some of the books with which his shelves were laden. Not among these, but immediately under them, with their backs up ward, on the floor, I lighted upon a complete set of Swedenborg's "Arcana Cælestia," in the original Latin, a very fine folio set, bound in the natty livery which theology affects, pure vellum, namely, gold letters, and carmine edges. There were paper markers in several of these volumes, I raised and placed them, one after the other, upon the table, and opening where these papers were placed, I read in the solemn Latin phraseology, a series of sentences indicated by a penciled line at the margin. Of these I copy here a few, translating them into English.

"When man's interior sight is opened, which is that of his spirit, then there appear the things of another life, which cannot possibly be made visible to the bodily sight.". . . .

"By the internal sight it has been granted me to see the things that are in the other life, more clearly than I see those that are in the world. From these considerations, it is evident that external vision exists from interior vision, and this from a vision still more interior, and so on." . . . .

"There are with every man at least two evil spirits.". . . .

"With wicked genii there is also a fluent speech, but harsh and grating. There is also among them a speech which is not fluent, wherein the dissent of the thoughts is perceived as something secretly creeping along within it."

"The evil spirits associated with man are, indeed from the hells, but when with man they are not then in hell, but are taken out thence. The place where they then are, is in the midst between heaven and hell, and is called the world of spirits--when the evil spirits who are with man, are in that world, they are not in any infernal torment, but in every thought and affection of man, and so, in all that the man himself enjoys. But when they are remitted into their hell, they return to their former state.". . . .

"If evil spirits could perceive that they were associated with man, and yet that they were spirits separate from him, and if they could flow in into the things of his body, they would attempt by a thousand means to destroy him; for they hate man with a deadly hatred." . . . .

"Knowing, therefore, that I was a man in the body, they were continually striving to destroy me, not as to the body only, but especially as to the soul; for to destroy any man or spirit is the very delight of the life of all who are in hell; but I have been continually protected by the Lord. Hence it appears how dangerous it is for man to be in a living consort with spirits, unless he be in the good of faith." . . . .

"Nothing is more carefully guarded from the knowledge of associate spirits than their being thus conjoint with a man, for if they knew it they would speak to him, with the intention to destroy him." . . . .

"The delight of hell is to do evil to man, and to hasten his eternal ruin."

A long note, written with a very sharp and fine pencil, in Mr. Jennings' neat hand, at the foot of the page, caught my eye. Expecting his criticism upon the text, I read a word or two, and stopped, for it was something quite different, and began with these words, Deus misereatur mei--"May God compassionate me." Thus warned of its private nature, I averted my eyes, and shut the book, replacing all the volumes as I had found them, except one which interested me, and in which, as men studious and solitary in their habits will do, I grew so absorbed as to take no cognisance of the outer world, nor to remember where I was.

I was reading some pages which refer to "representatives" and "correspondents," in the technical language of Swedenborg, and had arrived at a passage, the substance of which is, that evil spirits, when seen by other eyes than those of their infernal associates, present themselves, by "correspondence," in the shape of the beast (fera) which represents their particular lust and life, in aspect direful and atrocious. This is a long passage, and particularises a number of those bestial forms.

CHAPTER IV. Four Eyes Were Reading the Passage

I was running the head of my pencil-case along the line as I read it, and something caused me to raise my eyes.

Directly before me was one of the mirrors I have mentioned, in which I saw reflected the tall shape of my friend, Mr. Jennings, leaning over my shoulder, and reading the page at which I was busy, and with a face so dark and wild that I should hardly have known him.

I turned and rose. He stood erect also, and with an effort laughed a little, saying:

"I came in and asked you how you did, but without succeeding in awaking you from your book; so I could not restrain my curiosity, and very impertinently, I'm afraid, peeped over your shoulder. This is not your first time of looking into those pages. You have looked into Swedenborg, no doubt, long ago?"

"Oh dear, yes! I owe Swedenborg a great deal; you will discover traces of him in the little book on Metaphysical Medicine, which you were so good as to remember."

Although my friend affected a gaiety of manner, there was a slight flush in his face, and I could perceive that he was inwardly much perturbed.

"I'm scarcely yet qualified, I know so little of Swedenborg. I've only had them a fortnight," he answered, "and I think they are rather likely to make a solitary man nervous--that is, judging from the very little I have read---I don't say that they have made me so," he laughed; "and I'm so very much obliged for the book. I hope you got my note?"

I made all proper acknowledgments and modest disclaimers.

"I never read a book that I go with, so entirely, as that of yours," he continued. "I saw at once there is more in it than is quite unfolded. Do you know Dr. Harley?" he asked, rather abruptly.

In passing, the editor remarks that the physician here named was one of the most eminent who had ever practiced in England.

I did, having had letters to him, and had experienced from him great courtesy and considerable assistance during my visit to England.

"I think that man one of the very greatest fools I ever met in my life," said Mr. Jennings.

This was the first time I had ever heard him say a sharp thing of anybody, and such a term applied to so high a name a little startled me.

"Really! and in what way?" I asked.

"In his profession," he answered.
I smiled.
"I mean this," he said: "he seems to me, one half, blind--I mean one half of all he looks at is dark--preternaturally bright and vivid all the rest; and the worst of it is, it seems wilful. I can't get him--I mean he won't--I've had some experience of him as a physician, but I look on him as, in that sense, no better than a paralytic mind, an intellect half dead. I'll tell you--I know I shall some time--all about it," he said, with a little agitation. "You stay some months longer in England. If I should be out of town during your stay for a little time, would you allow me to trouble you with a letter?"
"I should be only too happy," I assured him.
"Very good of you. I am so utterly dissatisfied with Harley."
"A little leaning to the materialistic school," I said.
"A mere materialist," he corrected me; "you can't think how that sort of thing worries one who knows better. You won't tell any one--any of my friends you know--that I am hippish; now, for instance, no one knows--not even Lady Mary--that I have seen Dr. Harley, or any other doctor. So pray don't mention it; and, if I should have any threatening of an attack, you'll kindly let me write, or, should I be in town, have a little talk with you."
I was full of conjecture, and unconsciously I found I had fixed my eyes gravely on him, for he lowered his for a moment, and he said: "I see you think I might as well tell you now, or else you are forming a conjecture; but you may as well give it up. If you were guessing all the rest of your life, you will never hit on it."
He shook his head smiling, and over that wintry sunshine a black cloud suddenly came down, and he drew his breath in, through his teeth as men do in pain.
"Sorry, of course, to learn that you apprehend occasion to consult any of us; but, command me when and how you like, and I need not assure you that your confidence is sacred."
He then talked of quite other things, and in a comparatively cheerful way and after a little time, I took my leave.

CHAPTER V. Dr. Hesselius is Summoned to Richmond

We parted cheerfully, but he was not cheerful, nor was I. There are certain expressions of that powerful organ of spirit--the human face--which, although I have seen them often, and possess a doctor's nerve, yet disturb me profoundly. One look of Mr. Jennings haunted me. It had seized my imagination with so dismal a power that I changed my plans for the evening, and went to the opera, feeling that I wanted a change of ideas.
I heard nothing of or from him for two or three days, when a note in his hand reached me. It was cheerful, and full of hope. He said that he had been for some little time so much better--quite well, in fact--that he was going to make a little experiment, and run down for a month or so to his parish, to try whether a little work might not quite set him up. There was in it a fervent religious expression of gratitude for his restoration, as he now almost hoped he might call it.
A day or two later I saw Lady Mary, who repeated what his note had announced, and told me that he was actually in Warwickshire, having resumed his clerical duties at Kenlis; and she added, "I begin to think that he is really perfectly well, and that there never was anything the matter, more than nerves and fancy; we are all nervous, but I fancy there is nothing like a little hard work for that kind of weakness, and he has made up his mind to try it. I should not be surprised if he did not come back for a year."
Notwithstanding all this confidence, only two days later I had this note, dated from his house off Piccadilly:
DEAR SIR,--I have returned disappointed. If I should feel at all able to see you, I shall write to ask you kindly to call. At present, I am too low, and, in fact, simply unable to say all I wish to say. Pray don't mention my name to my friends. I can see no one. By-and-by, please God, you shall hear from me. I mean to take a run into Shropshire, where some of my people are. God bless you! May we, on my return, meet more happily than I can now write.

About a week after this I saw Lady Mary at her own house, the last person, she said, left in town, and just on the wing for Brighton, for the London season was quite over. She told me that she had heard from Mr. Jenning's niece, Martha, in Shropshire. There was nothing to be gathered from her letter, more than that he was low and nervous. In those words, of which healthy people think so lightly, what a world of suffering is sometimes hidden!

Nearly five weeks had passed without any further news of Mr. Jennings. At the end of that time I received a note from him. He wrote:

"I have been in the country, and have had change of air, change of scene, change of faces, change of everything--and in everything--but myself. I have made up my mind, so far as the most irresolute creature on earth can do it, to tell my case fully to you. If your engagements will permit, pray come to me to-day, to-morrow, or the next day; but, pray defer as little as possible. You know not how much I need help. I have a quiet house at Richmond, where I now am. Perhaps you can manage to come to dinner, or to luncheon, or even to tea. You shall have no trouble in finding me out. The servant at Blank Street, who takes this note, will have a carriage at your door at any hour you please; and I am always to be found. You will say that I ought not to be alone. I have tried everything. Come and see."

I called up the servant, and decided on going out the same evening, which accordingly I did. He would have been much better in a lodging-house, or hotel, I thought, as I drove up through a short double row of sombre elms to a very old-fashioned brick house, darkened by the foliage of these trees, which overtopped, and nearly surrounded it. It was a perverse choice, for nothing could be imagined more triste and silent. The house, I found, belonged to him. He had stayed for a day or two in town, and, finding it for some cause insupportable, had come out here, probably because being furnished and his own, he was relieved of the thought and delay of selection, by coming here.

The sun had already set, and the red reflected light of the western sky illuminated the scene with the peculiar effect with which we are all familiar. The hall seemed very dark, but, getting to the back drawing-room, whose windows command the west, I was again in the same dusky light. I sat down, looking out upon the richly-wooded landscape that glowed in the grand and melancholy light which was every moment fading. The corners of the room were already dark; all was growing dim, and the gloom was insensibly toning my mind, already prepared for what was sinister. I was waiting alone for his arrival, which soon took place. The door communicating with the front room opened, and the tall figure of Mr. Jennings, faintly seen in the ruddy twilight, came, with quiet stealthy steps, into the room.

We shook hands, and, taking a chair to the window, where there was still light enough to enable us to see each other's faces, he sat down beside me, and, placing his hand upon my arm, with scarcely a word of preface began his narrative.

CHAPTER VI. How Mr. Jennings Met His Companion

The faint glow of the west, the pomp of the then lonely woods of Richmond, were before us, behind and about us the darkening room, and on the stony face of the sufferer for the character of his face, though still gentle and sweet, was changed rested that dim, odd glow which seems to descend and produce, where it touches, lights, sudden though faint, which are lost, almost with out gradation, in darkness. The silence, too, was utter: not a distant wheel, or bark, or whistle from without; and within the de pressing stillness of an invalid bachelor's house.

I guessed well the nature, though not even vaguely the particulars of the revelations I was about to receive, from that fixed face of suffering that so oddly flushed stood out, like a portrait of Schalken's, before its background of darkness.

"It began," he said, "on the 15th of October, three years and eleven weeks ago, and two days--I keep very accurate count, for every day is torment. If I leave anywhere a chasm in my narrative tell me.

"About four years ago I began a work, which had cost me very much thought and reading. It was upon the religious metaphysics of the ancients."

"I know," said I, "the actual religion of educated and thinking paganism, quite apart from symbolic worship? A wide and very interesting field."
"Yes, but not good for the mind--the Christian mind, I mean. Paganism is all bound together in essential unity, and, with evil sympathy, their religion involves their art, and both their manners, and the subject is a degrading fascination and the Nemesis sure. God forgive me!
"I wrote a great deal; I wrote late at night. I was always thinking on the subject, walking about, wherever I was, everywhere. It thoroughly infected me. You are to remember that all the material ideas connected with it were more or less of the beautiful, the subject itself delightfully interesting, and I, then, without a care."
He sighed heavily.
"I believe, that every one who sets about writing in earnest does his work, as a friend of mine phrased it, on something--tea, or coffee, or tobacco. I suppose there is a material waste that must be hourly supplied in such occupations, or that we should grow too abstracted, and the mind, as it were, pass out of the body, unless it were reminded often enough of the connection by actual sensation. At all events, I felt the want, and I supplied it. Tea was my companion-at first the ordinary black tea, made in the usual way, not too strong: but I drank a good deal, and increased its strength as I went on. I never, experienced an uncomfortable symptom from it. I began to take a little green tea. I found the effect pleasanter, it cleared and intensified the power of thought so, I had come to take it frequently, but not stronger than one might take it for pleasure. I wrote a great deal out here, it was so quiet, and in this room. I used to sit up very late, and it became a habit with me to sip my tea--green tea--every now and then as my work proceeded. I had a little kettle on my table, that swung over a lamp, and made tea two or three times between eleven o'clock and two or three in the morning, my hours of going to bed. I used to go into town every day. I was not a monk, and, although I spent an hour or two in a library, hunting up authorities and looking out lights upon my theme, I was in no morbid state as far as I can judge. I met my friends pretty much as usual and enjoyed their society, and, on the whole, existence had never been, I think, so pleasant before.
"I had met with a man who had some odd old books, German editions in mediæval Latin, and I was only too happy to be permitted access to them. This obliging person's books were in the City, a very out-of-the-way part of it. I had rather out-stayed my intended hour, and, on coming out, seeing no cab near, I was tempted to get into the omnibus which used to drive past this house. It was darker than this by the time the 'bus had reached an old house, you may have remarked, with four poplars at each side of the door, and there the last passenger but myself got out. We drove along rather faster. It was twilight now. I leaned back in my corner next the door ruminating pleasantly.
"The interior of the omnibus was nearly dark. I had observed in the corner opposite to me at the other side, and at the end next the horses, two small circular reflections, as it seemed to me of a reddish light. They were about two inches apart, and about the size of those small brass buttons that yachting men used to put upon their jackets. I began to speculate, as listless men will, upon this trifle, as it seemed. From what center did that faint but deep red light come, and from what--glass beads, buttons, toy decorations--was it reflected? We were lumbering along gently, having nearly a mile still to go. I had not solved the puzzle, and it be came in another minute more odd, for these two luminous points, with a sudden jerk, descended nearer and nearer the floor, keeping still their relative distance and horizontal position, and then, as suddenly, they rose to the level of the seat on which I was sitting and I saw them no more.
"My curiosity was now really excited, and, before I had time to think, I saw again these two dull lamps, again together near the floor; again they disappeared, and again in their old corner I saw them.
"So, keeping my eyes upon them, I edged quietly up my own side, towards the end at which I still saw these tiny discs of red.
"There was very little light in the 'bus. It was nearly dark. I leaned forward to aid my endeavor to discover what these little circles really were. They shifted position a little as I did so. I began

now to perceive an outline of something black, and I soon saw, with tolerable distinctness, the outline of a small black monkey, pushing its face forward in mimicry to meet mine; those were its eyes, and I now dimly saw its teeth grinning at me.

"I drew back, not knowing whether it might not meditate a spring. I fancied that one of the passengers had forgot this ugly pet, and wishing to ascertain something of its temper, though not caring to trust my fingers to it, I poked my umbrella softly towards it. It remained immovable--up to it--through it. For through it, and back and forward it passed, without the slightest resistance.

"I can't, in the least, convey to you the kind of horror that I felt. When I had ascertained that the thing was an illusion, as I then supposed, there came a misgiving about myself and a terror that fascinated me in impotence to remove my gaze from the eyes of the brute for some moments. As I looked, it made a little skip back, quite into the corner, and I, in a panic, found myself at the door, having put my head out, drawing deep breaths of the outer air, and staring at the lights and tress we were passing, too glad to reassure myself of reality.

"I stopped the 'bus and got out. I perceived the man look oddly at me as I paid him. I dare say there was something unusual in my looks and manner, for I had never felt so strangely before."

CHAPTER VII. The Journey: First Stage

"When the omnibus drove on, and I was alone upon the road, I looked carefully round to ascertain whether the monkey had followed me. To my indescribable relief I saw it nowhere. I can't describe easily what a shock I had received, and my sense of genuine gratitude on finding myself, as I supposed, quite rid of it.

"I had got out a little before we reached this house, two or three hundred steps. A brick wall runs along the footpath, and inside the wall is a hedge of yew, or some dark evergreen of that kind, and within that again the row of fine trees which you may have remarked as you came.

"This brick wall is about as high as my shoulder, and happening to raise my eyes I saw the monkey, with that stooping gait, on all fours, walking or creeping, close beside me, on top of the wall. I stopped, looking at it with a feeling of loathing and horror. As I stopped so did it. It sat up on the wall with its long hands on its knees looking at me. There was not light enough to see it much more than in outline, nor was it dark enough to bring the peculiar light of its eyes into strong relief. I still saw, however, that red foggy light plainly enough. It did not show its teeth, nor exhibit any sign of irritation, but seemed jaded and sulky, and was observing me steadily.

"I drew back into the middle of the road. It was an unconscious recoil, and there I stood, still looking at it. It did not move.

"With an instinctive determination to try something--any thing, I turned about and walked briskly towards town with askance look, all the time, watching the movements of the beast. It crept swiftly along the wall, at exactly my pace.

"Where the wall ends, near the turn of the road, it came down, and with a wiry spring or two brought itself close to my feet, and continued to keep up with me, as I quickened my pace. It was at my left side, so dose to my leg that I felt every moment as if I should tread upon it.

"The road was quite deserted and silent, and it was darker every moment. I stopped dismayed and bewildered, turning as I did so, the other way--I mean, towards this house, away from which I had been walking. When I stood still, the monkey drew back to a distance of, I suppose, about five or six yards, and remained stationary, watching me.

"I had been more agitated than I have said. I had read, of course, as everyone has, something about 'spectral illusions,' as you physicians term the phenomena of such cases. I considered my situation, and looked my misfortune in the face.

"These affections, I had read, are sometimes transitory and sometimes obstinate. I had read of cases in which the appearance, at first harmless, had, step by step, degenerated into something direful and insupportable, and ended by wearing its victim out. Still as I stood there, but for my bestial companion, quite alone, I tried to comfort myself by repeating again and again the assurance, 'the thing is purely disease, a well-known physical affection, as distinctly as small-pox or neuralgia. Doctors are all agreed on that, philosophy demonstrates it. I must not be a fool. I've

been sitting up too late, and I daresay my digestion is quite wrong, and, with God's help, I shall be all right, and this is but a symptom of nervous dyspepsia.' Did I believe all this? Not one word of it, no more than any other miserable being ever did who is once seized and riveted in this satanic captivity. Against my convictions, I might say my knowledge, I was simply bullying myself into a false courage.

"I now walked homeward. I had only a few hundred yards to go. I had forced myself into a sort of resignation, but I had not got over the sickening shock and the flurry of the first certainty of my misfortune.

"I made up my mind to pass the night at home. The brute moved dose betide me, and I fancied there was the sort of anxious drawing toward the house, which one sees in tired horses or dogs, sometimes as they come toward home.

"I was afraid to go into town, I was afraid of any one's seeing and recognizing me. I was conscious of an irrepressible agitation in my manner. Also, I was afraid of any violent change in my habits, such as going to a place of amusement, or walking from home in order to fatigue myself. At the hall door it waited till I mounted the steps, and when the door was opened entered with me.

"I drank no tea that night. I got cigars and some brandy and water. My idea was that I should act upon my material system, and by living for a while in sensation apart from thought, send myself forcibly, as it were, into a new groove. I came up here to this drawing-room. I sat just here. The monkey then got upon a small table that then stood there. It looked dazed and languid. An irrepressible uneasiness as to its movements kept my eyes always upon it. Its eyes were half closed, but I could see them glow. It was looking steadily at me. In all situations, at all hours, it is awake and looking at me. That never changes.

"I shall not continue in detail my narrative of this particular night. I shall describe, rather, the phenomena of the first year, which never varied, essentially. I shall describe the monkey as it appeared in daylight. In the dark, as you shall presently hear, there are peculiarities. It is a small monkey, perfectly black. It had only one peculiarity--a character of malignity--unfathomable malignity. During the first year looked sullen and sick. But this character of intense malice and vigilance was always underlying that surly languor. During all that time it acted as if on a plan of giving me as little trouble as was consistent with watching me. Its eyes were never off me. I have never lost sight of it, except in my sleep, light or dark, day or night, since it came here, excepting when it withdraws for some weeks at a time, unaccountably.

"In total dark it is visible as in daylight. I do not mean merely its eyes. It is all visible distinctly in a halo that resembles a glow of red embers, and which accompanies it in all its movements.

"When it leaves me for a time, it is always at night, in the dark, and in the same way. It grows at first uneasy, and then furious, and then advances towards me, grinning and shaking, its paws clenched, and, at the same time, there comes the appearance of fire in the grate. I never have any fire. I can't sleep in the room where there is any, and it draws nearer and nearer to the chimney, quivering, it seems, with rage, and when its fury rises to the highest pitch, it springs into the grate, and up the chimney, and I see it no more.

"When first this happened, I thought I was released. I was now a new man. A day passed--a night--and no return, and a blessed week--a week--another week. I was always on my knees, Dr. Hesselius, always, thanking God and praying. A whole month passed of liberty, but on a sudden, it was with me again."

CHAPTER VIII. The Second Stage

"It was with me, and the malice which before was torpid under a sullen exterior, was now active. It was perfectly unchanged in every other respect. This new energy was apparent in its activity and its looks, and soon in other ways.

"For a time, you will understand, the change was shown only in an increased vivacity, and an air of menace, as if it were always brooding over some atrocious plan. Its eyes, as before, were never off me."

"Is it here now?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "it has been absent exactly a fortnight and a day--fifteen days. It has sometimes been away so long as nearly two months, once for three. Its absence always exceeds a fortnight, although it may be but by a single day. Fifteen days having past since I saw it last, it may return now at any moment."
"Is its return," I asked, "accompanied by any peculiar manifestation?"
"Nothing--no," he said. "It is simply with me again. On lifting my eyes from a book, or turning my head, I see it, as usual, looking at me, and then it remains, as before, for its appointed time. I have never told so much and so minutely before to any one."
I perceived that he was agitated, and looking like death, and he repeatedly applied his handkerchief to his forehead; I suggested that he might be cured, and told him that I would call, with pleasure, in the morning, but he said:
"No, if you don't mind hearing it all now. I have got so far, and I should prefer making one effort of it. When I spoke to Dr. Harley, I had nothing like so much to tell. You are a philosophic physician. You give spirit its proper rank. If the thing is real----"
He paused looking at me with agitated inquiry.
"We can discuss it by-and-by, and very fully. I will give you all I think, " I answered after an interval.
"Well--very well. If it is anything real, I say, it is prevailing, little by little, and drawing me more interiorly into hell. Optic nerves, he talked of. Ah! well--there are other nerves of communication. May God Almighty help me! You shall hear.
"Its power of action, I tell you, had increased. Its malice became, in a way, aggressive. About two years ago, some questions that were pending between me and the bishop having been settled, I went down to my parish in Warwickshire, anxious to find occupation in my profession. I was not prepared for what happened, although I have since thought I might have apprehended something like it. The reason of my saying so is this--"
He was beginning to speak with a great deal more effort and reluctance, and sighted often, and seemed at times nearly overcome. But at this time his manner was not agitated. It was more like that of a sinking patient, who has given himself up.
"Yes, but I will first tell you about Kenlis my parish.
"It was with me when I left this place for Dawlbridge. It was my silent traveling companion, and it remained with me at the vicarage. When I entered on the discharge of my duties, another change took place. The thing exhibited an atrocious determination to thwart me. It was with me in the church--in the reading desk--in the pulpit--within the communion rails. At last, it reached this extremity, that while I was reading to the congregation, it would spring upon the book and squat there, so that I was unable to see the page. This happened more than once.
"I left Dawlbridge for a time. I placed myself in Dr. Harley's hands. I did everything he told me. he gave my case a great deal of thought. It interested him, I think. He seemed successful. For nearly three months I was perfectly free from a return. I began to think I was safe. With his full assent I returned to Dawlbridge.
"I traveled in a chaise. I was in good spirits. I was more--I was happy and grateful. I was returning, as I thought, delivered from a dreadful hallucination, to the scene of duties which I longed to enter upon. It was a beautiful sunny evening, everything looked serene and cheerful, and I was delighted, I remember looking out of the window to see the spire of my church at Kenlis among the trees, at the point where one has the earliest view of it. It is exactly where the little stream that bounds the parish passes under the road by a culvert, and where it emerges at the roadside, a stone with an old inscription is placed. As we passed this point, I drew my head in and sat down, and in the corner of the chaise was the monkey.
"For a moment I felt faint, and then quite wild with despair and horror, I called to the driver, and got out, and sat down at the road-side, and prayed to God silently for mercy. A despairing resignation supervened. My companion was with me as I reentered the vicarage. The same persecution followed. After a short struggle I submitted, and soon I left the place.

"I told you," he said, "that all the beast has before this become in certain ways aggressive. I will explain a little. It seemed to be actuated by intense and increasing fury, whenever I said my prayers, or even meditated prayer. It amounted at last to a dreadful interruption. You will ask, how could a silent immaterial phantom effect that? It was thus, whenever I meditated praying; It was always before me, and nearer and nearer.

"It used to spring on the table, on the back of the chair, on the chimney-piece, and slowly swing itself from side to side, looking at me all the time. There is in its motion an indefinable power to dissipate thought, and to contract one's attention to that monotony, till the ideas shrink, as it were, to a point, and at last to nothing--and unless I had started up, and shook off the catalepsy I have felt as if my mind were to a point of losing itself. There are no other ways," he sighed heavily; "thus, for instance, while I pray with my eyes closed, it comes closer and closer and closer, and I see it. I know it is not to be accounted for physically, but I do actually see it, though my lids are closed, and so it rocks my mind, as it were, and overpowers me, and I am obliged to rise from my knees. If you had ever yourself known this, you would be acquainted with desperation."

CHAPTER IX. The Third Stage

"I see, Dr. Hesselius, that you don't lose one word of my statement. I need not ask you to listen specially to what I am now going to tell you. They talk of the optic nerves, and of spectral illusions, as if the organ of fight was the only point assailable by the influences that have fastened upon me--I know better. For two years in my direful case that limitation prevailed. But as food is taken in softly at the lips, and then brought under the teeth, as the tip of the little finger caught in a mill crank will draw in the hand, and the arm, and the whole body, so the miserable mortal who has been once caught firmly by the end of the finest fibre of his nerve, is drawn in and in, by the enormous machinery of hell, until he is as I am. Yes, Doctor, as I am, for a while I talk to you, and implore relief, I feel that my prayer is for the impossible, and my pleading with the inexorable."

I endeavoured to calm his visibly increasing agitation, and told him that he must not despair. While we talked the night had overtaken us. The filmy moonlight was wide over the scene which the window commanded, and I said:

"Perhaps you would prefer having candles. This light, you know, is odd. I should wish you, as much as possible, under your usual conditions while I make my diagnosis, shall I call it--otherwise I don't care."

"All lights are the same to me," he said; "except when I read or write, I care not if night were perpetual. I am going to tell you what happened about a year ago. The thing began to speak to me."

"Speak! How do you mean--speak as a man does, do you mean?"

"Yes; speak in words and consecutive sentences, with perfect coherence and articulation; but there is a peculiarity. It is not like the tone of a human voice. It is not by my ears it reaches me--it comes like a singing through my head.

"This faculty, the power of speaking to me, will be my undoing. It won't let me pray, it interrupts me with dreadful blasphemies. I dare not go on, I could not. Oh! Doctor, can the skill, and thought, and prayers of man avail me nothing!"

"You must promise me, my dear sir, not to trouble yourself with unnecessarily exciting thoughts; confine yourself strictly to the narrative of facts; and recollect, above all, that even if the thing that infests you be, you seem to suppose a reality with an actual in dependent life and will, yet it can have no power to hurt you, unless it be given from above: its access to your senses depends mainly upon your physical condition--this is, under God, your comfort and reliance: we are all alike environed. It is only that in your case, the 'paries,' the veil of the flesh, the screen, is a little out of repair, and sights and sounds are transmitted. We must enter on a new course, sir,---be encouraged. I'll give to-night to the careful consideration of the whole case."

"You are very good, sir; you think it worth trying, you don't give me quite up; but, sir, you don't know, it is gaining such an influence over me: it orders me about, it is such a tyrant, and I'm growing so helpless. May God deliver me!"

"It orders you about--of course you mean by speech?"

"Yes, yes; it is always urging me to crimes, to injure others, or myself. You see, Doctor, the situation is urgent, it is indeed. When I was in Shropshire, a few weeks ago" (Mr. Jennings was speaking rapidly and trembling now, holding my arm with one hand, and looking in my face), "I went out one day with a party of friends for a walk: my persecutor, I tell you, was with me at the time. I lagged behind the rest: the country near the Dee, you know, is beautiful. Our path happened to lie near a coal mine, and at the verge of the wood is a perpendicular shaft, they say, a hundred and fifty feet deep. My niece had remained behind with me--she knows, of course nothing of the nature of my sufferings. She knew, however, that I had been ill, and was low, and she remained to prevent my being quite alone. As we loitered slowly on together, the brute that accompanied me was urging me to throw myself down the shaft. I tell you now--oh, sir, think of it!--the one consideration that saved me from that hideous death was the fear lest the shock of witnessing the occurrence should be too much for the poor girl. I asked her to go on and walk with her friends, saying that I could go no further. She made excuses, and the more I urged her the firmer she became. She looked doubtful and frightened. I suppose there was something in my looks or manner that alarmed her; but she would not go, and that literally saved me. You had no idea, sir, that a living man could be made so abject a slave of Satan," he said, with a ghastly groan and a shudder.

There was a pause here, and I said, "You were preserved nevertheless. It was the act of God. You are in His hands and in the power of no other being: be therefore confident for the future."

CHAPTER X. Home

I made him have candles lighted, and saw the room looking cheery and inhabited before I left him. I told him that he must regard his illness strictly as one dependent on physical, though subtle physical causes. I told him that he had evidence of God's care and love in the deliverance which he had just described, and that I had perceived with pain that he seemed to regard its peculiar features as indicating that he had been delivered over to spiritual reprobation. Than such a conclusion nothing could be, I insisted, less warranted; and not only so, but more contrary to facts, as disclosed in his mysterious deliverance from that murderous in fluence during his Shropshire excursion. First, his niece had been retained by his side without his intending to keep her near him; and, secondly, there had been infused into his mind an irresistible repugnance to execute the dreadful suggestion in her presence.

As I reasoned this point with him, Mr. Jennings wept. He seemed comforted. One promise I exacted, which was that should the monkey at any time return, I should be sent for immediately; and, repeating my assurance that I would give neither time nor thought to any other subject until I had thoroughly investigated his case, and that to-morrow he should hear the result, I took my leave.

Before getting into the carriage I told the servant that his master was far from well, and that he should make a point of frequently looking into his room.

My own arrangements I made with a view to being quite secure from interruption.

I merely called at my lodgings, and with a traveling-desk and carpet-bag, set off in a hackney carriage for an inn about two miles out of town, called "The Horns," a very quiet and comfortable house, with good thick walls. And there I resolved, without the possibility of intrusion or distraction, to devote some hours of the night, in my comfortable sitting-room, to Mr. Jennings' case, and so much of the morning as it might require.

(There occurs here a careful note of Dr. Hesselius' opinion on the case, and of the habits, dietary, and medicines which he prescribed. It is curious--some persons would say mystical. But, on the whole, I doubt whether it would sufficiently interest a reader of the kind I am likely to meet with, to warrant its being here reprinted. The whole letter was plainly written at the inn where he had hid himself for the occasion. The next letter is dated from his town lodgings.)

I left town for the inn where I slept last night at half-past nine, and did not arrive at my room in town until one o'clock this afternoon. I found a letter m Mr. Jennings' hand upon my table. It had not come by post, and, on inquiry, I learned that Mr. Jennings' servant had brought it, and on learning that I was not to return until to-day, and that no one could tell him my address, he seemed very uncomfortable, and said his orders from his master were that he was not to return without an answer.

I opened the letter and read:

DEAR DR. HESSELIUS.--It is here. You had not been an hour gone when it returned. It is speaking. It knows all that has happened. It knows every thing-it knows you, and is frantic and atrocious. It reviles. I send you this. It knows every word I have written--I write. This I promised, and I therefore write, but I fear very confused, very incoherently. I am so interrupted, disturbed.

Ever yours, sincerely yours,

ROBERT LYNDER JENNINGS.

"When did this come?" I asked.

"About eleven last night: the man was here again, and has been here three times to-day. The last time is about an hour since."

Thus answered, and with the notes I had made upon his case in my pocket, I was in a few minutes driving towards Richmond, to see Mr. Jennings.

I by no means, as you perceive, despaired of Mr. Jennings' case. He had himself remembered and applied, though quite in a mistaken way, the principle which I lay down in my Metaphysical Medicine, and which governs all such cases. I was about to apply it in earnest. I was profoundly interested, and very anxious to see and examine him while the "enemy" was actually present.

I drove up to the sombre house, and ran up the steps, and knocked. The door, in a little time, was opened by a tall woman in black silk. She looked ill, and as if she had been crying. She curtseyed, and heard my question, but she did not answer. She turned her face away, extending her hand towards two men who were coming down-stairs; and thus having, as it were, tacitly made me over to them, she passed through a side-door hastily and shut it.

The man who was nearest the hall, I at once accosted, but being now close to him, I was shocked to see that both his hands were covered with blood.

I drew back a little, and the man, passing downstairs, merely said in a low tone, "Here's the servant, sir."

The servant had stopped on the stairs, confounded and dumb at seeing me. He was rubbing his hands in a handkerchief, and it was steeped in blood.

"Jones, what is it? what has happened?" I asked, while a sickening suspicion overpowered me.

The man asked me to come up to the lobby. I was beside him in a moment, and, frowning and pallid, with contracted eyes, he told me the horror which I already half guessed.

His master had made away with himself.

I went upstairs with him to the room--what I saw there I won't tell you. He had cut his throat with his razor. It was a frightful gash. The two men had laid him on the bed, and composed his limbs. It had happened, as the immense pool of blood on the floor declared, at some distance between the bed and the window. There was carpet round his bed, and a carpet under his dressing table, but none on the rest of the floor, for the man said he did not like a carpet on his bedroom. In this sombre and now terrible room, one of the great elms that darkened the house was slowly moving the shadow of one of its great boughs upon this dreadful floor.

I beckoned to the servant, and we went downstairs together. I turned off the hall into an old-fashioned paneled room, and there standing, I heard all the servant had to tell. It was not a great deal.

"I concluded, sir, from your words, and looks, sir, as you left last night, that you thought my master was seriously ill. I thought it might be that you were afraid of a fit, or something. So I attended very close to your directions. He sat up late, till past three o'clock. He was not writing or reading. He was talking a great deal to himself, but that was nothing unusual. At about that

hour I assisted him to undress, and left him in his slippers and dressing-gown. I went back softly in about half-an-hour. He was in his bed, quite undressed, and a pair of candles lighted on the table beside his bed. He was leaning on his elbow, and looking out at the other side of the bed when I came in. I asked him if he wanted anything, and he said No.

"I don't know whether it was what you said to me, sir, or some thing a little unusual about him, but I was uneasy, uncommon uneasy about him last night.

"In another half hour, or it might be a little more, I went up again. I did not hear him talking as before. I opened the door a little. The candles were both out, which was not usual. I had a bedroom candle, and I let the light in, a little bit, looking softly round. I saw him sitting in that chair beside the dressing-table with his clothes on again. He turned round and looked at me. I thought it strange he should get up and dress, and put out the candles to sit in the dark, that way. But I only asked him again if I could do anything for him. He said, No, rather sharp, I thought. He said, 'Tell me truth, Jones; why did you come again--you did not hear anyone cursing?' 'No, sir,' I said, wondering what he could mean.

"'No,' said he, after me, 'of course, no;' and I said to him, 'Wouldn't it be well, sir, you went to bed? It's just five o'clock;' and he said nothing, but, 'Very likely; good-night, Jones.' so I went, sir, but in less than an hour I came again. The door was fast, and he heard me, and called as I thought from the bed to know what I wanted, and he desired me not to disturb him again. I lay down and slept for a little. It must have been between six and seven when I went up again. The door was still fast, and he made no answer, so I did not like to disturb him, and thinking he was asleep, I left him till nine. It was his custom to ring when he wished me to come, and I had no particular hour for calling him. I tapped very gently, and getting no answer, I stayed away a good while, supposing he was getting some rest then. It was not till eleven o'clock I grew really uncomfortable about him--for at the latest he was never, that I could remember, later than half past ten. I got no answer. I knocked and called, and still no answer. So not being able to force the door, I called Thomas from the stables, and together we forced it, and found him in the shocking way you saw."

Jones had no more to tell. Poor Mr. Jennings was very gentle, and very kind. All his people were fond of him. I could see that the servant was very much moved.

So, dejected and agitated, I passed from that terrible house, and its dark canopy of elms, and I hope I shall never see it more. While I write to you I feel like a man who has but half waked from a frightful and monotonous dream. My memory rejects the picture with incredulity and horror. Yet I know it is true. It is the story of the process of a poison, a poison which excites the reciprocal action of spirit and nerve, and paralyses the tissue that separates those cognate functions of the senses, the external and the interior. Thus we find strange bed-fellows, and the mortal and immortal prematurely make acquaintance.

CONCLUSION. A Word for Those Who Suffer

My dear Van L--, you have suffered from an affection similar to that which I have just described. You twice complained of a return of it.

Who, under God, cured you? Your humble servant, Martin Hesselius. Let me rather adopt the more emphasized piety of a certain good old French surgeon of three hundred years ago: "I treated, and God cured you."

Come, my friend, you are not to be hippish. Let me tell you a fact.

I have met with, and treated, as my book shows, fifty-seven cases of this kind of vision, which I term indifferently "sublimated," "precocious," and "interior."

There is another class of affections which are truly termed- though commonly confounded with those which I describe--spectral illusions. These latter I look upon as being no less simply curable than a cold in the head or a trifling dyspepsia.

It is those which rank in the first category that test our promptitude of thought. Fifty-seven such cases have I encountered, neither more nor less. And in how many of these have I failed? In no one single instance.

There is no one affliction of mortality more easily and certainly reducible, with a little patience, and a rational confidence in the physician. With these simple conditions, I look upon the cure as absolutely certain.

You are to remember that I had not even commenced to treat Mr. Jennings' case. I have not any doubt that I should have cured him perfectly in eighteen months, or possibly it might have extended to two years. Some cases are very rapidly curable, others extremely tedious. Every intelligent physician who will give thought and diligence to the task, will effect a cure.

You know my tract on "The Cardinal Functions of the Brain." I there, by the evidence of innumerable facts, prove, as I think, the high probability of a circulation arterial and venous in its mechanism, through the nerves. Of this system, thus considered, the brain is the heart. The fluid, which is propagated hence through one class of nerves, returns in an altered state through another, and the nature of that fluid is spiritual, though not immaterial, any more than, as I before remarked, light or electricity are so.

By various abuses, among which the habitual use of such agents as green tea is one, this fluid may be affected as to its quality, but it is more frequently disturbed as to equilibrium. This fluid being that which we have in common with spirits, a congestion found on the masses of brain or nerve, connected with the interior sense, forms a surface unduly exposed, on which disembodied spirits may operate: communication is thus more or less effectually established. Between this brain circulation and the heart circulation there is an intimate sympathy. The seat, or rather the instrument of exterior vision, is the eye. The seat of interior vision is the nervous tissue and brain, immediately about and above the eyebrow. You remember how effectually I dissipated your pictures by the simple application of iced eau-de-cologne. Few cases, how ever, can be treated exactly alike with anything like rapid success. Cold acts powerfully as a repellant of the nervous fluid. Long enough continued it will even produce that permanent insensibility which we call numbness, and a little longer, muscular as well as sensational paralysis.

I have not, I repeat, the slightest doubt that I should have first dimmed and ultimately sealed that inner eye which Mr. Jennings had inadvertently opened. The same senses are opened in delirium tremens, and entirely shut up again when the overaction of the cerebral heart, and the prodigious nervous congestions that attend it, are terminated by a decided change in the state of the body. It is by acting steadily upon the body, by a simple process, that this result is produced--and inevitably produced--I have never yet failed.

Poor Mr. Jennings made away with himself. But that catastrophe was the result of a totally different malady, which, as it were, projected itself upon the disease which was established. His case was in the distinctive manner a complication, and the complaint under which he really succumbed, was hereditary suicidal mania. Poor Mr. Jennings I cannot call a patient of mine, for I had not even begun to treat his case, and he had not yet given me, I am convinced, his full and unreserved confidence. If the patient do not array himself on the side of the disease, his cure is certain.

The End

6. Учебно-методическое обеспечение и информационное обеспечение дисциплины

6.1. Список источников и литературы

Литература
Основная:

Перевод - мост между мирами [Электронный ресурс] / М-во образования и науки Рос. Федерации, Федер. гос. общеобразоват. учреждение высш. образования "Рос. гос. гуманитарный ун-т", Ин-т лингвистики ; [отв. ред. Е. В. Семенюк]. - Режим доступа : http://elib.lib.rsuh.ru/elib/000013198. - Загл. с экрана. - 127 с.

Дополнительная:

Роль перевода в развитии языков и межкультурной коммуникации [Электронный ресурс] : сборник статей / Рос. гос. гуманитарный ун-т ; сост. К. Т. Гадилия, О. А. Самойленко ; под ред. К. Т. Гадилия, Р. И. Розиной. - Электрон. дан. - Москва : РГГУ, 2017. - 155, [1] с. - Режим доступа : http://elib.lib.rsuh.ru/elib/000011247. - Загл. с экрана. - Библиогр. в конце ст. - ISBN 978-5-7281-1871-8.

6.2. Перечень ресурсов информационно-телекоммуникационной сети «Интернет», необходимый для освоения дисциплины

http://edition.pagesuite-professional.co.uk/launch.aspx?referral=other&refresh=5d0RiK311wS7&PBID=c4c5af3f-e733-4c9e-9067-6b472efa41dc&skip=
http://www.cadoutsourcingservices.com/
http://www.daff.gov.au
http://www.huntingtoningalls.com/
http://www.multitran.ru
http://www.m-w.com
http://www.pentaximaging.com/files/scms_docs/K20D_Manual.pdf
http://www.safrica.info/business/economy/sectors/mining.htm
http://www.scribd.com
http://www.ship-technology.com/projects/

Национальная электронная библиотека (НЭБ) www.rusneb.ru
ELibrary.ru Научная электронная библиотека www.elibrary.ru
Электронная библиотека Grebennikon.ru www.grebennikon.ru
Cambridge University Press
ProQuest Dissertation & Theses Global
SAGE Journals
Taylor and Francis
JSTOR

Профессиональные базы данных и информационно-справочные системы

Доступ к профессиональным базам данных: https://liber.rsuh.ru/ru/bases

Информационные справочные системы:
1. Консультант Плюс
2. Гарант

7. Материально-техническое обеспечение дисциплины

Для обеспечения дисциплины используется материально-техническая база образовательного учреждения: учебные аудитории, оснащённые компьютером и проектором для демонстрации учебных материалов.

Состав программного обеспечения:

1. Windows
2. Microsoft Office
3. Kaspersky Endpoint Security

8. Обеспечение образовательного процесса для лиц с ограниченными возможностями здоровья и инвалидов

В ходе реализации дисциплины используются следующие дополнительные методы обучения, текущего контроля успеваемости и промежуточной аттестации обучающихся в зависимости от их индивидуальных особенностей:

- для слепых и слабовидящих: лекции оформляются в виде электронного документа, доступного с помощью компьютера со специализированным программным обеспечением; письменные задания выполняются на компьютере со специализированным программным обеспечением или могут быть заменены устным ответом; обеспечивается индивидуальное равномерное освещение не менее 300 люкс; для выполнения задания при необходимости предоставляется увеличивающее устройство; возможно также использование собственных увеличивающих устройств; письменные задания оформляются увеличенным шрифтом; экзамен и зачёт проводятся в устной форме или выполняются в письменной форме на компьютере.
- для глухих и слабослышащих: лекции оформляются в виде электронного документа, либо предоставляется звукоусиливающая аппаратура индивидуального пользования; письменные задания выполняются на компьютере в письменной форме; экзамен и зачёт проводятся в письменной форме на компьютере; возможно проведение в форме тестирования.
- для лиц с нарушениями опорно-двигательного аппарата: лекции оформляются в виде электронного документа, доступного с помощью компьютера со специализированным программным обеспечением; письменные задания выполняются на компьютере со специализированным программным обеспечением; экзамен и зачёт проводятся в устной форме или выполняются в письменной форме на компьютере.

При необходимости предусматривается увеличение времени для подготовки ответа.

Процедура проведения промежуточной аттестации для обучающихся устанавливается с учётом их индивидуальных психофизических особенностей. Промежуточная аттестация может проводиться в несколько этапов.

При проведении процедуры оценивания результатов обучения предусматривается использование технических средств, необходимых в связи с индивидуальными особенностями обучающихся. Эти средства могут быть предоставлены университетом, или могут использоваться собственные технические средства.

Проведение процедуры оценивания результатов обучения допускается с использованием дистанционных образовательных технологий.

Обеспечивается доступ к информационным и библиографическим ресурсам в сети Интернет для каждого обучающегося в формах, адаптированных к ограничениям их здоровья и восприятия информации:

- для слепых и слабовидящих: в печатной форме увеличенным шрифтом, в форме электронного документа, в форме аудиофайла.
- для глухих и слабослышащих: в печатной форме, в форме электронного документа.

для обучающихся с нарушениями опорно-двигательного аппарата: в печатной форме, в форме электронного документа, в форме аудиофайла.

Учебные аудитории для всех видов контактной и самостоятельной работы, научная библиотека и иные помещения для обучения оснащены специальным оборудованием и учебными местами с техническими средствами обучения:

для слепых и слабовидящих: устройством для сканирования и чтения с камерой SARA CE; дисплеем Брайля PAC Mate 20; принтером Брайля EmBraille ViewPlus;

для глухих и слабослышащих: автоматизированным рабочим местом для людей с нарушением слуха и слабослышащих; акустический усилитель и колонки;

для обучающихся с нарушениями опорно-двигательного аппарата: передвижными, регулируемыми эргономическими партами СИ-1; компьютерной техникой со специальным программным обеспечением.

9. Методические материалы

9.1. Планы практических (семинарских) и лабораторных занятий

Семинары № 1-23.

Перевод художественных текстов: начальный уровень. (46 часов)

Вопросы семинара

Стилевые особенности художественного текста – стилистическая неоднородность. Регистры. Безэквивалентная лексика. Ошибки в переводе и причины их возникновения. Переводчик как толкователь. Отражение личности переводчика в тексте перевода. Границы переводческой свободы. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к разным стилям, регистрам, жанрам и родам литературы. . Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

Контрольные (проблемные) вопросы

1. В чем отличие перевода художественного текста от перевода текстов других типов?
2. Что такое речевые регистры?
3. Каковы подходы к переводу языковой игры?
4. Каковы подходы к передаче в переводе акцентов, диалектов, слэнга?
5. Что такое переводческая компенсация?
6. Какова техника перевода пародийных текстов?
7. Какие ошибки могут возникать при переводе и почему?
8. Что такое безэквивалентная лексика и каковы подходы к ее передаче в переводе?
9. Как может отражаться в переводе личность переводчика?
10. Чем отличается перевод от пересказа?

Семинары № 25-48.

Перевод научных текстов. (46 часов)

Вопросы семинара

Особенности научного текста. Различия в характере и организации научного текста в русскоязычной и англоязычной традициях. Нейтральность научного текста. Терминологическая насыщенность научного текста. Безэквивалентная лексика. Клише научного языка. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам научного дискурса. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

Контрольные (проблемные) вопросы

1. В чем состоят особенности построения русскоязычного научного текста в отличие от английского?
2. В чем проявляется эмоциональная нейтральность научного текста?
3. Какие проблемы для перевода представляет терминологическая насыщенность научного текста?
4. Какую роль в научном тексте играет безэквивалентная лексика?
5. Приведите примеры клише, свойственных научному языку, и их соответствий на русском языке.

Семинары № 50-73.

Перевод публицистических текстов. (46 часов)

Вопросы семинара

Особенности публицистического текста. Различия в характере и организации публицистического текста в русскоязычной и англоязычной традициях. Авторское отношение. Выбор выразительных средств. Нейтральность *vs* эмоциональное вовлечение читателя. Безэквивалентная лексика. Журналистские клише. Перевод заголовков. Языковая игра в публицистике. Перевод названий, должностей, иноязычных имен и фамилий. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам публицистики. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

Контрольные (проблемные) вопросы

1. В чем состоят основные особенности публицистического текста?
2. В чем состоят различия в характере и организации публицистического текста в русскоязычной и англоязычной традициях?
3. Что такое авторское отношение и как оно может проявляться в тексте?
4. Нейтральность *vs* эмоциональное вовлечение читателя.
5. Что такое безэквивалентная лексика и каковы технологии ее перевода?
6. Что такое журналистские клише? Приведите примеры.
7. В чем сложность перевода англоязычных заголовков?
8. Приведите пример языковой игры в публицистике и ее перевода.

Семинары № 75-98.

Перевод официально-деловых, технических, информационных и рекламных текстов. (46 часов)

Вопросы семинара

Особенности официального дискурса. Различия в его характере в русскоязычной и англоязычной традиции. Нейтральность vs эмоциональность. Клише официального языка. Лаконичность формулировок. Особенности рекламно-информационного дискурса. Эмоциональность рекламного текста. Взаимодействие текста и иллюстрации. Языковая игра в рекламе. Лаконичность рекламного и информационного текста. Особенности технического текста. Нейтральность технического текста. Терминологическая насыщенность, клише технического языка. Синтаксис технического дискурса: разница в синтаксической организации технического текста на русском и английском языке. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам официального дискурса.

Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам рекламных и информационных материалов. Принципы перевода текстов, принадлежащих к различным видам технического дискурса. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

Контрольные (проблемные) вопросы

1. В чем состоят особенности технического текста? В чем его сложность для перевода?
2. В чем проявляется разница в синтаксической организации технического текста на русском и английском языке?
3. В чем заключаются особенности языка деловых документов?
4. Приведите примеры клише, свойственных деловому языку, и их соответствий на русском языке.
5. В чем заключаются особенности деловой терминологии на русском языке?
6. В чем сходство и различие в характере официального дискурса в русскоязычной и англоязычной традиции?
7. В чем состоят особенности официального дискурса?
8. В чес состоят особенности рекламно-информационного дискурса?
9. Как проявляется эмоциональность рекламного текста?
10. Какими способами рекламный текст воздействует на читателя?
11. Как взаимодействуют в рекламном и информационном дискурсе текста и иллюстрации?
12. Приведите пример языковый игры в рекламе и ее перевода.

Семинары № 100-123.

Перевод художественных текстов: продвинутый уровень. (46 часов)

Вопросы семинара

Языковые сложности, возникающие при переводе текстов сниженного регистра. Актуализованные метафоры, игра слов, каламбуры в переводе. Речевая характеристика персонажей; акценты, диалекты, просторечие, слэнг в переводе. Переводческая компенсация. Перевод цитат, пародий. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

Контрольные (проблемные) вопросы

1. В чем отличие перевода художественного текста от перевода текстов других типов?
2. Что такое речевые регистры?
3. Каковы подходы к переводу языковой игры?
4. Каковы подходы к передаче в переводе акцентов, диалектов, слэнга?
5. Что такое переводческая компенсация?
6. Какова техника перевода пародийных текстов?
7. Какие ошибки могут возникать при переводе и почему?
8. Что такое безэквивалентная лексика и каковы подходы к ее передаче в переводе?
9. Как может отражаться в переводе личность переводчика?
10. Чем отличается перевод от пересказа?

Семинары № 125-143.

Перевод на второй иностранный язык. (36 часов)

Вопросы семинара

Особенности перевода на иностранный язык. Переводческие соответствия, автоматизация навыков их употребления. Клишированные словосочетания. Лексико-семантические преобразования. Основные техники перевода на иностранный язык. Явление языковой интерференции и способы ее преодоления. Ложные друзья переводчика. Приемы, позволяющие добиться идиоматичности порождаемого текста. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

Контрольные (проблемные) вопросы

1. Каковы основные особенности перевода на иностранный язык?
2. Что такое языковая интерференция?
3. Что такое «ложные друзья переводчика»?
4. Приведите примеры «ложных друзей переводчика».

Семинары № 144-161.

Устный последовательный перевод. (34 часа)

Вопросы семинара

Основные особенности устного последовательного перевода. Приемы сокращенной переводческой записи. Мнемотехника. Активация линейной памяти. Запоминание тематических рядов на русском и английском языке. Лексико-синтаксические конверсивы. Переводческие соответствия, автоматизация навыков их употребления. Клишированные словосочетания. Речевая компрессия. Лексическое свертывание. Лексико-семантические преобразования. Использование базовых и специфических приемов в текстах разных жанров. Особенности произношения носителей различных акцентов английского языка. Этика устного перевода. Генерирование и первичное редактирование переводов.

Контрольные (проблемные) вопросы

1. Назовите известные вам приемы переводческой записи.
2. Что такое мнемотехника?
3. Что такое лексико-синтаксические конверсивы?
4. Что такое переводческие соответствия?
5. Как добиться автоматизации употребления переводческих соответствий?
6. Что такое речевая компрессия?
7. Что такое лексическое свертывание?
8. Назовите известные вам лексико-семантические преобразования.
9. Приведите примеры особенностей диалектной речи.

9.2 Методические рекомендации по подготовке письменных работ, требования к их содержанию и оформлению

Письменные работы в рамках курса представляют собой письменный перевод текстов объемом ок. 2500 знаков. Оформляются в текстовом редакторе Microsoft Word или его аналогов: 12 кегль, междустрочный интервал – 1,5, поля: верхнее и нижнее 2 см, левое 2 см, правое – 5 см.

Приложение 1

Аннотация

Цель дисциплины: дать студенту знания, умения и навыки, необходимые ему для осуществления его профессиональной деятельности в области письменного перевода текстов разных регистров и стилей. Задачи:

- научить студента анализировать стиль исходного текста и находить адекватные пути его воссоздания на русском языке;
- научить его создавать эквивалентный перевод исходного текста с учетом всех требований русского языка;
- научить его ориентироваться в массиве стилистических приемов русского языка;
- научить его приемам передачи на русском языке культурно-специфичной информации, заложенной в тексте;
- дать ему инструментарий, достаточный для дальнейшего самостоятельного решения проблем, возникающих в его профессиональной деятельности.

Задачи курса:

- научить студента анализировать стиль исходного текста и находить адекватные пути его воссоздания на русском языке;
- научить его создавать эквивалентный перевод исходного текста с учетом всех требований русского языка;
- научить его ориентироваться в массиве стилистических приемов русского языка;
- научить его приемам передачи на русском языке культурно-специфичной информации, заложенной в тексте;
- дать ему инструментарий, достаточный для дальнейшего самостоятельного решения проблем, возникающих в его профессиональной деятельности.

Содержание дисциплины охватывает круг теоретических вопросов и практических проблем, связанных с переводом публицистики, а также текстов официальной и деловой направленности.

В результате освоения дисциплины обучающийся должен:

- знать способы достижения эквивалентности в переводе,
- уметь применять основные приемы перевода, свободно выражать свои мысли, адекватно используя разнообразные языковые средства с целью выделения релевантной информации, умеет использовать этикетные формулы в устной и письменной коммуникации, осуществлять письменный перевод с соблюдением норм лексической эквивалентности, соблюдением грамматических, синтаксических и стилистических норм, умеет оформлять текст перевода в компьютерном текстовом редакторе, работать с электронными словарями и другими электронными ресурсами, анализировать текст для определения его жанровых и иных характеристик, редактировать текст своего перевода
- владеть основными дискурсивными способами реализации коммуникативных целей высказывания применительно к особенностям текущего коммуникативного контекста, основными способами выражения

семантической, коммуникативной и структурной преемственности между частями высказывания, основными особенностями официального, нейтрального и неофициального регистров общения, методикой предпереводческого анализа текста, способствующей точному восприятию исходного высказывания, методикой подготовки к выполнению перевода, включая поиск информации в справочной, специальной литературе и компьютерных сетях.