

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY

ENGLISH LITERATURE

ELEVENTH EDITION

PACKAGE 2

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY
ENGLISH LITERATURE

ELEVENTH EDITION

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY
ENGLISH LITERATURE

ELEVENTH EDITION

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY
ENGLISH LITERATURE

ELEVENTH EDITION



THE ROMANTIC PERIOD



100 YEARS



THE VICTORIAN AGE



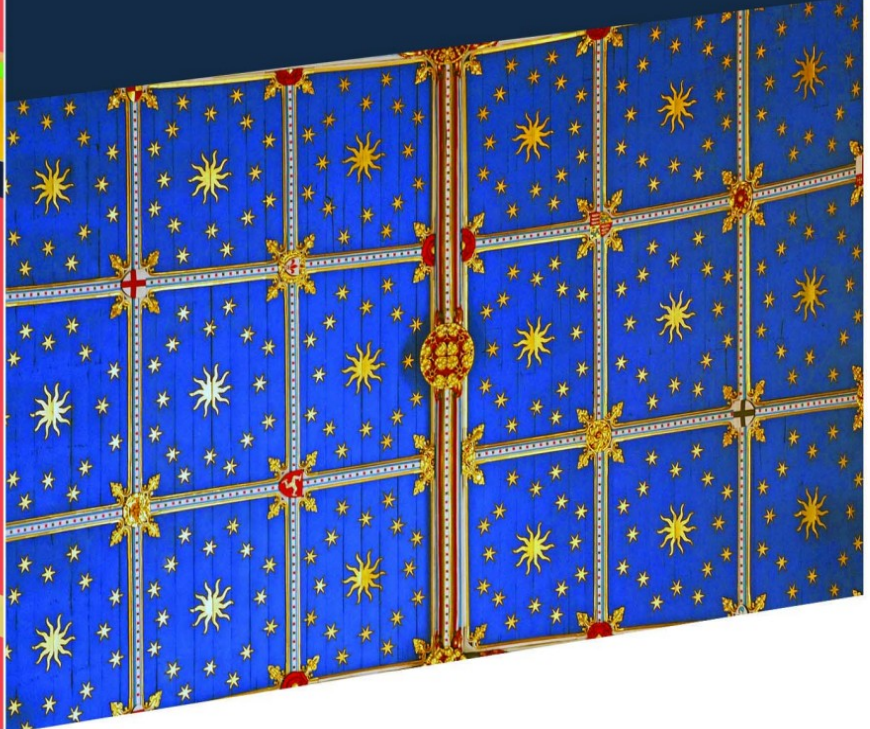
100 YEARS



THE TWENTIETH AND FIRST CENTURIES



100 YEARS



Publisher's Notice

Please note that this version of the ebook does not include access to any media or print supplements that are sold packaged with the printed book.

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF

**ENGLISH
LITERATURE**



ELEVENTH EDITION

PACKAGE 2

VOLUMES D, E, AND F

The Middle Ages • SIMPSON / ORLEMANSKI

The Sixteenth Century • GREENBLATT / STERN

The Early Seventeenth Century

MAUS / CRAWFORD

The Restoration and the Eighteenth Century

NOGGLE / SMITH

The Romantic Period • LYNCH / EISNER

The Victorian Age • ROBSON / ABLOW

The Twentieth and Twenty-First Centuries

RAMAZANI / VADDE

THE NORTON ANTHOLOGY OF
**ENGLISH
LITERATURE**



ELEVENTH EDITION

Stephen Greenblatt, *General Editor*
COGAN UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR OF THE HUMANITIES
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

PACKAGE 2

VOLUMES D, E, AND F



W. W. NORTON & COMPANY
Celebrating a Century of Independent Publishing

W. W. Norton & Company has been independent since its founding in 1923, when William Warder Norton and Mary D. Herter Norton first published lectures delivered at the People's Institute, the adult education division of New York City's Cooper Union. The firm soon expanded its program beyond the Institute, publishing books by celebrated academics from America and abroad. By midcentury, the two major pillars of Norton's publishing program—trade books and college texts—were firmly established. In the 1950s, the Norton family transferred control of the company to its employees, and today—with a staff of five hundred and hundreds of trade, college, and professional titles published each year—W. W. Norton & Company stands as the largest and oldest publishing house owned wholly by its employees.

Copyright © 2024, 2018, 2012, 2006, 2000, 1993, 1986, 1979, 1974, 1968, 1962 by W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.

All rights reserved

Editor: Marian Johnson

Assistant Editor: Serin Lee

Manuscript Editors: Katharine Ings, Alice Falk, Harry Haskell

Media Editor: Sarah Rose Aquilina

Associate Media Editor: Jessica Awad

Assistant Media Editor: Emma Daugherty

Marketing Manager, Literature: Megan DeBono Zwilling

Managing Editor: Kim Yi

Project Editor: Diane Cipollone

Production Manager: Benjamin Reynolds

Ebook Producer: Emily Schwoyer

Director of College Permissions: Megan Schindel

Permissions Clearing: Nancy J. Rodwan

Photo Editors: Amla Sanghvi and Ted Szczepanski

Cartographer: Adrian Kitzinger

Composition: Westchester Book Company

Since this page cannot legibly accommodate all the copyright notices, the Permissions Acknowledgments constitute an extension of the copyright page.

ISBN: 978-0-393-54331-5 (print)

ISBN: 978-1-324-06280-6 (ebook)

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY
10110

wwnorton.com

W. W. Norton & Company Ltd., 15 Carlisle Street, London W1D 3BS

Ebook version: 1.1-retailer

Contents

PREFACE TO THE ELEVENTH EDITION xix

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS xxx

The Romantic Period (1785–1832)

INTRODUCTION 3

TIMELINE 30

BALLADRY AND BALLAD REVIVALS 33

Lord Randall 34

Bonny Barbara Allan 35

The Wife of Usher's Well 36

The Three Ravens 37

Sir Patrick Spens 38

The Dæmon-lover 39

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD (1743–1825) 41

A Summer Evening's Meditation 42

Epistle to William Wilberforce, Esq., on the Rejection of the
Bill for Abolishing the Slave Trade 45

The Rights of Woman 47

To a Little Invisible Being Who Is Expected Soon to Become
Visible 48

Inscription for an Ice-House 49

Washing-Day 50

The Caterpillar 52

SCIENCE, SPECULATION, AND EXPERIMENT 54

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD 56

The Mouse's Petition 57

An Inventory of the Furniture in Dr. Priestley's Study 58

CAROLINE HERSCHEL: An Account of a New Comet 60

GILBERT WHITE: *From* The Natural History of Selborne 62

ERASMUS DARWIN: *From* The Loves of the Plants 65

HUMPHRY DAVY: *From* A Discourse Introductory to a Course of Lectures on Chemistry 69

MARY SOMERVILLE: *From* On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences
74

CHARLOTTE SMITH (1749–1806) 76

Elegiac Sonnets 77

Written at the Close of Spring 77

To Sleep 78

To the North Star (Supposed to Be Written by Werter) 78

By the Same (Just before his death) 79

To Night 79

Written in the Church-Yard at Middleton in Sussex
80

To Fancy_ 80

On Being Cautioned against Walking on an
Headland Overlooking the Sea, Because It Was
Frequented by a Lunatic 81

To the Insect of the Gossamer 81

The Sea View 82

The Swallow 82

Beachy Head 84

MARY ROBINSON (1757?–1800) 103

January, 1795 104

London's Summer Morning_ 106

The Poor Singing Dame 107

The Haunted Beach 108

The Poet's Garret 110

To the Poet Coleridge 112

The Savage of Aveyron 113

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827) 117

All Religions Are One 121

There Is No Natural Religion [a]. 122

There Is No Natural Religion [b]. 123

Songs of Innocence and of Experience 123

Songs of Innocence 123

Introduction 123

The Ecchoing Green 125

The Lamb 125

The Little Black Boy_ 126

Oread 202

Sea Rose 203

BLAST 203

Long Live the Vortex! 205

Blast 6 207

MINA LOY 210

Feminist Manifesto 211

Songs to Joannes 214

I 214

III 214

XIV 214

XXVI 215

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865–1939) 215

The Stolen Child 218

Down by the Salley Gardens 220

The Rose of the World 220

The Lake Isle of Innisfree 221

The Sorrow of Love 221

When You Are Old 222

Who Goes with Fergus? 222

The Man Who Dreamed of Faeryland 222

Adam's Curse 224

No Second Troy 225

The Fascination of What's Difficult 225

- Shorter Edition, p. 1378 [Return to entry Four Quartets](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1378 [Return to entry Little Gidding](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1385 [Return to entry Tradition and the Individual Talent](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1391 [Return to entry KATHERINE MANSFIELD \(1888–1923\)](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1392 [Return to entry The Garden Party](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1406 [Return to entry JEAN RHYS \(1890–1979\)](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1407 [Return to entry The Day They Burned the Books](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1402 [Return to entry CLAUDE MC KAY \(1889–1948\)](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1403 [Return to entry A Midnight Woman to the Bobby](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1404 [Return to entry Old England](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1405 [Return to entry If We Must Die](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1406 [Return to entry Outcast](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1417 [Return to entry MULK RAJ ANAND \(1905–2004\)](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1418 [Return to entry The Liar](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1423 [Return to entry W. H. A UDEN \(1907–1973\)](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1424 [Return to entry Lullaby](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1425 [Return to entry As I Walked Out One Evening](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1427 [Return to entry Musée des Beaux Arts](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1427 [Return to entry In Memory of W. B. Yeats](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1430 [Return to entry The Unknown Citizen](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1430 [Return to entry September 1, 1939](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1433 [Return to entry DYLAN THOMAS \(1914–1953\)](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1434 [Return to entry The Force That Through the Green Fuse Drives the Flower](#)
- Shorter Edition, p. 1434 [Return to entry Fern Hill](#)

25 Subduing and subdued, thou soon shalt find
Thy coldness soften, and thy pride give way.

30 Then, then, abandon each ambitious thought,
Conquest or rule thy heart shall feebly move,
In Nature's school, by her soft maxims taught,
That separate rights are lost in mutual love.

ca. 1792–95

1825

Endnotes

- Note 1: A response—seemingly favorable until the last two stanzas—to Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792). In chapter 4 of *Vindication*, Wollstonecraft had singled out Barbauld's poem "To a Lady with Some Painted Flowers" as evidence that even women of sense were capable of adopting the masculine-centered gender code that identified the feminine with the ornamental and the frivolous. [Return to reference 1](#)

Notes

- °: *biased* [Return to reference °](#)
- °: *suit of armor* [Return to reference °](#)
- °: *storehouse of arms* [Return to reference °](#)

And strew the floor with heath and leaves,
That you, against the autumnal air
May find securer shelter there.

625 The Nightingale will then have ceas'd
To sing her moonlight serenade;
But the gay bird with blushing breast,⁷
And Woodlarks⁸ still will haunt the shade,
And by the borders of the spring
630 Reed-wrens⁹ will yet be carolling.

The forest hermit's lonely cave
None but such soothing sounds shall reach,
Or hardly heard, the distant wave
Slow breaking on the stony beach;
635 Or winds, that now sigh soft and low,
Now make wild music as they blow.

And then, before the chilling North
The tawny foliage falling light,
Seems, as it flits along the earth,
640 The footfall of the busy Sprite,
Who wrapt in pale autumnal gloom,
Calls up the mist-born Mushroom.

Oh! could I hear your soft voice there,
And see you in the forest green
All beauteous as you are, more fair
645 You'd look, amid the sylvan scene,
And in a wood-girl's simple guise,
Be still more lovely in mine eyes.

Ye phantoms of unreal delight,
650 Visions of fond delirium born!
Rise not on my deluded sight,
Then leave me drooping and forlorn

To Tirzah¹

Whate'er is Born of Mortal Birth
Must be consumèd with the Earth
To rise from Generation free;
Then what have I to do with thee?²

5 The Sexes sprung from Shame & Pride,
Blow'd^o in the morn, in evening died;
But Mercy changd Death into Sleep;
The Sexes rose to work & weep.

10 Thou, Mother of my Mortal part,
With cruelty didst mould my Heart,
And with false self-deceiving tears
Didst bind my Nostrils, Eyes, & Ears.

15 Didst close my Tongue in senseless clay
And me to Mortal Life betray.
The Death of Jesus set me free;
Then what have I to do with thee?

ca. 1805

Endnotes

- Note 1: Tirzah was the capital of the northern kingdom of Israel and is conceived by Blake in opposition to Jerusalem, capital of the southern kingdom of Judah, whose tribes had been redeemed from captivity. In this poem, which was added to late versions of *Songs of Experience*, Tirzah is represented as the mother—in the realm of material nature and “Generation”—of the mortal body, with its restrictive senses. [Return to reference 1](#)

190 And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,^o
When plundering herds^o assail their byke;^o
As open^o pussie's mortal foes,
195 When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch^o skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam!* Ah, *Tam!* thou'll get thy fairin'!⁹
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
205 And win the key-stane¹ of the brig;^o
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient^o a tail she had to shake!
210 For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;^o
But little wist^o she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,^o
215 But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught^o her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.²

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
220 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,

To distract himself in his grief, Godwin published in 1798 *Memoirs of the Author of "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman,"* in which he told, with the total candor on which he prided himself, of her affairs with Imlay and himself, her attempts at suicide, and her freethinking in matters of religion and sexual relationships. In four companion volumes of her *Posthumous Works*, he indiscreetly included her love letters to Imlay along with the unfinished *Wrongs of Woman*. The reaction to these revelations was immediate and ugly. The conservative satirist the Reverend Richard Polwhele, for instance, remarked gloatingly on how it appeared to him providential that as a proponent of sexual equality Wollstonecraft should have died in childbirth—"a death that strongly marked the distinction of the sexes, by pointing out the destiny of women, and the diseases to which they are liable." The unintended consequence of Godwin's candor was that Wollstonecraft came to be saddled with a scandalous reputation so enduring that through the Victorian era advocates of the equality of women circumspectly avoided explicit reference to her *Vindication*. Even John Stuart Mill, in his *Subjection of Women* (1869), neglected to mention the work. It was only in the twentieth century, and especially in the later decades, that Wollstonecraft's *Vindication* gained recognition as a classic in the literature not only of women's rights but of social analysis as well.

Irishman, but not a swindler. You shall hear why I conceal my country and name; only keep my secret till to-morrow night, or I shall lose a hundred guineas by my frankness."

O'Mooney then explained to him the nature of his bet. "This is only my third detection, and half of it voluntary, I might say, if I chose to higgle, which I scorn to do."

Captain Murray was so much pleased by this openness, that as he shook hands with O'Mooney, he said, "Give me leave to tell you, Sir, that even if you should lose your bet by this frank behaviour, you will have gained a better thing—a friend."

In the evening our hero went with his friend and a party of gentlemen to Maidenhead, near which place a battle was to be fought next day, between two famous pugilists, Bourke and Belcher.² At the appointed time the combatants appeared upon the stage; the whole boxing corps and the gentlemen *amateurs* crowded to behold the spectacle. Phelim O'Mooney's heart beat for the Irish champion Bourke; but he kept a guard upon his tongue, and had even the forbearance not to bet upon his countryman's head. How many rounds were fought, and how many minutes the fight lasted, how many blows were *put in* on each side, or which was the *game man* of the two, we forbear to decide or relate, as all this has been settled in the newspapers of the day; where also it was remarked, that Bourke, who lost the battle, "was put into a post-chaise, and left *standing* half an hour, while another fight took place. This was very scandalous on the part of his friends," says the humane newspaper historian, "as the poor man might possibly be dying."

Our hero O'Mooney's heart again got the better of his head. Forgetful of his bet, forgetful of every thing but humanity, he made his way up to the chaise, where Bourke was left. "How are you, my gay fellow?" said he. "Can you *see at all with the eye that's knocked out?*"

The brutal populace, who overheard this question, set up a roar of laughter: "A bull! a bull! an Irish bull! Did you hear the question this Irish gentleman asked his countryman?"

sun went in, and it resumed its purplish appearance, the twigs still yielding to the wind, but not so visibly to us. The other birch trees that were near it looked bright and cheerful, but it was a creature by its own self among them. . . . We went through the wood. It became fair. There was a rainbow which spanned the lake from the island-house to the foot of Bainriggs. The village looked populous and beautiful. Catkins are coming out; palm trees budding; the alder, with its plum-coloured buds. We came home over the stepping-stones. The lake was foamy with white waves. I saw a solitary butter-flower in the wood. * * * Reached home at dinner time. Sent Peggy Ashburner some goose. She sent me some honey, with a thousand thanks. "Alas! the gratitude of men has," etc.⁷ I went in to set her right about this, and sate a while with her. She talked about Thomas's having sold his land. "I," says she, "said many a time he's not come fra London to buy our land, however." Then she told me with what pains and industry they had made up their taxes, interest, etc. etc., how they all got up at 5 o'clock in the morning to spin and Thomas carded, and that they had paid off a hundred pounds of the interest. She said she used to take much pleasure in the cattle and sheep. "O how pleased I used to be when they fetched them down, and when I had been a bit poorly I would gang out upon a hill and look over 't fields and see them, and it used to do me so much good you cannot think." Molly said to me when I came in, "Poor body! she's very ill, but one does not know how long she may last. Many a fair face may gang before her." We sate by the fire without work for some time, then Mary read a poem of Daniel.⁸ * * * * * Wm. read Spenser, now and then, a little aloud to us. We were making his waistcoat. We had a note from Mrs. C., with bad news from poor C.—very ill. William went to John's Grove. I went to find him. Moonlight, but it rained. * * * * * He had been surprised, and terrified, by a sudden rushing of winds, which seemed to bring earth, sky, and lake together, as if the whole were going to enclose him in. He was glad he was in a high road.

In speaking of our walk on Sunday evening, the 22nd November, I forgot to notice one most impressive sight. It was the moon and

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art¹

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless hermit,²
The moving waters at their priestlike task
5 Of pure ablution³ round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen masque
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors;
No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
10 To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.⁴

1819

1838

Endnotes

- Note 1: While on a tour of the Lake District in 1818, Keats had said that the austere scenes “refine one’s sensual vision into a sort of north star which can never cease to be open lidded and steadfast over the wonders of the great Power.” The thought developed into this sonnet, which Keats drafted in 1819, then copied into his volume of Shakespeare’s poems at the end of September or the beginning of October 1820, while on his way to Italy, where he died.[Return to reference 1](#)
- Note 2: Hermit, religious solitary.[Return to reference 2](#)
- Note 3: Washing, as part of a religious rite.[Return to reference 3](#)

- prose.[Return to reference 9](#)
- Note 1: Late Latin author of legal commentaries (d. 228 C.E.); not a model of good style.[Return to reference 1](#)
 - Note 2: Reference to the doctrine of transubstantiation.[Return to reference 2](#)
 - Note 3: Rich cloth spread over a dead body or coffin.[Return to reference 3](#)
 - Note 4: The bishop is confusing St. Praxed (a woman) with Jesus—an indication that his mind is wandering.[Return to reference 4](#)
 - Note 5: He was illustrious (Latin); word from Gandolf's epitaph. The bishop considers the form of the verb to be in "gaudy" bad taste (line 78). If the epitaph had been copied from Cicero instead of from Ulpian, the word would have been *elucebat*.[Return to reference 5](#)
 - Note 6: Compare with Genesis 47:9: "few and evil have the days of the years of my life been."[Return to reference 6](#)
 - Note 7: Statue of Terminus, the Roman god of boundaries, usually represented without arms. "Vizor": part of a helmet, often represented in sculpture.[Return to reference 7](#)
 - Note 8: An animal that traditionally accompanied Bacchus.[Return to reference 8](#)
 - Note 9: Horizontal platform supporting a statue or an effigy.[Return to reference 9](#)

Notes

- °: *cheated*[Return to reference °](#)
- °: *black marble*[Return to reference °](#)
- °: *know*[Return to reference °](#)
- °: *heed*[Return to reference °](#)
- °: *Italian limestone*[Return to reference °](#)
- °: *bishop's staff*[Return to reference °](#)
- °: *coarse sandstone* [Return to reference °](#)

25 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube^o and iron shard⁶—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
30 Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

1897

Endnotes

1897, 1899

- Note 1: A hymn sung as the clergy and choir leave a church in procession at the end of a service. Kipling's hymn was written on the occasion of the Jubilee celebrations honoring the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign, celebrations that had prompted a good deal of boasting in the press about the greatness of her empire. "Recessional" was first published in the London *Times*, and Kipling refused to accept any payment for its publication, then or later. After World War I the poem's refrain—"Lest we forget"—gained additional poignancy: it was employed as an epitaph on countless war memorials.[Return to reference 1](#)
- Note 2: Compare with Psalms 51:17: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."[Return to reference 2](#)
- Note 3: Bonfires were lit on high ground all over Britain on the night of the Jubilee.[Return to reference 3](#)
- Note 4: Once capitals of great empires. The ruins of Nineveh, in Assyria, were discovered buried in desert sands by British archaeologists in the 1850s. Tyre, in Phoenicia, had dwindled into a small Lebanese town.[Return to reference 4](#)
- Note 5: Compare with Romans 2:14: "For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves."[Return to reference 5](#)

Well, if Albert wont leave you alone, there it is, I
 said,
 What you get married for if you dont want children?
 HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
 165 Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot
 gammon,^o
 And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of
 it hot—
 HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
 HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME
 170 Goonight Bill. Goonight Lou. Goonight May.
 Goonight.
 Ta ta. Goonight. Goonight.
 Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good
 night, good night.⁷

Endnotes

- Note 2: The title suggests two plays by Thomas Middleton (1580–1627): *A Game at Chess* and, more significant, *Women Beware Women*, which has a scene in which a mother-in-law is distracted by a game of chess while her daughter-in-law is seduced: every move in the chess game represents a move in the seduction. [Return to reference 2](#)
- Note 3: Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, ii, 1. 190 [*Eliot's note*]. In Shakespeare's play, Enobarbus's famous description of the first meeting of Antony and Cleopatra begins, "The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne, / Burn'd on the water." Eliot's language in the opening lines of part 2 echoes ironically Enobarbus's speech. [Return to reference 3](#)
- Note 4: Laquearia. V. *Aeneid*, I, 726 [*Eliot's note*]. *Laquearia* means "a paneled ceiling," and Eliot's note quotes the passage in the *Aeneid* that was his source for the word. The passage may be translated: "Blazing torches hang from the gold-paneled ceiling [*laquearibus aureis*], and torches conquer the night with

grownups to be nearer to their heroes. Fusillade after fusillade comes from the ramparts, which are lined with cheering people.

One part of the cavalcade does not dismount. Headed by a stern-faced young corporal bearing the green and gold banner of the battalion, it passes through the press of bodies to the far end of the square and then begins a circuit of the perimeter, the crowd surging slowly in its wake. The word runs like fire from neighbour to neighbour: "*Barbarians!*"

The standard-bearer's horse is led by a man who brandishes a heavy stick to clear his way. Behind him comes another trooper trailing a rope; and at the end of the rope, tied neck to neck, comes a file of men, barbarians, stark naked, holding their hands up to their faces in an odd way as though one and all are suffering from toothache. For a moment I am puzzled by the posture, by the tiptoeing eagerness with which they follow their leader, till I catch a glint of metal and at once comprehend. A simple loop of wire runs through the flesh of each man's hands and through holes pierced in his cheeks. "It makes them meek as lambs," I remember being told by a soldier who had once seen the trick: "they think of nothing but how to keep very still." My heart grows sick. I know now that I should not have left my cell.

I have to turn my back smartly to avoid being seen by the two who, with their mounted escort, bring up the rear of the procession: the bareheaded young captain whose first triumph this is, and at his shoulder, leaner and darker after his months of campaigning, Colonel of Police Joll.

The circuit is made, everyone has a chance to see the twelve miserable captives, to prove to his children that the barbarians are real. Now the crowd, myself reluctantly in its wake, flows towards the great gate, where a half-moon of soldiers blocks its way until, compressed at front and rear, it cannot budge.

"What is going on?" I ask my neighbour.

"I don't know," he says, "but help me to lift him." I help him to lift the child he carries on his arm on to his shoulders. "Can you see?" he asks the child.