



***VICTOR  
HUGO***

***THE MAN  
WHO  
LAUGHS***

A close-up photograph of a person in a vibrant, colorful costume. They are wearing a tall red top hat with a yellow flower on the side, a multi-colored curly wig, and bright green sunglasses. The background is blurred, suggesting an outdoor setting.

**VICTOR  
HUGO**

***THE MAN  
WHO  
LAUGHS***

**Victor Hugo**

# **The Man Who Laughs**

**A Romance of English History**

EAN 8596547024538

DigiCat, 2022

Contact: [DigiCat@okpublishing.info](mailto:DigiCat@okpublishing.info)



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## PART I.

BOOK THE FIRST.—NIGHT NOT SO BLACK AS MAN.

BOOK THE SECOND.—THE HOOKER AT SEA.

BOOK THE THIRD.—THE CHILD IN THE SHADOW.

## PART II.

BOOK THE FIRST.—THE EVERLASTING PRESENCE OF THE PAST. MAN REFLECTS MAN.

BOOK THE SECOND.—GWYNPLAINE AND DEA.

BOOK THE THIRD.—THE BEGINNING OF THE FISSURE.

BOOK THE FOURTH.—THE CELL OF TORTURE.

BOOK THE FIFTH.—THE SEA AND FATE ARE MOVED BY THE SAME BREATH.

BOOK THE SIXTH.—URSUS UNDER DIFFERENT ASPECTS.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.—THE TITANESS.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.—THE CAPITOL AND THINGS AROUND IT.

BOOK THE NINTH.—IN RUINS.

CONCLUSION.—THE NIGHT AND THE SEA.

THE LAUGHING MAN.

A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

URSUS.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

ANOTHER PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

THE COMPRACHICOS.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

PART I.

BOOK THE FIRST.

NIGHT NOT SO BLACK AS MAN .

CHAPTER I.

PORTLAND BILL.

CHAPTER II.

LEFT ALONE.

CHAPTER III.

ALONE.

CHAPTER IV.

QUESTIONS.

CHAPTER V.

THE TREE OF HUMAN INVENTION.

CHAPTER VI.

STRUGGLE BETWEEN DEATH AND LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NORTH POINT OF PORTLAND.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE HOOKER AT SEA .

CHAPTER I.

SUPERHUMAN LAWS.

CHAPTER II.

OUR FIRST ROUGH SKETCHES FILLED IN.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLED MEN ON THE TROUBLED SEA.

CHAPTER IV.

A CLOUD DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS ENTERS ON THE SCENE.

CHAPTER V.

HARDQUANONNE.

CHAPTER VI.

THEY THINK THAT HELP IS AT HAND.

CHAPTER VII.

SUPERHUMAN HORRORS.

CHAPTER VIII.

NIX ET NOX.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHARGE CONFIDED TO A RAGING SEA.

CHAPTER X.

THE COLOSSAL SAVAGE, THE STORM.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CASKETS.

CHAPTER XII.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE ROCK.

CHAPTER XIII.

FACE TO FACE WITH NIGHT.

CHAPTER XIV.

ORTACH.

CHAPTER XV.

PORTENTOSUM MARE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PROBLEM SUDDENLY WORKS IN SILENCE.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HIGHEST RESOURCE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE CHILD IN THE SHADOW .

CHAPTER I.

CHESIL.

CHAPTER II.

THE EFFECT OF SNOW.

CHAPTER III.

A BURDEN MAKES A ROUGH ROAD ROUGHER.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER FORM OF DESERT.

CHAPTER V.

MISANTHROPY PLAYS ITS PRANKS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE AWAKING.

PART II.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE EVERLASTING PRESENCE OF THE PAST: MAN REFLECTS  
MAN .

CHAPTER I.

LORD CLANCHARLIE.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

CHAPTER II.

LORD DAVID DIRRY-MOIR.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

CHAPTER III.

THE DUCHESS JOSIANA.

II.

III.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEADER OF FASHION.

CHAPTER V.

QUEEN ANNE.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

CHAPTER VI.

BARKILPHEDRO.

CHAPTER VII.

BARKILPHEDRO GNAWS HIS WAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

INFERI.

CHAPTER IX.

HATE IS AS STRONG AS LOVE.

CHAPTER X.

THE FLAME WHICH WOULD BE SEEN IF MAN WERE  
TRANSPARENT.

CHAPTER XI.

BARKILPHEDRO IN AMBUSCADE.

CHAPTER XII.

SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND ENGLAND.



BOOK THE SECOND.

GWYNPLAINE AND DEA.

CHAPTER I.

WHEREIN WE SEE THE FACE OF HIM OF WHOM WE HAVE  
HITHERTO SEEN ONLY THE ACTS.

CHAPTER II.

DEA.

CHAPTER III.

"OCULOS NON HABET, ET VIDET."

CHAPTER IV.

WELL-MATCHED LOVERS.

CHAPTER V.

THE BLUE SKY THROUGH THE BLACK CLOUD.

CHAPTER VI.

URSUS AS TUTOR, AND URSUS AS GUARDIAN.

CHAPTER VII.

BLINDNESS GIVES LESSONS IN CLAIRVOYANCE.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOT ONLY HAPPINESS, BUT PROSPERITY.

CHAPTER IX.

ABSURDITIES WHICH FOLKS WITHOUT TASTE CALL POETRY.

CHAPTER X.

AN OUTSIDER'S VIEW OF MEN AND THINGS.

CHAPTER XI.

GWYNPLAINE THINKS JUSTICE, AND URSUS TALKS TRUTH.

CHAPTER XII.

URSUS THE POET DRAGS ON URSUS THE PHILOSOPHER.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE BEGINNING OF THE FISSURE.

CHAPTER I.

THE TADCASTER INN.

CHAPTER II.

OPEN-AIR ELOQUENCE.

CHAPTER III.

WHERE THE PASSER-BY REAPPEARS.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTRARIES FRATERNIZE IN HATE.

CHAPTER V.

THE WAPENTAKE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MOUSE EXAMINED BY THE CATS.

CHAPTER VII.

WHY SHOULD A GOLD PIECE LOWER ITSELF BY MIXING WITH  
A HEAP OF PENNIES?

CHAPTER VIII.

SYMPTOMS OF POISONING.

CHAPTER IX.

ABYSSUS ABYSSUM VOCAT.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE CELL OF TORTURE.

CHAPTER I.

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. GWYNPLAINE.

CHAPTER II.

FROM GAY TO GRAVE.

CHAPTER III.

LEX, REX, FEX.

CHAPTER IV.

URSUS SPIES THE POLICE.

CHAPTER V.

A FEARFUL PLACE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE KIND OF MAGISTRACY UNDER THE WIGS OF FORMER DAYS.

CHAPTER VII.

SHUDDERING.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAMENTATION.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE SEA AND FATE ARE MOVED BY THE SAME BREATH.

CHAPTER I.

THE DURABILITY OF FRAGILE THINGS.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAIF KNOWS ITS OWN COURSE.

CHAPTER III.

AN AWAKENING.

CHAPTER IV.

FASCINATION.

CHAPTER V.

WE THINK WE REMEMBER; WE FORGET.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

URSUS UNDER DIFFERENT ASPECTS.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT THE MISANTHROPE SAID.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HE DID.

CHAPTER III.

COMPLICATIONS.

CHAPTER IV.

MOENIBUS SURDIS CAMPANA MUTA.

CHAPTER V.

STATE POLICY DEALS WITH LITTLE MATTERS AS WELL AS WITH GREAT.

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

THE TITANESS.

CHAPTER I.

THE AWAKENING.

CHAPTER II.

THE RESEMBLANCE OF A PALACE TO A WOOD.

CHAPTER III.

EVE.

CHAPTER IV.

SATAN.

CHAPTER V.

THEY RECOGNIZE, BUT DO NOT KNOW, EACH OTHER.

BOOK THE EIGHTH.

THE CAPITOL AND THINGS AROUND IT.

CHAPTER I.

ANALYSIS OF MAJESTIC MATTERS.

CHAPTER II.

IMPARTIALITY.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD HALL.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD CHAMBER.

CHAPTER V.

ARISTOCRATIC GOSSIP.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HIGH AND THE LOW.

CHAPTER VII.

STORMS OF MEN ARE WORSE THAN STORMS OF OCEANS.

CHAPTER VIII.

HE WOULD BE A GOOD BROTHER, WERE HE NOT A GOOD SON.

BOOK THE NINTH.

IN RUINS.

CHAPTER I.

IT IS THROUGH EXCESS OF GREATNESS THAT MAN REACHES EXCESS OF MISERY.

CHAPTER II.

THE DREGS.

CONCLUSION.

THE NIGHT AND THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.

A WATCH-DOG MAY BE A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

CHAPTER II.

BARKILPHEDRO, HAVING AIMED AT THE EAGLE, BRINGS DOWN THE DOVE.

CHAPTER III.

PARADISE REGAINED BELOW.

CHAPTER IV.

NAY; ON HIGH!

# **Another Preliminary Chapter.—The Comprachicos**

## **PART I.**

### **BOOK THE FIRST.—NIGHT NOT SO BLACK AS MAN.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—Portland Bill**

**II.—Left Alone**

**III.—Alone**

**IV.—Questions**

**V.—The Tree of Human Invention**

**VI.—Struggle between Death and Night**

**VII.—The North Point of Portland**

### **BOOK THE SECOND.—THE HOOKER AT SEA.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—Superhuman Laws**

**II.—Our First Rough Sketches Filled in**

**III.—Troubled Men on the Troubled Sea**

**IV.—A Cloud Different from the Others enters  
on the Scene**

**V.—Hardquanonne**

**VI.—They Think that Help is at Hand**

**VII.—Superhuman Horrors**

**VIII.—Nix et Nox**

**IX.—The Charge Confided to a Raging Sea**

**X.—The Colossal Savage, the Storm**

**XI.—The Caskets**

**XII.—Face to Face with the Rock**

**XIII.—Face to Face with Night**

**XIV.—Ortach**

**XV.—Portentosum Mare**

**XVI.—The Problem Suddenly Works in Silence**

**XVII.—The Last Resource**

**XVIII.—The Highest Resource**

# **BOOK THE THIRD.—THE CHILD IN THE SHADOW.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—Chesil**

**II.—The Effect of Snow**

**III.—A Burden Makes a Rough Road Rougher**

**IV.—Another Form of Desert**

**V.—Misanthropy Plays Its Pranks**

**VI.—The Awakening**

## **PART II.**

# **BOOK THE FIRST.—THE EVERLASTING PRESENCE OF THE PAST. MAN REFLECTS MAN.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—Lord Clancharlie**

**II.—Lord David Dirry-Moir**

**III.—The Duchess Josiana**

**IV.—The Leader of Fashion**

**V.—Queen Anne**



**VI.—Barkilphedro**

**VII.—Barkilphedro Gnaws His Way**

**VIII.—Inferi**

**IX.—Hate is as Strong as Love**

**X.—The Flame which would be Seen if Man  
were Transparent**

**XI.—Barkilphedro in Ambuscade**

**XII.—Scotland, Ireland, and England**

**BOOK THE SECOND.—GWYNPLAINE  
AND DEA.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—Wherein we see the Face of Him of whom we  
have hitherto seen only the Acts**

**II.—Dea**

**III.—"Oculos non Habet, et Videt"**

**IV.—Well-matched Lovers**

**V.—The Blue Sky through the Black Cloud**

**VI.—Ursus as Tutor, and Ursus as Guardian**

**VII.—Blindness Gives Lessons in Clairvoyance**

**VIII.—Not only Happiness, but Prosperity**

**IX.—Absurdities which Folks without Taste call  
Poetry**

**X.—An Outsider's View of Men and Things**

**XI.—Gwynplaine Thinks Justice, and Ursus Talks  
Truth**

**XII.—Ursus the Poet Drags on Ursus the  
Philosopher**

**BOOK THE THIRD.—THE BEGINNING  
OF THE FISSURE.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—The Tadcaster Inn**

**II.—Open-Air Eloquence**

**III.—Where the Passer-by Reappears**

**IV.—Contraries Fraternize in Hate**

**V.—The Wapentake**

**VI.—The Mouse Examined by the Cats**

**VII.—Why Should a Gold Piece Lower Itself by  
Mixing with a Heap of Pennies?**

**VIII.—Symptoms of Poisoning**

**IX.—Abyssus Abyssum Vocat**

**BOOK THE FOURTH.—THE CELL OF  
TORTURE.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—The Temptation of St. Gwynplaine**

**II.—From Gay to Grave**

**III.—Lex, Rex, Fex**

**IV.—Ursus Spies the Police**

**V.—A Fearful Place**

**VI.—The Kind of Magistracy under the Wigs of  
Former Days**

**VII.—Shuddering**

**VIII.—Lamentation**

**BOOK THE FIFTH.—THE SEA AND FATE  
ARE MOVED BY THE SAME BREATH.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—The Durability of Fragile Things**

**II.—The Waif Knows Its Own Course**

**III.—An Awakening**

**IV.—Fascination**

**V.—We Think We Remember; We Forget**

**BOOK THE SIXTH.—URSUS UNDER  
DIFFERENT ASPECTS.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—What the Misanthrope said**

**II.—What He did**

**III.—Complications**

**IV.—Moenibus Surdis Campana Muta**

**V.—State Policy Deals with Little Matters as  
Well as with Great**

**BOOK THE SEVENTH.—THE TITANESS.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—The Awakening**

**II.—The Resemblance of a Palace to a Wood**

**III.—Eve**

**IV.—Satan**

**V.—They Recognize, but do not Know, Each  
Other**

# **BOOK THE EIGHTH.—THE CAPITOL AND THINGS AROUND IT.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—Analysis of Majestic Matters**

**II.—Impartiality**

**III.—The Old Hall**

**IV.—The Old Chamber**

**V.—Aristocratic Gossip**

**VI.—The High and the Low**

**VII.—Storms of Men are Worse than Storms of  
Oceans**

**VIII.—He would be a Good Brother, were he not  
a Good Son**

# **BOOK THE NINTH.—IN RUINS.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—It is through Excess of Greatness that Man  
reaches Excess of Misery**

**II.—The Dregs**

**CONCLUSION.—THE NIGHT AND THE  
SEA.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**I.—A Watch-dog may be a Guardian Angel**

**II.—Barkilphedro, having aimed at the Eagle,  
brings down the Dove**

**III.—Paradise Regained Below**

**IV.—Nay; on High!**

**THE LAUGHING MAN.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**A ROMANCE OF ENGLISH HISTORY.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.**

[Table of Contents](#)

**URSUS.**

**I.**

[Table of Contents](#)

Ursus and Homo were fast friends. Ursus was a man, Homo a wolf. Their dispositions tallied. It was the man who had christened the wolf: probably he had also chosen his own name. Having found *Ursus* fit for himself, he had found *Homo* fit for the beast. Man and wolf turned their partnership to account at fairs, at village fêtes, at the corners of streets where passers-by throng, and out of the

need which people seem to feel everywhere to listen to idle gossip and to buy quack medicine. The wolf, gentle and courteously subordinate, diverted the crowd. It is a pleasant thing to behold the tameness of animals. Our greatest delight is to see all the varieties of domestication parade before us. This it is which collects so many folks on the road of royal processions.

Ursus and Homo went about from cross-road to cross-road, from the High Street of Aberystwith to the High Street of Jedburgh, from country-side to country-side, from shire to shire, from town to town. One market exhausted, they went on to another. Ursus lived in a small van upon wheels, which Homo was civilized enough to draw by day and guard by night. On bad roads, up hills, and where there were too many ruts, or there was too much mud, the man buckled the trace round his neck and pulled fraternally, side by side with the wolf. They had thus grown old together. They encamped at haphazard on a common, in the glade of a wood, on the waste patch of grass where roads intersect, at the outskirts of villages, at the gates of towns, in market-places, in public walks, on the borders of parks, before the entrances of churches. When the cart drew up on a fair green, when the gossips ran up open-mouthed and the curious made a circle round the pair, Ursus harangued and Homo approved. Homo, with a bowl in his mouth, politely made a collection among the audience. They gained their livelihood. The wolf was lettered, likewise the man. The wolf had been trained by the man, or had trained himself unassisted, to divers wolfish arts, which swelled the

receipts. "Above all things, do not degenerate into a man," his friend would say to him.

Never did the wolf bite: the man did now and then. At least, to bite was the intent of Ursus. He was a misanthrope, and to italicize his misanthropy he had made himself a juggler. To live, also; for the stomach has to be consulted. Moreover, this juggler-misanthrope, whether to add to the complexity of his being or to perfect it, was a doctor. To be a doctor is little: Ursus was a ventriloquist. You heard him speak without his moving his lips. He counterfeited, so as to deceive you, any one's accent or pronunciation. He imitated voices so exactly that you believed you heard the people themselves. All alone he simulated the murmur of a crowd, and this gave him a right to the title of Engastrimythos, which he took. He reproduced all sorts of cries of birds, as of the thrush, the wren, the pipit lark, otherwise called the gray cheeper, and the ring ousel, all travellers like himself: so that at times when the fancy struck him, he made you aware either of a public thoroughfare filled with the uproar of men, or of a meadow loud with the voices of beasts—at one time stormy as a multitude, at another fresh and serene as the dawn. Such gifts, although rare, exist. In the last century a man called Touzel, who imitated the mingled utterances of men and animals, and who counterfeited all the cries of beasts, was attached to the person of Buffon—to serve as a menagerie.

Ursus was sagacious, contradictory, odd, and inclined to the singular expositions which we term fables. He had the appearance of believing in them, and this impudence was a part of his humour. He read people's hands, opened books



at random and drew conclusions, told fortunes, taught that it is perilous to meet a black mare, still more perilous, as you start for a journey, to hear yourself accosted by one who knows not whither you are going; and he called himself a dealer in superstitions. He used to say: "There is one difference between me and the Archbishop of Canterbury: I avow what I am." Hence it was that the archbishop, justly indignant, had him one day before him; but Ursus cleverly disarmed his grace by reciting a sermon he had composed upon Christmas Day, which the delighted archbishop learnt by heart, and delivered from the pulpit as his own. In consideration thereof the archbishop pardoned Ursus.

As a doctor, Ursus wrought cures by some means or other. He made use of aromatics; he was versed in simples; he made the most of the immense power which lies in a heap of neglected plants, such as the hazel, the catkin, the white alder, the white bryony, the mealy-tree, the traveller's joy, the buckthorn. He treated phthisis with the sundew; at opportune moments he would use the leaves of the spurge, which plucked at the bottom are a purgative and plucked at the top, an emetic. He cured sore throat by means of the vegetable excrescence called Jew's ear. He knew the rush which cures the ox and the mint which cures the horse. He was well acquainted with the beauties and virtues of the herb mandragora, which, as every one knows, is of both sexes. He had many recipes. He cured burns with the salamander wool, of which, according to Pliny, Nero had a napkin. Ursus possessed a retort and a flask; he effected transmutations; he sold panaceas. It was said of him that he had once been for a short time in Bedlam; they had done

him the honour to take him for a madman, but had set him free on discovering that he was only a poet. This story was probably not true; we have all to submit to some such legend about us.

The fact is, Ursus was a bit of a savant, a man of taste, and an old Latin poet. He was learned in two forms; he Hippocratized and he Pindarized. He could have vied in bombast with Rapin and Vida. He could have composed Jesuit tragedies in a style not less triumphant than that of Father Bouhours. It followed from his familiarity with the venerable rhythms and metres of the ancients, that he had peculiar figures of speech, and a whole family of classical metaphors. He would say of a mother followed by her two daughters, *There is a dactyl*; of a father preceded by his two sons, *There is an anapæst*; and of a little child walking between its grandmother and grandfather, *There is an amphimacer*. So much knowledge could only end in starvation. The school of Salerno says, "Eat little and often." Ursus ate little and seldom, thus obeying one half the precept and disobeying the other; but this was the fault of the public, who did not always flock to him, and who did not often buy.

Ursus was wont to say: "The expectoration of a sentence is a relief. The wolf is comforted by its howl, the sheep by its wool, the forest by its finch, woman by her love, and the philosopher by his epiphonema." Ursus at a pinch composed comedies, which, in recital, he all but acted; this helped to sell the drugs. Among other works, he had composed an heroic pastoral in honour of Sir Hugh Middleton, who in 1608 brought a river to London. The river was lying peacefully in

Hertfordshire, twenty miles from London: the knight came and took possession of it. He brought a brigade of six hundred men, armed with shovels and pickaxes; set to breaking up the ground, scooping it out in one place, raising it in another—now thirty feet high, now twenty feet deep; made wooden aqueducts high in air; and at different points constructed eight hundred bridges of stone, bricks, and timber. One fine morning the river entered London, which was short of water. Ursus transformed all these vulgar details into a fine Eclogue between the Thames and the New River, in which the former invited the latter to come to him, and offered her his bed, saying, "I am too old to please women, but I am rich enough to pay them"—an ingenious and gallant conceit to indicate how Sir Hugh Middleton had completed the work at his own expense.

Ursus was great in soliloquy. Of a disposition at once unsociable and talkative, desiring to see no one, yet wishing to converse with some one, he got out of the difficulty by talking to himself. Any one who has lived a solitary life knows how deeply seated monologue is in one's nature. Speech imprisoned frets to find a vent. To harangue space is an outlet. To speak out aloud when alone is as it were to have a dialogue with the divinity which is within. It was, as is well known, a custom of Socrates; he declaimed to himself. Luther did the same. Ursus took after those great men. He had the hermaphrodite faculty of being his own audience. He questioned himself, answered himself, praised himself, blamed himself. You heard him in the street soliloquizing in his van. The passers-by, who have their own way of appreciating clever people, used to say: He is an

idiot. As we have just observed, he abused himself at times; but there were times also when he rendered himself justice. One day, in one of these allocutions addressed to himself, he was heard to cry out, "I have studied vegetation in all its mysteries—in the stalk, in the bud, in the sepal, in the stamen, in the carpel, in the ovule, in the spore, in the theca, and in the apothecium. I have thoroughly sifted chromatics, osmosy, and chymosy—that is to say, the formation of colours, of smell, and of taste." There was something fatuous, doubtless, in this certificate which Ursus gave to Ursus; but let those who have not thoroughly sifted chromatics, osmosy, and chymosy cast the first stone at him.

Fortunately Ursus had never gone into the Low Countries; there they would certainly have weighed him, to ascertain whether he was of the normal weight, above or below which a man is a sorcerer. In Holland this weight was sagely fixed by law. Nothing was simpler or more ingenious. It was a clear test. They put you in a scale, and the evidence was conclusive if you broke the equilibrium. Too heavy, you were hanged; too light, you were burned. To this day the scales in which sorcerers were weighed may be seen at Oudewater, but they are now used for weighing cheeses; how religion has degenerated! Ursus would certainly have had a crow to pluck with those scales. In his travels he kept away from Holland, and he did well. Indeed, we believe that he used never to leave the United Kingdom.

However this may have been, he was very poor and morose, and having made the acquaintance of Homo in a wood, a taste for a wandering life had come over him. He

had taken the wolf into partnership, and with him had gone forth on the highways, living in the open air the great life of chance. He had a great deal of industry and of reserve, and great skill in everything connected with healing operations, restoring the sick to health, and in working wonders peculiar to himself. He was considered a clever mountebank and a good doctor. As may be imagined, he passed for a wizard as well—not much indeed; only a little, for it was unwholesome in those days to be considered a friend of the devil. To tell the truth, Ursus, by his passion for pharmacy and his love of plants, laid himself open to suspicion, seeing that he often went to gather herbs in rough thickets where grew Lucifer's salads, and where, as has been proved by the Counsellor De l'Ancre, there is a risk of meeting in the evening mist a man who comes out of the earth, "blind of the right eye, barefooted, without a cloak, and a sword by his side." But for the matter of that, Ursus, although eccentric in manner and disposition, was too good a fellow to invoke or disperse hail, to make faces appear, to kill a man with the torment of excessive dancing, to suggest dreams fair or foul and full of terror, and to cause the birth of cocks with four wings. He had no such mischievous tricks. He was incapable of certain abominations, such as, for instance, speaking German, Hebrew, or Greek, without having learned them, which is a sign of unpardonable wickedness, or of a natural infirmity proceeding from a morbid humour. If Ursus spoke Latin, it was because he knew it. He would never have allowed himself to speak Syriac, which he did not know. Besides, it is asserted that Syriac is the language spoken in the midnight meetings at which uncanny people worship the devil. In

medicine he justly preferred Galen to Cardan; Cardan, although a learned man, being but an earthworm to Galen.

To sum up, Ursus was not one of those persons who live in fear of the police. His van was long enough and wide enough to allow of his lying down in it on a box containing his not very sumptuous apparel. He owned a lantern, several wigs, and some utensils suspended from nails, among which were musical instruments. He possessed, besides, a bearskin with which he covered himself on his days of grand performance. He called this putting on full dress. He used to say, "I have two skins; this is the real one," pointing to the bearskin.

The little house on wheels belonged to himself and to the wolf. Besides his house, his retort, and his wolf, he had a flute and a violoncello on which he played prettily. He concocted his own elixirs. His wits yielded him enough to sup on sometimes. In the top of his van was a hole, through which passed the pipe of a cast-iron stove; so close to his box as to scorch the wood of it. The stove had two compartments; in one of them Ursus cooked his chemicals, and in the other his potatoes. At night the wolf slept under the van, amicably secured by a chain. Homo's hair was black, that of Ursus, gray; Ursus was fifty, unless, indeed, he was sixty. He accepted his destiny, to such an extent that, as we have just seen, he ate potatoes, the trash on which at that time they fed pigs and convicts. He ate them indignant, but resigned. He was not tall—he was long. He was bent and melancholy. The bowed frame of an old man is the settlement in the architecture of life. Nature had formed him for sadness. He found it difficult to smile, and he had never