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## Elective Affinities



# 1

EDUARD – we are referring by this name to a rich baron in his prime – had spent the best hour of an April afternoon in his orchard grafting new shoots that he had received a little earlier on to young trees. His task was finished; he replaced the implements in their case and was looking at his work with pleasure when the gardener came up and was gratified by his master's interest and industry.

“Have you seen my wife?” Eduard asked, while preparing to go elsewhere.

“Over there, in the new grounds,” the gardener replied. “The arbour which she has built by the cliff face opposite the castle will be finished today. Everything has come on very well and is sure to please you, sir. There is an excellent view; down below is the village, a little to the right the church, beyond the top of the church tower you can see into the distance, and opposite there is the castle and the gardens.”

“Quite right,” said Eduard. “I could see the men working a few paces from here.”

“Then,” the gardener continued, “the valley opens up to the right, and you can see across the rich meadows with their trees into a pleasant prospect. The path up the rocks is laid out quite prettily. Her ladyship understands this sort of thing; it is a pleasure to work under her.”

“Go to her,” Eduard said, “and ask her to wait for me. Tell her I want to see this new creation for myself and enjoy looking at it.”

The gardener hastened away, and Eduard followed soon after.

He climbed down the terraces and examined the glasshouses and hotbeds on his way past, until he came to the water, and then took a path to the place where it divided into two arms leading to the new grounds. He did not take the one which went by the graveyard fairly directly to the cliff, but went by the other path which wound its way up gently on the left through pleasant shrubs; at the spot where the two paths met again he sat down for a moment on a convenient seat, then stepped up the slope itself which led him by means of all kinds of steps and terraces along the path, which sometimes narrowed until it finally reached the arbour.

Charlotte received her husband at the door and made him sit down in such a position that he could see at one glance through door and

windows the various views which showed the landscape as through a frame. He was pleased at this, hoping that spring would soon enliven the whole scene more richly. "There's just one thing," he added. "The harbour seems to me rather too cramped."

"But spacious enough for us two," Charlotte replied.

"Yes, that's true," Eduard said, "and there's room for a third person as well."

"Why not?" Charlotte replied. "And for a fourth. We should really want to prepare other places for larger groups of people."

"Since we are sitting here undisturbed and alone," Eduard said, "and in a quiet, serene mood, I must confess to you that I've had something on my mind for quite a time which I would like to, in fact must, confide to you, but which I can't bring myself to do."

"I've noticed something of the sort," Charlotte answered.

"And I can but confess," Eduard continued, "that I might have kept silent even longer if the postal messenger had not pressed me and if we had not to make up our minds today."

"What is it then?" Charlotte asked in a friendly and accommodating manner.

"It concerns our friend the Captain," Eduard answered. "You know what a sad position he has been placed in, like so many others, through no fault of his own. How painful it must be to a man of his knowledge, talents and accomplishments to see himself inactive, and – I will no longer delay telling you what it is that I wish for him – I should like us to have him with us here for a time."

"That must be thought over and needs looking at from more than one angle," Charlotte said.

"I'm ready to let you have my views," Eduard replied to her. "There is a subdued expression of deepest discontent in his last letter; not that he is lacking anything in particular, for he knows how to keep within bounds, and I have looked after what is necessary; nor does he feel awkward at taking something from me, for in the course of our lives we have come to be so mutually indebted that we can't reckon out how our credit and debit stand towards each other – what really torments him is that he is without occupation. His pleasure, indeed his passion, consists of making available for the use of others the many abilities that he has developed in his own personality. And now to fold his hands in his lap or to go on studying further, acquiring further skills, because he can't make use of what he possesses in full measure – in short, my dear, it is a painful situation; the unpleasantness of which he feels doubly, indeed three times as strongly in his solitude."

“But I thought he had offers from various sources,” said Charlotte. “I myself have written on his behalf to many active friends, and as far as I know, this was not without effect.”

“Quite so,” Eduard replied, “but it is just those various affairs, those offers which cause him fresh pain and disturbance. None of the posts is suited to him. It is not a question of his having to have activity, but he would have to sacrifice himself, his time, his opinions, and his whole personality, and that is impossible for him. The more I think of it, and feel it, the more intensely I desire to see him here with us.”

“It is very good and kind of you to think of a friend’s position with such sympathy,” Charlotte answered, “but let me ask you also to think of your own, our own in fact.”

“I have done this,” Eduard said to her. “We can only promise ourselves advantage and pleasure from having him near. I won’t talk about the expense, which in any case will only be a slight one for me if he comes here, especially when I consider at the same time that his presence won’t cause us the least discomfort. He can live in the right wing of the castle, and everything else will work out. Think how much this will help him, and of the pleasure and advantage we shall have from his company! For a long time now I should have liked the property and the district to be surveyed; he will be able to look after and direct this. Your intention is to administer the property yourself in future, as soon as the lease of the present tenants has elapsed. What a precarious undertaking this is! Think what a help his knowledge and experience would be to us! I feel only too clearly how I miss a man of this type. The country people have the right knowledge; but the information they give is confused and dishonest. Men who have studied academically in the town are certainly clear thinking and orderly, but they haven’t the direct insight into the business. I can expect both these qualities from our friend; and then a hundred other matters will result from the situation which I like to anticipate and which will concern you, and from these I can foresee much that is good. Now it is good of you to have listened to me in this friendly way; but do speak freely and in detail at this point, and tell me everything that you have to say; I won’t interrupt you.”

“Very well then,” Charlotte replied, “I will begin at once with a general observation. Men think more of what is specific and immediate, and rightly so, for it is their duty to be active, whereas women think more of what relates to life as a whole; they are equally right to do so, because their lot and the lot of their families is linked with this continuity, and it is precisely this sense of continuity that is required from them. Let

us therefore cast a glance at our present and our past life, and you will admit that this invitation to the Captain doesn't coincide so exactly with our intentions, plans and arrangements.

"I like so much to think of our earliest links! When we were young we loved each other so dearly; we were separated: you from me, because your father, with his insatiable craving for property, married you to an older, rich woman; I from you, because, being a person with no special prospects, I had to bind myself to a well-off man whom I did not love, though I did respect him. We two became free again; you earlier than myself, as your older wife died leaving you in possession of a large fortune; I became free later, just at the time when you came back from your travels. And so we found each other again. We were happy in our memories, lived in them, and there was nothing to stop us living together undisturbed. You urged our marriage; I didn't consent at once, for as we are about the same age, I being a woman have become older, but you as a man have not. Finally, I didn't want to refuse you what you seemed to regard as your only happiness. You wanted to rest at my side and recover from all the disturbances that you had experienced at court, in the army, on your travels, to be restored in spirit and to enjoy life; but again, with me alone. I sent my only daughter to a boarding school, where indeed she can develop in a less limited manner than if she remained in the country; and I sent not only her, but also Otilie, my dear niece, who might have developed into a domestic companion more suitably under my direction. All this took place with your agreement, simply so that we could enjoy undisturbed the happiness we had earlier longed for so intensely and had now at last attained. In this way we took up our life in the country. I was to be responsible for internal matters, you for outside things and anything of a general character. I have arranged my life to be accommodating to you in all things, and to live only for you; let us at least make the effort for a time to see how we may suffice each other in this manner."

"Since what is continuous, as you put it, is really your element as a woman," Eduard said, "we shouldn't listen to you talking in a sequence of ideas nor decide that you women are right; though you may well have been right before today. The way of life that we have planned for ourselves up to now is good as far as it goes; but are we to build nothing further on it, and is nothing further to develop from it? What I have achieved in the garden, and you in the park, has this been done only for hermits?"

"That is all very well," added Charlotte, "so long as we don't introduce anything that hinders us and is alien! Remember that our plans

concerning our entertainment too were dependent only on our both being together. You wanted first of all to disclose to me in orderly sequence your travel diaries, and thereby to put into order much that belongs here among your papers, and with my support and help to create out of these invaluable but confused notebooks and papers a whole which would be enjoyable for ourselves and for others. I promised to help you with copying, and we thought how comfortable, pleasurable and charming it would be to travel in memory through the world, which we were not destined to see together. Indeed, the start has already been made. Then you have taken up your flute again in the evenings, accompanying me at the piano; and there are plenty of visitors, people living in the neighbourhood as well as those who visit us. I at least have made for myself out of all this the first truly happy summer of my life, as happy as any I ever thought to enjoy."

"The only thing is," Eduard replied, rubbing his forehead, "with all that you repeat to me so lovingly and sensibly, there might always be the thought that the Captain's presence will destroy nothing, rather it will hasten and give fresh life to everything. He too has shared in a part of my travels; he too has noticed much, and in various ways; if we were to use this together, it would then become a beautiful whole."

"But let me confess to you in all sincerity," Charlotte replied somewhat impatiently, "that this goes against my feelings and that I have a premonition which holds no good in store."

"With this type of argument you women would certainly be invincible," Eduard replied, "in the first place sensible, so that we can't contradict; affectionate, so that we are glad to give way; sensitive, so that we would not care to hurt you; full of intuitive premonitions, so that we are terrified."

"But I'm not superstitious," Charlotte said, "and I have no interest in these dark impulses, if this is what they are; but they are mostly the unconscious memories of the happy and unhappy consequences which we have experienced as a result of our own or other people's actions. There is nothing more important in any circumstance than the intervention of a third person. I have seen friends, brothers and sisters, lovers, married couples, whose relationship has been absolutely changed and their position completely reversed by the chance or intentional advent of another person."

"That might perhaps happen," Eduard replied, "in the case of people who live blindly on, not in the case of those who have been enlightened by experience and are more aware."



“Awareness, my dear, is no adequate weapon, in fact it is often a dangerous one for the man who makes use of it,” Charlotte countered, “and at least one thing emerges from all this – that we shouldn’t be in too much of a hurry. Just give me a few more days, don’t make a decision!”

“As things are now,” Eduard answered, “we shall still be in too much of a hurry even after several days. Between us we have expressed the reasons for and against; it’s a matter for decision, and really it would be best to decide it by lot.”

“I know you like to gamble or throw dice in cases of doubt; but in such a serious matter as this I should regard anything of the sort as criminal.”

“But what am I to write to the Captain?” Eduard exclaimed. “For I must sit down to it right away.”

“A calm, sensible and comforting letter,” Charlotte said.

“That’s as good as none at all.”

“And yet in many cases it is necessary and a more friendly act to write about nothing than not to write at all.”

## 2

**A**LONE IN HIS ROOM, Eduard found that Charlotte’s recapitulation of the fateful events of his life and the recollection of the position and intentions of the two of them had excited his lively spirit in a pleasant way. In her presence and with her companionship he had felt so happy that he began thinking out a letter to the Captain which should be friendly and sympathetic, but soothing and without any specific suggestions. But when he went to the writing desk and took up his friend’s letter to read it through once more, he immediately envisaged the good man’s sad position again: all the emotions which had tormented him in the last few days reawakened, and it seemed to him impossible to leave his friend to such an anxious situation.

Eduard was not accustomed to denying himself anything. From his early years onward the only, spoiled child of rich parents, who were able to persuade him into a strange, but most advantageous marriage with a much older woman, pampered by her again in all kinds of ways, since she tried to respond to his good behaviour towards her by great generosity, his own master after her death within a short time, independent in his travels, free to move about and change his way of life as he pleased, without excessive desires, though desirous of much and many kinds of

things, frank, beneficent, open, indeed courageous if need be – what in the world could oppose his wishes!

Up to now everything had gone according to his desires. He had even obtained the hand of Charlotte, whom he had acquired after all by his obstinate, indeed romantic fidelity; and now he felt himself for the first time contradicted and crossed, just as he was about to attract the friend of his youth to him and, so to speak, to round off his whole existence. He was annoyed and impatient, and picked up the pen and laid it down again more than once, because he could not make up his mind what he wanted to write. He did not want to go against his wife's wishes, nor indeed was he capable of resisting a requirement of hers; restless as he was, he was unable to write a quiet letter; it would have been quite impossible for him. The most natural thing was to seek delay. In a few words he asked his friend's forgiveness because he had not written lately and because he was not writing at length today, and promised to send a satisfying and more substantial letter in the near future.

The next day, while they were strolling towards the same spot, Charlotte seized the opportunity of taking up the subject again, perhaps with the belief that there is no surer way of blunting an intention than to discuss it frequently.

This renewal of the conversation suited Eduard well. As usual he showed himself to be friendly and engaging; for though he easily flared up, being easily susceptible to impressions, even though his lively desires became importunate and his obstinacy made him impatient, all his words were rendered so gentle by his complete consideration of the other person that it was impossible not to go on thinking him amiable even when he was clearly being troublesome.

In such a way he first of all this morning brought Charlotte into the gayest of moods, and then completely discomposed her by the pleasant turns of his conversation, until she finally exclaimed: "I'm sure you want me to concede to my lover what I refused to my husband. At least, my dear," she went on, "you should realize that your wishes, and the friendly spiritedness with which you express them, don't leave me untouched and unmoved. They force me to a confession. Up to now I too have hidden something from you. I find myself in a similar position to yours and have often restrained myself in the same way that I am expecting restraint of you."

"I'm glad to hear that," Eduard said. "I see that you have to have a quarrel from time to time in married life, in order to get to know things about each other."

“Well then, you are to hear from me,” Charlotte said, “that I feel the same way about Otilie as you do about the Captain. I’m not at all happy to think of the poor child in a boarding school where conditions for her are very oppressive. My daughter Luciane, who is born for life in society, is being trained there for social life; she is acquiring languages, history and anything else they may teach her, like sight-reading notes and their variations at the piano; with her lively nature and happy sense of memory she is able, so to speak, to forget everything and then in a moment to remember everything; she can distinguish herself before all the others through her easy behaviour, her graceful dancing, and her suitable freeness in conversation, and through her innate commanding personality she can make herself queen of her little circle; the headmistress of this place regards her as if she were a little goddess who is getting on well now that she is in her care, doing her credit and awakening general confidence and causing other young people to come to the school too; the first pages of her letters and monthly reports are constant rhapsodies on the excellence of such a child, which I of course know how to translate into my own prose; but when she finally comes to mention Otilie there follows excuse on excuse that a girl who is growing up so well in one way, does not wish to come on and display any talents or accomplishments. The little that she adds to this is similarly no puzzle to me, since I can recognize in this dear child the whole character of her mother, my closest friend, for she grew up beside me; if I were a teacher or tutor, I am sure I could have brought up this daughter of hers to become a magnificent person.

“But since it doesn’t fit into our plan and we shouldn’t always be chopping and changing our plans for living and bringing in something new, I prefer to put up with it, and in fact I repress the unpleasant feeling I have when my own daughter, who knows full well how completely dependent Otilie is on us, explains her advantages over her in an insolent manner and in this way to some extent makes null and void our own good action towards Otilie.

“Yet who is not so well educated that he would not on occasion assert his superiority over others in a cruel way! Who is so highly placed that he might not have to suffer from pressure from time to time! Otilie’s worthiness is increased by these trials; but ever since I have come to see clearly the disagreeable position she is in, I have been trying to find some other place for her. At any moment I am expecting a reply, and when the time comes I shan’t hesitate. That’s the way things are, as far as I am concerned, my dear. You see, both of us have similar cares hidden within

a loyal, friendly heart. Let us bear them together, since they cannot be mutually cancelled out.”

“What strange creatures we are,” Eduard said with a smile. “As soon as we banish something that worries us from our presence, we believe that’s the end of it. In large matters we can sacrifice much, but as for giving way on a small point, that is a requirement which we are seldom big enough to fulfil. My mother was like that. When I lived with her as a boy or a youth, she could not rid herself of the cares of the moment. If I was late when I’d gone riding, she thought I’d had an accident; if I got wet in a shower of rain, she thought I would get a temperature. When I went away from her on my travels, it was as if I scarcely belonged to her any more.

“If we look at the matter more closely,” he continued, “we are both behaving in a pettish and irresponsible manner by allowing two of the noblest souls who are so close to our hearts to remain in worried and oppressive circumstances, just so that we shan’t be exposed to any danger. If this doesn’t deserve to be called selfish, I don’t know what does! You take Ottilie, and let me have the Captain, and let us make a trial of it, in God’s name!”

“We might consider it,” Charlotte said with some misgiving, “if the danger were only for ourselves alone. But do you really think that it is advisable to have the Captain and Ottilie together under the same roof – he a man of roughly your own age, just at the age when a man first becomes capable of love and worthy of it (this flattering remark I can say to you only as we are on our own), together with a girl of Ottilie’s attractiveness?”

“I really don’t know how you can make so much of Ottilie!” Eduard replied. “I can only explain it by saying that she must have inherited the affection you had for her mother. She’s pretty, there’s no denying it, and I remember the Captain pointed her out to me when we came back a year ago and met her with you at your aunt’s. She’s pretty, and in particular she has lovely eyes; but I can’t say that she made the least impression on me.”

“That’s very praiseworthy,” Charlotte said, “for I was there too; and although she is much younger than I am, still the presence of the older friend had so many attractions for you that you passed over her budding, promising beauty. This too is part of your nature and is why I am so happy to share my life with you.”

Although she seemed to be speaking frankly, Charlotte was hiding something. In fact, she had introduced Ottilie and Eduard just as he

was back from his travels, in order to give her beloved foster-daughter the chance of such a good match; for she no longer thought of Eduard in connection with herself. The Captain too had been asked to draw Eduard's attention to her; but Eduard, obstinately mindful of his love for Charlotte, looked neither to right nor to left and was happy only in the feeling that it might be possible to be the possessor of a good fortune that a sequence of events had put beyond his reach apparently for ever.

The couple were just on the point of going down the new gardens to the castle when a servant came up hastily towards them and with laughter on his lips made himself heard from below: "Do come along quickly, my lord and lady! Mr Mittler has come galloping into the courtyard. He shouted and brought us all together, telling us to go in search of you and to ask if there is need of him. 'If there is need,' he called after us, 'do you hear? But hasten, quickly!'"

"The funny man!" Eduard exclaimed. "Hasn't he come just at the right time, Charlotte? Return quickly!" he ordered the servant. "Tell him there is need, great need! Tell him to dismount. Look after his horse; take him into the castle and give him some breakfast! We are just coming.

"Let's take the nearest way back!" he said to his wife and set off along the path by the graveyard, which he usually avoided. But how surprised he was to find Charlotte had spared people's feelings here too. While taking the greatest possible care of the old monuments, she had managed to arrange and to order everything in such a way that it appeared as a pleasant place where the eye and the imagination could gladly dwell.

She had given suitable honour to the oldest stone of all. The stones had been erected, fitted in or otherwise arranged against the wall according to age; the tall base to the church itself had been repeated and ornamented by this. Eduard felt strangely surprised as he came in through the little door; he pressed Charlotte's hand, and there was a tear in his eye.

But the eccentric visitor banished this tear at once. For he had had no peace in the castle and had ridden without delay through the village up to the cemetery gate, where he halted and called over to his friends: "I hope you're not having me on. If it's really necessary, I'll stay for lunch. Don't keep me! I've still got a lot to do today."

"As you've come such a way," Eduard called out to him, "you might as well ride in properly; we meet at a serious spot: and see how beautifully decked out this sad place is."

“I’m not coming in here, either by horse, by carriage or on foot. Those who are lying peacefully here are no concern of mine. I shall have to put up with it when the time comes for me to be carried in, feet first. It’s something serious, then?”

“Yes,” Charlotte called. “Really serious! This is the first time we newly-weds are in trouble and confusion which we cannot settle on our own.”

“It doesn’t look like it,” he answered, “but I am willing to believe it. If you are having me on, I shall leave you in the lurch another time. You just follow me quickly! My horse can do with the rest and refreshment.”

Soon the three were together in the hall of the castle; breakfast was served, and Mittler recounted his deeds and plans for the day. This strange man had earlier been a minister of religion and with his restless activity he had succeeded during the course of his duties in settling the differences, both domestic and neighbourly, firstly of individuals, and then of whole parishes and of a number of landowners. While he was in office, no married couple had had a divorce, and the local judiciary had been spared all contentions and law-suits of that nature. He soon realized how essential legal knowledge was to him. He devoted all his studies to this subject and soon felt himself a match for the cleverest lawyers. His sphere of activity expanded miraculously; and there was a move to transfer him to the governmental headquarters where he might complete from the top what he had begun at the bottom, when he won a considerable sum in a lottery, bought himself a moderate-sized estate which he rented to a farmer and which he made the centre of his activity, with the firm intention, or rather according to his old custom and inclination, not to stay in any house unless he could act as a reconciler and helper there. Those who are superstitious about the significance of names believe that the name of Mittler (mediator) was the reason for his following this strangest of vocations.

The sweet had been served when the guest admonished his hosts in all seriousness that they should not hold back any longer with their disclosures, because he would have to go immediately after coffee. Husband and wife made their confessions at some length; but he had scarcely comprehended what the point of the business was when he got up from the table in some annoyance, moved to the window and ordered his horse to be saddled.

“Either you don’t know me,” he exclaimed, “you don’t understand me, or else you are very spiteful. Is there any quarrel here? Is any help necessary here? Do you think that I’m here to give advice? That is the silliest job anyone can take up. Each one should advise himself and do

what he can't help doing. If it goes well, let him rejoice in his wisdom and good luck; if it goes badly, then he can turn to me. The man who wants to be rid of an evil always knows what he wants; the man who wants something better than he has already is completely blind – yes, yes, you can laugh. He is playing blind man's buff, perhaps he will make a catch, but what? Do what you like: it's all the same! Invite your friends, or keep them away; it's all the same! I have seen the most sensible arrangements break down, and the silliest ones succeed. Don't worry your heads about it, and if it does go badly one way or the other, still don't worry your heads about it! Just send for me, and you shall receive help. Until that time, goodbye!"

And with that he leapt on to his horse without waiting for his coffee.

"Here you can see what little use it is bringing in a third person, when things are not in complete harmony between two people who are tied closely to one another," Charlotte said. "At the moment we are surely even more confused and uncertain than before, if that is possible."

The couple would probably have been hesitant even longer, if a letter from the Captain had not come in reply to Eduard's. He had decided to take one of the posts that had been offered to him, although it was in no way suited to him. He was to share the tedium of living with elegant and rich people who would entrust him with the task of dispelling their boredom.

Eduard saw this whole situation quite clearly and could describe it in sharp terms. "Do we want to leave our friend in such circumstances?" he exclaimed. "You can't be so heartless, Charlotte?"

"That strange man, our good Mittler, is right after all," Charlotte added. "All such undertakings are a leap in the dark. What can come of them, no man can foresee. Such new arrangements can be pregnant with happiness and unhappiness, without our needing to ascribe to ourselves any particular merit or guilt. I don't feel strong enough to oppose you any longer. Let's make the experiment! There's only one thing I ask of you: it should only be for a short while. Allow me to act on his behalf more actively than up to now and to make full use of my influence and connections in order to secure him a post which can guarantee him a certain amount of contentment in his own way."

Eduard assured his wife of his liveliest appreciation in the pleasantest manner possible. He hastened, free and happy in mind, to tell his friend in writing of the proposals. Charlotte had to add her approval in her own writing in a postscript and to join her friendly requests to his. She wrote with a skilled hand pleasingly and politely, but yet with a kind

of haste that was unusual for her; and, unexpectedly for her, she spoilt the sheet of paper at the end with a blot of ink which annoyed her and became bigger, the more she tried to remove it.

Eduard made a joke of it and, as there was still room, he added a second postscript to say that his friend should see from this sign with what impatience he was awaited and should arrange for his journey to be made in accordance with the speed with which the letter had been written.

The messenger went off, and Eduard thought that he could not express his gratitude more convincingly than by insisting once and again that Charlotte should send for Ottilie from school at the same time.

She asked for delay here and was able to arouse Eduard's interest that evening in musical entertainment. Charlotte played the piano very well, while Eduard played the flute not so proficiently, for although he had made considerable efforts from time to time, he lacked the patience and persistence that are necessary for the development of such a talent. Consequently he executed his part very unevenly, some sections well, though perhaps too quickly, whereas with others he would stop because he was not familiar with them, and as a result it would have been difficult for anybody else to have got through a duet with him. But Charlotte could adapt herself to this; she would pause and then let herself be rushed along by him again, and thus fulfilled the double duty of a good conductor and of a wise wife, who are always able to hold the right measure on the whole, even though individual passages may not always remain in tempo.

### 3

**T**HE CAPTAIN CAME. He had first sent a very sensible letter which reassured Charlotte completely. Such insight into himself and such clarity about his own position and that of his friends made a bright and cheerful prospect.

As usually happens among friends who have not seen each other for some time, the conversations during their first hours together were lively, indeed almost exhausting. Towards evening Charlotte arranged for a walk in the new gardens. The Captain liked this part very much and noticed every beauty spot which had been made visible and enjoyable for the first time by the new paths. His eye was practical and at the same time easily pleased; although he recognized very clearly what was desirable, he did not cause those who were showing him round their





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- 430 Anonymous, *The Song of Roland*
- 431 Edward Lear, *The Owl and the Pussycat and Other Nonsense Poetry*
- 432 Anton Chekhov, *Three Years*
- 433 Fyodor Dostoevsky, *Uncle's Dream*

