Incest

Marquis de Sade

Translated by Andrew Brown
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Introduction

“Lolita, light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul.”
“You will always be my favourite, Eugénie; you will be the angel and the light of my life, the fire of my soul, my reason for living.”

The first is Humbert Humbert’s description of his nymphet stepdaughter. The second is Franval’s address to his real daughter: not yet fourteen but soon to be “sacrificed” – apparently willingly – to his desires.

Both Nabokov, in *Lolita*, and de Sade, in *Incest* (whose French title, less tendentiously, is simply *Eugénie de Franval*), are – as the ardent language of their protagonists shows – narrating love stories. Both are focusing on what we know to be the hellish world of child abuse. And both undergird their stories with more or less fraught and inchoate apologias for sexually transgressive behaviour – aesthetic transfiguration in Humbert’s case; a radical critique of social conventions in that of Franval. Both their narratives are “composed” in prison (de Sade actually wrote *Incest* in the Bastille, where he had been incarcerated for sexual malpractice, while Nabokov’s protagonist Humbert is awaiting trial for the murder of Lolita’s ex-lover Quilty), and in
both stories there is a critical subtext arguing that social norms can themselves be a form of symbolic incarceration.

However monstrously self-serving Humbert’s language may be, and however much he comes – belatedly and with considerable crocodilian sentimentality – to see that he has robbed Lolita of her childhood, he seems at times an outsider; to have more moral insight into the strange mixture of innocence and corruption that is American society, with its fetishistic cult of youth and its denial of the paedophilia that sometimes lurks within this, than most of the people around him.

In de Sade, if you want an example of a sexually exploitative, “unnatural” practice in thrall to male power, where the fate of young women is decided for them, you need look no further than marriage. For if there is an emancipatory moment in de Sade’s story, it lies in the fact that Eugénie defiantly refuses the suitors arranged for her by her mother. Admittedly this is because of her own incestuous love for her father – while the extent to which Eugénie has been programmed into incest by that father is an open question. By isolating Eugénie from her mother and ensuring that he will be the only adult who really counts for her, Franval has nonetheless ensured that she is given an unusually all-round education; he has told her of the prevalent social norms that condemn incest and encouraged her to reject his advances if there is someone she prefers to him. Her relative isolation makes her something of an enfant sauvage,
albeit an unusually civilized one, and of course it is unlikely that Franval will paint the conventions of his society in a particularly appealing light. But Franval at least waits until his daughter is an adolescent before, in one of de Sade’s theatrical and ritualistic set pieces, deflowering her. Not all child abusers show such restraint. In any case, in de Sade’s society, young women were married off early: Madame de Farneille is seventeen when she gives birth to her daughter, and Franval’s wife is, in turn, only sixteen and a half when she presents her husband with a daughter, Eugénie.

In fact, it is not clear that either Nabokov or de Sade are all that interested in incest as such. For Humbert, certainly, Lolita is important more as a nymphet than a stepdaughter. As for de Sade, he adumbrates the concept that incest is merely one more example of the urge to transgress that is the dominant impulse of the Sadeian world. A more important theme might well be the murder of the mother, for in both stories, one very real victim is indeed the daughter’s mother. In Lolita, Charlotte Haze is treated as a banal, clinging, vaguely pathetic figure by the narrator. In Incest, Mme de Franval is forced to endure both mental and physical cruelty. We tend to think, in patriarchy, of the father embodying the authority of law, and the mother as a more “natural” figure, but here the father is the transgressor and the voice of a putatively repressed nature. The mother becomes the symbol of the law which both Humbert and Franval flout – the usual division of labour between nature and culture is
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Incest, at least, it is notable that Franval repents more for his offence against his wife than for that against his daughter.

Franval’s sequestering of Eugénie mirrors Enlightenment experiments designed to determine where nature ends and culture begins. He wants to find out whether his daughter will feel a natural aversion to incest with him, or whether such aversion is “merely” the product of the prejudices of a particular society. The text repeatedly applies the words “philosophical” and “system” to Franval: these were, in the eighteenth century, code words for the unorthodox speculations of the *philosophes* critical of the Church and the *ancien régime*, and eager to “change the common way of thinking”, as Diderot said of the *Encyclopédie*. The word “libertine” meant both a freethinker and a dissolute character: it was assumed that anyone who disbelieved in the threats and promises of the Gospel would have no fear of retribution and would inevitably yield to every conceivable temptation. De Sade’s protagonists, including Franval, go one further, and set out systematically to transgress all the moral injunctions of Christianity, and then all moral injunctions *tout court*. Sometimes in de Sade this leads to transgression itself imploding: since transgression requires a law to transgress, it is thus dependent on that law, and once the injunction to transgress becomes so urgent, transgression itself becomes a new law. In any case, transgression in de Sade is not always merely negative: it can be a way
of obeying a law higher than that of human conventions, namely nature.

In so far as *Incest* is a *conte philosophique*, its heart is the dialogue between Franval and the priest Clervil. The priest has to face several arguments set out by Franval in his defence of incest. First, there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so: nature is neutral and only human beings attribute value to it (by decreeing, for instance, that one conjugation of sexual organs is licit and another abhorrent). Second, all human actions are determined by a power which may be good or bad, but to which we have to submit, since in this submission alone resides our happiness – a version of one stoic argument, which tends to promote the virtue of *ataraxia* or indifference (why make such a fuss about a trivial little thing like incest?). Third, all happiness is relative: the priest is happy being a priest; Franval is happy living incestuously with his daughter; who is to decide between them?

At this point the priest counters with the “voice of conscience”: Franval must surely suffer qualms because of his wrongdoing. A more decided Sadeian hero would retort that his greatest pleasure lay precisely in deliberately disobeying the “tyrannical” and “arbitrary” voice of conscience; Franval’s response is less forthright, and consists in once more adducing the notion of ethical relativity. If conscience were a sure guide, it would say the same thing in all times and all places. This is manifestly
not so, he claims: what is done with impunity in France is punishable in Japan.

The priest’s counter-argument runs like this: it may be that human beings in different cultures have different laws; it may even be that the taboo on incest is not universal (he suggests that father-daughter marriages are permitted “on the banks of the Ganges”). But all cultures have laws, and the human beings who belong to that culture must obey its legal code even if they are aware that another culture thinks differently. This argument squares the circle as between relativism (laws are particular to cultures and have no necessary validity outside them) and universalism (there is one human nature and there should ultimately be one set of laws for the entire human race).

Clervil’s compromise solution is capable of more sophisticated formulations, but even as it stands it melds together law, with its universalizing momentum, and custom, with its particularism; it takes adequate account of our sense that human cultures are startlingly diverse, while refusing to collapse into mere ethical relativism. But it is an uneasy compromise, an unstable synthesis of law and custom. Our inability to decide how to distinguish between these – how to attribute to law a dignity superior to that of “mere” custom if it is not granted that law can be transcendentally founded (as in a revealed religion) nor deduced on grounds of pure rationality (since it seems that reason too has a history and a geography) – render all of Clervil’s arguments vulnerable.
Once Humbert Humbert has murdered his rival Quilty, he decides that “since I had disregarded all laws of humanity, I might as well disregard the rules of traffic”; he drives away from the scene of his crime on the wrong side of the road, and passes through all the red lights until the police cars finally catch up. We want to say that Humbert’s exploitation of Lolita and his murder of Quilty are on a different level from his infractions of the Highway Code, just as we want to say that Clervil’s example of the Parisian boulevards ignores our very real sense that some crimes are more serious than others. De Sade too sometimes experiments with an antinomianism that seems like an act of exasperated resentment against the moral perfectionism expressed in the Epistle of James (“For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all”); the “slippery slope” argument voiced by Clervil to enforce total submission to all society’s laws is ironically endorsed in *Incest*, where sexual transgression leads to murder, uxoricide and matricide. We also want to say that there is at least a relative universality, a rationale, behind the varying customs of different societies: drive on the wrong side of the road and you risk killing someone. Likewise, de Sade sometimes appeals to nature as that which transcends cultural difference. Franval and his daughter have already rejected the claims of custom (whose other name is “prejudice”): rather than seeing the relative rationality of different customs, Franval rejects the claims of custom, as such, in the name of a nature that lies beyond.
But “nature” is one of the most complex words in de Sade. Nature is “what happens”; blind and mechanical; humans should learn to live with its cold, impersonal grandeur. Nature is benevolent, the source of all life and all the pleasures associated with it, specifically sex; humans should enjoy these pleasures while they can. (It is religion which, by regulating sexuality, is unnatural – much more unnatural than incest.) Nature is malevolent: as eruptive as a volcano, as cruel as the tiger when it tears its prey to pieces. Humans should mimic its destructive power.

Though neither Clervil nor Franval are nominalist enough to say so, “nature” is in any case a culturally conditioned construction: it is posited as what must be beyond all customs, and only a realization of the variety of those customs allows us to separate custom from law, or culture from nature, in the first place. In its scientific sense, nature must be universal (the laws of gravity, if not marriage arrangements, must be the same on the banks of the Ganges as they are by the Seine), and yet that universality is precarious and revisable: Newton is corrected by Einstein, “scientific” theories (Darwinism, Freudianism) may over time reveal more about the people and the societies that produced and consumed them than about nature as such.

The arguments put forward by Franval to justify incest fail in two main ways, and they both involve the fragile notions of autonomy and universality. Franval’s incest is ultimately an act of self-assertion: its subtext is “my desires will brook no
restraint”. Only when the self-assertion of others intrudes on his own (when he is robbed of his money and left to wander half-naked through the forest) is he forced to review the values by which he has lived his life, to realize that autonomy is necessarily limited. And his philosophizing, which glorifies self-assertion by an appeal to the authority of nature – the subtext here being “I serve nature alone, and like all natural beings I seek solely my own power and pleasure” – denies his heteronomous dependence on others: on the submissiveness of Eugénie, first and foremost; and on the fact that it is only because of others – because the customs of the Hottentots and the Japanese are different from those of the French – that he can have any inkling of the nature he claims to serve. He cannot know this nature unaided, or by mere introspection; nature as self-assertive desire is his own interpretation, not fact. And this is ultimately where the positions of Clervil and Franval turn into mirror images of each other: they universalize and eternalize what is limited in time and space.

Even Clervil, well aware of the cultural variability of custom, fails to realize that the human mind cannot rest in mere pluralistic acquiescence: in comparing what is done on the banks of the Seine with what is done on the banks of the Ganges, we necessarily evaluate the two sets of practices; this is why customs change. What was a capital offence in de Sade’s society is so no longer (indeed, it is only because laws change, perhaps partly thanks to de Sade, that we can now read de Sade).
Clervil is right to see that a culture is a complex network of rights and obligations in which any one transgression risks unravelling the whole skein, but he is wrong in deducing the theocratic totalitarianist position that all laws are therefore set in stone. He is ultimately a monist, worshipping the way things are (though his acceptance of the penitent Franval makes him a more sympathetic figure and suggests a more subtle and adaptable position). So is Franval, though he views the way things are differently from Franval: he wishes to conform not to law but to nature. They both deny that human beings are essentially counter-factual creatures, always able to transcend the way things are, by whatever name we call that “given”. If there is a given we are never obliged to accept it. We can imagine things being different; we can invent stories: such as Incest, which is, after all, a story as well as a debate.

It is true that it is a rather dry story at times, though it does at least end in satisfyingly Gothic gloom – dungeons and castles, thunder and lightning, robbers galloping away, improbable coincidences and belated repentances, a torch-lit funeral – all very operatic (you can almost hear the music: by Verdi). But it also ends on the outskirts of that Sadeian location par excellence, the Black Forest. It is in the Black Forest that de Sade sets the capital of his dark empire, the isolated castle of Silling, where the debauchees of the 120 Days of Sodom indulge in the torture of their victims, far from the restraints of culture and, so they claim, in the
name of the way things are (here: sexual desire, in all its ramifications).

Why not yield, opportunistically (sadistically, perhaps), to the opportunism of geographical accident and recall that it was in the Black Forest, from his mountain hut at Todtnauberg (its very name makes it sound like a Golgotha of the spirit), that the German philosopher Martin Heidegger, from beginning to end of the Nazi regime, issued the fateful directives of fundamental ontology. The monstrosities complicitously catalogued by de Sade in the 120 Days of Sodom, and adumbrated in Incest, share at least one deep tendency with the philosophy of Heidegger: on the one hand we have the denigration of “culture”, that delicate symbolic network of human relations that human beings are always free to revise and correct, and on the other the exaltation of “the way things are”. Called, by the one, “Nature”, in all its amoral (and thus immoral) power; and by the other, “Being”.

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To educate man and to improve his morals: that is the sole objective of this anecdote. The reader should be imbued with a sense of the great peril that perpetually dogs the footsteps of those who permit themselves everything when satisfying their desires. May they come to realize that a good upbringing, wealth, talent and the gifts bestowed by Nature only serve to lead one astray – if these qualities are not borne up and made worthy by restraint, good behaviour, wisdom and modesty – these are the very truths which we are here going to prove. May we be forgiven the monstrous details of the dreadful crime we are obliged to recount: is it possible to arouse a detestation of such aberrations when one is not brave enough to depict them in all their nakedness?

It is rare that everything should be so harmoniously organized in one person as to bring him to prosperity. Is he favoured by Nature? If so, Fortune refuses her gifts. Does Fortune shower her favours on him? Then Nature is bound to have maltreated him. It seems that the hand of Heaven has decided to demonstrate, in each individual as in its most sublime operations, that the laws of equilibrium are the foremost laws of the universe – the laws which simultaneously govern all events, and all vegetable and animal life.
Franval, who lived in Paris, where he was born, possessed not only an income of four hundred thousand livres but also the most handsome figure, the most agreeable features and the most varied talents. But beneath this outwardly seductive surface all the vices were concealed, sadly including those which, once adopted and made habitual, lead rapidly to crime. An imagination disordered to a degree impossible to describe was Franval’s main failing – one that can never be overcome, since a diminution of its power simply increases the strength of its effects; the less they are capable of, the more they try to do; the less they act, the more they have recourse to invention; each age brings new ideas, and satiety, far from cooling their ardour, merely leads to more deadly refinements.

As we have said, the charms of youth and all the talents that enhance it were possessed in profusion by Franval, but given that he held moral and religious duties in the deepest contempt, it proved impossible for his teachers to make him adopt any of them.

In a century when the most dangerous books come into the hands of children as easily as into those of their fathers and their guardians, when reckless systematizing can pass itself off as philosophy, unbelief as strength of mind and libertinage for imagination, the wit shown by young Franval merely aroused laughter; one minute he was being scolded for it, and the next praised. Franval’s father, who favoured modish sophisms, was the first to encourage his son to
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think sensibly about all these things; he himself lent him
the works which could corrupt him most quickly; what
tutor would have dared, after that, to inculcate principles
different from those of the house in which he was obliged
to please his masters?

In any case, Franval lost his parents when he was still very
young, and at the age of nineteen, an old uncle, who himself
died shortly afterwards, made over to him, as soon as he
was to be married, all the possessions that were destined
one day to belong to him.

M. de Franval, with such a fortune, was bound to find it
easy to get married. Countless possible candidates presented
themselves, but as he had begged his uncle to give him a girl
younger than himself – one bringing as few companions as
possible – his old kinsman, aiming to satisfy his nephew,
let his choice fall on a certain Mademoiselle de Farneille,
daughter of a financier, now with only her mother left
alive; still young, it was true, but with an income of sixty
thousand solid livres; fifteen years old, and with the most
delightful features in the whole of Paris at that time... She
had one of those virginal faces in which sincerity and affa-
bility are both clearly visible through the delicate features
of Love and all the Graces... lovely blond hair rippling
down to her waist, big blue eyes suffused with tenderness
and modesty, a slender, supple and delicate figure, skin like
a lily and as fresh as a rose, possessing many talents and
a vivid but somewhat wistful imagination, with some of
that gentle melancholy which leads one to love books and solitude – all attributes which Nature seems to grant only to the individuals for whom it is keeping unhappiness in store, as if to make that happiness seem less bitter when they encounter it, imbuing them at such times with a sombre and affecting voluptuousness and making them prefer tears to the frivolous joys of happiness, which are much less powerful and much less intense.

Mme de Farneille, thirty-two years old at the time of her daughter’s marriage, was also a woman of intelligence and charm, but inclined perhaps a little too much to strictness and reserve. Desirous of the happiness of her only child, she had consulted the whole of Paris on this marriage, and as she no longer had any relatives and, if she needed advice, only a few of those cold-hearted friends to whom everything is a matter of indifference, she was persuaded that the young man who was being proposed for her daughter was, without a doubt, the best person she could possibly find in Paris, and that she would commit an unforgivable folly if she failed to take advantage of this opportunity. So the marriage took place, and the young couple, wealthy enough to move into their own house, settled into it in the days following their wedding.

None of those vices of fickleness, disorderly conduct or empty-headedness which prevent a man from being fully grown by the time he is thirty had entered young Franval’s heart; on the best of terms with himself, a devotee of order
and well versed in the arts of managing a house, Franval had, as far as this aspect of life’s happiness was concerned, all the necessary qualities. His vices, of an entirely different kind, were much more the failings of maturity than the products of scatterbrained youth: artfulness, intrigue… malevolence, a black heart, egotism, a great deal of cunning and deceit and, to cast a veil over all this, not only the grace and talents we have mentioned, but eloquence, a sharp mind and the most seductive outward manners one could imagine. This was the man we have to depict.

Mlle de Farneille, who, as was customary, had known her husband for at most a month before tying her destiny to his, was deceived by this false glitter and became its dupe. The days were not long enough for her to indulge in the pleasure of gazing at him; she idolized him, and things had gone so far that people might have feared the worst for this young woman if any obstacles had come to disturb the sweet and even course of a marriage in which she found, she said, the only happiness of her life.

As for Franval, philosophical when it came to women as indeed about everything else in life, he considered this charming person with a fine show of indifference.

“The woman who belongs to us,” he would say, “is a kind of individual whom usage enslaves to us; she has to be yielding, submissive… perfectly sensible: not that I take much account of the prejudices of dishonour that a wife can bring on us when she imitates our misbehaviour – it is
merely that it is not pleasant when someone else takes it into her head to steal our privileges; all the rest is perfectly unimportant, and adds nothing to our happiness.”

With a husband who feels that way, it is easy to foresee that the unfortunate woman who is to be bound to him in matrimony cannot expect her path to be strewn with roses. Decent, sensitive, well-brought-up and impelled by love to anticipate all the desires of the only man in the world who occupied her thoughts, Mme de Franval carried her chains through the first few years without even suspecting the extent of her enslavement; it was obvious enough to her that she was merely gleaning in the fields of marriage, but she was still made happy enough by what was left to her, and all her zeal and her greatest attention were devoted to ensuring, in these short moments granted to her affection, that Franval would find at the least everything she thought necessary for the happiness of her darling husband.

The most conclusive of all the proofs that Franval did not always stray from his duty, however, was the fact that in the very first year of his marriage, his wife, now sixteen and a half, gave birth to a daughter even more beautiful than her mother, whom the father immediately called Eugénie… Eugénie, at once the horror and the miracle of nature.

M. de Franval, who, the minute this child saw the light of day, no doubt conceived the most detestable designs on her, straight away separated her from her mother. Until the age of seven, Eugénie was looked after by women who
Franval could be sure of, and who, limiting themselves to encouraging the development of a pleasant temperament and to teaching her how to read, deliberately refrained from giving her any knowledge of the religious or moral principles about which a girl of that age is commonly supposed to be instructed.

Mme de Farneille and her daughter, deeply shocked by this behaviour, complained to M. de Franval, who replied with indifference that his plan was to make his daughter happy, and so he did not wish to inculcate chimerical notions into her, as their sole effect is to frighten people without ever being of any use to them; it was best if such a daughter, whose only need was to learn how to please others, remained ignorant of such silly nonsense, the fantastical existence of which would trouble her peace of mind without adding either a single extra truth to her moral being or a single extra grace to her physical appearance. Such comments met with the loftiest disapproval of Mme de Farneille, who was drawing nearer to thoughts of heaven the further she drew away from the pleasures of this world: devoutness is a weakness that affects particular ages and particular states of health. Amid the tumult of the passions, a future which seems far away rarely causes much anxiety, but when those passions cease to speak so loud... when we draw near life’s end... when everything, finally, abandons us, we throw ourselves back onto the mercy of the God we heard about in childhood, and if, from a philosophical point of view,
these second illusions are just as fantastical as the others, they are, at least, not so dangerous.

Franval’s mother-in-law had no relatives, little credit of her own to draw upon, and at the most, as we have said, just a few of those fair-weather friends who soon melt away if we need their help. Finding herself struggling against an amiable, young, well-placed son-in-law, she decided sensibly enough that it would be simpler to content herself with a few mild reprimands, rather than having recourse to more vigorous measures against a man who would ruin the mother and have the daughter locked up if anyone dared to cross swords with him: for this reason, she merely hazarded a few critical remarks, and left it at that as soon as she saw that it was all leading nowhere.

Franval, sure of his superiority, and realizing that they were afraid of him, soon lost all restraint in every area of life whatsoever and, barely even troubling to draw a veil over his actions so as to conceal them from the public, he marched straight to his horrible goal.

As soon as Eugénie reached the age of seven, Franval took her to see his wife, and this loving mother – who had not seen her child since giving birth to her – caressed her insatiably, held her pressed tight to her breast for two hours, covered her with kisses and drenched her with her tears. She wanted to know all about her childish talents, but Eugénie had only learnt to read fluently, to enjoy the most robust health and to be as beautiful as the angels. Mme de Franval felt a
new despair when she realized that her daughter was truly unaware of even the most elementary principles of religion.

“But Monsieur!” she said to her husband. “Are you giving her an upbringing that is fit merely for this world? Will you not deign to reflect that she is to live in it for a mere instant, like us, before plunging into a dire eternity if you deprive her of what will enable her to enjoy a happier destiny at the feet of the Being from whom she received life?”

“If Eugénie knows nothing, Madame,” replied Franval, “if these maxims are carefully hidden from her, she cannot possibly be unhappy; for, if they are true, the Supreme Being is too just to punish her for her ignorance, and if they are false, what need is there to tell her about them? As for the other aspects of her education that need to be taken care of, please trust me: from today I will be her tutor, and I will answer for it that in a few years, your daughter will surpass all the other children of her age.”

Mme de Franval persisted. Drawing on the eloquence of her heart to assist that of reason, she shed a few tears: but Franval was quite unmoved by them, and indeed did not seem even to notice them. He had Eugénie taken away, telling his wife that if she took it into her head to put any obstacles, of whatever kind, in the way of the education he intended to give his daughter, or if she tried to suggest principles different from those he planned to instil in her, she would deprive herself of the pleasure of seeing her altogether, and he would send his daughter to one of his chateaux,
from which she would never emerge. Mme de Franval, ever submissive, was quiet for a moment; then she begged her husband never to separate her from such a dear possession, and promised, weeping, that she would in no way hinder the education being prepared for her.

From that moment, Mlle de Franval was placed in a very fine apartment, next to that of her father, with a governess of great intelligence, an under-governess, a chambermaid and two little girls of her own age, for her sole amusement. She was given tutors in writing, drawing, poetry, natural history, oratory, geography, astronomy, anatomy, Greek, English, German, Italian, fencing, dancing, riding and music.

Eugénie got up every day at seven o’clock, whatever the season; she ran off to the garden where she breakfasted on a thick hunk of rye bread; she came back at eight, spent a few moments in her father’s apartment, where he romped and played with her or taught her little society games; until nine she prepared her homework; then the first tutor arrived; five came in all, until two o’clock. She was served her meal separately, with her two girlfriends and her chief governess; lunch consisted of vegetables, fish, pastries and fruit; there was never any meat, soup, wine, liqueurs or coffee. From three until four Eugénie returned to play in the garden for an hour with her little companions; they practised tennis, ball, skittles, badminton or running races; they wore comfortable clothing, depending on the different seasons; nothing constricted their waists: they were never strapped into
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those ridiculous whalebone corsets, equally dangerous for stomach and chest, which impede a young girl’s breathing and inevitably attack her lungs. From four until six, Mlle de Franval was visited by new tutors, and as not all of them could appear on the same day, the others would come the day after. Three times a week, Eugénie went to see a play with her father, in little private theatre boxes with gratings hired for her use on an annual basis. At nine, she returned home for supper; she was served only vegetables and fruit. From ten to eleven, four times a week, Eugénie played with her servants, read various novels and then went to bed. On the other three days, the ones on which Franval did not dine out, she would spend her time alone in her father’s apartment, and this period was taken up with what Franval called his “lectures”. In these, he inculcated in his daughter his maxims on morality and religion; he presented to her, on the one hand, what certain men thought on these issues, and on the other he set out what he himself thought.

With her high intelligence, extensive knowledge, alert mind and the passions that were already starting to smoulder within her, it is easy to imagine the progress that such systems made in Eugénie’s soul, but as the unworthy Franval was not intent on making her self-assured in mind alone, his lectures rarely ended without inflaming her heart, and this dreadful man had so successfully found the way to please his daughter, he suborned her so artfully, he made himself so useful in her education and her pleasures, he anticipated