

*The Age of Innocence*



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of Innocence*

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# BOOK I



## Chapter 1

ON A JANUARY EVENING of the early Seventies, Christine Nilsson was singing in *Faust* at the Academy of Music\* in New York.

Though there was already talk of the erection, in remote metropolitan distances “above the Forties”, of a new opera house which should compete in costliness and splendour with those of the great European capitals, the world of fashion was still content to reassemble every winter in the shabby red-and-gold boxes of the sociable old Academy. Conservatives cherished it for being small and inconvenient, and thus keeping out the “new people” whom New York was beginning to dread and yet be drawn to, and the sentimental clung to it for its historic associations, and the musical for its excellent acoustics, always so problematic a quality in halls built for the hearing of music.

It was Madame Nilsson’s first appearance that winter, and what the daily press had already learnt to describe as “an exceptionally brilliant audience” had gathered to hear her, transported through the slippery, snowy streets in private broughams, in the spacious family landau or in the humbler but more convenient “brown coupé”. To come to the opera in a brown coupé was almost as honourable a way of arriving as in one’s own carriage, and departure by the same means had the immense advantage of enabling one (with a playful allusion to democratic principles) to scramble into the first brown conveyance in the line, instead of waiting till the cold-and-gin-congested nose of one’s own coachman gleamed under the portico of the Academy. It was one of the great livery-stableman’s most masterly intuitions to have discovered that Americans want to get away from amusement even more quickly than they want to get to it.

When Newland Archer opened the door at the back of the club box the curtain had just gone up on the garden scene. There was no reason why the young man should not have come earlier, for he had dined at seven, alone with his mother and sister, and had lingered afterwards over a cigar in the Gothic library with glazed black-walnut bookcases and finial-topped chairs, which was the only room in the house where Mrs Archer allowed smoking. But, in the first place, New York was a metropolis, and perfectly aware that in metropolises it was “not the thing” to arrive early at the opera; and what was or was not “the thing” played a part as important in Newland Archer’s New York as the inscrutable totem terrors that had ruled the destinies of his forefathers thousands of years ago.

The second reason for his delay was a personal one. He had dawdled over his cigar because he was at heart a dilettante, and thinking over a pleasure to come often gave him a subtler satisfaction than its realization. This was especially the case when the pleasure was a delicate one, as his pleasures mostly were, and on this occasion the moment he looked forward to was so rare and exquisite in quality that, well – if he had timed his arrival in accord with the prima donna’s stage manager he could not have entered the Academy at a more significant moment than just as she was singing: “He loves me – he loves me not – *he loves me!*” and sprinkling the falling daisy petals with notes as clear as dew.

She sang, of course, “*M’ama!*” and not “he loves me”, since an unalterable and unquestioned law of the musical world required that the German text of French operas sung by Swedish artists should be translated into Italian for the clearer understanding of English-speaking audiences. This seemed as natural to Newland Archer as all the other conventions on which his life was moulded: such as the duty of using two silver-backed brushes with his monogram in blue enamel to part his hair, and of never appearing in society without a flower (preferably a gardenia) in his buttonhole.

“*M’ama... non m’ama...*” the prima donna sang, and “*M’ama!*”, with a final burst of love triumphant, as she pressed the dishevelled daisy to her lips and lifted her large eyes to the sophisticated countenance of the little brown Faust-Capoul\* who was vainly trying,

in a tight purple velvet doublet and plumed cap, to look as pure and true as his artless victim.

Newland Archer, leaning against the wall at the back of the club box, turned his eyes from the stage and scanned the opposite side of the house. Directly facing him was the box of old Mrs Manson Mingott, whose monstrous obesity had long since made it impossible for her to attend the opera, but who was always represented on fashionable nights by some of the younger members of the family. On this occasion, the front of the box was filled by her daughter-in-law, Mrs Lovell Mingott, and her daughter, Mrs Welland; and slightly withdrawn behind these brocaded matrons sat a young girl in white with eyes ecstatically fixed on the stage-lovers. As Madame Nilsson's "*M'ama!*" thrilled out above the silent house (the boxes always stopped talking during the Daisy Song) a warm pink mounted to the girl's cheek, mantled her brow to the roots of her fair braids and suffused the young slope of her breast to the line where it met a modest tulle tucker fastened with a single gardenia. She dropped her eyes to the immense bouquet of lilies of the valley on her knee, and Newland Archer saw her white-gloved fingertips touch the flowers softly. He drew a breath of satisfied vanity and his eyes returned to the stage.

No expense had been spared on the setting, which was acknowledged to be very beautiful even by people who shared his acquaintance with the opera houses of Paris and Vienna. The foreground, to the footlights, was covered with emerald-green cloth. In the middle distance symmetrical mounds of woolly green moss bounded by croquet hoops formed the base of shrubs shaped like orange trees but studded with large pink and red roses. Gigantic pansies, considerably larger than the roses, and closely resembling the floral penwipers made by female parishioners for fashionable clergymen, sprang from the moss beneath the rose trees; and here and there a daisy grafted on a rose branch flowered with a luxuriance prophetic of Mr Luther Burbank's far-off prodigies.\*

In the centre of this enchanted garden Madame Nilsson, in white cashmere slashed with pale blue satin, a reticule dangling from a blue girdle and large yellow braids carefully disposed on each side of

her muslin chemisette, listened with downcast eyes to M. Capoul's impassioned wooing, and affected a guileless incomprehension of his designs whenever, by word or glance, he persuasively indicated the ground-floor window of the neat brick villa projecting obliquely from the right wing.

"The darling!" thought Newland Archer, his glance flitting back to the young girl with the lilies of the valley. "She doesn't even guess what it's all about." And he contemplated her absorbed young face with a thrill of possessorship in which pride in his own masculine initiation was mingled with a tender reverence for her abysmal purity. "We'll read *Faust* together... by the Italian lakes..." he thought, somewhat hazily confusing the scene of his projected honeymoon with the masterpieces of literature which it would be his manly privilege to reveal to his bride.\* It was only that afternoon that May Welland had let him guess that she "cared" (New York's consecrated phrase of maiden avowal), and already his imagination, leaping ahead of the engagement ring, the betrothal kiss and the march from *Lohengrin*,\* pictured her at his side in some scene of old European witchery.

He did not in the least wish the future Mrs Newland Archer to be a simpleton. He meant her (thanks to his enlightening companionship) to develop a social tact and readiness of wit enabling her to hold her own with the most popular married women of the "younger set", in which it was the recognized custom to attract masculine homage while playfully discouraging it. If he had probed to the bottom of his vanity (as he sometimes nearly did), he would have found there the wish that his wife should be as worldly wise and as eager to please as the married lady whose charms had held his fancy through two mildly agitated years – without, of course, any hint of the frailty which had so nearly marred that unhappy being's life and had disarranged his own plans for a whole winter.

How this miracle of fire and ice was to be created, and to sustain itself in a harsh world, he had never taken the time to think out, but he was content to hold his view without analysing it, since he knew it was that of all the carefully brushed, white-waistcoated, buttonhole-flowered gentlemen who succeeded each other in the

club box, exchanged friendly greetings with him and turned their opera glasses critically on the circle of ladies who were the product of the system. In matters intellectual and artistic Newland Archer felt himself distinctly the superior of these chosen specimens of old New York gentility – he had probably read more, thought more and even seen a good deal more of the world than any other man of the number. Singly they betrayed their inferiority, but grouped together they represented “New York”, and the habit of masculine solidarity made him accept their doctrine on all the issues called moral. He instinctively felt that in this respect it would be troublesome – and also rather bad form – to strike out for himself.

“Well – upon my soul!” exclaimed Lawrence Lefferts, turning his opera glass abruptly away from the stage. Lawrence Lefferts was, on the whole, the foremost authority on “form” in New York. He had probably devoted more time than anyone else to the study of this intricate and fascinating question, but study alone could not account for his complete and easy competence. One had only to look at him – from the slant of his bald forehead and the curve of his beautiful fair moustache to the long patent-leather feet at the other end of his lean and elegant person – to feel that the knowledge of “form” must be congenital in anyone who knew how to wear such good clothes so carelessly and carry such height with so much lounging grace. As a young admirer had once said of him: “If anybody can tell a fellow just when to wear a black tie with evening clothes and when not to, it’s Larry Lefferts.” And on the question of pumps versus patent-leather “Oxfords”, his authority had never been disputed.

“My God!” he said, and silently handed his glass to old Sillerton Jackson.

Newland Archer, following Lefferts’s glance, saw with surprise that his exclamation had been occasioned by the entry of a new figure into old Mrs Mingott’s box. It was that of a slim young woman, a little less tall than May Welland, with brown hair growing in close curls about her temples and held in place by a narrow band of diamonds. The suggestion of this headdress, which gave her what was then called a “Josephine look”,\* was carried out in

the cut of the dark blue velvet gown rather theatrically caught up under her bosom by a girdle with a large old-fashioned clasp. The wearer of this unusual dress, who seemed quite unconscious of the attention it was attracting, stood a moment in the centre of the box, discussing with Mrs Welland the propriety of taking the latter's place in the front right-hand corner; then she yielded with a slight smile and seated herself in line with Mrs Welland's sister-in-law, Mrs Lovell Mingott, who was installed in the opposite corner.

Mr Sillerton Jackson had returned the opera glass to Lawrence Lefferts. The whole of the club turned instinctively, waiting to hear what the old man had to say, for old Mr Jackson was as great an authority on "family" as Lawrence Lefferts was on "form". He knew all the ramifications of New York's cousinships, and could not only elucidate such complicated questions as that of the connection between the Mingotts (through the Thorleys) with the Dallases of South Carolina, and that of the relationship of the elder branch of Philadelphia Thorleys to the Albany Chiverses (on no account to be confused with the Manson Chiverses of University Place), but could also enumerate the leading characteristics of each family: as, for instance, the fabulous stinginess of the younger lines of Leffertses (the Long Island ones); or the fatal tendency of the Rushworths to make foolish matches; or the insanity recurring in every second generation of the Albany Chiverses, with whom their New York cousins had always refused to intermarry – with the disastrous exception of poor Medora Manson, who, as everybody knew... but then her mother was a Rushworth.

In addition to this forest of family trees, Mr Sillerton Jackson carried between his narrow hollow temples and under his soft thatch of silver hair a register of most of the scandals and mysteries that had smouldered under the unruffled surface of New York society within the last fifty years. So far, indeed, did his information extend, and so acutely retentive was his memory, that he was supposed to be the only man who could have told you who Julius Beaufort, the banker, really was, and what had become of handsome Bob Spicer, old Mrs Manson Mingott's father, who had disappeared so mysteriously (with a large sum of trust money) less than a year after his

marriage, on the very day that a beautiful Spanish dancer who had been delighting thronged audiences in the old opera house on the Battery had taken ship for Cuba. But these mysteries, and many others, were closely locked in Mr Jackson's breast, for not only did his keen sense of honour forbid his repeating anything privately imparted, but he was fully aware that his reputation for discretion increased his opportunities of finding out what he wanted to know.

The club box, therefore, waited in visible suspense while Mr Sillerton Jackson handed back Lawrence Lefferts's opera glass. For a moment he silently scrutinized the attentive group out of his filmy blue eyes overhung by old veined lids, then he gave his moustache a thoughtful twist and said simply: "I didn't think the Mingotts would have tried it on."

## Chapter 2

NEWLAND ARCHER, during this brief episode, had been thrown into a strange state of embarrassment.

It was annoying that the box which was thus attracting the undivided attention of masculine New York should be that in which his betrothed was seated between her mother and aunt; and for a moment he could not identify the lady in the Empire dress, nor imagine why her presence created such excitement among the initiated. Then light dawned on him, and with it came a momentary rush of indignation. No, indeed – no one would have thought the Mingotts would have tried it on!

But they had – they undoubtedly had – for the low-toned comments behind him left no doubt in Archer's mind that the young woman was May Welland's cousin, the cousin always referred to in the family as "poor Ellen Olenska". Archer knew that she had suddenly arrived from Europe a day or two previously; he had even heard from Miss Welland (not disapprovingly) that she had been to see poor Ellen, who was staying with old Mrs Mingott. Archer entirely approved of family solidarity, and one of the qualities he most admired in the Mingotts was their resolute championship of the few black sheep that their blameless stock had produced. There was nothing mean or ungenerous in the young man's heart, and he was glad that his future wife should not be restrained by false prudery from being kind (in private) to her unhappy cousin, but to receive Countess Olenska in the family circle was a different thing from producing her in public, at the opera of all places, and in the very box with the young girl whose engagement to him, Newland Archer, was to be announced within a few weeks. No, he felt as old Sillerton Jackson felt – he did not think the Mingotts would have tried it on!

He knew, of course, that whatever man dared (within Fifth Avenue's limits) that old Mrs Manson Mingott, the matriarch of the line, would dare. He had always admired the high and mighty old lady, who, in spite of having been only Catherine Spicer of Staten Island, with a father mysteriously discredited, and neither money nor position enough to make people forget it, had allied herself with the head of the wealthy Mingott line, married two of her daughters to "foreigners" (an Italian marquis and an English banker) and put the crowning touch to her audacities by building a large house of pale cream-coloured stone (when brown sandstone seemed as much the only wear as a frock coat in the afternoon) in an inaccessible wilderness near the Central Park.

Old Mrs Mingott's foreign daughters had become a legend. They never came back to see their mother, and the latter being, like many persons of active mind and dominating will, sedentary and corpulent in her habit, had philosophically remained at home. But the cream-coloured house (supposed to be modelled on the private hotels of the Parisian aristocracy) was there as a visible proof of her moral courage; and she throned in it, among pre-Revolutionary furniture and souvenirs of the Tuileries\* of Louis Napoleon (where she had shone in her middle age), as placidly as if there were nothing peculiar in living above Thirty-Fourth Street, or in having French windows that opened like doors instead of sashes that pushed up.

Everyone (including Mr Sillerton Jackson) was agreed that old Catherine had never had beauty – a gift which, in the eyes of New York, justified every success and excused a certain number of failings. Unkind people said that, like her imperial namesake, she had won her way to success by strength of will and hardness of heart,\* and a kind of haughty effrontery that was somehow justified by the extreme decency and dignity of her private life. Mr Manson Mingott had died when she was only twenty-eight, and had "tied up" the money with an additional caution born of the general distrust of the Spicers, but his bold young widow went her way fearlessly, mingled freely in foreign society, married her

daughters in Heaven knew what corrupt and fashionable circles, hobnobbed with dukes and ambassadors, associated familiarly with papists, entertained opera singers and was the intimate friend of Mme Taglioni;\* and all the while (as Sillerton Jackson was the first to proclaim) there had never been a breath on her reputation – the only respect, he always added, in which she differed from the earlier Catherine.

Mrs Manson Mingott had long since succeeded in untying her husband's fortune, and had lived in affluence for half a century; but memories of her early straits had made her excessively thrifty, and though, when she bought a dress or a piece of furniture, she took care that it should be of the best, she could not bring herself to spend much on the transient pleasures of the table. Therefore, for totally different reasons, her food was as poor as Mrs Archer's, and her wines did nothing to redeem it. Her relatives considered that the penury of her table discredited the Mingott name, which had always been associated with good living; but people continued to come to her in spite of the "made dishes" and flat champagne, and in reply to the remonstrances of her son Lovell (who tried to retrieve the family credit by having the best chef in New York) she used to say laughingly: "What's the use of two good cooks in one family now that I've married the girls and can't eat sauces?"

Newland Archer, as he mused on these things, had once more turned his eyes towards the Mingott box. He saw that Mrs Welland and her sister-in-law were facing their semicircle of critics with the Mingottian aplomb which old Catherine had inculcated in all her tribe, and that only May Welland betrayed, by a heightened colour (perhaps due to the knowledge that he was watching her), a sense of the gravity of the situation. As for the cause of the commotion, she sat gracefully in her corner of the box, her eyes fixed on the stage, and revealing, as she leant forwards, a little more shoulder and bosom than New York was accustomed to seeing – at least in ladies who had reasons for wishing to pass unnoticed.

Few things seemed to Newland Archer more awful than an offence against "taste" – that far-off divinity of whom "form" was the mere visible representative and vicegerent. Madame

Olenska's pale and serious face appealed to his fancy as suited to the occasion and to her unhappy situation, but the way her dress (which had no tucker) sloped away from her thin shoulders shocked and troubled him. He hated to think of May Welland's being exposed to the influence of a young woman so careless of the dictates of Taste.

"After all," he heard one of the younger men begin behind him (everybody talked through the Mephistopheles-and-Martha scenes), "after all, just *what* happened?"

"Well, she left him – nobody attempts to deny that."

"He's an awful brute, isn't he?" continued the young enquirer, a candid Thorley, who was evidently preparing to enter the lists as the lady's champion.

"The very worst – I knew him at Nice," said Lawrence Lefferts with authority. "A half-paralysed white sneering fellow – rather handsome head, but eyes with a lot of lashes. Well, I'll tell you the sort: when he wasn't with women he was collecting china. Paying any price for both, I understand."

There was a general laugh, and the young champion said: "Well, then?..."

"Well, then – she bolted with his secretary."

"Oh, I see." The champion's face fell.

"It didn't last long, though: I heard of her a few months later living alone in Venice. I believe Lovell Mingott went out to get her. He said she was desperately unhappy. That's all right – but this parading her at the opera's another thing."

"Perhaps," young Thorley hazarded, "she's too unhappy to be left at home."

This was greeted with an irreverent laugh, and the youth blushed deeply and tried to look as if he had meant to insinuate what knowing people called a "double entendre".

"Well – it's queer to have brought Miss Welland, anyhow," someone said in a low tone, with a side glance at Archer.

"Oh, that's part of the campaign: Granny's orders, no doubt," Lefferts laughed. "When the old lady does a thing, she does it thoroughly."

The act was ending, and there was a general stir in the box. Suddenly Newland Archer felt himself impelled to decisive action. The desire to be the first man to enter Mrs Mingott's box, to proclaim to the waiting world his engagement to May Welland, and to see her through whatever difficulties her cousin's anomalous situation might involve her in – this impulse had abruptly overruled all scruples and hesitations, and sent him hurrying through the red corridors to the farther side of the house.

As he entered the box his eyes met Miss Welland's, and he saw that she had instantly understood his motive, though the family dignity which both considered so high a virtue would not permit her to tell him so. The persons of their world lived in an atmosphere of faint implications and pale delicacies, and the fact that he and she understood each other without a word seemed to the young man to bring them nearer than any explanation would have done. Her eyes said: "You see why Mamma brought me," and his answered: "I would not for the world have had you stay away."

"You know my niece Countess Olenska?" Mrs Welland enquired as she shook hands with her future son-in-law. Archer bowed without extending his hand, as was the custom on being introduced to a lady, and Ellen Olenska bent her head slightly, keeping her own pale-gloved hands clasped on her huge fan of eagle feathers. Having greeted Mrs Lovell Mingott, a large blonde lady in creaking satin, he sat down beside his betrothed, and said in a low tone: "I hope you've told Madame Olenska that we're engaged? I want everybody to know – I want you to let me announce it this evening at the ball."

Miss Welland's face grew rosy as the dawn, and she looked at him with radiant eyes. "If you can persuade Mamma," she said. "But why should we change what is already settled?" He made no answer but that which his eyes returned, and she added, still more confidently smiling: "Tell my cousin yourself: I give you leave. She says she used to play with you when you were children."

She made way for him by pushing back her chair, and promptly, and a little ostentatiously, with the desire that the whole house should see what he was doing, Archer seated himself at the Countess Olenska's side.

"We *did* use to play together, didn't we?" she asked, turning her grave eyes to his. "You were a horrid boy, and kissed me once behind a door, but it was your cousin Vandie Newland, who never looked at me, that I was in love with." Her glance swept the horseshoe curve of boxes. "Ah, how this brings it all back to me – I see everybody here in knickerbockers and pantalettes,"\* she said, with her trailing, slightly foreign accent, her eyes returning to his face.

Agreeable as their expression was, the young man was shocked that they should reflect so unseemly a picture of the august tribunal before which, at that very moment, her case was being tried. Nothing could be in worse taste than misplaced flippancy, and he answered somewhat stiffly: "Yes, you have been away a very long time."

"Oh, centuries and centuries – so long," she said, "that I'm sure I'm dead and buried, and this dear old place is heaven!" which, for reasons he could not define, struck Newland Archer as an even more disrespectful way of describing New York society.