

[www.freeclassicebooks.com](http://www.freeclassicebooks.com)

**Heart and Science**

**By**

**Wilkie Collins**

[www.freeclassicebooks.com](http://www.freeclassicebooks.com)

**Contents**

I. PREFACE TO READERS IN GENERAL ..... 5

II. TO READERS IN PARTICULAR..... 7

  

CHAPTER I. .... 9

CHAPTER II. .... 10

CHAPTER III. .... 16

CHAPTER IV. .... 23

CHAPTER V. .... 25

CHAPTER VI. .... 32

CHAPTER VII. .... 37

CHAPTER VIII. .... 42

CHAPTER IX. .... 51

CHAPTER X. .... 56

CHAPTER XI. .... 63

CHAPTER XII. .... 69

CHAPTER XIII. .... 75

CHAPTER XIV. .... 81

CHAPTER XV. .... 90

CHAPTER XVI. .... 97

CHAPTER XVII. .... 103

CHAPTER XVIII. .... 111

CHAPTER XIX. .... 114

CHAPTER XX. .... 122

VOLUME TWO .....	129
CHAPTER XXI. ....	129
CHAPTER XXII. ....	136
CHAPTER XXIII. ....	140
CHAPTER XXIV. ....	144
CHAPTER XXV. ....	149
CHAPTER XXVI. ....	154
CHAPTER XXVII. ....	160
CHAPTER XXVIII. ....	170
CHAPTER XXIX. ....	176
CHAPTER XXX. ....	182
CHAPTER XXXI. ....	184
CHAPTER XXXII. ....	189
CHAPTER XXXIII. ....	195
CHAPTER XXXIV. ....	203
CHAPTER XXXV. ....	209
CHAPTER XXXVI. ....	212
CHAPTER XXXVII. ....	221
CHAPTER XXXVIII. ....	230
CHAPTER XXXIX. ....	235
CHAPTER XL. ....	239
CHAPTER XLI. ....	247

VOLUME THREE.....	251
CHAPTER XLII.....	251
CHAPTER XLIII.....	255
CHAPTER XLIV.....	260
CHAPTER XLV.....	269
CHAPTER XLVI.....	274
CHAPTER XLVII.....	282
CHAPTER XLVIII.....	289
CHAPTER XLIX.....	296
CHAPTER L.....	302
CHAPTER LI.....	309
CHAPTER LII.....	314
CHAPTER LIII.....	317
CHAPTER LIV.....	323
CHAPTER LV.....	328
CHAPTER LVI.....	335
CHAPTER LVII.....	343
CHAPTER LVIII.....	347
CHAPTER LIX.....	350
CHAPTER LX.....	355
CHAPTER LXI.....	359
CHAPTER LXII.....	364
CHAPTER LXIII.....	373

## I. PREFACE TO READERS IN GENERAL

You are the children of Old Mother England, on both sides of the Atlantic; you form the majority of buyers and borrowers of novels; and you judge of works of fiction by certain inbred preferences, which but slightly influence the other great public of readers on the continent of Europe.

The two qualities in fiction which hold the highest rank in your estimation are: Character and Humour. Incident and dramatic situation only occupy the second place in your favour. A novel that tells no story, or that blunders perpetually in trying to tell a story--a novel so entirely devoid of all sense of the dramatic side of human life, that not even a theatrical thief can find anything in it to steal--will nevertheless be a work that wins (and keeps) your admiration, if it has Humour which dwells on your memory, and characters which enlarge the circle of your friends.

I have myself always tried to combine the different merits of a good novel, in one and the same work; and I have never succeeded in keeping an equal balance. In the present story you will find the scales inclining, on the whole, in favour of character and Humour. This has not happened accidentally.

Advancing years, and health that stands sadly in need of improvement, warn me--if I am to vary my way of work--that I may have little time to lose. Without waiting for future opportunities, I have kept your standard of merit more constantly before my mind, in writing this book, than on some former occasions.

Still persisting in telling you a story--still refusing to get up in the pulpit and preach, or to invade the platform and lecture, or to take you by the buttonhole in confidence and make fun of my Art--it has been my chief effort to draw the characters with a vigour and breadth of treatment, derived from the nearest and truest view that I could get of the one model, Nature. Whether I shall at once succeed in adding to the circle of your friends in the world of fiction--or whether you will hurry through the narrative, and only discover on a later reading that it is the characters which have interested you in the story--remains to be seen. Either way, your sympathy will find me grateful; for, either way, my motive has been to please you.

During its periodical publication correspondents, noting certain passages in "Heart and Science," inquired how I came to think of writing this book. The question may be readily answered in better words than mine. My book has

been written in harmony with opinions which have an indisputable claim to respect. Let them speak for themselves.

SHAKESPEARE'S OPINION.--"It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common." (King Henry IV., Part II.)

WALTER SCOTT'S OPINION--"I am no great believer in the extreme degree of improvement to be derived from the advancement of Science; for every study of that nature tends, when pushed to a certain extent, to harden the heart." (Letter to Miss Edgeworth.)

FARADAY'S OPINION.--"The education of the judgment has for its first and its last step--Humility." (Lecture on Mental Education, at the Royal Institution.)

Having given my reasons for writing the book, let me conclude by telling you what I have kept out of the book.

It encourages me to think that we have many sympathies in common; and among them, that most of us have taken to our hearts domestic pets. Writing under this conviction, I have not forgotten my responsibility towards you, and towards my Art, in pleading the cause of the harmless and affectionate beings of God's creation. From first to last, you are purposely left in ignorance of the hideous secrets of Vivisection. The outside of the laboratory is a necessary object in my landscape--but I never once open the door and invite you to look in. I trace, in one of my characters, the result of the habitual practice of cruelty (no matter under what pretence) in fatally deteriorating the nature of man--and I leave the picture to speak for itself. My own personal feeling has throughout been held in check. Thankfully accepting the assistance rendered to me by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, by Mrs. H. M. Gordon, and by Surgeon-General Gordon, C.B., I have borne in mind (as they have borne in mind) the value of temperate advocacy to a good cause.

With this, your servant withdraws, and leaves you to the story.

## II. TO READERS IN PARTICULAR.

If you are numbered among those good friends of ours, who are especially capable of understanding us and sympathising with us, be pleased to accept the expression of our gratitude, and to pass over the lines that follow.

But if you open our books with a mind soured by distrust; if you habitually anticipate inexcusable ignorance where the course of the story happens to turn on matters of fact; it is you, Sir or Madam, whom I now want.

Not to dispute with you--far from it! I own with sorrow that your severity does occasionally encounter us on assailable ground. But there are exceptions, even to the stiffest rules. Some of us are not guilty of wilful carelessness: some of us apply to competent authority, when we write on subjects beyond the range of our own experience. Having thus far ventured to speak for my colleagues, you will conclude that I am paving the way for speaking next of myself. As our cousins in the United States say--that is so.

In the following pages, there are allusions to medical practice at the bedside; leading in due course to physiological questions which connect themselves with the main interest of the novel. In traversing this delicate ground, you have not been forgotten. Before the manuscript went to the printer, it was submitted for correction to an eminent London surgeon, whose experience extends over a period of forty years.

Again: a supposed discovery in connection with brain disease, which occupies a place of importance, is not (as you may suspect) the fantastic product of the author's imagination. Finding his materials everywhere, he has even contrived to make use of Professor Ferrier--writing on the "Localisation of Cerebral Disease," and closing a confession of the present result of post-mortem examination of brains in these words: "We cannot even be sure, whether many of the changes discovered are the cause or the result of the Disease, or whether the two are the conjoint results of a common cause." Plenty of elbow room here for the spirit of discovery.

On becoming acquainted with "Mrs. Gallilee," you will find her talking--and you will sometimes even find the author talking--of scientific subjects in general. You will naturally conclude that it is "all gross caricature." No; it is all promiscuous reading. Let me spare you a long list of books consulted, and of newspapers and magazines mutilated for "cuttings"--and appeal to examples once more, and for the last time.

When "Mrs. Gallilee" wonders whether "Carmina has ever heard of the Diathermancy of Ebonite," she is thinking of proceedings at a conversazione in honour of Professor Helmholtz (reported in the Times of April 12, 1881), at which "radiant energy" was indeed converted into "sonorous vibrations." Again: when she contemplates taking part in a discussion on Matter, she has been slyly looking into Chambers's Encyclopaedia, and has there discovered the interesting conditions on which she can "dispense with the idea of atoms." Briefly, not a word of my own invention occurs, when Mrs. Gallilee turns the learned side of her character to your worships' view.

I have now only to add that the story has been subjected to careful revision, and I hope to consequent improvement, in its present form of publication. Past experience has shown me that you have a sharp eye for slips of the pen, and that you thoroughly enjoy convicting a novelist, by post, of having made a mistake. Whatever pains I may have taken to disappoint you, it is quite likely that we may be again indebted to each other on this occasion. So, to our infinite relief on either side, we part friends after all.

W. C.

London: April 1883



## **CHAPTER I.**

The weary old nineteenth century had advanced into the last twenty years of its life.

Towards two o'clock in the afternoon, Ovid Vere (of the Royal College of Surgeons) stood at the window of his consulting-room in London, looking out at the summer sunshine, and the quiet dusty street.

He had received a warning, familiar to the busy men of our time--the warning from overwrought Nature, which counsels rest after excessive work. With a prosperous career before him, he had been compelled (at only thirty-one years of age) to ask a colleague to take charge of his practice, and to give the brain which he had cruelly wearied a rest of some months to come. On the next day he had arranged to embark for the Mediterranean in a friend's yacht.

An active man, devoted heart and soul to his profession, is not a man who can learn the happy knack of being idle at a moment's notice. Ovid found the mere act of looking out of window, and wondering what he should do next, more than he had patience to endure.

He turned to his study table. If he had possessed a wife to look after him, he would have been reminded that he and his study table had nothing in common, under present circumstances. Being deprived of conjugal superintendence, he broke though his own rules. His restless hand unlocked a drawer, and took out a manuscript work on medicine of his own writing. "Surely," he thought, "I may finish a chapter, before I go to sea to-morrow?"

His head, steady enough while he was only looking out of window, began to swim before he had got to the bottom of a page. The last sentences of the unfinished chapter alluded to a matter of fact which he had not yet verified. In emergencies of any sort, he was a patient man and a man of resource. The necessary verification could be accomplished by a visit to the College of Surgeons, situated in the great square called Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here was a motive for a walk--with an occupation at the end of it, which only involved a question to a Curator, and an examination of a Specimen. He locked up his manuscript, and set forth for Lincoln's Inn Fields.