* **Chapter 1**
* CoverTitle PageTo the LighthouseVirginia WoolfPublished: 1927Categorie(s): Fiction, LiterarySource: http://gutenberg.
* **Chapter 2**
* "Butyou'll have to be up with the lark," she added.
* To her son these words conveyed an extraordinary joy, as if itwere settled, the expedition were bound to take place, and thewonder to which he had looked forward, for years and years itseemed, was, after a night's darkness and a day's sail, withintouch.
* They were going to the town.
* But it was not that they minded, the children said.
* He could not say it right.
* He could not feelit right.
* Such were the extremes of emotionthat Mr Ramsay excited in his children's breasts by his merepresence; standing, as now, lean as a knife, narrow as the blade ofone, grinning sarcastically, not only with the pleasure ofdisillusioning his son and casting ridicule upon his wife, who wasten thousand times better in every way than he was (James thought),but also with some secret conceit at his own accuracy of judgement.
* He had followed her into thedrawing-room, that young man they laughed at; he was standing bythe table, fidgeting with something, awkwardly, feeling himself outof things, as she knew without looking round.
* **Chapter 3**
* Odious little man, thought Mrs Ramsay, why go on sayingthat?To the Lighthouse.
* **Chapter 4**
* One moment more, with her head raised, she listened, as if shewaited for some habitual sound, some regular mechanical sound; andthen, hearing something rhythmical, half said, half chanted,beginning in the garden, as her husband beat up and down theterrace, something between a croak and a song, she was soothed oncemore, assured again that all was well, and looking down at the bookon her knee found the picture of a pocket knife with six bladeswhich could only be cut out if James was very careful.
* "Perhaps it will be fine tomorrow," she said, smoothing hishair.
* Only Lily Briscoe,she was glad to find; and that did not matter.
* All these young men parodied her husband, she reflected; hesaid it would rain; they said it would be a positive tornado.
* But here, as she turned the page, suddenly her search for thepicture of a rake or a mowing-machine was interrupted.
* They had ceased to talk; that was the explanation.
* Falling inone second from the tension which had gripped her to the otherextreme which, as if to recoup her for her unnecessary expense ofemotion, was cool, amused, and even faintly malicious, sheconcluded that poor Charles Tansley had been shed.
* That was oflittle account to her.
* **Chapter 5**
* Theyallowed the toes their natural expansion.
* And Mr Bankes felt aged andsaddened and somehow put into the wrong by her about hisfriendship.
* The jacmanna was bright violet; the wall staring white.
* You have greatness, she continued, but Mr Ramsay has none of it.
* Even while she looked at the mass, at the line, at thecolour, at Mrs Ramsay sitting in the window with James, she kept afeeler on her surroundings lest some one should creep up, andsuddenly she should find her picture looked at.
* That did make them both vaguely uncomfortable.
* Togetherthey had seen a thing they had not been meant to see.
* Then up rose in a fume theessence of his being.
* Then, up behind the great black rock, almostevery evening spurted irregularly, so that one had to watch for itand it was a delight when it came, a fountain of white water; andthen, while one waited for that, one watched, on the palesemicircular beach, wave after wave shedding again and againsmoothly, a film of mother of pearl.
* **Chapter 6**
* Don't be tiresome," so that he knew instantly thather severity was real, and straightened his leg and she measuredit.
* " He sawher at the end of the line, Greek, blue-eyed, straight-nosed.
* And the result of it was, shesighed, taking in the whole room from floor to ceiling, as she heldthe stocking against James's leg, that things got shabbier and gotshabbier summer after summer.
* " Her father was dying there, Mrs Ramsay knew.
* You couldn't tell any more that those were roses onit.
* Scolding and demonstrating (how to make abed, how to open a window, with hands that shut and spread like aFrenchwoman's) all had folded itself quietly about her, when thegirl spoke, as, after a flight through the sunshine the wings of abird fold themselves quietly and the blue of its plumage changesfrom bright steel to soft purple.
* She had stood there silent forthere was nothing to be said.
* For always, hethought, there was something incongruous to be worked into theharmony of her face.
* **Chapter 7**
* She was quite ready to take his word for it, she said.
* Tansley had had to go inand write his dissertation, he said.
* "James will have to write HIS dissertation one of these days,"he added ironically, flicking his sprig.
* Hating his father, James brushed away the tickling spray withwhich in a manner peculiar to him, compound of severity and humour,he teased his youngest son's bare leg.
* His ownlittle light would shine, not very brightly, for a year or two, andwould then be merged in some bigger light, and that in a biggerstill.
* Yet he would not die lying down; he would findsome crag of rock, and there, his eyes fixed on the storm, tryingto the end to pierce the darkness, he would die standing.
* For if thought is like the keyboard of apiano, divided into so many notes, or like the alphabet is rangedin twenty-six letters all in order, then his splendid mind had nosort of difficulty in running over those letters one by one, firmlyand accurately, until it had reached, say, the letter Q.
* He stood stock-still, by the urn, with the geranium flowing overit.
* "Some one had blundered," he said again, striding off, up anddown the terrace.
* **Chapter 8**
* Standing betweenher knees, very stiff, James felt all her strength flaring up to bedrunk and quenched by the beak of brass, the arid scimitar of themale, which smote mercilessly, again and again, demandingsympathy.
* Bylooking fixedly at the page, he hoped to make him move on; bypointing his finger at a word, he hoped to recall his mother'sattention, which, he knew angrily, wavered instantly his fatherstopped.
* Nothing would make Mr Ramsay move on.
* A shadow was on the page; she looked up.
* So boasting of her capacity to surround andprotect, there was scarcely a shell of herself left for her to knowherself by; all was so lavished and spent; and James, as he stoodstiff between her knees, felt her rise in a rosy-flowered fruittree laid with leaves and dancing boughs into which the beak ofbrass, the arid scimitar of his father, the egotistical man,plunged and smote, demanding sympathy.
* Filled with her words, like a child who drops off satisfied, hesaid, at last, looking at her with humble gratitude, restored,renewed, that he would take a turn; he would watch the childrenplaying cricket.
* He was afailure, he said.
* Immediately, Mrs Ramsey seemed to fold herself together, onepetal closed in another, and the whole fabric fell in exhaustionupon itself, so that she had only strength enough to move herfinger, in exquisite abandonment to exhaustion, across the page ofGrimm's fairy story, while there throbbed through her, like a pulsein a spring which has expanded to its full width and now gentlyceases to beat, the rapture of successful creation.
* **Chapter 9**
* She bore about withher, she could not help knowing it, the torch of her beauty; shecarried it erect into any room that she entered; and after all,veil it as she might, and shrink from the monotony of bearing thatit imposed on her, her beauty was apparent.
* The children said he had stainedhis beard yellow with it.
* ) If you are exalted you mustsomehow come a cropper.
* To avoid it, he would findsome way of snubbing the predominance of the arts.
* But what more couldshe have done? There was a sunny room given up to him.
* Shall I get you stamps, paper,tobacco?" and she felt him wince.
* Imagine what a change from the things he thinks about,she said.
* It was true; hewas for the most part happy; he had his wife; he had his children;he had promised in six weeks' time to talk "some nonsense" to theyoung men of Cardiff about Locke, Hume, Berkeley, and the causes ofthe French Revolution.
* Do you want stamps, doyou want tobacco? Here's a book you might like and so on.
* **Chapter 10**
* The sky stuck to them; the birds sang throughthem.
* A light here required a shadow there.
* What she disliked was his narrowness, his blindness, shesaid, looking after him.
* But if they knew, could theytell one what they knew? Sitting on the floor with her arms roundMrs Ramsay's knees, close as she could get, smiling to think thatMrs Ramsay would never know the reason of that pressure, sheimagined how in the chambers of the mind and heart of the woman whowas, physically, touching her, were stood, like the treasures inthe tombs of kings, tablets bearing sacred inscriptions, which ifone could spell them out, would teach one everything, but theywould never be offered openly, never made public.
* Looking along the level of Mr Bankes'sglance at her, she thought that no woman could worship anotherwoman in the way he worshipped; they could only seek shelter underthe shade which Mr Bankes extended over them both.
* ) It was for that reason, he said, that theyoung don't read Carlyle.
* A crusty old grumbler who lost his temperif the porridge was cold, why should he preach to us? was what MrBankes understood that young people said nowadays.
* It was athousand pities if you thought, as he did, that Carlyle was one ofthe great teachers of mankind.
* It was Mrs Ramsay reading to James, she said.
* This man hadshared with her something profoundly intimate.
* **Chapter 11**
* About things like that she did feel passionately,and would, if she had the chance, have liked to take people by thescruff of their necks and make them see.
* Had they that?"Then he put on his trousers and ran away like a madman," sheread.
* "He wore a wig in the House ofCommons and she ably assisted him at the head of the stairs," sherepeated, fishing them up out of her mind by a phrase which, comingback from some party, she had made to amuse her husband.
* It should be made illegal.
* As for Rose, her mouth was too big, but she had a wonderful giftwith her hands.
* " And wherewere they now? Mrs Ramsay wondered, reading and thinking, quiteeasily, both at the same time; for the story of the Fisherman andhis Wife was like the bass gently accompanying a tune, which nowand then ran up unexpectedly into the melody.
* Turning, she looked acrossthe bay, and there, sure enough, coming regularly across the wavesfirst two quick strokes and then one long steady stroke, was thelight of the Lighthouse.
* **Chapter 12**
* He looked into the hedge, into its intricacy, itsdarkness.
* Always, Mrs Ramsay felt, one helped oneself out of solitudereluctantly by laying hold of some little odd or end, some sound,some sight.
* No happiness lasted; she knew that.
* She praised herselfin praising the light, without vanity, for she was stern, she wassearching, she was beautiful like that light.
* For he wished, she knew, to protect her.
* Not as oneself didone find rest ever, in her experience (she accomplished heresomething dexterous with her needles) but as a wedge of darkness.
* Although she continued to knit, and sat upright, it wasthus that she felt herself; and this self having shed itsattachments was free for the strangest adventures.
* But he could not speak to her.
* And toeverybody there was always this sense of unlimited resources, shesupposed; one after another, she, Lily, Augustus Carmichael, mustfeel, our apparitions, the things you know us by, are simplychildish.
* **Chapter 13**
* He had made a meal off bread andcheese in a public house.
* Had she known that he was looking at her, shethought, she would not have let herself sit there, thinking.
* Hesaw no trace of it, said Mr Ramsay.
* "Well, then, look tonight,"said Mrs Ramsay.
* "Well, it's all he has to count on," said Mr Ramsay.
* Her husband was so sensible, so just.
* But it was only just past seven.
* He wanted to go on thinking, telling himself the story howHume was stuck in a bog; he wanted to laugh.
* **Chapter 14**
* Butstill for a moment, though Mrs Ramsay greeted them with her usualsmile (oh, she's thinking we're going to get married, Lily thought)and said, "I have triumphed tonight," meaning that for once MrBankes had agreed to dine with them and not run off to his ownlodging where his man cooked vegetables properly; still, for onemoment, there was a sense of things having been blown apart, ofspace, of irresponsibility as the ball soared high, and theyfollowed it and lost it and saw the one star and the drapedbranches.
* He had seen the Rembrandts.
* But he did not want compliments(most men do, she thought), and she was a little ashamed of herimpulse and said nothing while he remarked that perhaps what he wassaying did not apply to pictures.
* Anyhow, said Lily, tossing offher little insincerity, she would always go on painting, because itinterested her.
* He had been to Rome.
* That is what Mrs Ramsay tried totell me the other night, she thought.
* For she was wearing a greenshawl, and they were standing close together watching Prue andJasper throwing catches.
* She had been to Dresden;there were masses of pictures she had not seen; however, LilyBriscoe reflected, perhaps it was better not to see pictures: theyonly made one hopelessly discontented with one's own work.
* Then, after an instant, the symbolical outline which transcendedthe real figures sank down again, and they became, as they metthem, Mr and Mrs Ramsay watching the children throwing catches.
* **Chapter 15**
* " The tide was comingin fast.
* She was crying forsomething else.
* They must have seen it, she said, with the tears runningdown her cheeks, the brooch which her grandmother had fastened hercap with till the last day of her life.
* It hadbeen far and away the worst moment of his life when he asked Mintato marry him.
* People were gettingready for dinner.
* Then she would letit go.
* Indeedthey were rather sharp with each other.
* They kept their heads very low, and said things shortly andgruffly.
* Paul Rayley searched like a madman all about the rockwhere they had been sitting.
* If the brooch was there, itwould still be there in the morning, they assured her, but Mintastill sobbed, all the way up to the top of the cliff.
* **Chapter 16**
* **Chapter 17**
* Whatwas the reason, Mrs Ramsay wondered, standing still to let herclasp the necklace she had chosen, divining, through her own past,some deep, some buried, some quite speechless feeling that one hadfor one's mother at Rose's age.
* They could not all be drowned.
* Anyhow they all went up again, and the airwas shoved aside by their black wings and cut into exquisitescimitar shapes.
* Choose me a shawl, she said, for that would please Rose, who wasbound to suffer so.
* But which was it to be? They had all the trays of her jewel-caseopen.
* When there are fifteenpeople sitting down to dinner, one cannot keep things waiting forever.
* But she let them take their time to choose: she let Rose,particularly, take up this and then that, and hold her jewelsagainst the black dress, for this little ceremony of choosingjewels, which was gone through every night, was what Rose likedbest, she knew.
* Everything depended upon things being served up to theprecise moment they were ready.
* **Chapter 18**
* For it wasextraordinary to think that they had been capable of going onliving all these years when she had not thought of them more thanonce all that time.
* It was something quite apart from everything else, something theywere hoarding up to laugh over in their own room.
* It partook, she felt, carefullyhelping Mr Bankes to a specially tender piece, of eternity; as shehad already felt about something different once before thatafternoon; there is a coherence in things, a stability; something,she meant, is immune from change, and shines out (she glanced atthe window with its ripple of reflected lights) in the face of theflowing, the fleeting, the spectral, like a ruby; so that againtonight she had the feeling she had had once today, already, ofpeace, of rest.
* She was saved fromthat dilution.
* She tucked her napkin under the edge of her plate.
* He saidsomething about punctuality being one of the minor virtues which wedo not acquire until later in life.
* Yes, it was pretty well true,he thought.
* **Chapter 19**
* " He was saying to her as he showed her thewatch, "I've done it, Mrs Ramsay.
* That is the thing itself, she felt,as if there were only one person like that in the world; hermother.
* Then one saw Mrs Ramsay in themidst of this hubbub standing there with Minta's arm in hers,bethink her, "Yes, it is time for that now," and so make off atonce with an air of secrecy to do something alone.
* And directly shewent a sort of disintegration set in; they wavered about, wentdifferent ways, Mr Bankes took Charles Tansley by the arm and wentoff to finish on the terrace the discussion they had begun atdinner about politics, thus giving a turn to the whole poise of theevening, making the weight fall in a different direction, as if,Lily thought, seeing them go, and hearing a word or two about thepolicy of the Labour Party, they had gone up on to the bridge ofthe ship and were taking their bearings; the change from poetry topolitics struck her like that; so Mr Bankes and Charles Mrs Ramsaygoing upstairs in the lamplight alone.
* Yes, that was donethen, accomplished; and as with all things done, became solemn.
* She had told Mildred to move it, but Mildred, ofcourse, had forgotten, and now there was Cam wide awake, and Jameswide awake quarreling when they ought to have been asleep hoursago.
* It flattered her, where she wasmost susceptible of flattery, to think how, wound about in theirhearts, however long they lived she would be woven; and this, andthis, and this, she thought, going upstairs, laughing, butaffectionately, at the sofa on the landing (her mother's); at therocking-chair (her father's); at the map of the Hebrides.
* But he wanted to ask her something more.
* Wouldthey go to the Lighthouse tomorrow?No, not tomorrow, she said, but soon, she promised him; the nextfine day.