

The Duchess and the Jeweller  
Short story by - Virginia Woolf

Virginia Woolf is critically acclaimed Mrs. Dalloway. Her short story, The Duchess and the Jeweller is the study about how everyone and everything is connected - the poor with the rich, the past with the present, the body with the soul, reason with emotion. She does not simply explain that these things are true, she shows it through the actions, dialogue and every existence of the characters so that the readers will never be presented with irrefutable evidence of her relative theory.

Virginia Woolf goes on to say how that Oliver Bacon has a physical characteristics who is linked with every essence of his ambition, a nose that is so long it quivers and the quivering reaches deep inside, keeping everything within him dissatisfied like a giant hog in a pasture rich with truffles that smells a bigger bigger truffle under the ground further off.

While she is waiting, the clock is ticking, and though time has warmed Bacon's hands, and created a tremulous history between he and the duchess, time also waits on him as both each tick clock handed him - so it seemed - patede tie grass a glass of champagne, another of time brandy, a cigar costing one guinea.....<sup>1</sup> so that time does not cost him money but earns his wealth for him.

This, of course, is where the reader thinks that Oliver Bacon, the self-made, the envy of Jeweller's worldwide son who has the daughter of a hundred Earls waiting on him while time itself is his servant, is nothing more than a servant himself. He is uncertain about the validity of the pearls and in the story she is trying to sell him, but it

Soon becomes more evident that it is a story indeed as he reaches for the bell to summon a servant to fetch his testing kit, but she stops him with a query, one that only she knows could stop a man of such untouchable stature.

Though his check is already written, the duchess is already out the door with nifty thousand pounds in her hands, though he borrows the softer "trottle", it is the last sentence in all of his rhythmic, poetic elegance that is the final stroke.

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