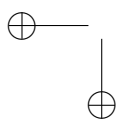
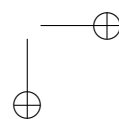
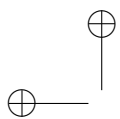
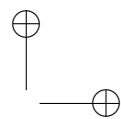
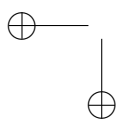
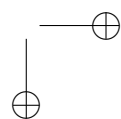
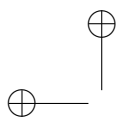
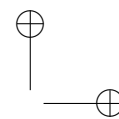


FURTHER EXTRACTS
FROM
THE NOTE-BOOKS OF
SAMUEL BUTLER



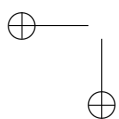
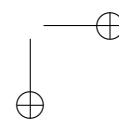


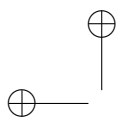
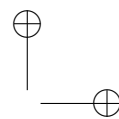


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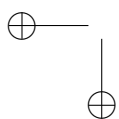
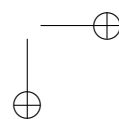
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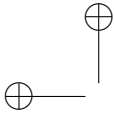
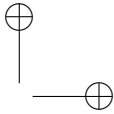
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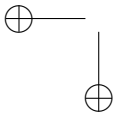
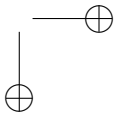
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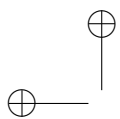
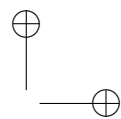
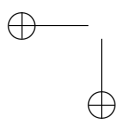
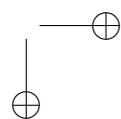


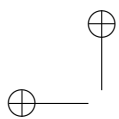
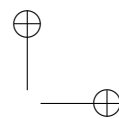


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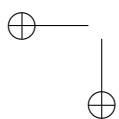
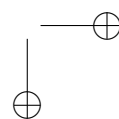


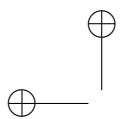
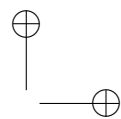
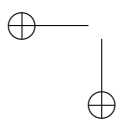
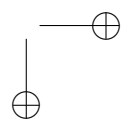


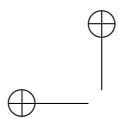
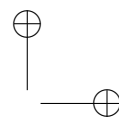
TO BRIAN AND GEORGE

*my part in this book
and my love*

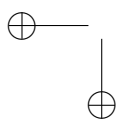
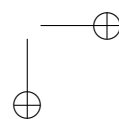
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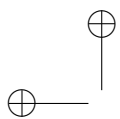
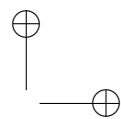
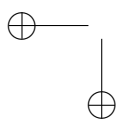
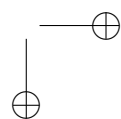


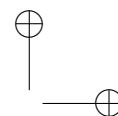




FURTHER EXTRACTS
FROM
THE NOTE-BOOKS OF
SAMUEL BUTLER







INTRODUCTION

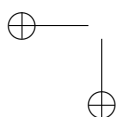
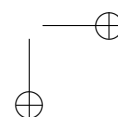
Early in life Samuel Butler acquired the habit of carrying a Note-Book and of writing down in it anything he wanted to remember; it might be something he heard someone say, more often it was something he said himself. Or perhaps it was the germ of a passage in whatever book he happened to be writing at the moment. The contents of these pocket Note-Books were subsequently copied into larger books – at first called C.P.B. (commonplace books).

The main series of Note-Books as they now exist may be said to date from 1874 (*see* Butler's preface to vol. I, p. 13 *post*). Thereafter they underwent constant revision, re-copying, and indexing. In March, 1891 there began a grand final revision of the notes written between 1874 and 1890. This revision occupied Butler till March, 1899 and was a first charge on his time at the British Museum each day. It was an arduous business, because notes belonging to 1891–1899 had to be duly edited and copied simultaneously with the revision of the earlier notes. The notes end in 1902.

As I am frequently asked what exactly the Note-Books are; what they look like; and to what length they extend, I take this opportunity of describing the nine manuscript volumes from which the printed selection of 1912 and the further selection now published, as well as the pieces published in *Butleriana* (Nonesuch Press, 1932), are drawn.

First, then, there is the main series of Note-Books called by Butler at the beginning of volume I, 'My Notes Rewritten.' This consists of 6 volumes measuring about $10\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ inches. These volumes are made up of hand-made paper of several weights and varying considerably in colour. The average number of leaves in a volume (except vol. VI) is 225. One side of the paper only is used. There is an elaborate index to each volume (except the last) in Butler's handwriting. There is a preface to each of the first four volumes; these prefaces are now printed in full for the first time.

The series begins in manuscript, goes through a phase of type-writing, and ends in manuscript – the writing being even more beautiful and legible in volume VI than it is in volume I. A facsimile is given opposite.

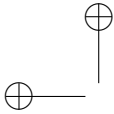
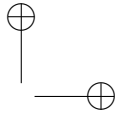


Jan 6. 1891 Think & money 33.

where there is just there is money either full-
-grown or inchoate; and, hence, money consideration
and we can no more get rid of the one than of the
other.

Life & Money

Life is like money it must be confronted by ear
feeling & instinct not by rule. but one had better
know the rules for they sometimes guide in doubtful
cases - though not often.



The first five volumes were bound by Butler in half black roan, with dark green pin-head cloth sides and shiny marbled end-papers – very characteristic of Butler's complete disregard of elegance in such matters. Volume VI has been bound to range with volumes I-V.

Each page is headed with the year, month, and often day of the month of composition and final revision. Copying ink is employed throughout and there are two pressed copies of the work – the first clear, the second in places almost illegible.

Vols. III and VI of the original MS. (A) and of the first pressed copy (B), which is practically identical with the original, contain additional matter which follows the main sequence of notes. This additional matter, which does not occur in the second pressed copy (C), I will now proceed to describe. Some pieces have already been printed, as indicated in parentheses.

Vol. III. Notes: April, 1887–January, 1890 (revised September, 1898–March, 1899), followed by

Autobiographical notes, 1835–1888. Dated Dec. 8th, 1896. (3 Leaves. *Butleriana*.)

Autobiographical notes written about 1883 at request of H. J. Nicolls, Esq. (6 leaves. *Butleriana*.)

Memoranda from old account books preserved to refresh my own memory only. Copied from an older MS., Saturday, Dec. 2nd, 1899. (49 leaves.)

Jones and myself. Dated April and August, 1884 and January 15th, 1900. (10 leaves. *Butleriana*.)

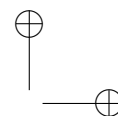
On borrowing in music. January, 1890. Revised March, 1899. (5 leaves. *Notebooks*.)

Genius. Written about 1885? Revised November, 1899. (4 leaves. *Notebooks*.)

Visit to Greece and the Troad, 1895. Written from notes and photograph book. February, 1896. Dated at end March 26th, 1896. (32 leaves.)

Charles Paine Pauli and S. Butler. Dated, Rome, May 20th, 1898. Begun about April 14. (39 leaves. *Butleriana*.)

Vol. VI. Notes: March, 1900–March, 1902. The last page of notes is dated 'Thursday, March 20th, 1902.' Butler went abroad for the last time on March 28th, was brought back to London



in May, and died June 18th, 1902. The notes are followed by certain pieces which were bound up with them by Festing Jones in 1924. Of these the most important are:

Bossiana (10 leaves. *Butleriana*.)

A collection of stories and *jeux d'esprit* (not by Butler – 5 leaves.)

Pressed copy of notes for *Life and Habit*, dated 1876 (19 leaves.) These are interesting as being probably the sole remnant of Butler's commonplace book (C.P.B.) to which reference has already been made. They occur only in MS. (A).

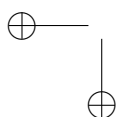
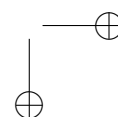
In addition to the six volumes which constitute the main series of Note-Books there are three subsidiary volumes. These volumes were bound up about 1924 from loose sheets and scraps found among Butler's papers. Had he lived, some of the contents would have been revised, edited, and copied into the 'main series or used up in projected books.' These three volumes contain many leaves from Butler's pocket Note-Books pasted down on larger sheets. These leaves measure about 2×2 inches, are mostly written in pencil, and show signs of having been written out of doors, in trains, and in failing light.

ITALIAN AND SICILIAN NOTES AND EXTRACTS, 1887–1896

A volume of 160 leaves nearly all in Butler's handwriting and for the most part written on one side of the paper only, measuring $10\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, as bound.

This volume contains much matter intended for use in a new Italian travel book. The additions printed in the new edition of *Alps and Sanctuaries* (1913) were taken by Festing Jones from this volume.

There is also a fairly continuous series of notes made on Italian and Sicilian outings between 1890 and 1894 and in 1896. Some of these contain the germs of much that was afterwards printed in *The Authoress of the Odyssey* (1897). Similar notes for 1895, but dealing with Greece, are bound up in vol. III of the main Note-Books (see *ante* p. 5).



GENERAL AND ITALIAN NOTES AND EXTRACTS, 1882–1889

A volume of 111 leaves mostly of blue paper measuring $8\frac{3}{4} \times 7$ inches, as bound.

The first half of the book is occupied with general notes and extracts and the second half with Italian notes and extracts. All the notes are in Butler's handwriting and in a few cases the notes cover both sides of the paper. The extracts are chiefly from Italian newspapers.

'LIFE AND HABIT, VOLUME II,' ABOUT 1885

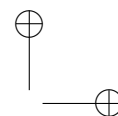
177 leaves blue paper, some not filled.

The great part of this manuscript, which is entirely in Butler's handwriting, has been printed in the Shrewsbury Edition of his *Works*, vol. XVIII, pp. 101–183, with an introduction by Festing Jones. As the title given to it by Butler suggests, it consists of material intended to form part of a sequel to *Life and Habit* (1878). There are four essays, elaborately indexed, followed by a collection of notes.

Many of the notes in this volume are in a highly condensed form with numerical references to C.P.B. and many of them, as might be expected, turn up again in an amplified form in the main series of Note-Books, having been transferred thence from C.P.B.

In 1912 appeared a volume entitled *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler. Selections Arranged and Edited by Henry Festing Jones* (London: A. C. Fifield). The arrangement is roughly by subject, and the selected notes are distributed under 24 headings. There is one miscellaneous group – 'Higgledy-Piggledy.' Some early pieces by Butler not actually included in the Note-Books are added; and at the end of the volume there is a group of poems.

In the last few years of his life (he died in 1928), Festing Jones and I frequently discussed two projects connected with the Note-Books. The first was for a pocket selection from his volume of 1912. (This I made and published in the Travellers' Library in 1930.) The second was for the publication of a further selection from the large mass of unpublished material in the main series of the Note-Books and the subsidiary volumes already referred to.



Festing Jones was in favour of both these projects but we came to no final conclusions except that the new selection, whatever form it took, should not take the form of an enlargement of the 1912 volume, each new note being posted to the section to which it might be thought most properly to belong.

After going over the whole available material several times I decided that the new selection of notes should be printed in chronological order of composition and that the volume should be provided with an unusually full index.*

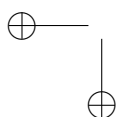
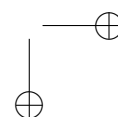
I came to the conclusion that a *mélange* of notes on a vast variety of subjects had great charm, and I was confirmed in this opinion by others who read parts of the manuscript and expressed themselves enthusiastically on the side of non-classification. I discovered, too, that many devotees of the 1912 volume found the single unclassified section, 'Higgledy-Piggledy,' the one to which they most frequently returned.

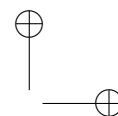
The present selection contains, so far as I am aware, no notes which were included in the selection of 1912. I have, however, included in the book a number of notes which, so far, have only been printed in the *Memoir* of Butler. These were deliberately excluded by Festing Jones from the first selection because they were specially of biographical interest and were wanted for the *Memoir* which did not appear until 1919. The *Memoir* is a large book which even the most enthusiastic Butlerian cannot have always at his elbow, and I was anxious to make as accessible as possible the best of the notes printed in it.

Finally, I have included in my selection some short passages from several of Butler's published works for which I have a peculiar affection.

I am fully aware that in turning over the pages the reader will be struck (and perhaps irritated) by the repetition of the same idea in a slightly varying form. I do not mind this. It is, I think, very interesting to observe how certain main ideas dominated Butler through the whole course of his life, and wove themselves into all the extremely diverse interests which occupied him at one time or another. This is brought out very clearly by a chronological arrangement.

*NOT INCLUDED IN THE IWP EDITION.





In the manuscript sources already cited there still remains unprinted a large quantity of material, but I do not think that any further selection should be attempted. Much of what remains unprinted consists of passages transcribed by Butler from well-known authors (*e.g.* Diderot, Helvétius); actual duplicates of notes already printed in one or other of the two printed selections; memoranda of no importance whatever; and further and very lengthy developments of subjects (*e.g.* his quarrel with Darwin and other evolutionists) as to which the public has already ample evidence on which to form its own opinion, should it wish to do so.

To two friends I am deeply indebted for help of various kinds. Brian Hill read the entire typescript of my provisional selection of notes, much of it more than once, and gave me invaluable advice as to inclusion or rejection. His enthusiastic support and encouragement at every stage of the book's evolution has helped me more than I can say. G. W. Webb of the University Library, Cambridge, who has helped me in many previous Butler enterprises, has made the Index, besides giving me much other help, without which this book could not have appeared. As I did not make the Index myself, I can say that I think it is quite first-rate and in the best Butler tradition.

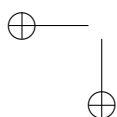
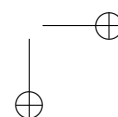
A. T. BARTHOLOMEW

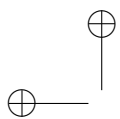
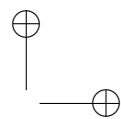
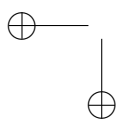
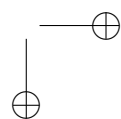
9, MILLINGTON ROAD
CAMBRIDGE
July, 1932

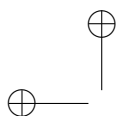
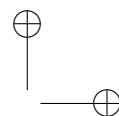
Shortly after he had written the above Introduction, Bartholomew was compelled to lay aside his work owing to the illness which resulted in his untimely death in the spring of this year. The volume was so far completed that we have had nothing to do but to see it through the press in accordance with Bartholomew's directions. Although he will never see it, the book is his, and is a fitting memorial to his careful and devoted work on Butler.

GEOFFREY KEYNES
BRIAN HILL

June, 1933



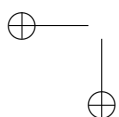
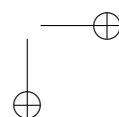


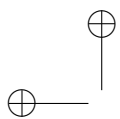
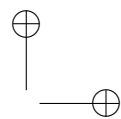
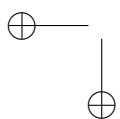
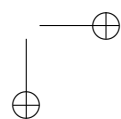


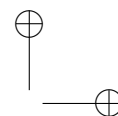
VOLUME I
1874–1883

REVISED
1891–1897

These are the sayings of me Samuel Butler and of my friends – the prophecyings which my mother did not teach me at all, nor my father, nor any of my uncles and aunts, but altogether otherwise.







PREFACE

Copied (from a note dated September, 1884) April 4th, 1891.

The following collection of notes was started at Montreal in the autumn of 1874. I got a copying book then and began pressing my notes into it. These are now for the most part either used or destroyed.

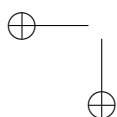
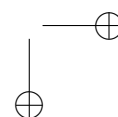
I found the notes no use to me for want of an index; I had continually to look through my collection to see whether I had got such a note already, or to find one that I wanted, and, as I did not write much at Montreal, I let the thing drop.

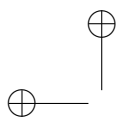
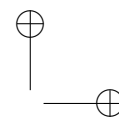
When I came back at the end of 1875, I had this book with some 30 or 40 pages in it, and used it to press copies of the notes I had taken for *Life and Habit*, which, however, I did not greatly use. I left considerable space between the last of my ordinary notes and the first page of the notes for *Life and Habit*, thinking that these would do for all the notes I was likely to take, and intending to press more *Life and Habit* MS. as the work went on. This, however, I did not do.

By and by I found I wanted a system of notes and the means of finding them, so I started an approximate index. On this I resumed the Montreal book, filled the blank leaves up to the *Life and Habit* notes and then went on to post them. This is how the handwriting of the notes comes to be so different on either side the *Life and Habit* notes.

Since then I have weeded out and used many of the older notes and am now (September, 1884) about to weed them out again, so that very likely none will remain in the same small, closely-written handwriting as the *Life and Habit* notes – but I leave these last untouched because I have referred to them in one of the opening chapters of *Unconscious Memory*.

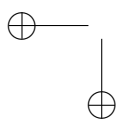
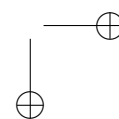
Now (April 4th, 1891) having already begun to go through the collection again, I should like to say that as it grew larger I found the approximate index no use, and kept each letter in one or more envelopes that contained the slips, till a volume was full. I placed





these slips in due order whenever I indexed, and the envelopes prevented their getting out of order, so that the index was true while the volume was still growing.

I greatly question the use of making the notes at all. I find I next to never refer to them or use them. Nevertheless I suppose they help to clear one's mind, and I have got into a groove of making them. I am aware that there are many of which I ought to be ashamed on a great variety of grounds, but as they came, so, as a general rule, I leave them – good, bad and indifferent.





MAKING A BEAST OF ONESELF

Paton said that total abstainers at any rate did not make beasts of themselves. I said that a man makes more of a beast of himself by not exceeding than by exceeding.

CHRISTIANITY

has been to the world on a larger and more disastrous scale what Puritanism has been to the English nation. And yet it may be questioned whether Puritanism did not save the English nation at a very critical time.

NATURAL RELIGION

Whatever religion is not natural is unnatural. And yet whatever is natural is natural.

OLD MEN'S DREAMS OF BOYHOOD

I once heard two elderly men comparing notes about the way in which they still sometimes dreamed they were being bullied by their schoolmasters, and that their fathers had come to life again.

A MAN'S EXPRESSION

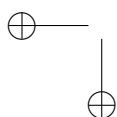
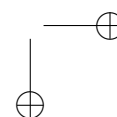
is his sacrament; it is the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace – or want of grace.

ELDER SONS IN 'EREWHON'

These think they have a right to larger inheritance than the younger children as having had the energy to pester their fathers and mothers sooner than those who came after.

RELATIONS

I could stand my relations well enough if they would only let me alone. It is my relations with my relations that I sometimes find embarrassing.





A LAWYER

is an artist whose art is conversant about clearness of expression.

IN ART

Whatever has been once transcendent remains so, however much it be transcended later. All that is not transcendent dies and disappears – *exceptis excipiendis*.

CANADIAN JOKES

When I was there I found their jokes like their roads – very long and not very good, leading to a little tin point of a spire which has been remorselessly obvious for miles without seeming to get any nearer.

WILLIAM THOMPSON,

the Maori chief (about 1863) on being told that General Cameron was coming against him with big guns, said ‘my big guns are night and storm.’

FAMILIAR MISQUOTATION

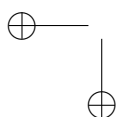
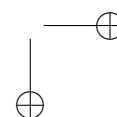
‘There is more truth in honest lies,
Believe me, than in half the truths.’

CONSERVATORIES

One of the main objects of a conservatory is to make believe that there is no such thing as death and decay. – The man who attends to it should never be seen at work there. But he may be seen at work in the kitchen garden.

SAY OF SOME VERY RESPECTABLE WORK ON MORALITY – THE BIBLE FOR EXAMPLE

We shall have these crude and subversionary books from time to time, until it is recognized as an axiom of morality that luck is the only fit object of human veneration. How, and how far, a man has





a right to be lucky, and hence venerable, at the expense of other people, is a point that has always been settled and always must be settled by a kind of higgling and haggling of the market.

A STARVED EXISTENCE

The young man was leading a starved existence; therefore he was sinning and Nature hated him. His parents were not leading a starved existence, so she did not come down on them. Why should she?

MAN

as far as his body is concerned, is only a piece of damp parchment with some holes in it, drawn over some bones and flesh. Curiously enough it is about the holes that the interest mainly centres – for eyes, ears, mouth and nose must all be taken as holes, only that the eyes are glazed.

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION

There are savages who have not yet come to believe in death. There are very able people who have not yet left off believing in the resurrection from the dead. Others again have got beyond believing in either death or resurrection.

EREWHONIAN DOCTRINE – RIGHT AND WRONG

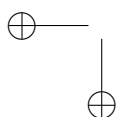
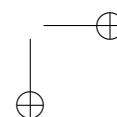
This is recognized when we say of a sick person that there is something wrong with him. All is wrong that is not normal – either very wrong or so right as to be wrong.

RIGHT AND WRONG

It is wrong to be too right. To be too good is as bad – or nearly so – as to be too wicked.

PAULI ON THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

Two men disputing what this meant referred to Pauli. He replied that he had always understood it to mean promiscuous intercourse.





PAULI

was having an argument with a man whom he could not shut up and who shewed himself an ass generally. He says he said, 'I wish I knew you well enough to tell you you are a bloody fool.'

MONEY AND CULTURE

People oppose money to culture, and imply that if a man has spent his time in making money he will not be cultivated. Fallacy of fallacies! As though there could be a greater aid to culture than the having earned an honourable independence, and as though any amount of culture will do much for the man who is penniless, except make him feel his position more deeply. The young man who was told to sell all his goods and give to the poor, must have been an entirely exceptional person if the advice was given wisely, either for him or for the poor. How much more often does it happen that we perceive a man to have all sorts of good qualities except money, and feel that his real duty lies in getting every halfpenny that he can persuade others to pay him for his services, and becoming rich. It has been said that the love of money is the root of all evil. The want of money is so quite as truly.

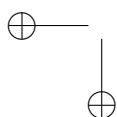
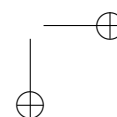
SHAKESPEAREAN FRAGMENTS

'I say tis here, bring thy putty hither.'
'Nay, but if it be not *here*, I will eat both thee and thy putty.'

Copied about 1858 or 1859 from a newspaper account of a gas-explosion at Sheffield, and the inquest that ensued. I forget whether there was more or not, but I noted and copied the fragment just given.

PAULI SAID ONCE

that people ought to be allowed to leave their cards at church instead of going inside. I have half a mind to try this next time I go to Switzerland.





SUBJECT

A youth who has sixpences and threepenny bits saved for him, till, after some 20 years, they have mounted up to £25. He spends it all, and twice as much more, in getting out of some abominable scrape, into which he never would have got but for the parsimony of his friends, and their little saving ways.

HEALTH BEFORE HONESTY

It is not the interest of honesty or talent or virtue, but that of health and happiness that should take the highest place. Honesty is made for happiness, not happiness for honesty.

THEY REFUSE A MAN'S EVIDENCE

here at Montreal if he does not believe in God and in a future state. Perhaps a day will come when they will refuse it if he believes in either the one or the other.

HOGARTH'S 'IDLE AND VIRTUOUS APPRENTICE'

is an immoral work for it represents virtue and its consequences in a light nearly as odious as vice. Those are best who are neither virtuous nor idle.

FAITH

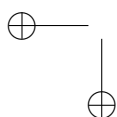
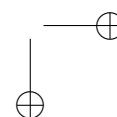
What is faith but a kind of betting or speculation after all? It should be, 'I bet that my Redeemer liveth.'

LIKENESS IN UNLIKENESS AND VICE VERSA

So leaves are like one another yet no two are alike. So are the small actions of kittens and puppies.

PAIN AND PLEASURE

are infectious. It depresses us to be much with those who have suffered long and are still suffering; it refreshes us to be with those





who have suffered little and are enjoying themselves. But it is good for us to be depressed now and then.

GOOD SENSE

and right feeling are one and the same thing.

MAN

is conversant about superficialities. It is his duty to be superficial, and in this respect he generally does his duty.

JUSTICE

is my being allowed to do whatever I like. Injustice is whatever prevents my doing so.

COMMUNICATION OF ALL KINDS

is like painting – a compromise with impossibilities.

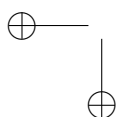
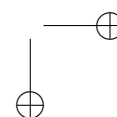
TOKAY AND CREAM

See *Times* advertisement, September 13th, 1877.

‘Dr. Druitt reports, on the Tokay, “A short time since I was attending a gentleman nearly 80, who was dying of senile decay, and atrophy of the heart. . . . At last I suggested some Tokay. . . . In this case I also ordered a mixture of Tokay and cream. Such things may sometimes soothe a dying bed and enable an old man to forget the peevishness of suffering, and to bless his family tranquilly before he falls into his last sleep.” I should think Tokay and cream would be as likely to make one bless one’s family as most things.’

ST. PAUL AND PUBLIC OPINION

He places the current feeling of one’s peers in close contact with whatsoever things are holy. ‘Whatsoever things are holy,’ he says; ‘whatsoever things are of good report.’ (At least I think he does.)





EXPRESSION

I have seen thoughts and fancies playing upon people's faces like the wind upon young heather.

AN AMERICAN LADY

at Grindelwald some years ago told me that they had 'laid the service on regular at twelve every Saturday.'

'OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN'

There were two brothers who had quarrelled, and who had an old father, who had quarrelled with both. One of them was heard by me to say that the only thing he now had in common with his brother was a wish to be able to repeat the first sentence of the Lord's Prayer with literal accuracy.

SUNDAY

The great and terrible day of the Lord.

MISS SAVAGE

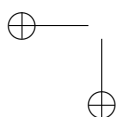
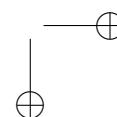
Writing to me, she said the older she grew the more she hated society except that of the few she really liked. 'Alas!' she added, 'Time was when if even two or three were gathered together, no matter who, I longed to be in the midst of them.'

THE RESURRECTION

When I die at any rate I shall do so in the full and certain hope that there will be no resurrection, but that death will give me quittance in full.

FRUIT

Fruit hardly counts; a country can only deserve credit for food that it has known how to make nice by art. Fruit is no test of a country's aptitude for cooking.





AN HONEST GOD

An honest God's the noblest work of man.

PAST SELVES

It is one against legion when a man tries to differ from his own past selves. He must yield or die if he wants to differ widely, so as to lack natural instincts, such as hunger or thirst, and not to gratify them. It is more righteous in a man that he should eat strange food, and that his cheek should so much as lank not, than that he should starve if the strange food be at his command. His past selves are living in him at this moment with the accumulated life of centuries. 'Do this, this, this, which we, too, have done and found our profit in,' cry the souls of his forefathers within him. Faint are the far ones, coming and going as the sound of bells wafted to a high mountain; loud and clear are the near ones, urgent as an alarm of fire.

OUR GUIDES

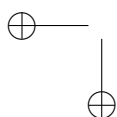
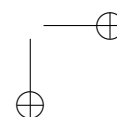
Who are these now? The clergy? Hardly. Men of science? Still less. The ordinary 'good fellow,' in the best of the more common interpretations of the words, he is the only one worth considering.

CHRIST AND THE CHURCH

If he were to apply for a divorce on the grounds of cruelty, adultery and desertion, he would probably get one.

THE SEXUAL QUESTION

As regards the greater freedom which those who think as I do would allow the young of both sexes, with such precautions as the faculty may approve, we are met with pictures of the universal debauchery that would follow. This might perhaps have been true once, but the world is grown older and can be better trusted.





CATO AND THE YOUNG MAN

Cato saw a young man coming out of a house of ill fame and said ‘Macte virtute esto,’ in approval. Next day he saw the same young man coming from the same house, but he said nothing. The third day he saw him again and pulling him by the sleeve said, ‘Young man, when I said “Macte virtute” to you two days ago, I did not know you lived in that house.’

A LAWYER’S DREAM OF HEAVEN

Every man reclaimed his own property at the resurrection, and each tried to recover it from all his forefathers.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

Yes! but how about the resurrection of the money? Shall the dead losses rise too?

WORDS GET LICHEN-GROWN AND

crumble like stones in an old wall, but it does not do to build a new wall with old stones to make it look like an old one. Let the new work age if it will and gather picturesqueness in its own good time.

THE GREATEST HAPPINESS OF THE GREATEST NUMBER

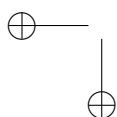
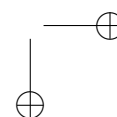
This would require the immediate suppression of all the Greek and Latin classics. There can be little doubt that these, unless in good translations (Greek and Latin being taught as absurdly as they are), cause far more pain than pleasure.

SUBJECT

The common good fellow as the unconscious cerebration, the conscience and verifying faculty of the race.

‘GOD IS LOVE’

I like ‘Love is God’ better.





HE THAT IS STUPID IN LITTLE

will be stupid also in much. And so with spite and everything else.

ARGUMENT

goes for very little with most people – assertion carries more weight generally.

CANADIAN RESTAURANTS

When the Canadians have a decent restaurant, they will be nicer people, and when they are nicer people they will have a decent restaurant.

ITALIAN MEDIAEVAL ROMANISM

mellowed with age. It is hard to think that modern Montreal Romanism or modern English dissent can ever become picturesque – but I suppose they will, for the Puritan has already become so.

I'M A PUBLICAN

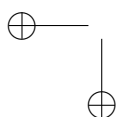
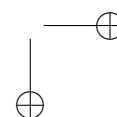
An old country clergyman declaiming against modern scepticism declared that morality was all very well, but that it was not enough to keep men fairly straight. 'Morality,' he exclaimed, 'may do for some people – it may do for Pharisees, but I'm not a Pharisee. I'm a Publican, thank God!'

HORSE AND POTATO PARING

A horse harnessed in a cart straining after a potato paring a little beyond his reach upon the pavement, and his lips quivering towards it. Is this a piece of animal magnetism on the part of the potato – the potato attracting horses as a magnet does needles? Or is it chemical affinity? or is it proselytizing instinct on the part of the horse? or how?

CONTACT BETWEEN THE WORLDS

There is some contact between us and any star that we can see. We are half in a place when we can see it.





AMERICAN DISHONESTY

Refer it to their Puritan ancestry.

THE LETTER OF STRICT INACCURACY

I was explaining to Jones that some eggs I was going to let him have were perhaps not quite so fresh as he thought. I said, 'I don't often tell the truth, but there are times in every man's life when he departs from the letter of strict inaccuracy.'

BEETROOT AND MODESTY

The beetroot is a better emblem of modesty than the rose. The colour is as fine; it conceals itself from the view more completely; moreover it is good to eat, and will make excellent sugar.

EVAPORATION

is an unseen heavenward waterfall.

MYSELF AND 'THE FAIR HAVEN'

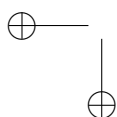
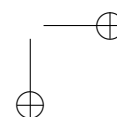
What did I do in this book other than what the Church does? She attacks reasonable conclusions under the guise of defending them, with a view to imposing on those who have not wit enough to find out.

THE NATURE OF THINGS IN THEMSELVES

A thing 'is' whatever it gives us least trouble to think it is. There is no other 'is' than this.

REPUTATIONS FOR ABILITY

I would rather lose twenty, than be at pains to keep one of them. Reputation is like a man's soul, which he may find in losing, or lose in finding. It is like money, more easily made than kept.





CLASSICAL CLUB

There should be a Classical Club to translate the classics as the bishops in King James's time revised the Bible, and as the New Testament revisers have done.

A MAN IS SHORN OF HIS STRENGTH

if he belongs to one set or to one woman.

LIFE AND VIVISECTION

The life of some people seems rather a vivisection than a life.

BODY AND CLOTHES

Instead of saying that such and such conduct will ruin a man body and soul, say it will ruin him body and clothes.

THE GREATEST HAPPINESS OF THE GREATEST NUMBER

will be best promoted by increasing the prosperity of those who are now best and comeliest.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

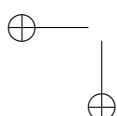
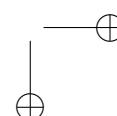
is the being like a good dog.

ART NOTE

A painter should find out what is the most important hundredth part of what he sees. If he can settle this justly he has painted his picture, to all intents and purposes.

ART NOTE

There are three provinces of art. The what is; the what we should like to fancy as having been in the past; and the what we like to fancy as pure imagination. There should be no strict what was, or has been; this belongs to the antiquary and archaeologist, not to the artist.





ILLUSIONS

We often hear it said that the world owes more to its illusions than to its realities. But are not its realities based on, and do not they grow out of its illusions? If so, a reality is only an illusion so strong and so universal that no one can resist it.

NOTHING GOOD OR ILL, ETC.

Not only is nothing good or ill but thinking makes it so, but nothing is at all, except in so far as thinking has made it so.

WALKING UPRIGHT

Walking upright was perhaps once as difficult as the feats of Blondin and Leotard appear to ourselves. Perhaps it was thought wicked, perhaps it was only an imitation of a deformity, in flattery of some semisimian chief who had lost his arms, and could neither climb trees nor go on all fours. Perhaps it was developed by some vice, or perhaps it began as a mere piece of affectation. Anyhow until we take to flying we shall probably continue to walk as uprightly as we can if only to a cab or train.

A NEW PROFESSION

Portrait painting in words which people should pay for as they pay for their pictures.

ALL MEN EQUAL BEFORE GOD

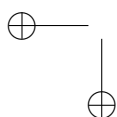
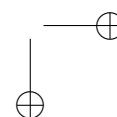
Men are no more all equal before God than they are so before man. The sole element of truth in the contention lies in the fact that our bodies, not to say our minds, are built all upon one general plan.

‘BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM’

This depends on what sort of a judge of fruits you may happen to be; or ‘Yes, if you are a judge of fruits.’

THE ONE SERIOUS CONVICTION

that a man should have is that nothing is to be taken too seriously.





GEORGE MCCULLOCH

He told me once that in drawing he made a great many lines and saved the best of them.

GOD AS A MORAL RULER

The invention of God as a moral ruler was like the invention of him as a material creator – to save trouble to a dominant party; and no doubt for a long time it did save them a good deal of trouble.

MONEY

If a man is to die rich, he must go through the embryonic stages with his money as much as with his limbs.

OPINIONS

No man's opinions can be worth holding unless he knows how to deny them easily and gracefully, upon occasion, in the cause of Charity.

ULTIMATE TRIUMPH OF GOOD

When we say we believe in this, we mean that we are cocksure of our own opinions.

FASTS AND FEASTS

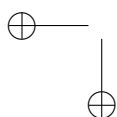
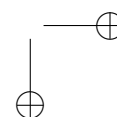
The Roman Catholic theory in this respect is based unconsciously on the practice of semi-civilized nations as forced upon them by seasons during which people could get very little to eat.

THE FATHER OF GEOLOGY

was he who seeing fossil shells on a mountain conceived the theory of the deluge.

GOD

as now generally conceived of is only the last witch.





GOD

Resist God and he will fly from you.

NATIONAL DEBTS

He only pays money who feels he pays it. National debts, then, are practically paid off as soon as the generation which is first taxed for the interest is either dead or has become accustomed to the burden. Still a nation should keep on paying its debt, for a time may come when a sudden effort is needed, and then the repayment of the debt may for a time cease, so that the pressure may be less felt.

ART NOTE

When in doubt do as nearly nothing as you can.

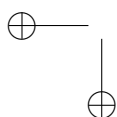
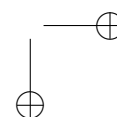
‘WE ARE HIS PEOPLE AND THE SHEEP OF HIS PASTURE’

We profess to accept with thankfulness the position of being God’s sheep, yet few lambs are allowed to become full grown and it is not intended that any should die a natural death. A sheep’s *raison d’être* is to be fleeced as often as possible, and then to have its throat cut.

Uriah the Hittite, if his own life had been spared, would no doubt have sat down to the little ewe lamb which he carried so tenderly in his bosom, and dined off it with much satisfaction; and when, again, we see pictures of our Saviour with sheep behind him, and a lamb in his bosom, we should remember that the matter will not end here. If a shepherd caressing a lamb is a fair statement of the case, a cat playing with a mouse should be hardly less so. We may be asked to bless the grass, the sunshine, and our fellow sheep, but can we reasonably be expected to bless the butcher? Is it not time to drop that metaphor?

OUT-CHRISTING CHRIST

comes to much the same as out-Heroding Herod.





MONEY AT THE LAST

If a man has as much money at the last as will enable him to die in comfort, he has as much peace at the last as he can reasonably expect.

MORALITY

Unless morality brings a man peace at the last, it is an imposture. Peace at the last is the *raison d'être* of morality. I have known very moral old men living with wives whom they have long ceased to love (if indeed they ever loved them), fathers of sons whom they hate for having either distanced or disgraced them, and of ugly, disagreeable daughters whom they loathe in secret, but from whom there is no escape.

Is it moral for a man to have brought this upon himself? Is it moral for a man to have an old wife and ugly daughters at all? If this is moral, what is immorality? Someone should do for morals what Bacon is supposed to have done for science.

THE SELFISHNESS OF WOMEN

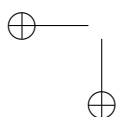
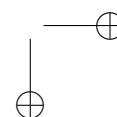
They say it is so selfish of men not to marry: perhaps it is; but is it not selfish of women to insist on men marrying them?

'CHEAPER TO BUY THE MILK'

Gossiping with an old man-of-war's man who had been discharged after twenty years of service, and who was travelling' in the same carriage with me down to Bangor I said chaffingly to him, 'And I suppose now you will get married.' 'No,' he replied, with an air of great sagacity, 'it is cheaper to buy the milk than to keep a cow.' Later on he told me he should find out his father's grave and that he should put a tombstone over his bloody old head.

HOLLANDS

reminds me always of the sound of the hautbois, perhaps because of its husky flavour, and because it begins with an h.





EUCLID

My cousin said there was one touch of nature in him that always comforted him. It consisted in the words ‘which is absurd.’

TRUTH

on any subject is the opinion which either has, or may come to have the whip-hand.

ELISHA AND THE BEARS

One can understand why Elisha should have had a bear or two always, so to speak, on draught, and also that he should wish them to be fat. It will be remembered he was very bald.

A LITTLE MORE OR A LITTLE LESS

We like those who know much about the same as we do, or much more, or much less; but we do not like them to know a little more or a little less. Jones says the same holds good with money.

MY UNCLE PHILIP’S CONSCIENCE

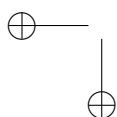
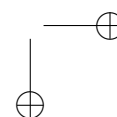
He became a partner in Whitbread’s brewery, but on conscientious grounds refused a partnership in a distillery. He drew the line at gin. What odd lines conscience does sometimes draw, to be sure!

MARRIAGE AND HEAVEN

Marriage is distinctly and repeatedly excluded from heaven. Is this because it is thought likely to mar the general felicity?

BIRDS’ EGGS

Why do birds colour their eggs so beautifully for so short a time, and when it is not intended that they shall be seen by any but the parents? The sentimental turtle and the prosaic hen are alike satisfied to sit on a plain egg, without going to the trouble and expense of colouring it. Why can a hedge sparrow find no peace





in anything short of turquoise? We are tempted to exclaim, 'To what purpose is this waste?'

TRUTH

I do not seek Truth for her sake: let her look to herself. I seek her for my own. It is true, I believe I like her, but I do so mainly because I know I can trust her – better, at any rate, than I can anyone else. If I did not think this I would have nothing to do with her.

EXAMPLE

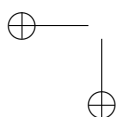
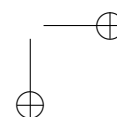
is not only the best way of propagating an opinion but it is the only way worth taking into account.

WOMAN AND HER POSITION

The case of a woman now stands thus. Every one of her ancestors for millions and millions of generations has been endowed with sexual instinct, and has effectually gratified it. For a longer time than our imagination can realize there has been no link broken, and hence no exception. The instinct has been approved, confirmed, and made stronger in each successive generation. Surely she in whom it has been thus sanctioned may claim the right to gratify it, should occasion serve.

'No,' says Society to the unmarried woman very sternly; 'break the link, in your own person; stem the current of that passion to which both we and you owe our very being; run counter to the course of things that has led up to you; be indifferent to that which has ranked next to life itself in the heart of every mother from whom you are descended. If you even attempt this more than Herculean task seriously, we will not honour you, but will laugh at you for an old maid; if, on the other hand, you are disobedient, we will chase you out into the streets and call you infamous.'

And then we are surprised that women are not at all times exactly what we could wish.





THE LEVELLING OF THE BIBLE

All men being equal before God, etc. This is an unconscious recognition of the vastness of our common universal history as compared with that of our more recent human civilization.

ART NOTE

To impress a form on one's mind when one has nothing to draw with, trace an outline on the palm of the left hand with the right forefinger.

INSTINCT AND ORGAN

are departments or details of mind and matter, and are functions one of another – that is to say, there can be no variation in the one without corresponding variation in the other, as mind and matter generally are functions one of another.

COAXING GOD

When we pray that God will be pleased to do with us according to his will, we are trying to coax him into having his own way.

THE GODS

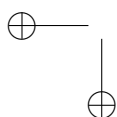
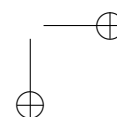
are those who either have money, or do not want it.

PAUL'S WILD BEASTS AT EPHESUS

They cannot have been very wild wild beasts. I do not believe he would have held his own against anything more alarming than a field mouse or a cock canary. He must have meant human wild beasts.

MAN IS A PARASITE

on the lower animals and on vegetables as much as the mistletoe is upon the oak. And the lower animals are the same. We live on one another's credit, and we do not know what it is all based on.





QUARRELLING WITH ONE'S FATHER

A man begins to do this about nine months before he is born. He then begins worrying his father to let him have a separate establishment, till the father finds him a nuisance and lets him have his own way.

ART NOTES

The mind accepts inconsistencies and inaccuracies in a picture as it accepts dreams – gratefully, if they are peaceful or amusing.

When we go to pictures, we go for the most part to be taken both into common life and out of it.

Wise execution in painting is a mode of wit, and consists mainly in truth and beauty.

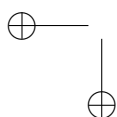
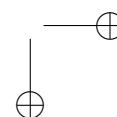
Truth in painting only means the nearest approach to truth that can be got with the most economical use of the resources at command.

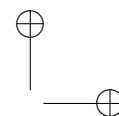
ANIMALS AND VEGETABLES

are all more or less specialists, and only modify their species in virtue of having modified their special subjects of interest and study. Organized form is the expression of organized opinion, and the one will vary, as the other.

DEATH AND CHANGE OF OUR OPINIONS

We retain our identity for two or three days after death quite as obviously as during the rapid changes that take place in our early embryonic development. All the essentials of individuality continue for a time (and hence to some extent also for all time), as much after death as before it. The 'we' is changed as it has been changed many a time already, but it is not extinguished, except in so far as all change is an extinguishing. Death is indeed a great change in our opinions; when we are dead we shall no longer care for the things we now care for, but we shall care for some things. There is neither death nor life as we now understand these things; they are swallowed up each in one another.





SUDDEN DEATH

Those who die suddenly and without warning not only never die (in the sense in which no man ever dies to himself), but never even think they are going to die soon. A man knocked to pieces by a passing train while greasing wheel-boxes does not even leave off greasing wheel-boxes so far as he is himself concerned, but goes on greasing them for ever and ever for such an infinity of time as is practically no time at all. Or how about one who eats a good dinner and goes to sleep after it too near a charcoal fire of which he knew nothing?

ART NOTES

Knowledge of a man's other work and personal acquaintance with himself is a great help to criticism.

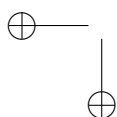
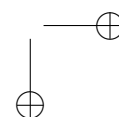
A man's art work should be most conversant about that about which he is most conversant himself, *i.e.* it should not go far afield except on a high day or a holiday.

A man should have a painting room not less than a mile from his living rooms. It was the not having this that choked me off. I mean the incessant interruptions, and temptation to go on with other work. But I suppose there was something more than this – and yet I do not know. If I had not the British Museum Reading Room which serves me as a studio away from home, my literary work would, I am sure, have been as great a fiasco as my painting, to which, however, I am continually longing to return. I gravitated down to that at which I found I could study fixedly and uninterruptedly away from home. If I had sold 'Mr. Heatherley's Holiday,' I should, I feel pretty sure, have stuck to painting.

A man should begin to paint, or design a picture, on the day that he begins to study at all – and he should only study with a view to the subject he has decided to treat.

WE SHALL SOON LEAVE OFF

growing anything that we can get made for us, and buy. In the end the only thing that will be grown within the womb of rich women is money. The poor will remain like the races of the lower animals, comparatively speaking stationary.





MONEY

The last friend that shall not be subdued.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL

His boots were hung over his charger, and the charger with the boots formed part of the procession. A little girl seeing this from a window said, 'Mamma, when we die is there nothing left of us but our boots?'

COUNT GUIDO BORROMEIO

said of his descendants, 'Tutti buoni, si, santi pid.' 'May they be all good, but let us have no more saints.' He has had two in his family, and they are, or at any rate have been, ruinously expensive.

SUBJECT

Write a complaint in the manner of Piers Plowman of an over-educated English middle-class youth who finds himself steady, worthy in all respects, but unmarketable.

CARLYLE AND MIRABEAU

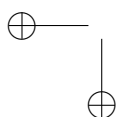
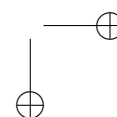
Carlyle must be a fraud (but of course he was), for he says in his *French Revolution* that Mirabeau loved his father who had treated him abominably and imprisoned him, and admires Mirabeau all the same. Therefore Carlyle is more of either knave or fool than people can be allowed to be without being considered humbugs.

ISAAC OFFERING UP ABRAHAM

This, I imagine, would have been very wrong, no matter how plainly God told Isaac to do it. Fancy Abraham letting Isaac get him on to the mountain on such a ridiculous pretence as this!

A WOMAN CAME FROM NORTHUMBERLAND

to London to see her daughter who lived in some little back street in Whitechapel. She went out, lost her way, forgot the name of





the street, and had to go back all the way to Northumberland before she could hitch on to her connections again!

CONSCIOUSNESS AND HERBERT SPENCER

Herbert Spencer speaks of 'the body of our consciousness'; he has tried as many others have done to articulate the skeleton of that body, but it does not seem to admit of very definite articulation – if such words may be pardoned.

A SENSIBLE CLASSIFIER

should be like a sensible painter, and treat things broadly, considering rather how few than how many distinctions he can draw.

A MONAD OF MIND

All the varied forms of thought and action are evolved, as it were, from a monad of thought and action – a sense of shock with slight consequent modification. Actions descend with modification as much as organisms do, and change with changed conditions.

THE BIBLE

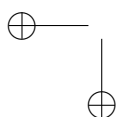
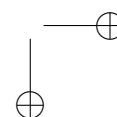
may be the truth, but it is not the whole truth, nor is it nothing but the truth.

DISCOVERY

The contention now is not that he alone discovers who furnishes such proof as shall in the end convince, but that he alone discovers who popularizes. So that no matter what a man has done if the Cuviers, Huxleys, Tyndalls, Darwins, Romaneses and all such can snuff him out and then bring his discoveries forward as their own, it is they who have discovered, not he.

MIVART ON MAN AND THE LOWER ANIMALS

His contention that though the lower animals have been evolved from others still lower by descent with modification, yet man stands





apart, and cannot have descended from any inferior type, is like saying that though the other planets are spheroidal, and revolve on their own axes round the sun, our own does not, for we see that its surface is flat, and that the sun goes round it, not it round the sun.

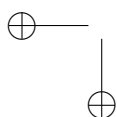
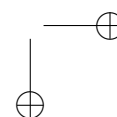
WHAT IS BEING ALIVE?

If a man's body be photoed and his voice phonoed, in such quick succession of instants and for so long that you may watch his minutest changes of tone and expression for half an hour, and if so many of the other phenomena of life and consciousness be given that the others go without either saying or being in virtue of the fact that association accepts the part for the whole and jumps ever kangaroo-like to its conclusions – if moreover what he says is something which men are continually forgetting, and which may be repeated *ad infinitum* so that it be well put – moreover if this man's other work is well known, and he is a power among men, as, we will say Shakespeare, so that as we look upon him during the half hour that we can watch him and hear him we are wrapt up in him and hang upon his lips – is the man dead though he have been in his grave this twenty years? What is being alive but the presenting so many of the phenomena of life that the rest are taken for granted? And are not enough phenomena presented in this case to fulfil the conditions necessary for our thinking him alive? Surely, at any rate, the man is more alive than dead, for there is neither sun nor moon, nor life nor death, any more than good or ill, but thinking makes it so.

WHAT IS BEING IN A PLACE?

Am I more in the Sistine Chapel when I have first-rate photographs before me of the frescoes it contains, and can study them at my leisure (not that I have the smallest wish to do so) or when I am in the Sistine Chapel itself on a dull winter's day and pressed for time? The Sistine Chapel is more in the Autotype Gallery in Rathbone Place than it is at Rome.

So again he that is examining the moon through some great telescope is more in the moon than he is on earth.





CHRIST

He has been so important an organ in the world's body for so long a time that he must surely remain as a rudimentary organ even when no longer actively employed.

NATURAL CHILDREN

These, so far as I can see, are the ones whose conduct is least likely to be unnatural.

'QUI DIMIDIUM FACTI HABET BENE INCEPIT'

At any rate I have generally found that it was not till I had half done a book that I was quite clear what it was going to be.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS

This is all very true but so also is the unimportance even of great things – sooner or later.

TRUE LOVERS

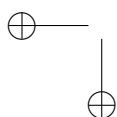
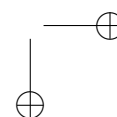
are like sunsets and sunrises – more often written and talked about than actually seen.

HE THAT IS UNFAITHFUL IN LITTLE

will be unfaithful also in much.

CONSCIOUSNESS

When consciousness has been reawakened about any matter, unconsciousness can as a general rule only be regained by beginning again at a very early stage, and repeating, in an abbreviated form, the earlier stages of experiment and failure. Man has resumed consciousness about some things in respect of which the lower animals are still unconsciously satisfied, as that self-interest is the mainspring of ordinary action. Hence self-interest is less paramount with him than with them.





Progress is impossible without a good deal of occasional resumption of consciousness. Such resumption is only possible as the result of accumulated capital which permits the necessary leisure.

THE DAMNATION OF UNITARIANS

Mr. Dally, the Scripture reader at St. James's, Piccadilly, when I was working as a lay helper under Perring, once said to me that 'there were several things which would promote the damnation of Unitarians.'

TEETOTALLERS

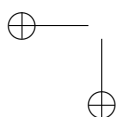
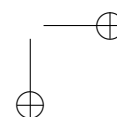
My cousin heard some poor people speaking disparagingly of certain others. 'They're bloody teatollers,' said one, 'and don't owe a shilling in the world to anybody.'

HABITUAL TEETOTALLERS

There should be asylums for such people. But they would probably relapse into teetotalism as soon as they came out.

MRS. HUDSON

I mean the wife of the once famous railway king. In my young days she was the typical *nouvelle riche* and all sorts of stories used to be told about her. When I first knew her in 1864 she was very old and in very narrow circumstances. She was then living apart from her husband with whom she could not get on – or he could not get on with her, and I should say small wonder for she had an awful temper. She was always changing her lodgings and used to tell me dreadful stories about the landlady of every house she went into. She was very slow in speaking, and measured her sentences with great care to make them balance as she considered a well turned sentence should do. I only remember one, but it is typical of all I ever heard her say. It ran: 'You see the world, and all that it contains, is wrapped up in such curious forms, that it is only by a knowledge of human nature that you can tell rightly what to do, to say, and to admire.' I once told Jones of this and he said it was like an Academy picture.





FAITH AND CAPITAL

Through want of faith in any but natural means, a man may perhaps be able to remove mountains, but a good deal will depend upon the size of the mountain, and the kind of natural means in which the operator has elected to believe. There is another adjunct moreover without which faith is ineffectual no matter how strong it may be. Faith without capital is like faith without works – dead being alone.

If the natural means employed are the right ones, and they are backed sufficiently by capital, and if they are in the hands of competent people, and finally if the mountain is not too large, the mountain will be removed whether the one who sets the whole thing going has a strong faith or a weak one. Provided it is strong enough to remove the capital from the hands of its possessor to those of the work-people employed, it will be as strong as there is any occasion for it to be, and given the conditions already mentioned it will remove the mountain.

MARTYR TO HIS WANT OF CONVICTIONS

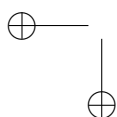
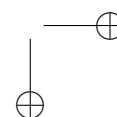
There was a man who maintained that no man ought to let himself be made a martyr to his convictions. He held this opinion so strongly that, rather than give it up, he allowed himself to be burned alive – thus becoming, after all, a martyr to his convictions.

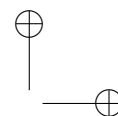
DREAM OF A GIANT

I saw him wet his thumb and put it down on half a dozen men and women whom he thus picked up and brought close up to his eyes to sample them as a gardener samples small seeds.

THE RIGHTEOUS

The Psalmist says (Ps. XXXIV) that the righteous man shall not lack for anything that is good. Should it not rather be that those who do not lack anything that is good find it easy to be fairly righteous? Or that those who do not lack, etc., are generally taken as righteous?



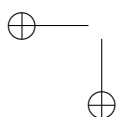
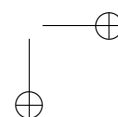


J. A. COOPER'S FUNERAL

Jones telling me about this said, 'And then a gentleman in a white surplice met us at the gate and announced himself as the Resurrection and the Life. A man looked down into the grave when the body was lowered, and said cheerfully "It seems to be a nice gravelly soil," and then they all went away.'

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

We being all members of God, it is he that eats his dinner in us, as much as we that eat it in him. And when we say grace, it is really God in us thanking us for having eaten his dinner for him. Seeing then that we have to thank him for having been so kind as to select us as the vehicles of his dinner, and that he has to thank us back again for having conveyed it to him, there is a debtor and creditor account between him and us the entries in which so nearly balance that except as a matter of politeness one hardly sees much use in entering either. God is not so punctilious as some people would make him out, and provided he gets his dinner fairly good and fairly punctual and fairly cheap, he will not make a fuss about want of napkins. Highly cultured people, being further removed from the sources of God's grace, find it necessary to use more ceremony, but those who know God better understand that the only thing about which he is at all stiff is about having his dinner through you, and not through anyone else. If you wish to get the credit of having eaten it for him, when all the time it was really somebody else that did so, there is no one who is less likely to be imposed upon, or more certain to mark his displeasure in ways about which there will be no mistake. The most sensible grace, if any, should be something like this: 'I hope, O Lord, that you are going to have a good dinner, and that it will agree with me for you. Remember, O God, that at all times and in all places, whenever you have anything extra special which you would like to eat I shall always be delighted to eat it for you'; and then after dinner there might be an alternative grace congratulatory or otherwise according as the dinner had been punctual, well-cooked, etc., or no.





THE LOST BARREL ORGAN

Jones once saw the following advertisement on Eyre Street Hill: 'Lost a barrel organ; plays the following tunes: The "Old Hundredth," "Last Rose of Summer," "They All do It," "Roaring Jelly," the rest unknown. The man is dark, about 5 ft. 6 ins., was dressed in a round coat and wideawake hat, and flat footed.

'Anyone meeting the man and stopping the organ will receive £5 reward.'

WILD HOT WATER

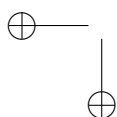
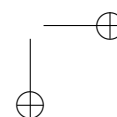
A young student at Heatherley's once asked me if New Zealand was not the place where the hot water grows wild.

GRACE

And grace is best; for where grace is, love is not distant. Grace! the old Pagan ideal whose charm even unlovely Paul could not withstand; but, as the legend tells us, his soul fainted within him, his heart misgave him, and, standing alone on the seashore at dusk, he troubled deaf heaven with his bootless cries, his thin voice pleading for grace after the flesh. The waves came in one after another, the seagulls cried together after their kind, the wind rustled among the dried canes upon the sandbanks, and there came a voice from heaven saying, 'Let My grace be sufficient for thee.' Whereon, failing of the thing itself, he stole the word and strove to crush its meaning to the measure of his own limitations. But the true grace, with her groves and high places, and troops of young men and maidens crowned with flowers, and singing of love and youth and wine – the true grace he drove out into the wilderness – high up, it may be, into Piora, and into such-like places. Happy they who harboured her in her ill report.

GOD IS LOVE

The theologian dreams of a God sitting above the clouds among the cherubim, who blow their loud uplifted angel trumpets before him, and humour him as though he were some despot in an Oriental tale; but we enthrone him upon the wings of birds, on the petals





of flowers, on the faces of our friends, and upon whatever we most delight in of all that lives upon the earth. We then can not only love him, but we can do that without which love has neither power nor sweetness, but is a phantom only, an impersonal person, a vain stretching forth of arms towards something that can never fill them – we can express our love and have it expressed to us in return. And this not in the uprearing of stone temples – for the Lord dwelleth in temples made with other organs than hands – nor yet in the cleansing of our hearts, but in the caress bestowed upon horse and dog, and kisses upon the lips of those we love.

BELIEVING

Above all things, let no unwary reader do me the injustice of believing in *me*. In that I write at all I am among the damned. If he must believe in anything, let him believe in the music of Handel, the painting of Giovanni Bellini, and in the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians.

ATOMS

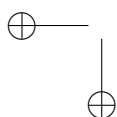
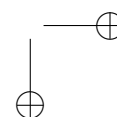
We shall never get people whose time is money to take much interest in atoms.

EVERY MAN

who is not an idiot will, if he is unmarried, have expenses which, let him be as moderate as a man can be, will make a large hole in £300 a year.

NOBLENES

I don't know what nobleness is any more than you do; but I imagine that to be noble a man must be strong in body and position, handsome, amorous, and kind; with a contempt for all the vices of meanness – and the meannesses of virtue.





AMERICANS

The plain business American is often a capital fellow, but your aesthetic American thinks to fly from the wrath to come by trying to imitate the *Saturday Review*.

IDIOTS

An idiot is a person who thinks for himself instead of letting other people think for him. He takes his own view of things and therefore not unfrequently differs from his neighbours. Any person who differs considerably from his neighbours is an idiot *ipso facto*.

A CODE OF MORALITY

The English strive after a fixed immutable code of morality, as classifiers strive after irrefragable definitions of species, or foreign nations after a written and unquestionable constitution.

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM

So far from being a poor argument this is one of the most powerful in the whole armoury of logic; there are few, if any, more justly cogent – provided always that it does not raise another argument about the *homo*.

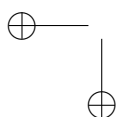
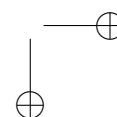
CHRIST

He had not been married to the Church a twelvemonth before he began to flirt with a most respectable married woman, the wife of a man named Grundy, and he has continued in the most open adultery with her ever since.

MRS. GRUNDY

The greater number of those who profess and call themselves Christians are really worshippers of Mrs. Grundy, whose name can often be substituted for that of the Founder of Christianity, and no progress will be made until this is generally recognized.

The fact is Mrs. Grundy's carriage stops the way.





SILENCE

There is none so impressive as that of a hushed multitude.

ONE TOUCH OF THE UNNATURAL

makes the whole world kin.

REGENERATION

The only true regeneration is re-creation: I do not want to be regenerated otherwise than by being refreshed and amused.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS

is a quality which it would be impossible to overrate if it had not been overrated.

SILENCE

Silence is a virtue which renders us agreeable to our fellow creatures.

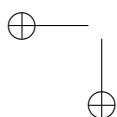
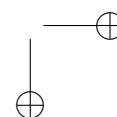
A POEM ON THE NATIONAL DEBT

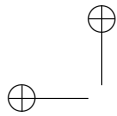
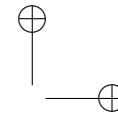
My namesake T. W. G. Butler told me many years ago that among the answers to correspondents in one of the penny weekly papers he had seen, 'W.E.G. No: we should not recommend you to write an epic poem on the National Debt.' Can W.E.G. have been Mr. Gladstone?

PRODIGAL SON

Introduce him somewhere as still living in the wilds of Asia Minor, very, very old, but always thrown into convulsions if anyone mentioned veal in his presence.

Or let there be a tribe with this unconquerable aversion to veal, and let various little indications suggest to the reader that its members are descended from the Prodigal Son.





SIGHT

and all the other senses, are only modes of touch.

ELEPHANTS

bray a pretty fair third and Rhinoceroses a very fair fourth.

MUFFETEES

One night some years ago I was at the Globe Theatre, and the Prince of Wales came in. He was unpopular about that time in consequence of the Mordaunt divorce case which was then on; it had come out in evidence among other things that Lady Mordaunt had made the Prince a pair of muffetees. There was a little hissing when he came in, which subsided, and then a voice from the pit, near me, sang out, 'How do you like your muffetees?' The Prince smiled, and the feeling of the house at once went round in his favour.

HAMLET DONE IN SUGAR

There is a shop in Exmouth Street where Hamlet may be bought done in sugar for twopence, holding a skull in his hand.

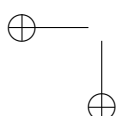
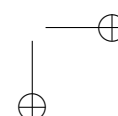
TASTE

comes near to eating, smell less near than taste, touch less near than smell, hearing less near than touch, seeing less near than hearing, but even 'seeing' has some remains of eating with it. So 'Virtue sickens at the sight.'

DETECTIVE

The Prince was fond of going the rounds with the police, and did so once with a few others, among whom there was a mere lad who, nevertheless, saw all that was to be seen. Before separating they liquored up, and the boy said to the detective who had gone round with them, 'Now you think yourself a very sharp fellow, I know?'

'I don't know about that, but when I've seen a person once I generally know them again.'





‘I’ll bet you, you don’t know who I am.’
‘I beg your Ladyship’s pardon,’ was the rejoinder.

NICE PEOPLE

I cannot often get in with the kind of people I like.

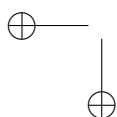
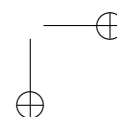
The next best thing is to plague those whom I do not like. This to a certain extent I do.

VOUCHSAFE, O LORD,

to keep us this day without being found out!

THE COUNTRY OF THE PEOPLE WHO ARE ABOVE SUSPICION

Once upon a time there was a youth whose fairy godmother had given him a sword; on the blade, near the hilt, was damascened the word Fairplay, and this was the name of the weapon. She told him to keep it bright and use it well and it would never fail him. Being a simple, straightforward boy he believed her, put all his faith in his sword, and learnt how to sharpen it, to polish it, and to use it. When the time came for him to leave his father’s roof, he girded it on and went forth to seek his fortune in the world. And it was as his fairy godmother had predicted. He slew all the dragons, entered all the enchanted castles, and restored all the bewitched princesses to their parents. He swam the great river that turns the mill that grinds the winds of the world, and did it as easily as an ordinary man jumps over a ditch. He had no idea that there was anything unusual about him. He succeeded in all he attempted and his progress was as the march of an ever-victorious army until he came to The Country of the People who are Above Suspicion. And the ruler of that land is King Logomachy the $(n + 1)$ th and the name of his queen is Aringa Rossa. No sooner had the youth crossed the frontier than he became powerless; for it is a property of the climate of that country to corrode the metal of which his sword was made, so that he could not draw it from its scabbard.





CRUCIFYING CHRIST

If I had been born in the times of Jesus Christ, I trust I should not have been among his disciples; I hope I might even have been among those who crucified him, but one must beware of spiritual pride. Who knows but what he himself might have been an apostle if temptation had fallen in his way?

THE REAL LIFE

A man's real life is the life of which he knows nothing. He knows very little of his present, so long as he is not put out of gear; he forgets almost all his past, and the greater part of the effect he produces (as the books of a writer) is wholly unperceived by him.

A TOO PREDOMINANT SOUL

'She looks as if her soul had got the better of her.'

GREATEST BENEFACTOR?

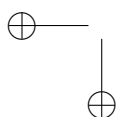
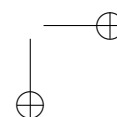
The man who invented the steam engine, or he who invented melted butter?

THE 'QUIVER'

Paget had to do an illustration of 'Behold I stand at the door and knock' for the *Quiver*. He put Christ a glory round his head. The editor objected. Paget asked why. 'Why?' was the rejoinder, 'if I were to leave that glory there the sale of the *Quiver* would go down one half.' A little later they got him to do the disciples eating the corn on the sabbath day. Paget made some of them rubbing the corn with their hands, and blowing away the chaff. The editor sent it back saying he thought it better not to send him any but secular subjects in future – it was plain he did not understand the religious business.

DERIVATIONS

All derivations are corruptions.





REASON

Our reason teaches us that the foundation of things is something abhorrent to our reason; for it points to a self renewing motive power – that is to say perpetual motion.

NOT A PROFESSIONAL SCIENTIST

One great complaint against me is that I am not a professional scientist. It is not shown that what I say is unsound, but it is contended that I cannot know the particular matter on which I am writing because I have given no public proof that I know all manner of other things which have no connection with it.

IDENTITY

To live a greatly changed life is near to living henceforward as somebody else; to live as somebody else is much the same as dying: indeed there is no other death than this. For even in the most perfect life there is something of death, and in the most perfect death there is something of life. In the most dynamical state matter has something of a statical state and *vice versa*.

TURNIPS AND PRAYER

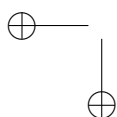
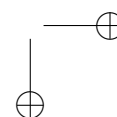
The turnips may say ‘our turnip which are in heaven,’ etc., and ‘There is not even one man falleth to the ground but by the will of our heavenly turnip.’

LEAVING MONEY

A sensible man in leaving money will think of who will do most good to the money, as well as who the money will do most good to. For the person who will do most good to the money, and make it breed most freely, or at any rate take the best care of it, is he also to whom it will do most good.

‘MARIS’

Madame Devale said to my Aunt Philip quite seriously about husbands, ‘*Ah, je déteste les maris.*’ I believe all women in their





hearts do so; and most men too, for the matter of that, after a year or two find their wives more or less unsatisfactory.

PRAYERS AT SHREWSBURY

Our prayers contained the words, 'O Lord thou hast granted us more than either we desire or deserve.' I used to say to myself as the Doctor read these words, 'Not more than I desire, O Lord.'

ERRORS OF SORROW

Our error often lies not in the having done things but in the being sorry that we have done them – and that too about things of which we were at one time terribly ashamed.

MYSELF LIKE A SNIPE

My cousin says of me that I am like a snipe. When a subject is started, he says it's no use agreeing or disagreeing with me, for at first I fly hither and thither in contrary directions. He says he waits till I have begun to fly straight which after a while I do. Well – but this is what everybody does, is it not?

SEASONS AND SPECIES

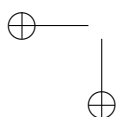
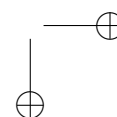
The Seasons are like species – there is only an artificial arbitrary division between them. When two things present so many differences to us that we can easily take note of them, we call them different names, but strictly there is only one thing, one place, and one time.

CARLYLE AND PLATO

I don't like Plato, but I suppose I prefer him to Carlyle.

UNIVERSITIES

If a man is man enough to go to the University he is man enough to begin his profession at once without any University.





ALBERT HALL

At *Israel in Egypt* we, being in the Albert Hall gallery, thought we saw a great many very nasty looking people. I said I thought they might be better among the more highly priced seats. Jones said the only difference is that the people there are cultured, and the people here want to be cultured.

AN OLD FOOL

I heard him laying down the law: 'We've *no* words,' he said, dogmatically, 'and very few thoughts.'

EXCLUDING CHRISTIANS FROM PARLIAMENT

A day will, perhaps, come when it will be thought right to exclude anyone from Parliament who does not take a solemn oath that he does not believe in Christianity and a personal God.

FEELING THE WANT OF INFIDELITY

(Sunday School teacher who has mocked freethinkers becoming uneasy and having prickings of conscience lest he ought not to repent and be unconverted.) 'Alas! kind infidel, who shall rescue me from the body of this belief?'

'Young man,' replied the unbeliever, gently but firmly, 'do you feel the want of infidelity? For if so, ere long you will surely find it, etc.'

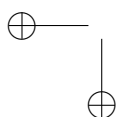
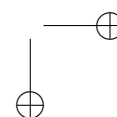
This unbeliever was an unconscious Erasmus Darwinian.

CULTURE

Someone said of another that he was cultured. 'Yes,' was the rejoinder, 'not to say manured.'

CHRIST

I dislike him very much; still I can stand him. What I cannot stand is the wretched band of people whose profession it is to hoodwink us about him.





MEANING WELL

Ted Jones, to tease me, said that von Hartmann meant well. I said I thought very badly of von Hartmann, but I should be sorry to think so ill of anyone as to believe he meant well.

LITANY

From all them that travel by land or water, from all women labouring with child, from all young children and sick persons, Good Lord deliver us.

ASSIMILATION AND MORAL OR MENTAL GRAVITATION

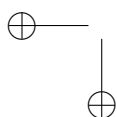
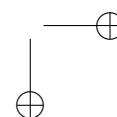
There is a moral and mental gravitation whereby every particle of mind attracts every other particle. Assimilation is the consummation of this mental gravitation. It is seen faintly in suasion, and the way in which we get horses and dogs to work for us. More forcibly in a cat knocking all the will and sense out of a mouse when playing with it. More forcibly still when the cat eats the mouse. Whoso eateth his dinner is a missionary. But there must be a place found for repulsion.

CLASSIFICATION

depends upon the shock of the mind which the perception of a difference occasions. The shock depends upon the amount of the difference. It is analogous to a man's running up against an object and being suddenly stopped by it. Much depends upon the being prepared or unprepared for the shock. We cannot classify things, but we can classify the amount and character of the shocks which the sense of differences between them will cause to the average of mankind.

RIGHT AND WRONG

Things can never be either very right or very wrong for long together.





CULTURE

A man should be just cultured enough to be able to look with suspicion upon culture, at first, not second hand.

OBJECT AND SUBJECT

It is said a thing cannot be both object and subject. I do not see how a line can be better drawn between object and subject than between 'ego' and 'non-ego.'

SEPARATE EXISTENCE

I do not deny a separate existence in spite of unity, merely because I maintain unity in spite of separate existence. Neither factor should be lost sight of. The separate existence factor is kept well in mind; the unity factor is generally ignored.

It may be well to consider what is the most convenient way of determining whether a thing is to be regarded as a thing by itself, or as a part of another thing.

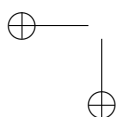
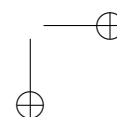
CHILDREN AND RESEMBLANCES

The first thing children want to know about any thing which they are told of, and which is new to them, is what it will be like.

MISS BUCKLEY

What I said to her when Dean Stanley died.

I said I was glad Dean Stanley was dead. I disliked his works and also he was by way of being lovable, whereas when I have been sketching in the Abbey I have seen him going round with smaller people and behaving very rudely to them. His expression was odious. Miss Buckley bridled up and said she was not at all glad. I said, 'Why I never knew such a person; you are never glad when anyone is dead; you were not glad when Tom Taylor, nor yet when George Eliot, nor Carlyle died.' She bridled up at this still more. 'I was glad,' she said, 'when Lord Beaconsfield died.' She said this because she knew how greatly I admired him. On the whole it was a very pretty little spar.





‘MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW’

but likes that little good – and not too long in coming.

ADAPTIVENESS

Consider what this power postulates, and connect it with illusion, suasion, and assimilation.

SUDDENNESS

Consider what it is that constitutes suddenness in a change, or that makes us able to call it gradual. Consider sudden changes of mind, or losses of memory, and gradual ones.

GRATITUDE

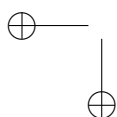
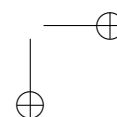
The gratitude that parents claim from children is often no more reasonable than it would be for a man of 40 to claim gratitude from a man of 30, because he once gave him 2s. 6d. when he was at school. What horrible *liens* have some such people established over us!

TRUTH, REALITY, AND EASY THINKING

Some things are more easily thought than others; a man at a High Church or Ritualistic English service may easily think himself in a Roman Catholic Church. At the Royal Institution he may, with more difficulty, imagine himself in a church of some sort. A man sitting on the French side of the Mont Cenis tunnel, by thinking hard enough, may even imagine himself in Italy. The object of the tunnel is to make it easier for him to think this – to enable him to think himself in Italy so uninterruptedly and with such complete absence of all jar and contradiction that he may be said to be actually there.

A PRINCIPLE OF MORALITY

It is more moral to be behind the age than in advance of it.





ART

All that is not pertinent in art is impertinent.

DENTISTS AND SOLICITORS

These are the people to whom we always show our best side.

BOOKS

My main wish is to get my books into other people's rooms, and to keep other people's books out of mine.

SEASONARIANISM

does for time, what tidiness does for space.

HUMBUGS OF CHRISTENDOM

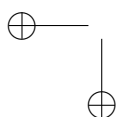
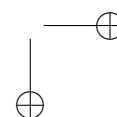
I find it much harder to get seven good Humbugs than seven good Champions. There are scores of men whom all Christendom delights in justly, but there are few whom they unite, after a long while, in admiring undeservedly. Christ is certainly one of the two whom I have not named in *Alps and Sanctuaries*, Beethoven was the other, but I did not dare stick to him. I think I ought to have done so. He has done some splendid things; so has Plato; still, take him all round he is a fraud, and he is the musician by whom all the modern musical frauds swear.

ONENESS OF PERSONALITY BETWEEN FATHER AND SON

At Charterhouse, if the son is flogged the father is fined.

SHAKESPEARE

could be priggish sometimes in the way of business. Henry the Fifth's speech, 'But herein will I imitate the sun, etc.,' is both priggish and mean. His treatment of Falstaff, too, at the end is mean, and Shakespeare should not have allowed it. However, he does promise to make him a competent allowance.





COMPLAINTS AGAINST ME

Some complain of me that they never know whether I am not laughing, and others that they are never sure but what I am in earnest.

MRS. DUDGEON

said to me that she and Dr. Dudgeon would be perfectly happy if it were not for the children – some of whom were very troublesome and unmanageable. I said, ‘And the children would be perfectly happy if it were not for you and Dr. Dudgeon.’ She admitted it.

I said what folly the family system was; the separation between parents and children should be much more complete and begin much earlier than it does; the children of rich and poor alike should begin at the lowest step of the social system and find their way up if they could; they would not feel this if they began young. As it was the tie was generally alike painful and unprofitable to both parties.

She admitted this, but said it would be so unnatural that she could not bear to think of it, and yet she could be happy enough if it were not for the children.

STRENGTH AND MONEY

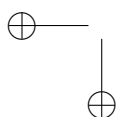
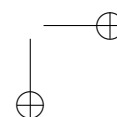
Consider the analogies between physical and pecuniary strength and weakness.

MORAL GUIDANCE

We should turn for this not only to foreign nations and to history, but to the lower animals also.

AN AMERICAN CANDIDATE

during the war decried his opponent as one who had run away to Canada to avoid the conscription. ‘I,’ he exclaimed, ‘never shirked the fulfilment of a patriotic duty. I stayed at home and braved the terrors of the conscription. My name was drawn. I paid for a substitute, and *his* bones are whitening the plains of Manassas.’





DEATH

is the nearest approach to a sin against the Holy Ghost for which there shall be no repentance.

A PERSON

The fact that we do not see people, but only the mouthpiece through which they speak and the mechanism through which they act is plain from our common language; for we speak of people as persons – as masks, that is to say; for a person is nothing but a *persona*, or mask.

PERMANENT FORMS OF MIND AND OF MATTER

As some bodily arrangements, say, for example, a stomach, are common to all those things that we generally call living, so there are some virtues and vices which seem as though they were permanently good or bad, certain conditions of mind which are no less universal among living beings than protoplasm.

PROTOPLASM OF MIND

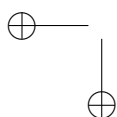
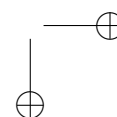
Sense of shock bears the same relation to our more complex ideas as an amoeba does to man.

CERTAIN PARALLELS

There are desire and power; there never can have been desire without some power, and *vice versa*. Again there are faith and reason, consciousness and unconsciousness, mind and matter, life and death, union and disunion. There must always be a dash of the second even in the most extreme development of the first of any of these things.

ELEMENTS OF MORALITY

Books on this subject are just as likely to be useful as books upon polite letter-writing, deportment, etc.





FOR 'EREWHON'

'You are not guilty of the crime imputed to you, but you are unquestionably guilty of another, which is not less heinous. You are guilty of the crime of being maligned unjustly, and must take the consequences.'

LION AT ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

I saw the lion snap up a piece of liver; a working-man who was standing near me said it was like a flea going into Hyde Park.

GIRAFFE

Another working-man said to me about the giraffe that it must get up at six in the morning if it wants to have its breakfast in its stomach by nine.

SLAVE-MAKING ANTS

Why not a crusade against these? Fancy the amount of suffering they must inflict. There are as many epics enacted on a single summer's day in Switzerland among ants, as among the whole human race.

A NEW SACRAMENT

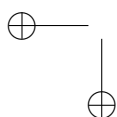
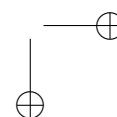
I should like to add an eighth sacrament to those of the Roman Church – I mean the sacrament of Divorce.

PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY

Paeans and Jeremiads.

LOVE

comes to some men as the aftergrowth of young green leaves to city lime trees, but this tells plainly of a previous blighting.





ART OF THE EARLY MASTERS

The art of these was as wild flowers; that of the culminating period was as beautiful flowers in a garden; our own art is for the most part like very clever waxwork imitation.

CHRIST

did indeed come to divide households and bring swords on earth, and this is one of the reasons why I so much dislike him.

CHRIST'S SAYINGS

Pauli said that Christ's sayings were like quack pills intended to be swallowed whole, without chewing or knowing what they were made of, and they poisoned one.

MY BOOKS

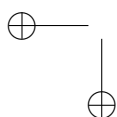
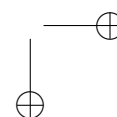
When anything in them is rather strange and *outré*, it is probably drawn straight from nature as close as I could draw it; when it is very plausible, there is probably no particular and especial foundation for it.

JONES ON HIS SUPPOSED DEATH-BED

Jones being very ill for a long while (Dec., 1881) with all sorts of complications after scarlet fever, said to me one day:

'I have been thinking that this may possibly be my death-bed, and if so I should like you to know that there is only one thing in my life which I seriously regret; one part of my conduct which I think has been distinctly wrong, and not what it should have been. I refer to my treatment of my mother. I have been much too good to her. If my life is spared I will endeavour to amend this in the future, and treat her more as she deserves.'

On this he laughed as heartily as he had the strength to do.





MISCARRIAGES

We are all miscarriages, but some miscarry sooner and more completely than others; some at three months after conception only, and some at 100 years after birth.

AUBERON HERBERT

He and his wife resolved that they and the servants should henceforth dine together at one time and one table; they would thus diffuse sweetness and light over their whole household. This might have answered very well if the servants after a few days had not given warning *en masse*.

TO THE LEXICOGRAPHER

God is simply the word that comes next to 'go-cart,' and nothing more.

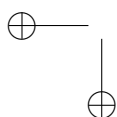
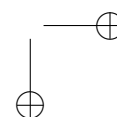
VITALITY OF CHRISTIANITY

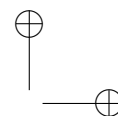
This is held to be an argument for its truth. Surely, then, the vitality of unbelief should count for something? Persecution has been tried against it in vain; it is always being supposed to be killed, but it always comes back again stronger than before.

DOING ALL FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

We say this just as much as the Christians – or if we do not say it in so many words we mean the same thing. We say that a man should paint or write with his eyes fixed not on his gross palpable reward, but on something higher and less tangible; on something which is seen with the eye of faith though not with the eye of reason.

This is why I attack Darwin. Can it do me any good to attack him? Am I likely to get money or fame by doing so? I should not think so, not at least in my own lifetime: he is too strong in possession and I am too unsupported. Any man of sense must know that I should do better by keeping my opinions on evolution to myself and writing books like *Alps and Sanctuaries*.





I think I took higher ground by attacking Mr. Darwin as far as it was in the least possible for me to do so, and therefore I attacked him; but the advantage of exposing humbug is one which accrues rather to the public than to the person who exposes it.

THE PROPHETS STONING THE JEWS

The Jews would not have stoned the Prophets if the Prophets had not stoned the Jews first. Just as I am sure the literary and scientific people of to-day would not dislike me as much as they do if I had not shown my dislike to them pretty openly first. 'We hate him, because he first hated us.' This is what they would say, and they would be quite right.

OLD MRS. PANTON

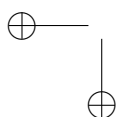
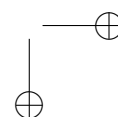
I sent her to try and sell some of my studies. I wanted 15s. for one very fair study of a girl's head. Mrs. Panton did not succeed with the dealers. 'One dealer,' she said, 'liked it very much, but when I told him I wanted 15s. for it he said, "Oh dear me no, no such money." ' The poor old woman said this very dramatically, lifting up her eyes and throwing up her hands, and repeating it more than once. Then she munched her toothless old jaws, and folded her arms waiting for further orders. So I gave her the studies to get rid of her and them.

LOVING GOD

How can we love him if we fear him, and how can we not fear him if he is the brute which theologians have represented him?

HEBREW WRITERS AND EXAGGERATION

We must remember that we are dealing with people to whom 36 hours were good for 72. Christ could not have been dead more than 36 hours, yet the early Christians call this three days and three nights. Discount what they tell us by one half all round, and I daresay it is right enough. Christ half died upon the Cross, and half ascended into Heaven, etc. As for God, if a thousand years to him are but as yesterday, he is an unaccountable person with whom the less we have to do the better.





CLOVEN HOOVES

Show the cloven hoof, indeed? He showed himself to be a centipede, and every one of his feet a hoof, and each hoof cloven.

SENSITIVE PLANTS

I take it that all plants feel, but some make more fuss about their feelings than others.

HANDEL

is more generally known and appreciated than when I was a boy. At Littlehampton last November (1881) I saw a bill in a greengrocer's window announcing the coming of a comic singer who was to sing a song of which the refrain was, 'Handel, Moses, Julius Cæsar, Timothy, Titus, Burdett Coutts.' When Handel is as familiar to the multitude as Moses, on the one hand, and the Baroness Burdett Coutts and her husband on the other, his admirers should be fairly well contented.

WORKING ON IN THE DARK

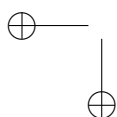
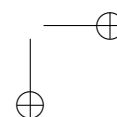
When we have eaten a piece of a cow it has to go on working in the dark for some time before it gets to understand us, just as I am now working rather in the dark with double entry.

UNITY OF NATURE

We can never quite get rid of the oneness of things with others that are distinct and separate from them, nor of the distinctness and separateness of things that nevertheless appear to be one. When do we commonly consider a thing as one, and when commonly call it part of another thing?

IMMORTALS TO OURSELVES

I said in *Alps and Sanctuaries* that we were mortals *qua* others and immortals *qua* ourselves. This is true, but it has its converse side, for it may be said that we are mortal to ourselves inasmuch as we die to our own work, and know nothing of the pain or pleasure





it may be giving, and immortal *qua* others, inasmuch as our work lives to them, though it is dead to us and we to it.

NINEVEH BULLS

I said I was glad I had said in *Alps and Sanctuaries* that the fossil of a megatherium bores us. 'Yes,' said my cousin, 'and the Nineveh bulls bore us. How is it that I pass them twice every day going to and coming from my dinner and never want to go fifty yards out of my way to see them? If I want my dinner I don't want the bulls, and when I've had my dinner I want them less. I don't mind looking into Bryce Wright's shop window. What I do enjoy is a pilgrimage to Furber's, the violin maker.' Even if the bulls were in Bryce Wright's window we should soon want them changed for something else.

THE BIBLE AND THE POOR

The Bible is like the poor; we have it always with us, but we know very little about it.

REFORMS AND DISCOVERIES

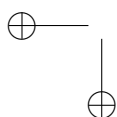
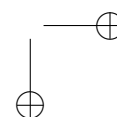
are like offences; they must needs come, but woe unto that man through whom they come.

LYING

People should learn to lie as they learn anything else – from very small beginnings.

A MAN WHO WISHED HIMSELF YOUNG AGAIN

There was a man who wished this, and a fairy took him at his word. He was not long before he begged and prayed to be as he was before.





PECUNIARY PARALYSIS

A man who has gone out and got some way from home and finds that he has left his purse behind him and has no money, is more than half paralysed.

MY LYING LETTER TO H. E. CLARKE

He wrote me a congratulatory note about *Alps and Sanctuaries* (1882) saying how glad he was to see it had reached a second edition. I knew he disliked me and was humbugging, and he picked some holes, and came the humble, and generally I do not like him, so I replied with a letter crammed with lies about the way the book was succeeding, and the effect it had had upon the sale of my other books (not a copy of one of which has been sold, so far as I know, this two or three months past). I said I was afraid I ought to confess that the book's reaching a second edition so soon was due to the Americans who had helped me off with 200 copies. They never took a copy, and the fact that any second edition got out is due to nothing but a mistake on the part of the binder. We printed 1000 copies and had 'second edition' put on the second 500. The actual sale so far has been about 200.

GUARDS

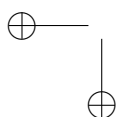
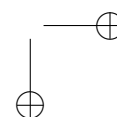
always ride with their faces to the engine; they find the fatigue very greatly lessened thus.

WORDS AND IDEAS

These two things act and react upon one another like demand and supply, desire and power, faith and experience; but it is impossible to say which came first if the signification of words be extended so as to embrace every expression of an idea.

UNIVERSALITY OF SENSATION

We know of no absolutely unchangeable environment, and of nothing which does not change with a changing environment. Everything is sensible of something. But how monotonous is the greater





part of the existence of the atoms of the earth's crust. We see the flints sticking out of the edge of a cliff, these are subject to many kinds of change, but how slowly do the flints live that are fifty feet inside the cliff and fifty feet below the surface of the ground.

FOR 'EREWHON'

A brief allusion to some other country where everyone is expected to be more or less mad, and sanity is considered madness. The lawyers try to get people off on pleas of sanity. And people who are too sane are sent to asylums where they are initiated into folly so far as they are found capable of it.

GRACE AND GOODNESS

There is no true gracefulness which is not epitomized goodness.

SUDDEN ACCESSIONS OF WEALTH

It is upon the evolution principle that these are so often fatal. The jump is too sudden.

THE OLD MASTERS

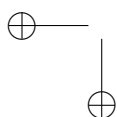
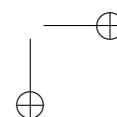
If they had been able to do all they tried and wanted to do perhaps some of them would stand less high now than they do. This as regards the second best of them only.

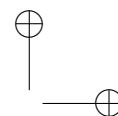
DEMAND

is imperious, supply suppliant.

SLEEPY PEARS

I had a pear which was rotten in the middle, and someone asked me whether I liked sleepy pears. I said I did not mind them sleepy but this one was snoring.





CHARGING SECOND-CLASS FARE

I was once sent to examine a school at Bolton, just after I had taken my degree. I was to have my travelling expenses paid, and was going to charge secondclass fare, when Mr. Jacques, the head master, hearing of my intention said to me rather sternly, 'Young man, there are two classes of people in this world: there are those who prey, and those who are preyed upon; never you belong to the latter.' So I charged firstclass fare, and travelled second.

FAITH AND INNER LIFE

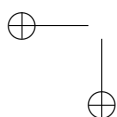
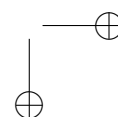
'Without faith an inner life is impossible.' This should be translated, 'Without cheating oneself one cannot retain all one's early teaching.'

THE PRAYER BOOK

According to the Prayer Book theory we are like our table-cloths, which must go to the wash once a week, inasmuch as they are sure to have got more or less dirty. But surely there should be a form for those who, after a great many years, find that they do not require quite so much rubbing and scrubbing as when they were younger.

PATTY ROSCOE AND MY UNCLE ON EVOLUTION

Amy heard Patty Roscoe talking to my uncle about Mr. Wicksteed's sermon; he had preached on evolution. Patty Roscoe said that his remarks had been very sensible; she really did not see where the line was to be drawn, and supposed that, after all, we must admit intelligence and reason as having a place among the higher mammals. My uncle passed all this, and so the matter was settled, and intelligence and reason are now let in among the higher mammals; here, however, we really will draw the line; nothing shall induce us to admit intelligence and reason among the lower mammals.





DIVERSION AND CHANGE

The diversion or change of mental images is clearly pleasant, for we have come to use the word as the equivalent for being amused and pleased.

A RECALCITRANT BLACKSMITH

A new curate was explaining to the village blacksmith the nature of miracles. The blacksmith was docile and accepted the story of Jonah in the whale's belly. As the curate put it, he said he saw no difficulty in it, and was ready to believe it. The curate then went on to Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the burning fiery furnace. 'Now the furnace,' said the curate, 'was many times larger and hotter than your forge.' This riled the blacksmith; he was proud of his forge which had been his father's before him, besides he could realize a furnace to himself. 'No,' he said, 'I don't believe it, and I don't believe the bloody fish story either.' And so the matter dropped.

GOD

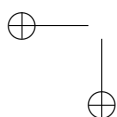
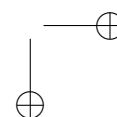
is a respecter of persons – no one more so.

MEN WITH TAILS

Many men still grow tails – small ones. Jones knew a boy at Radley with one; he could not move it, it lay close in between his buttocks, but it could be seen when he bathed; and I am assured that quite an appreciable percentage of men examined for the Army are dismissed as unfit in consequence of their having a small, rudimentary tail.

LIVING IN OTHERS

As it is we know very little of what is going on in ourselves, and are conscious of what we do only very broadly so long as nothing goes wrong with us. We are more conscious of others, and others are more conscious of us, than we are of ourselves. How much more thought has been turned upon Handel and Shakespeare than





Handel or Shakespeare can have ever turned upon themselves. In how many do not these men live who never saw them? The part, therefore, of one who has lived much in and for others, that death destroys, is only a very small one. Shall we complain that we shall one day come to know ourselves a little less even than we do at present? How small is the life we live in our fingers as compared with the life we live in that which our fingers may have written?

CHRIST AND THE DEVIL IN THE WILDERNESS

The devil tempted Christ; yes, but it was Christ who tempted the devil to tempt him. Then was the devil led up into the wilderness to be tempted of Christ.

‘SHOCK’ AND ‘DIVERT’

Our use of these words is very suggestive. We show that we hate any great change introduced too suddenly, and like almost any change which does not startle.

THE EXPERIENCE OF OLD MEN

can hardly become hereditary, for few old men, and no old women, have children. Later average age of reproduction will not only tend to longevity, but also to more hereditary good sense.

NERVOUSNESS AND IMPOTENCY

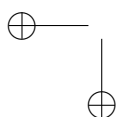
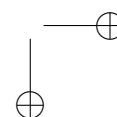
As confidence begets power, and power confidence, so nervousness increases impotence, and impotence nervousness.

METAPHYSICS

There is no such metaphysics as physics in the hands of a scientist who goes too far for his facts.

A JABBERING CONSCIENCE

When I was a small boy I used to be made to recite a poem about conscience. I forget it, but it came to this – that if one did not





take very great care, one's conscience would leave off talking. I think one's conscience had better not speak at all than be always jabbering, as some men's do.

PAULI AND THE CHURCH OF ROME

When I began to make friends with the Church of Rome, Pauli asked me to find out what was the least thing they would take – what, in fact, were the cheapest terms on which they would have him – what was the smallest article in the way of Romanism that was in the market.

TWO STORIED HOUSES IN HOLBORN

There are still (1882) two left, next to Brett's Distillery, nearly opposite Chancery Lane. I mean houses with nothing but a shop and one floor above them (and that not high) with a red tiled roof. Relics, almost, of the suburban days of Holborn.

CHANGE

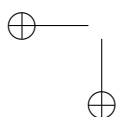
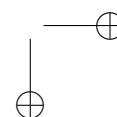
There is no such change as changelessness under changed surroundings.

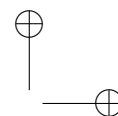
AN AMERICAN FUNERAL

A man was being buried and a woman standing near the grave was weeping bitterly – so much so as to attract the attention of the bystanders. On this the widow went up to her and said, 'Look here, stranger – air you running this funeral or am I?'

MRS. GELDART AND BECK

When the living of St. Edward's fell vacant (one of the parish churches of Cambridge, Trinity Hall being patron), Mrs. Geldart said to Beck, (afterwards) Master of Trinity Hall, 'Now you know, Mr. Beck, we must have someone who believes in the Trinity.' 'You can only have the pick, ma'am, of what there is in Cambridge,' was the rejoinder.





MRS. GELDART AND YOUNG DICKENS

At one of her freshmen's parties a son of Dickens was there. She made little notes beforehand of what she was to say to each undergraduate, and talked to each one with her notebook in hand. To Dickens she said, 'So, Mr. Dickens, I hear you are a son of the man who writes those dreadful books; dear, dear, I can't think how anyone can read them.'

ASSOCIATED IDEAS

How children dislike any failure in this respect – unless indeed they like it. I used to dislike soda-water, because I could not understand where the bubbles came from; but we like the failure sometimes as in conjuring tricks, or agreeable surprises.

GREAT MEN AND LIFE

It is only those who die great (whether known or not) who are ever really born at all. The others are still born. But the great ones are only embryos during life. Their true life is the life after death, and of which they seem to be unconscious.

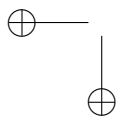
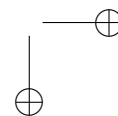
EVOLUTION AND SENSE OF CHANGE

The great principle that underlies evolution is the desires of the animals that vary. The great principles that underlie desires turn mainly upon food, reproduction, and self-defence. What is the principle that underlies these three desires? Dislike of change, tempered by desire for change.

Under this there lies continued sense of identity (for which some change is necessary, inasmuch as without sense of change there is no sense of identity, nor indeed any sense at all), and under this again memory. Beyond which I cannot go.

IGNORANCE OF OUR OWN EXISTENCE

We are absolutely unaware of our own existence, and indeed are quasi non-existent unless when exercising some faculty.





CHERUBS AND MY COUSIN

He said the cherubs on Amy Nesmyth's grave at Chobham, near Woking, were like illegitimate children of George the Fourth.

INFINITE SUBDIVISION OF ATOMS

Query whether this, in the end, does not come to no subdivision at all?

JONES ON DICKENS

I said of Dickens that he was vulgar. 'He's worse than vulgar,' said Jones, 'he's moral.'

ILLUSION AND PROGRESS

A fertile source of the first of these, and therefore of the second, is the fact that the absence of one (or sometimes even of a good many) of the associated ideas does not count. A broken letter for example, or an undotted I in a printed word does not count; the idea is raised as much as though all the associated ideas had been present.

PITY – WHO MOST NEED IT

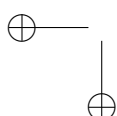
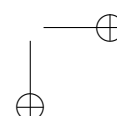
Not the dead; nor the truly living; nor yet the dying; but those who can hardly be called alive or dead or dying.

WANT

If we want very much, we need not think much about the way; the want itself, if genuine, will suggest the way better than anything else – provided, of course, that there is a way.

'DANS L'ANIMAL IL Y A PLUS DE SENTIMENT QUE DE JUGEMENT'

So we call a man sensible, more often than we call him judicious.





BALLOONING

There was an article in the *Times* (1882) which convinces me that the navigation of the air must be near at hand. When the *Times* dismisses a subject so contemptuously as this, it is generally on the point of succeeding.

REASON

If you follow it far enough, it always leads to conclusions that are contrary to reason.

THE CHURCH OF ROME

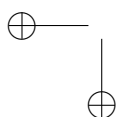
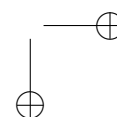
It is not its doctrines, but its intolerance that we object to – the way in which it claims that it must be right and everyone else wrong.

THE BODY OF CHRIST

Father Lockhart wants to prove the Resurrection by asking what became of Christ's body on the assumption that he was not carried up to Heaven. But (1) the question 'What became of the body?' does not touch the Resurrection; it has to do with the Ascension, and with nothing else. (2) They might as well ask what became of young Grey and the woman he is supposed to have run away with, or what became of the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. They should show that all the natural ways in which Christ's disappearance might be accounted for are out of the question before they want one to accept a supernatural explanation.

FATHER LOCKHART AND 'ECCLESIASTES'

I called on Father Lockhart at Ely Place, and he was showing me that the distinction between men and animals was not arbitrary, but was founded on something essential, immutable, etc. 'So, the Bible,' he continued, 'says that the soul of a man goeth upwards and the spirit of a beast goeth downwards.'





‘No,’ said I, ‘let us have the whole passage, if you please.’ So he turned to the Vulgate and found, ‘Quis novit si, etc.’ ‘Who can say that the soul of a man goeth upwards, and the spirit of a beast downwards?’ (Ecclesiastes, 111, 21). Our English version is wrong; it has ‘Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upwards, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downwards to the earth?’ The context shows that the Vulgate is right in rendering the question as one involving scepticism concerning our knowledge on these points. Father Lockhart was much scandalized. He said he did not think he had ever read the passage before. I don’t think he had.

FATHER LOCKHART AND THE MIRACLES

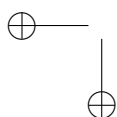
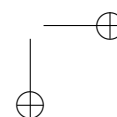
He told me the external evidences for the Miracles were incontrovertible. I said I did not think so, and gave some reasons. A nugatory talk followed, at the end of which he said, ‘Well, I can only say I find it absolutely impossible to conceive how anyone can be in your frame of mind.’ I found it difficult, though not impossible, to understand how an able and amiable man like Father Lockhart can think as he does, but I did not say so. However this may be, Father Lockhart, or his successors, will have to get to understand how people can think as I do; for there are a good many of us.

SATISFACTORY

Nothing could be satisfactory even for a short time if anything could be so for very long.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

There are real artificial flowers and artificial artificial flowers. A nursery garden is a place where they make real artificial flowers (by creating new varieties, etc.), and yet there is something to be said for the view that real flowers are artificial artificial flowers.





FORMERS OF OPINION

Who are the men who do this? Not the experts, but the public who though they do not know enough to be experts, yet know enough to decide between them.

THE HOLY GHOST IN A HAT

I was with my Aunt Worsley at the National Gallery once, and we were before Van Eyck's picture of John Arnolfini and his wife (if the picture is, indeed, this). My Aunt mistook it for an Annunciation, and said, 'Dear, dear, what a funny notion to put the Holy Ghost in a hat.'

NIRVANA

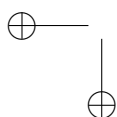
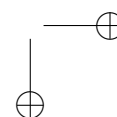
Men's common expressions and actions show that the balance of evil, in their eyes, is on the side of movement and exertion.

FORESIGHT AND ETERNITY

The idea of eternity is incompatible with that of a foresight which foresaw all future time from a beginning, for it involves a beginning, and an end (in the words 'all future time'), whereas the essence of eternity is that there is neither beginning nor end; but it is not incompatible with the idea of a foresight which sees a little way ahead, and a good long way behind – a correct shaped foresight – such as I suppose to have controlled the development of plants and animals.

'PRAISE YE THE LORD'

I had to go to service at St. Mary's and for the first time for a good many years I heard a considerable part of the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England. Nothing particularly struck me, except that when the clergyman says 'Praise ye the Lord,' the reply is 'The Lord's name be praised.' This is a little cold. It seems to say, 'We are not quite sure about it, we will pass it; since you insist upon it we will raise no hindrance, but we had rather leave it an open question as far as our own action is concerned.'





NEWSPAPER BOYS' CRIES

In the stations they cry the papers with melodies which are very like old ecclesiastical responses. This I suppose is because the responses were founded upon the natural cadences of the human voice when crying anything aloud.

CANDID

When they opened the new Law Courts they knighted Jones's friends, Mr. Paine and Mr. Roxburgh. Jones got me to write his congratulatory letters for him. In one place I began a sentence 'Candidly,' but I corrected myself at once and said, 'I hate the word so much that I will not use it even when I am lying.'

MY BOOKS

It may conceivably matter to someone else whether he has read my books or no, but it does not matter to me.

EATING AND LOVE

We are fond of what we eat. So a nurse tells her child she should like to eat it. Eating is a mode of love, and *vice versa*.

AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL

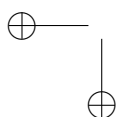
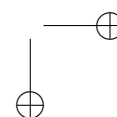
Be one or the other, but do not try and mix them.

THOUGHTS AND WORDS

When we think consciously we do so in words; it is for this reason that we do not realize to ourselves the way in which the lower animals think. Before we could speak we used to think as the lower animals think, but we have forgotten that.

THE WEALTH OF THE WORLD

The way in which a later age profits by the works of the great men that have gone before is like the way in which most able and well-conducted people grow richer as they grow older.





EATING AND COOKING

A little cooking is good because it unsettles the meat's mind and prepares it for new ideas.

MEMORY AND ASSOCIATION

We can remember a great many things if we want to do so, but we can only want if one or more of the associated ideas has come across to us to put us in mind of wanting – till a wave (perhaps) of similar characteristics has run into a wave already feebly coursing in our brains. If we try to remember 'something' or 'anything' indefinite, we remember nothing. If a man says to himself 'Now I will remember something' without knowing what, his first effort is to find something which shall suggest something to him to remember.

A LITTLE DOSE OF JUDGMENT AND REASON

If a little dose of judgment and reason enters into the most instinctive actions, so a little dose of unreason and instinct enters into our most deliberate ones.

SAMENESS

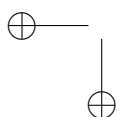
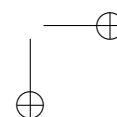
Same is as same does.

MYSTIFICATION

There is the mystification of absolute ignorance, and the mystification of fogged science.

MANNERISM

To forbid all mannerism is to forbid form and insist on everything's being thought out afresh *de novo*.





ART NOTE

That all the most permanently interesting pictures show signs either of having been laboured at very much, or of not having been laboured at all.

MRS. FRENCH AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY

She keeps a ham and beef shop in Fetter Lane. She told me once that she did not hold with the pictures in the National Gallery.

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

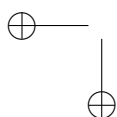
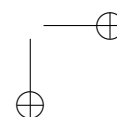
I had not seen him for many years. Then I saw him copying at the National Gallery, but though we looked at one another we did not speak. He was a bore at Heatherley's but I knew nothing particularly against him. Next time I was at the Gallery I saw him again. He came up to me and said, 'I do not know whether you know me. I have been in disgrace – some letters I wrote to my mother; I do not like speaking to people, for I do not know whether they know about it or not, or whether they would wish to recognize me.' I knew nothing, but was sorry for him and rather liked the outspokenness with which he owned to having been in disgrace. I said I had heard nothing, but went and saw his work and encouraged him. I have since been told he had had ten years penal servitude for threatening to murder his mother. I don't think I shall cut him.

ART NOTE

'Insist again on doing the first thing that comes. No matter how small a thing you see, if you see anything, attend to that.' This is all wrong. It should rather be, 'Never do anything till you are sure that it is the most important thing as yet left undone.'

CATHOLICISM

I do not presume to be a judge of Catholic doctrine, but I do presume to be as good a judge as other people of the way in which the cat is jumping. I hold that it is jumping away from Catholicism.





If I thought the Catholics were permanently in the long run on the winning side I would join them to-morrow.

MYSELF AND CHÂTEAU LAFITTE

When I was a boy I used sometimes to taste claret at my father's dinner table when there was a party, or guests in the house. I got the taste well into my head. I never tasted claret again for years, but when I did I found it quite different – much more like weak port wine. I could not make it out, and supposed my memory was at fault, but a few years ago I was dining with Jason Smith, and after dinner there was some wine which I at once recognized as the claret of my infancy. There was no mistake about it. I asked Jason what the wine was. He said it was Château Lafitte and very fine. I have no doubt my father, when I was a boy, was finishing up my grandfather's cellar, for he has never had any Château Lafitte since. At least he has never given me any.

THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE

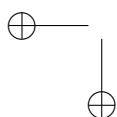
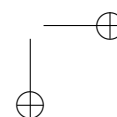
We want some corresponding expression for times when some sudden unexpected good fortune comes upon us. 'He was going to be taken up the precipice in a lift,' or something of that kind.

THE ROSSETTI EXHIBITION

I have been to see it and am pleased to find it more odious than I had even dared to hope. I met Rossetti once at Wallis's; there were three besides myself. I disliked them all very much, but Rossetti the most.

WITH THE TEMPTATION, ETC.

I suppose that when people pray that with the temptation there may also be a way of escape, they mean a way for them to escape being found out.





THE OLD YACHTSMAN

There was an old gentleman I heard of the other day who owned a yacht which he kept for years but never went near. The Captain made a home of it, kept hens on board, and had everything his own way. One day he received a letter saying that the owner was coming, and was in despair because he guessed that all his good times were come to an end, as the owner was probably going to say that he would keep the yacht no longer. By and by he came and went round the ship. 'Very nice, very nice,' he said to everything. 'And how long, pray, have you been in my service now?' 'Fourteen years, Sir,' said the Captain. 'Dear me, dear me, fourteen years; well, well, it must be time you had your wages raised.' So he raised them and went away. The Captain lived on his raised wages ten years longer, and when he died, the old gentleman sold the yacht.

THE CHEVIOT HILLS

'He took the Cheviot Hills, you know, or whatever it is that people take when they leave Parliament.'

LITTLE CART SUCKING THE BIG ONE

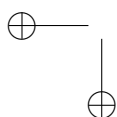
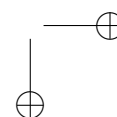
When I was a boy this used to be a saying at Langar if anyone saw a wheel-barrow under a cart in a shed or barn. I always say it now of the Metropolitan Railway Station at Charing Cross underneath the main station.

THE NILE

She went up the Nile as far as the first crocodile.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

Mr. Ward, the fishmonger in Leather Lane, told me of a Sunday School teacher at Southgate who got tipsy at the school treat, stole 25 pieces of cake, and made improper proposals to the curate.





SELF-DECEPTION

Poor dear little Miss Johnson whenever I go to see her work says, 'I'm so glad you like the picture,' or 'I'm so glad you think I am on the right track,' but I have not said I like the picture, nor that I think she is on the right track; I have only said as little as I could beyond what common charity required.

MYSELF AND GARNETT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

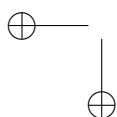
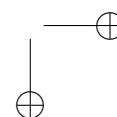
I called on Garnett one morning in his den, which is a room arrived at by the King's Library, and told him among other things that I had begun a series of London subjects with the camera lucida. As we were talking he took me through the King's Library on our way back to the Reading Room, and we passed the collection of views of London which have been lately acquired by the Museum. 'Exactly,' I said, 'every one of these things is valuable, and we are much obliged to the man who did it; here is a way in which a man with no very unusual power may make himself enjoyed long after he is dead, and that, too, with no great strain upon himself – I shall certainly go in for it.'

Then I blew on historic and imaginative pictures generally, and upon imaginative literature – at any rate as compared with the sympathetic and intelligent rendering of what we see every day round about us. 'If Shakespeare,' I added, 'had gossiped more about himself, told us where he dined, and what he had for dinner, what men he knew and liked, and why, and what he thought, for example, of his fellow dramatists – surely we could have spared one or two of the minor plays.'

I knew this was going as far as it was safe to do, and indeed it proved so, for Garnett said at once, 'Perhaps, but I think it would be rather a difficult task to say which plays you would sacrifice.' I thought to myself that *Hamlet* or *Othello*, would do very nicely, but I did not dare to say so, so I acquiesced and let the matter drop, as, alas! I soon did my collection of London sketches.

'IS'

We have no concern with 'is'; our only concern is with the way of considering and expressing things which the main part of capable





and reasonable men will find most convenient for or within the next few years. Anything more than this is riding the desire for security into full cowardice.

EATING AND CANNIBALISM

If, after death, the cells retain a faint memory of their having entered into organic combinations, and show this by way of greater aptitude for re-entering into social life – then there is a good deal to be said for cannibalism. For man's flesh should need less education by man than that of any other animal.

'YE SUFFER FOOLS GLADLY'

says the Apostle. 'Why no, Paul,' I feel inclined to answer, 'not exactly gladly.'

OPEN MATRIMONY

A man was moralizing at the life-class one night about the purity of youth, etc. I said, 'It's all very well for you to talk – you know you are living in open matrimony yourself.'

AMSTERDAM CANAL

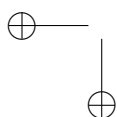
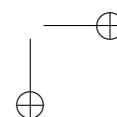
It was twisted awry by a tornado of private interests.

PEOPLE LIKE BIRDS IN THE HEDGES

The people we see going about are like birds we see in the hedges – they look all right, but for the most part they are hard up, or nearly so.

SPEECH

is a kind of mean proportional between thought and action.





PARENTS AND CHILDREN

I am sorry to have to admit it, but I do not observe that even gross cruelty and selfishness on the part of parents towards their children is followed by any very bad effects upon the parents. Parents may make their children very unhappy without having to suffer anything that makes them unhappy in return.

‘JOHN INGLESANT’

I am free to confess that I seldom was more displeased with any book. I think it deserves to be classed with *Wilhelm Meister*, *Undine*, *Sintram*, *Sartor Resartus* and a few others that I cannot call to mind at this moment.

FATHERS

Those who have never had a father can at any rate never know the sweets of losing one. To most men the death of his father is a new lease of life.

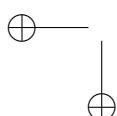
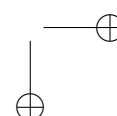
‘ANYTHING BUT TALK’

It has been said of some animals that they can do anything but talk. I know people of whom it may be said that they can talk, but that this is the only thing they can do.

GEORGE ELIOT

She cribbed her chapter on machines in *Theophrastus Such* from *Erewhon*. I ought to be highly flattered. In one year I made Mr. Darwin write a book (*Erasmus Darwin*), and George Eliot crib a chapter. Some years ago when Lord Lytton and I wrote books anonymously about the same time, I do not think I got the worst of it.

I see myself cribbed from continually, but never named; and my books, I am told, can hardly be mentioned in scientific circles without making people lose their temper. I know I ought to be ashamed of myself for caring what such people do, or for paying





any attention to what may or may not be said about me, but I am afraid I do care, and do pay attention.

DRURY LANE VIEW OF ELIZABETH'S REIGN

The bills of the pantomime (1883) sum up her reign thus: Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Walter Raleigh, Potatoes, Tobacco, Shakespeare.

CRUCIFYING CHRIST

Christ was only crucified once and for a few hours. Think of the hundreds of thousands whom Christ has been crucifying in a quiet way ever since.

MATTER AND MIND

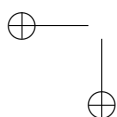
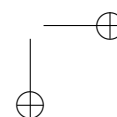
We have, or at any rate think we have, a fairly definite idea before us when we talk of matter, but I don't think we ever think we have any definite idea about our own meaning when we talk of mind.

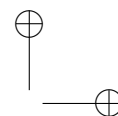
NEAR RELATIONS

The Ancients attached such special horror to the murder of near relations because the temptation was felt on all hands to be so great that nothing short of this could stop people from laying violent hands upon them. The fable of the Erinyes was probably invented by fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts.

WHAT MUCK 'HAMLET' IS AFTER THIS!

At the Strand Theatre in *Champagne* Penley came on as a lugubrious knight in armour with a great coat and umbrella, and was very funny. I turned instinctively to my cousin and said, 'What muck *Hamlet* is after this!' It was in that piece Marius sang the song, 'Some girls do and some girls don't,' which I changed into 'Some breeds do and some breeds don't,' and introduced into *Life and Habit*.





MYSELF AND DANTE

I see Mr. Gladstone has been lately writing to the effect that he owes no small part of his success to the study of Dante. I am of opinion that I owe no small part of whatever small success I may have obtained to the fact that I have ignored Dante.

RUBENS AND ANTWERP

Jones was at dinner the other night and heard a clergyman raving about Antwerp.

‘You feel,’ he said, ‘under the spell of a certain painter – Rubens, for instance. As you go about the streets you feel as though you might meet him at any corner.’

The hostess said, ‘Ah, when we were there we went about in the trams.’

‘CLEANSE THOU ME FROM MY SECRET SINS’

I heard a man moralizing on this, and shocked him by saying demurely that I did not mind these so much, if I could get rid of those that were obvious to other people.

J. S. MILL AND MUSIC

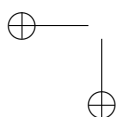
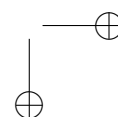
If he had known a great deal of what passes for music now, he would perhaps have been glad not sorry that the combinations and permutations of musical sounds were at any rate limited somewhere.

MISQUOTATION

Dulce et decorum est disipere in loco.

SMALL MATTERS

We may decide these for ourselves; important ones, *e.g.* our death, and, if we must marry, our wife, our profession, place of residence, etc., we had better leave as far as possible to God, or, which is the same thing, to the course of events.





OUR HIGHEST 'IS'

is still only a very strong 'may be.'

UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND THE TWO MOST IMPORTANT THINGS

The two most important things man has are his body and his mind. The unanimous verdict of those best qualified to form an opinion is, that the less ninety-nine hundredths of us know about either one or the other, the better. The more important a thing is the more important it is that we should know nothing about it.

THE THREE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS

a man has are briefly, his private parts, his money, and his religious opinions.

BEING IN A PLACE, SEEING, AND HEARING

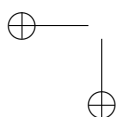
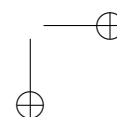
What is being in a place? If I see the moon, so far I am in the moon. Which is most true – for a man who has spent hours and hours nightly looking into the moon through the most powerful known telescope, to say that he has been in the moon – or for one who passed through Rome at night fast asleep in a Pullman car to say that he has been in Rome? – or for an ascetic Catholic priest to say that he has ever been in this world at all?

Which again has heard the C Minor Symphony best? – Beethoven who was stone deaf when he wrote it, or some listener whose ears were perfect, but had no knowledge whatever of music?

Which sees a picture best? – An old painter gone blind to whom another painter explains it, or an unfortunate schoolboy who has been dragged to see it as a show, and whose heart is all the while in the cricket field?

UNCONSCIOUS ACTIONS

The things we do with most unconsciousness are those which we die quickest if we do not do.





DORMANT OR UNCONSCIOUS MEMORY

Nothing will waken this except something which bears a real or fancied resemblance to the original circumstances.

THE REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM OF HABITS

Every habit seems to come from some other habit, as much as 'omne ovum' comes 'ex ovo'; and every habit seems to have a reproductive system, for the mere fact of our having done a thing once inclines us to do it again, provided it has not positively hurt us.

SYMPATHY AND IDENTITY

How closely these run into one another. Next to having actually done a thing oneself the strongest incentive to doing it is to see someone else do it. If five sparrows sit on a balcony, and one flies off, the chances are that the others will do so whether there is reason or no, and I have read of a woman whose fingers were badly bruised by merely seeing a window shut down upon the fingers of her own child.

OUR WICKED CELLS

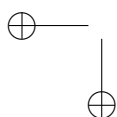
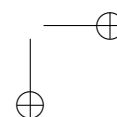
The best way of exterminating the wicked cells that we may have in our bodies is to encourage the good ones. They will kill the others better than we can. So with mind and habits.

UNNATURAL

Men misuse this word as they do the word 'spontaneous' – as though anything which is a part of nature could be 'unnatural.' Whatever is, is natural. Instead of saying 'unnatural' they should say 'unintelligible to myself,' 'disgusting,' or what not.

FOOD AND POTENTIAL ACTION

When I see food in a shop window I see latent or potential action.





MISS M. AND 'THE FAIR HAVEN'

Miss K. (I suppose to see how much flattery I could swallow) told me that Miss M. had said *The Fair Haven* would never die. I said I did not see how it well could, for it had never yet lived.

POOR PEOPLE

Miss Potter who works a good deal among the poor in Seven Dials asked me at a conversazione, rather abruptly, if I liked poor people. I said I did not, and there the conversation ended.

EPICURUS REVERSED

Epicurus held that there are gods, but they are careless about human affairs. I hold that there is a God, but that human beings should be careless about him.

UNCONSCIOUS THOUGHT

Most of our thought like most of our action is now unconscious; but must we not think that during the beginnings of thought, all thought was conscious? Or was there always a mass of unconscious thought to a trifle of conscious?

BREVITY THE SOUL OF WIT

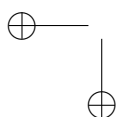
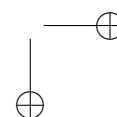
This holds good quite as much for painting as for writing.

WE HAVE ALL SINNED

and come short of making ourselves as comfortable as we easily might have done, or rather as it now seems to us that we easily might have done.

AUNT ANNA

My Aunt Anna did not dare to do naughty things herself, but she used to egg my mother on to do them; and my mother was always ready. One day she said, 'Fanny, pull about the salt,' and my mother at once pulled it about and got punished.





SPACE 'PRACTICALLY' INFINITE

The *Times*, Mar. 24, 1882, reports R. A. Proctor as having said that space was 'practically' infinite. I think he went on to say that time was also 'practically' infinite.

'DON'T BE FASTIDIOUS, CHILD'

There was an old woman in Ludlow who gave her servant the key of the house door to unlock the tea-caddy. The maid remonstrated, but her mistress said, 'Don't be fastidious child, take the key I give you.'

SUN GOING ROUND THE EARTH

A child asked the same old lady whether the earth went round the sun or the sun round the earth. 'Lor child,' she said, 'what questions you ask, to be sure. I thought it all out yesterday and I can't think it all out again to-day; what I thought then I think now; sometimes one and sometimes the other.'

PARASITIC WORMS

The small parasitic worms that infest our systems only come out at night, or at any rate come out much more by night.

TRAINS AS ORGANS OR TOOLS

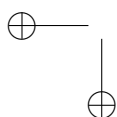
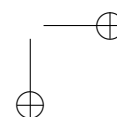
We say a man 'takes' the train.

THE POSTULATES

A boy was asked in examination what were the postulates. He replied, 'There are three postulates: the first is that things which are equal to the same are equal to one another; the second, that things which are greater than the same are greater than one another; the third, that things which are less than the same are less than one another.'

PROVIDENCE ITSELF

could not be more absolutely improvident.





I HAVE NAMED TWO PIECES OF MUSIC

the names to which will, I think, stick. The first is Handel's great figure in the fourth of the first set of the Suites, which I called the 'Three o'clock fugue.' The second is the last of the six great fugues, which I call the 'Old man fugue,' the subject is like an old man's epitaph on himself, and life, and things.

THE SEX OF BABIES

They say the sex is not determined till the embryo is in a very advanced stage; but for months after birth we still speak of a baby as 'it.'

POST-NATAL GROWTHS

Babies grow their clothes and their food; they pay for neither; they grow their boots almost as much as they have grown their hair and eyes, and the milk which maintains them makes them almost as much one person with their mothers after birth as before.

PALM ON PALM SUNDAY

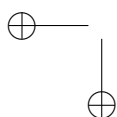
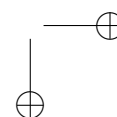
Last year we brought back some Palm on Palm Sunday; we were regularly besieged as soon as we got into the street, and had it begged off us before we got from Waterloo Station to the middle of Waterloo Bridge. We had no idea that people cared about it. This year we brought back a lot to be able to give away, but we did not reach town till dark, and were not asked for any.

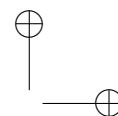
CLOTHES AND HABIT

Remember that a habit is still used for a riding dress, and that the French call clothes 'habits.'

MY LETTERS

I hope no one will publish them after I am dead: they were always hasty, often insincere, and never intended for the public eye. Then there is my New Zealand book. The only good these things can do is to show that a man may be a very great fool for a very long time,





and yet do better things sometimes. Then there is the editing of these notes – so carefully dating them. As I look back at the earlier ones I cannot conceive what made me think it worth while preserving them. However, there they are; and I will not throw good trouble after bad by troubling further with them.

DOMENICO SCARLATTI AND HANDEL

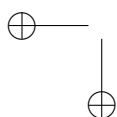
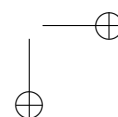
Domenico Scarlatti never mentioned Handel's name without crossing himself.

MY FATHER'S WOODSIAS

When I was a boy we used to get Woodsia on Snowdon and Glyder Fawr. There were four plants left on Glyder still when I was young, and William Williams* swore that there were none others. My father would get a plant, take it home, and put it in the greenhouse. Of course it died; but his other ferns were kept in the greenhouse, so this must be kept there too. I had a plant which I found in a hitherto unsuspected place where there were many plants. I brought its own stones and its own earth, enough to fill a pot; knowing that the Woodsia likes growing where water can flow on it in heavy wet weather from some swollen rill, I made a little syphon, and occasionally let the water run on it for two or three hours as from a miniature waterfall. My Woodsia lived for years. I remonstrated with my father about keeping this high mountain fern all the summer in the greenhouse; but it was no use.

Years afterwards, I brought him some very fine Woodsias from Canton Ticino; and I brought their own stones and earth, and planted them where they would occasionally be dripped on by water from a gutter; but it was no use. Next time I went to Shrewsbury there they were in the hot bed with the other ferns. This is my father all over.

*He was a servant of the family and spoken of as 'William Williams, the Butlers' butler.'





MY FATHER AND SCIENCE

Because my father has made a collection of plants people may perhaps say I got my taste for biological study from my father. I do not think it was so. My father never to the best of my belief gave me the smallest encouragement in this respect, nor does he care about the study of living forms. He cares only about making a complete collection, but what he cares most about is the strapping the specimens down with little strips of paper.

MEMORY AND ORGANISM

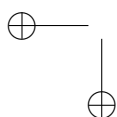
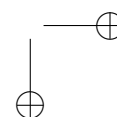
The offspring in the womb grows organisms which it will not want to use for many years. It does this because it remembers having made the corresponding growth at the corresponding period of its development. But (bearing in mind the dropping out of intermediate memories) how came my ancestor to remember so much of a later stage at so greatly an earlier period as to make provision for it? This must have come about step by step. The use of the organ cannot originally have been so long subsequent to the provision for it, and there is in all memory a recollection of a little on either side the actual thing mainly remembered; but this wants attention.

ART NOTE

When one is painting from nature one remains quiet for a long time, so that the birds and wild animals, if there are any about, become used to one and come out. So do children. At Westminster the boys (very good fellows) got quite used to me, and so do village children.

NO PLACE TO PUT HIS BREAD AND BUTTER IN AT

After the Crimean War when people took to wearing beards and moustaches I heard of one little girl who would not kiss a friend of her mother's whose mouth was hidden by his moustache, because, as she said, she could not love him; he had no place to put his bread and butter in at.





SUBJECT

An embryo – its component cells fearing birth as we fear death; some say there is a life beyond it; others say no; all would prefer to remain as they are; none see that they always have been in one life or other, and always will be.

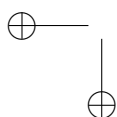
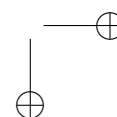
AUNT BESSY

My mother's sister, Aunt Bessy, is what they call a person of weak intellect; her intellect may be weak, but if she wants one thing and everyone else another, it is the everyone else who has to yield, not she.

Once she was at Taviton Street and my Aunt Philip had fairly fled, leaving Alice as mistress of the house. It was summer, and after dinner the dessert was not to Aunt Bessy's liking. The nervous twitching motion in her head showed that she was much displeased, and at last she spoke. 'If your mother had been here (twitch) Alice (twitch), there would have been strawberries; there would have been strawberries (twitch), Alice (twitch), if your mother had been here (twitch). I am your Aunt (twitch), and it is not right; it is not respectful, Alice (twitch), that there should not be strawberries. It is the time for strawberries, Alice (twitch), and if your mother had been here,' etc. No one could say a word, and she hammered away with a persistence that the strongest intellect might envy.

She lived forty years with a Miss Evans at Tavistock, and the two got on very well, but a few months ago Miss Evans was taken ill and was evidently going to die. Aunt Bessy has a great fear of death, so she insisted that the connection should end at once, and she came up to my Uncle's at Chester Terrace pending other arrangements. She insisted that she should not be told if Miss Evans died. She said to Amy, 'It is much better for me, Amy, that I should not know if Miss Evans is dead,' and no one dared tell her when she did die, which she did soon after Aunt Bessy had gone.

In the course of her life she had accumulated household gods to the extent of one box and a whatnot. In this she keeps her doll and her toys. She is about seventy-three now, but believes herself to be pretty. 'I hope they will say, Amy, that the pretty lady (twitch), the lady with the pretty brown hair, Amy (twitch), has been here.' When she went to Clifton she sewed up £8 in her petticoat. (She





died, I think, last year (1895) aged about eighty-five. She said it was very uncomfortable to make a Will, so she died intestate whereby I took some £700 which I should never have received otherwise.)

CROSSING ONESELF

The three desiderata for a cross are: 1. that it shall not be too wide; 2. that it shall be wide enough, 3. that the thing with which one crosses oneself shall be good of its kind. It is hard to say what is too wide, what is wide enough, and what good of its kind. Reason is apt to make mistakes on all these heads, and so is inclination. A mixture of reason and inclination is the safest guide.

H. E. CLARKE'S SONNET ON COROT

He wrote a sonnet on Corot and read it to Mr. Elder. When he had done Mr. Elder said, 'And pray where is Corot?'

YESTERDAY, TO-MORROW AND TUESDAY

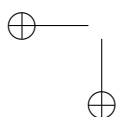
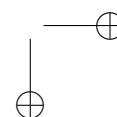
The little Maldens can get so far with the days of the week but no farther as yet.

DICKENS'S HOUSE

On one of our Sunday walks Jones and my Cousin and I were at Gad's Hill. An American tourist came up and asked if that was Charles Dickens's house, pointing to it. I looked grave and said, 'Yes, I am afraid it was,' and left him.

MYSELF AND POSTERITY

Posterity will not have imagination enough to tell it what a fool I am, and if I dangle enough works before it, it may be caught by some of them. Why I should wish to trouble posterity – what harm it has done me for which I would punish it; what good for which I would reward it – I know not; all I know is that I mean catching posterity if I can.





‘SON BUONA PER LAVORARE LA TERRA’

A poor woman once declined to look at a picture I was painting at Prato. She said, ‘Son buona per lavorare la terra, me per la geografia non son capace.’ She was so scared she would not even look.

BIRDS AND BEASTS COMING OUT OF BRITISH MUSEUM

I came one morning in May, 1883, and found the steps of the main entrance all covered with stuffed birds and beasts on their way to South Kensington. It was very droll and very pretty. They looked like the creatures coming out of the ark.

RICHES

How hardly do they that have riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven. Yes, they take longer in dying than other people.

CITIES, COLONIES AND PLANETS

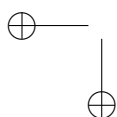
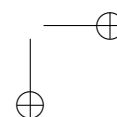
We see cities throw off colonies as the sun threw off planets, as hives throw off swarms, or we ourselves offspring. How far does this parallelism go?

THOUGHT IN THE WORLD

The accumulation of matter shows itself in a growing, visible heap; the accumulation of thought shows itself in changed habits and appearances. Thought cannot be hoarded otherwise. There was not so much thought in the world 200,000 years ago as there is now, but all the makings of the thought were there.

MYSELF AND ORIGINAL RESEARCH

The contention against me is that I have made no original researches, but have, as a general rule, taken my facts at second hand. Perhaps; but what are the Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall people good for if we cannot rely upon their facts and proceed to make deductions from them?





‘THEY DAUBED IT WITH SLIME’

This is one of the few verses in the Bible that I used to like when I was a child.

IRVING AND GARRICK

We know what nonsense Irving’s admirers talk about him. How far, I wonder, was Garrick much better?

IMAGINATION

If through preconceived opinion or some accident we have misread a word, the imagination will supply another if another is wanted to complete the sense. One day I was poorly and reading the *Times* lazily. A paragraph was headed ‘The French in Madagascar.’ I read this, ‘The French call it Madagascar.’ Feeling that there could be no such heading I looked again and saw my mistake. I had read ‘in’ as ‘it’; and as ‘The French it Madagascar’ would not make sense, I had supplied the nearest verb that lay to hand, and for the moment actually saw it, though there was no such word printed.

THE PHENOMENA OF BEING BORN

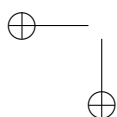
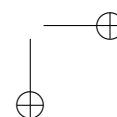
There are some men so ignorant of what gives them pleasure that they cannot be said ever to have been really born as living beings at all. They present some of the phenomena of having been born; they reproduce, in fact, so many of the ideas which we associate with having been born that it is hard not to think of them as living beings; but in spite of all appearances the central idea is wanting.

ADVERTISEMENT

The following has appeared lately: ‘Mrs. Smith having cast off clothing of every description invites inspection.’

BLACK PUDDING LUCY

or the Hallelujah Dredger is a heroine in the Salvation Army.





LA SALE-VACHE ARMEE

‘Oh, what do you think Madame told me this afternoon? She says she has a friend – let me see if I can remember her words – “Une amie qui va épouser en secondes noces un officier de la Sale-Vache Armée.” ’

GROWING TEETH OUTSIDE THE WOMB

We are taking to do this more and more through our dentists, who make us artificial teeth.

MYSELF

I have written so much about myself because I am the subject on which I am the best informed.

THE SMELL OF GUANO

Going down the river to Sheerness I heard a man say as we passed the Belvedere Guano Works that the guano made the workmen who had to do with it smell very badly. ‘There’s no woman will marry them,’ he said, ‘not unless she’s been brought up in a cat’s meat shop.’

DOING THINGS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES

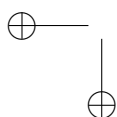
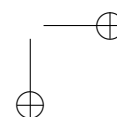
It is only our conceit – as though our way of living and looking at things must be so much better than other people’s – which makes us want to ‘do things for the working classes.’

MISS SAVAGE AND THE SELF HELP CLUB

She said they were called the Self Help Club because they helped themselves, and they were the only people whom they did help.

PUMPING MACHINES FOR ALL DUTIES

I see this announcement made over a shop which I pass on my way to Cannon Street Railway Station. It attributes a moral responsi-





bility to machines, and shows how completely in the expressions which we use unconsciously we regard them as living beings.

A BLUSH

They say that all phenomena may be expressed in terms of mind or in terms of matter, whichever we please. If so, mind and matter should be two names for the same thing, but I do not know what they mean when they say this.

Is a blush, for example, matter affected by mind without the aid and instrumentality of other matter?

CONSCIOUSNESS

Nothing can look more unconscious than an egg or seed, which may lie for twenty years and yet germinate, consciousness making its appearance little by little, till from being imperceptible it becomes the main thing that can be perceived.

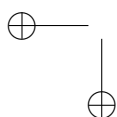
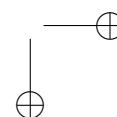
All the consciousness which we know of comes up insensibly from things which looked to us at one time unconscious, and after a certain time they become unconscious again. Nothing conscious remains conscious for long.

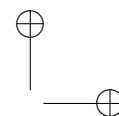
Unconscious things may remain unconscious for a long time, but they can all be kindled into consciousness by proper treatment. Commminute granite, add water and a little well manured soil, and you can convert your granite into a plant, and through the plant into an animal. True, you must change such a substance as vitriol or coal-tar before you can make it conscious; but you can change it, and I am not sure how far this power does not involve, as a necessary consequence, the presence of intelligence and a low reasoning faculty in all matter.

SCIENTISTS AND PROPHETS

‘How many more victims must be sacrificed before wrong-headed vestrymen will obey the teachings of science?’ (*Globe*, 1878.)

Here we have exactly the spirit of the Hebrew prophets.





ART NOTE

If a student is to do any good his development will epitomize the history of painting.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS

Jones said it was a mercy they had no words.

SONGS WITHOUT EITHER WORDS OR MUSIC

That is what I want to write.

KNOWLEDGE AND CONVENIENCE

We should not aim at knowledge – this is beyond our grasp. We should aim at that way of looking at things, which will give us least trouble, as fitting in most harmoniously with our other ideas.

MOTTO FOR MYSELF

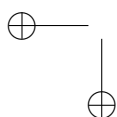
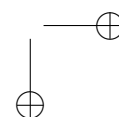
I should like 'Quaerenda pecunia primum est' or 'Virtus post nummum' or something of that sort.

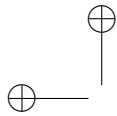
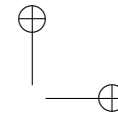
SUBJECT

On the formation of opinion. Take the subject of free trade and see how opinions differ about it; but how does opinion come to be formed on such a matter? Priestcraft arises from men's desire to have their opinions formed for them. This desire is like nature; you may expel it with a fork, but it will always return.

UNITY BETWEEN SUCCESSIVE GENERATIONS

In *Life and Habit* I insisted on the unity existing between two successive generations. How would it be to insist rather on the want of unity which exists between the several moments in the life of the individual, and run this as hard as I ran the other?





DEATH AND LIFE

You can no more cut anything wholly off from life than you can from the material universe.

BIRTH AND DEATH

We come in time to know that we have been born, but not that we have died. Is this so?

POST-NATAL AND PRE-NATAL ACCIDENTS

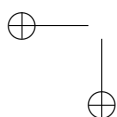
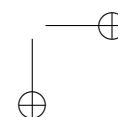
When I say that a man's pre-natal accidents are more important to him than his post-natal, I only say what Darwin has insisted on when he said that the nature of the seed is more important than soil and climate – of course within reasonable limits.

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS

There is no drawing the line between physics and metaphysics. If you examine everyday facts at all closely you are a physicist; but if you press your physics at all home you become a metaphysician; if you press your metaphysics at all home you are in a fog.

For example we say such and such a thing is so and so. But what is 'a thing'? Strictly speaking there is only one thing – the universe; all other things are called so through arbitrary classifications like species, and tend to vanish as 'things' if examined with any closeness.

The difficulty is to know where to stop in what direction. There is so much to be got by study within due limits, and so much to be lost by going beyond them; and so often an inquiry which at first seems very profitless has developed great results. Where is the line to be drawn? That is just what everyone must settle for himself, and be a fool or otherwise according as he has settled it well or ill. There can be no rule given for drawing lines. As material things prove all to be connected and parts of one thing; as the pebble at our feet and the most remote and profitless fixed star are still united, so 'Does it rain, my dear?' and the most dreary metaphysical inquiry are still closely connected.





PETER'S MOTHER-IN-LAW

One of the strongest proofs of Christ's personal influence over his followers is to be found in the fact of Peter's remaining on friendly terms with him notwithstanding his having healed his mother-in-law.

I said this to my cousin and he repeated it to an old General at whose house he goes to fiddle. 'Yes,' said the General, 'but you know the Saviour was always a lady's man.'

OFFSPRING

A man's waste tissues and excrementa are to a certain extent offspring. The molecules have a greater aptitude for organization for their having been connected with him.

'I DID NOT EXCEED LAST NIGHT'

When Mr. Sam Carter resigned his connection with the Midland Railway, his friends gave him a dinner. Next day he went to the apothecary and said, 'I do not feel very well this morning. I did not exceed last night, but I should like you to treat me as if I had exceeded.'

CHRIST

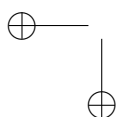
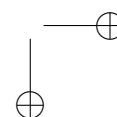
He is like species. He has descended with modification.

SNOW BONES AND MONEY BONES

When the snow bones lie it is said there will come more snow to bury them. And after a great money calamity, if the money bones lie there will come more money.

OVERDRIVEN MEAT

They say beasts should not be overdriven before they are killed as it hurts the meat, etc. This may be so, but our ancestors for countless generations have been hunters, and must have driven their meat pretty hard before they killed it; yet it does not seem





to have disagreed with them. And most of the wild animals hunt their prey.

FASTS AND FEASTS

The Roman Catholic theory is the best – alternate fasts and feasts, and the same made movable so as to avoid too great regularity.

INSISTING ON BEAUTY

When a certain kind of person insists on this or that as very beautiful, it is only his way of trying to insist upon his own beauty.

DANGEROUS KNOWLEDGE

There are certain things quite incontrovertible and quite worthy of being known and considered, yet a mere knowledge of which will turn most men into dangerous characters.

DRINKING WATER

Is drinking water a reminiscence of the time when we actually were water?

FIRE AND LIGHTNING

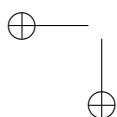
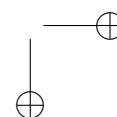
Fire must always burn something or go out. Lightning is fire; what is the lightning burning?

GOD'S MESSAGES

God gives different and sometimes contradictory versions of the same story to different people; or else they, being different, catch different points in the story and give different versions of it.

CHAIRS AND CAMPSTOOLS

are seats under domestication. Wild seats are seldom comfortable.





MUCH AND MUCK

are both derived from ‘mucchio,’ a heap.

THE LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS

I put out my hand to a sub-Alpine cow; she came to me and licked it. Then she turned away and there was an expression upon her face which said as plainly as any words could do, ‘As you did introduce the subject I thought it possible you might have had such a thing as a pinch of salt about you, but I see you haven’t. Good afternoon.’

BODY AND MIND

From man to the amoeba special organs drop off, and so do special senses. But organization drops off faster than mind does. The amoeba has more mind in proportion to its body than man has in proportion to his.

Between the highest intellect of the most enlightened nations and that of the savage, or even of the agricultural labourer, there is a great gap; but there is no equivalent gap in organization. There is more mental difference in proportion to organic difference between the ablest European and the lowest Australian savage, than there is mental difference in proportion to organic difference between man and the amoeba.

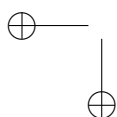
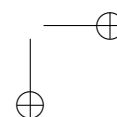
In the one case intellect has dropped off while organization has not; in the other organization has dropped off while mind has not dropped off proportionately.

‘LIFE AND HABIT’

One aim of this book was to place the distrust of science on a scientific basis.

FOR A BAD SLEEPER

A bad sleeper should have a phonograph to lull him to rest by preaching, we will say, my father’s sermons. If I survive my father





I will keep some of his sermons for this purpose. The machine should be placed on a high shelf to imitate a pulpit.

A LIBERAL ROMAN PRIEST

‘Perhaps,’ he said, ‘transubstantiation may not be true, but if you tell these simple people this it is telling them that they may re-open the fundamental questions of morality.’

‘Well and good,’ said I, ‘I admit this is an evil; but on the whole it is the lesser evil.’

THE ELEMENTS

If they get into one kind of company they become one thing; if into another, another.

STOMACH

One’s stomach is one’s internal environment.

WILD ANIMALS AND ONE’S RELATIONS

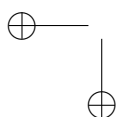
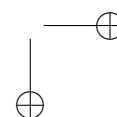
If one would watch them and know what they are driving at, one must keep perfectly still.

THE UNKNOWN

is the as yet no part of the swindle.

MAX’S HEAD OF CHRIST

‘To noblemen, gentlemen, and exhibitors. For sale, at No. 2 Liverpool Street, that wonderful painting of Christ with the apparently moving eyes, suitable for private sanctuaries, chapels, gift to church, or exhibitions. No reasonable offer refused.’ (*Times*, Sept. 23rd, 1878.)





DEFINITE IDEAS BEFORE SETTING TO WORK

We may and must have some, but the work itself will give many more and make them much more definite. I did not see my way clearly with *Life and Habit* when I began to write it. I knew I was close on to a big thing, but I should never have got well hold of it if I had waited till I understood myself before I began to write.

LUCKY OR UNLUCKY

A sensible man commonly knows no more whether his life on the whole has been lucky or unlucky, than whether he is plain or handsome.

ALCOHOL

The question is whether our ancestors have been so long accustomed to alcohol that it is easier now to go on with it and make the best of it, or whether the habit is so recent that it can be broken easily and without disturbance. I think decidedly the first of these two alternatives is the right one.

THEY'RE A RUM LOT

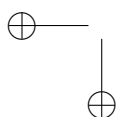
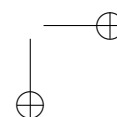
as the Devil said of the Ten Commandments.

THE SIMPLICITY OF NATURE

This is due to her not being so clever and prescient as people try to make out. Unless an idea is pretty obvious it will seldom occur to any, either animal or plant.

THE LITTLE WOOLLY PIG OF GOD

There was an inland African tribe in a country too hot for sheep, who had therefore no definite idea about a lamb. The missionary who converted them brought the idea somewhat nearer to their comprehension by calling Christ 'the little woolly pig of God.'





HEZEKIAH HOLLOWBRED

He was landlord of the 'Harrow' public house at Bulphan and was a good old man. He called houses 'housen.' He said South Ockendon was a nice place, there were three public housen in it. He said he liked gentle company, he did.

R. E. WORSLEY ON HIS FATHER

He said there were two things which stamped him. One that he liked the stickjaw, stocking end of a roly-poly pudding without the jam in it; the other that he liked sleepy pears.

CONSCIOUSNESS, VISIONS AND PERCEPTIONS

Savages saw in their dreams visions of men, and concluded that the actual body of the person dreamed of had been in some way before them, or if not the actual body yet some emanation therefrom had been really seen. By degrees it became acknowledged that there had been nothing present save in the mind of the dreamer. Query, whether other phenomena, and indeed all phenomena, will not have to go the way of ghosts and be recognized as subjective only.

HEARING OR READING

other people's criticism of a book or picture or piece of music before forming an opinion.

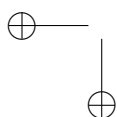
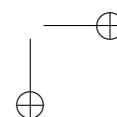
Some say we should not do this; I maintain we should do it as much as ever we can – unless, of course, when there is no doubt.

THE THIEF

Once committed beyond a certain point he should not worry himself too much about not being a thief any more. Thieving is God's message to him. Let him try and be a good thief.

BUFFON ON THE MENINGES

There is flippancy in the way in which Buffon says that if the seat of sensation must be placed in the head it had better be in the meninges.





LOOKING AHEAD

We cannot do this much either in writing or painting. We must do something roughly as near as we can, and then cut it about and rearrange it.

'HAVE YOU GOT TWOPENCE?'

I heard a man say this to another at Reading Station. 'Yes I have,' was the answer, 'and father and mother both living too.'

LIFE AND SENSE

Leaving aside the question how they arose for the present, we should confine ourselves to the following: how they act now; how they have acted so far as we can get at the facts; whether there is reason to think they ever acted differently; and what millions of years of such action would be likely to result in.

RUDIMENTARY ORGANS

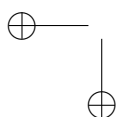
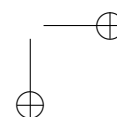
Two things are equally plain: (i) that most of our organs are so well adapted for their purpose that they present all the phenomena of design; (ii) that some of our organs are no less clearly useless than the others are useful. This had baffled evolutionists and will baffle them till they take the line I have taken in *Life and Habit*, *Evolution*, *Old and New*, and *Unconscious Memory*.

THE CRAMMER

Pauli says he is the only honest schoolmaster at present.

THE FUTURE WEALTH OF ENGLAND

is in good workmanship; and academies, however plausibly disguised, are the last source from which good workmanship will come.





MAN

is God's highest present development. He is the latest thing in God.

SIGHT

is a long arm. Do we not shoot out as it were immaterial pseudopodia which embrace all that is in the field of vision?

PRIGS

There is no prig like an old one.

BROAD CHURCH AND PAGANISM

Let the Broad Church sail as near, not philosophical stoicism, but good rollicking Paganism, as it dare; just as the ritualists do with Romanism. I think it would then draw.

CLEANLINESS

is almost as bad as Godliness.

BAD TEACHERS

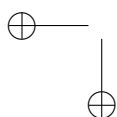
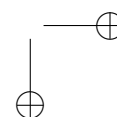
There are only two – those who teach too much and those who don't teach at all. All teachers do one or the other.

THE LORD GAVE

and the Lord hath postponed the taking away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

GOD

proposes, but it is through man; and it is therefore man who commonly both proposes and disposes.





MODEST COMPETENCE

I have taken vows of modest competence, but alas! I seem on the high road to break them.

SINNERS

came into the world to save Christ Jesus.

THE CHURCH

is becoming a rudimentary organ, but the third class railway carriage on a Sunday morning is something of a church.

GOD

helps them who help themselves. Yes, because he and they are one.

CHRIST

Jesus! with all thy faults I love thee still.

PROFESSIONS

All forms of animal and vegetable life are professions.

SELF-MADE PEOPLE

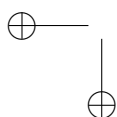
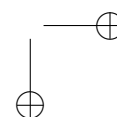
All organisms are self-made people.

AVOID ALL APPEARANCE OF EVIL

By all means.

DEATH

is only a greater modification than any after which we have been able to remember ourselves.





GOGIN AND SMOKING

He said he had felt much better for giving it up. He felt the mere pleasure of existing more than he had done for some time. I feel this when I am smoking.

‘LIKE AS A FATHER PITIETH HIS CHILDREN, ETC,’

Yes, very like this.

UNITY AND GRAFTS

After saying that the unity of a tree lies not in the visible material connection between its boughs, but in the oneness of mind that exists among its buds, point this by sporting branches, grafts, and mistletoe, where the material connection remains, but there is no true unity. The sap is the same sap, but when it comes to the alien bough it changes its mind.

MIND AND VIBRATIONS

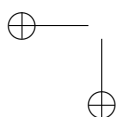
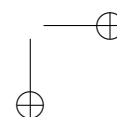
I suspect strongly that all change of mind is dependent upon changes of vibrations and that indeed the vibrations of matter are the mind of matter. I am not clear about my own meaning but if we consider vibrations and life (or mind) as one, and life as nearly a series of inconceivably complex and recurring vibrations, we shall, I think, connect the organic and inorganic more comfortably than in any other way.

BELIEVING MOSES AND THE PROPHETS

If they believe Moses and the Prophets they are quite capable of believing one who said he had risen from the dead.

MARRIED MEN

are almost as bad as old maids.





MRS. WARREN AND MISS SAVAGE

Mrs. Warren said she criticized everything. 'I criticized Disraeli's novels,' she said, 'to his face, but I didn't know it was 'im.' She also said that her husband, walking one evening at dusk in the Rosherville Gardens, overheard two people talking, one of whom he recognized by his voice as the Archbishop of York.

'What was there,' he asked, 'before Creation?' Miss Savage said she was hardly surprised at the Archbishop's asking this question 'for,' she said, 'I don't know that myself.' 'Lor! don't you?' exclaimed Mrs. Warren, 'why my husband shouted out from the other side of the walk "Providence, to be sure!" and the Archbishop came over and shook hands with him, and said he should preach upon it next Sunday at Westminster Abbey, and he did too.'

I HATE THEM WHICH HATE GOD

but I don't find God sufficiently hating them which hate me.

GOD

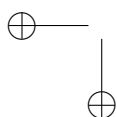
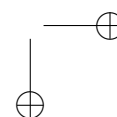
thinks of himself as a whole and not of his individual cells, unless he finds himself in trouble with them. I wish I knew how to give him trouble enough to make him look after me a little more, without driving him into amputating me.

GOD

said Jones, is a licensed bogie. Servants must not frighten children with bogies, but papas and mammas may. I remember my elder sister and myself asking our nurse if the world might come to an end that afternoon. We were told it might, so we began to scream, and screamed till we were told it mightn't.

PORTRAITS OF ONESELF

A man's work whether in music, painting or literature is always a portrait of himself.





TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

I saw a beetle attacking a cockchafer. It was God unable to made up his mind whether he would be Tweedledum or Tweedledee.

ART NOTE

If you have only a little time, do only a little thing.

GROWING NEW REPUTATIONS

We can grow a certain number of new ones, as salamanders can grow fresh tails, but not too many, and we must not be too old.

CHRISTIAN RELIGION

People in general are equally horrified at hearing the Christian religion doubted, and at seeing it practised.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

Want of money, bad health, bad temper, chastity, family ties, knowing that you know things, and believing in the Christian religion.

WINE AND MILK

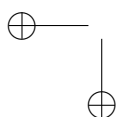
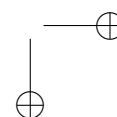
are water which has had a long talk either with a vine or with a cow, and has been thoroughly satisfied.

REASON AND FAITH

Reason is founded on faith and faith on reason; there is no 'I know,' but there is an 'I think,' which is found to answer all practical purposes.

THE HAND AND THE STOMACH

The hand is a kind of mental stomach, wrapping itself round about things that we may digest them better with our minds; but it is so far a true stomach also that I imagine if a starving man were to





hold a bit of raw beef well in his closed hand for four or five hours it would help to keep him alive; nevertheless he had better eat it if he can.

ELASTICITY IN THE MATTER OF FOOD AND ASSOCIATION

The elasticity with which, though our normal amount of food is so and so, we can yet do the same work with a little less at a pinch, is part of the same story as association not sticking to the letter of its bond.

MOTTO FOR MYSELF

Nihil bene quod non jucunde.

ON A CERTAIN SOLICITOR

Jones said he could make his clients do so absolutely what he liked that they really ought to have independent professional advice.

INVALIDS

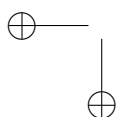
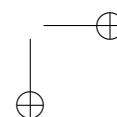
are people who do not know what to do with themselves when they have made themselves.

UNDERSTANDING

To understand is to follow side by side with the mind; to stand under, as it were, and alongside of each step in a process, so as to have it all clearly before one.

FRESCO OF CHRIST AT ARTO

The funniest fresco of Christ that ever I saw was at Arto above Pella on the Lago di Orta. Christ is being led to crucifixion and turns round to Pilate with a leer as though saying 'Crucifixion? I can do that little lot on my head.'





FRESCO OF THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

I saw one at Civiasco between Orta and Varallo, on a wall – evidently done by some free-thinker to emulate the frescoes of religious subjects and preach free-thought. It was more odious by far than any of its neighbours. ‘Verba non animum mutant qui trans religionem currunt’; or at least it often is so.

THE CLOVEN TONGUES OF FIRE

which sat upon the Apostles’ heads perhaps caught fire through friction against our atmosphere on their descent from heaven.

CHRIST

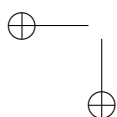
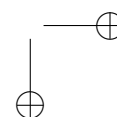
is indeed about our bed and about our path, and spies out all our ways. We cannot have even two or three gathered together, but what he will most likely be in the midst of us.

REPRODUCTION

The only satisfactory reproduction is assimilation – the adoption and education of the docile potato or mutton chop; on any other system you reproduce the half of someone else. But then is not that half someone else a part of you too? We see that every man is himself and not another, and yet that every other is part of a man’s self. It is always so; you must temper every proposition with a little of its opposite.

TOTAL ABSTAINERS

Write a passage against total abstainers from any vice as *fainéants* who bury their talent in a napkin, who add not for fear of losing. If *Life and Habit* is true they add nothing to the capabilities of their descendants for pleasure, but tend to reopen a question which has been too long settled to be reopened.





GREECE

Do not say that luxury was the cause of Greek decline. Greece was too small, and the favourable variation was swamped by unmodified neighbours.

DIGESTION AND TOLERATION

She said she was troubled a good deal with wind. ‘Non passo l’aria,’ she exclaimed, and until she had done this she could not eat. She complained, in fact, of loss of appetite; she should have said that time had softened her and made her more tolerant of differences of opinion; she no longer had such a conviction concerning the rightness of all her own convictions as to wish to make the very eggs and bread and butter think as she did. People who wish to live long should not let time soften them; they should stick to it that whatever they think is the only right thing for anyone to think. Mr. Gladstone, for example, will live to be one hundred. Toleration is fatal to a good digestion.

TACITUS

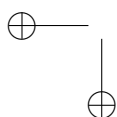
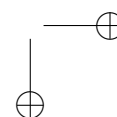
I regret that I did not call Tacitus a prig outright. I thought I had done so, but my friends tell me I have not, and I suppose they know.

SNOW

Why does the fresh fallen August snow lie so long on the top of that high peak when it is so thin and the weather is so hot? I suppose because it is not thin, and because the weather up there is not hot, and because it does not lie long.

I SHOULD LIKE

to write a book which should be like a picture with a deep Venetian blue-green sky and an impossibly rich golden tone all over it.





HAMLET

Men play friendship as *Hamlet* with Hamlet cut out, but what, I wonder, is Hamlet?

IRVING

I should like to make Irving play the part of the first witch in *Macbeth*.

THE ONLY THING

we ought to grow in the end is money and good temper.

GOOD COMPANY

People are always good company when they are doing what they really enjoy.

SEA-SICKNESS

is the moral pain at seeing our converts escape us.

IRRELIGION

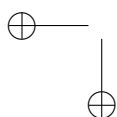
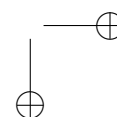
We hear a great deal about the religion of the future. What form, I wonder, will the irreligion of the future take?

TENNYSON

Blow on Tennyson about Earl Yniol; it is not in growing ages that great poets are so squeamish.

INTELLIGENCE

is a mental good appetite and good digestion. How many prayers, proverbs and philosophies recognize this. Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest.





UNLESS A MAN

will admit that two persons may be only one person (and if two, then 20,000), do not let him say he has children henceforth. He and his wife have children, but he has none until he takes the old Bible view that he and his wife are one flesh.

SPECULATION

I used to think there should be classes at school to teach boys not to speculate. It should be to teach them how to speculate. Everything is speculation, or nothing speculation, whichever you please.

HORACE

was very often priggish. Some say his 'Aurum irrepertum,' etc., is worthy of Mr. Tennyson himself. Well, I think it is.

PUBLIC OPINION

It would shock public opinion if we were to return to infanticide, but it would not shock it if we were to return to putting young people into religion and upholding celibacy.

REWARD OF LABOUR

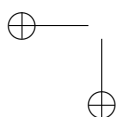
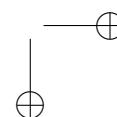
The desideratum is for some way in which men may reap the reward of their labour more certainly after the flesh. The future state dodge was tried, but it did not do; the want however is a genuine one, and will one day probably be supplied.

HUXLEY AND CO.

are always abusing me for being a literary man – and yet they are always trying to be literary men themselves.

THE TREES

had their petticoats blown over their heads.





MATCH-BOXES

I think the moral tone of the match-boxes is improving. I found no box at Varallo more profane than Æsop's Fables.

ACADEMICISM

The moment a man begins doing unpleasant things on the chance of their turning up usefully some day he is tainted with academicism.

JESUS CHRIST

I suppose there is no one who does not sometimes think that he is very like Jesus Christ.

LIFE

It is not that the middle of the earth is less full of life than the surface, but that we being as we are call nothing life which does not resemble ourselves. The life that is in the earth probably thinks the life on the surface of the globe to be dead.

HANDEL

An air of Handel's little known except among those who are not musicians.

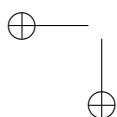
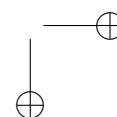
The out of the way bits of Handel are like the little side bits in such a town as Verona.

RIGHT IS MIGHT

The rule Right is Might holds just as good for the moral and intellectual world as for the physical.

AN ITALIAN'S NOSE

He talked the matter over with his nose. There are 5000 ways of cooking an egg and at least as many of tapping an Italian's nose.





MUSIC

Jones said we ought to have books teaching us not how to compose music, but how to decompose it.

‘PER BACCO’

I said the chambermaid had not emptied out my slops. ‘Per Bacco,’ said the landlady devoutly, and she crossed herself.

AT SOGLIO

The German couple said they liked Soglio; there were so many walks they could take between mealtimes.

LITERARY CRIMES

I feel more remorse for the literary crimes which I did not commit (I mean for not having committed them), than for all those which I did commit.

CHAMOIS

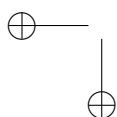
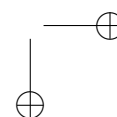
I hope they will make chamois an extinct species soon.

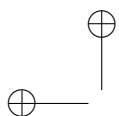
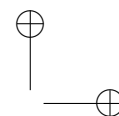
H. K. BROWNE

‘Mr. Harblot Browne has died in London at the age of sixty, after having enjoyed twenty years of exceptional popularity throughout the whole of England. This admirable artist achieved his first successes under the pseudonym Fix which he adopted when illustrating the works of Dickens when the author of *David Copperfield* was still writing under the name of Box.

‘The pencil of Harblot was of the greatest assistance to Box. Those who have observed it in *Pikwik*, *Nicolas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield* and in many another work, will be of one mind as to the artistic taste, and above all the fidelity to nature with which Harblot portrayed the characters of the great novelist.’ (Translated from an Italian newspaper.)

One feels as if one was reading a review of some book on evolution, written (I mean the review, not the book) by Mr. Grant Allen,





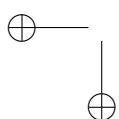
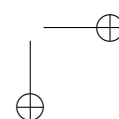
Mr. G. J. Romanes, Professor Huxley, Miss Julia Wedgwood, Miss Edith Simcox, or, indeed, any of our more prolific and thoughtful magazine writers.

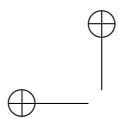
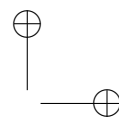
FRENCH BOYS

always throw stones at me, then I set an old woman at them and she routs them.

‘NEEDY COMBUSTIBLES’

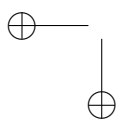
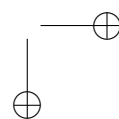
‘The care for the needy combustibles is absolutely the matter of the travellers, which must agree about it with the personal of the guides.’ (From a Swiss Climbing Hut notice, 1878.)

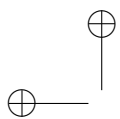
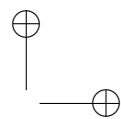
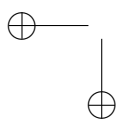
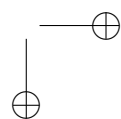


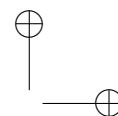


VOLUME II
1883–1887

REVISED
1897–1898







PREFACE

On indexing this volume, as with the two already indexed, and as no doubt will be the case with any that I may live to index later, I am alarmed at the triviality of many [notes], the ineptitude of many, and the obvious untenableness of many that I should have done much better to destroy.

Elmsley, in one of his letters to Dr. Butler, says that an author is the worst person to put one of his own works through the press (see my *Life of Dr. Butler*, vol. i, p. 88). It seems to me that he is the worst person, also, to make selections from his own notes, or indeed even, in my case, to write them. I cannot help it. They grew as, with little disturbance, they now stand; they are not meant for publication; the bad ones serve as bread for the jam of the good ones. It was less trouble to let them go than to think whether they ought not to be destroyed.

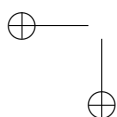
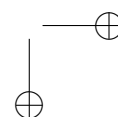
The retort, however, is obvious, that no thinking should have been required in respect of many, but a glance should have consigned them to the waste-paper basket. I know it, and I know that many a one of those who look over this book – for that it will be looked over by not a few I doubt not – will think me to have been a greater fool than I probably was. I cannot help it.

I have, at any rate, the consolation of also knowing that however much I may have irritated, displeased or disappointed them, they will not be able to tell me so; and I think that, to some, such a record of passing moods and thoughts, good, bad and indifferent, will be more valuable as throwing light upon the period to which it relates than it would have been if it had been edited with greater judgment.

Besides, vol. iv is bound, and I should not have enough to form vol. iii if I cut out all those that ought to be cut out.

June 28th, 1898

P.S. – If I had re-read my preface to vol. iv I need not have written the above.





MARY MAGDALENE AND THE SEVEN DEVILS

The devils were probably as thankful to be turned out of Mary Magdalene as she was to be rid of them. At least if I was a devil I would rather have lived in old Mrs. Boss by a good long way.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Not very long after his return he probably again felt that he fain would fill his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, but no man gave to him. The veal (which, he said, was taken from some tough old calf) had to be finished.

TED JONES – ‘HE’S TALKING TO ME’

He was very shy. Once a visitor called and tried to make himself agreeable, but after a while Ted began to cry and said, ‘Mamma – he’s talking to me.’

MARRIAGE

It is not nice to be wedded to anything – not even to a theory.

AS UGLY AS VIRTUE

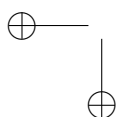
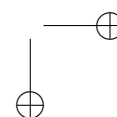
Jones said of a church in the Elizabethan Strasse at Basle, that it was as ugly as virtue.

IF GOD WANTS US TO DO A THING

he should make his wishes sufficiently clear. Sensible people will wait till he has done this before paying much attention to him.

GOD

is not so black as he has been painted – nor yet so white.





BROTHER AND SISTER

‘Henceforth,’ said she sadly, ‘let us be to one another as brother and sister.’ ‘No,’ said I, as I thought of my own sisters, ‘not so bad as that.’

SOMETHING WRONG!

‘He hath filled the hungry with good things, but the rich he hath sent empty away.’ Surely this must be wrong.

UNBRIDLED MODERATION

He had, indeed, all the vices, but in such unbridled moderation that the ascetic was a libertine in comparison with him.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

is too wide a cross for fertility with myself.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS

is not likely to be found for many days, if then, and will be good for very little when it is found.

‘IT’S NOT WASTING MONEY TO BUY BOOKS’

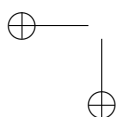
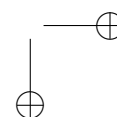
I heard a woman say this to another in a railway carriage. ‘Indeed, my dear,’ was the answer, ‘I think it is.’ I am so far of her opinion that I never buy them myself.

A BIBLE IN AN HOTEL PARLOUR

I like to see this, but it should have a lot of mats and vases or profane ornaments on top of it.

THE LIONS WOULD NOT EAT DANIEL

They could eat most things, but they drew the line at prophets.





BISHOP BUTLER

tells us he was all his life combating devilish suggestions. He was worsted in one of these combats when he published the *Analogy*.

EPITAPH FOR MYSELF

‘He hated not wisely but too well.’

THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST

meet.

EGG SHELLS AND SELECTION

If a man wanted eggs with thicker shells, and hens thought the shells were a trifle too thick already and they had better be a little thinner, would all man’s selection be able to get thicker ones? I do not think so.

THE CHARLATANS OF SCIENCE

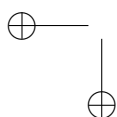
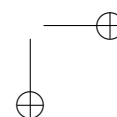
will never accept a new truth from the hands of an outsider till the outsiders make them do it, and then they will say they found it out themselves.

DR. ROBERT DARWIN ON WOMEN

He, the son of Erasmus, and father of Charles Darwin, used to say that if a woman was carrying on imprudently at eighteen you should give her good advice; if at thirty, you should watch her; if at forty you should lock her up. Mrs. Salter told me this as a current Shrewsbury saying.

I SAID OF A MAN

that he was an unprincipled, principle-ridden prig.





CONSCIOUSNESS

Because we do not make a noise, and are unconscious when we are asleep if we are moved about a little, we say that everything which does not make a noise when it is pushed about a little is unconscious.

DEATH

Any very great and sudden change is a death.

POETRY

I hate all poetry, but of all poetry I hate French poetry the worst.

MADAME AND MYSELF

I had said something, I suppose, particularly improper to Madame, and she reported it to Jones, saying that I should never have said it. 'Lui,' she said, 'qui est plus que tout poète.' I think I ought to feel very much flattered.

MEAD

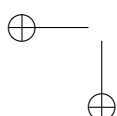
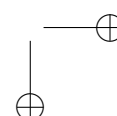
is the lowest of the intoxicants, just as Church is the lowest of the dissipations, caraway seeds the lowest of the condiments, and agates are the lowest of the precious stones.

CAREFULLY AND PATIENTLY

How these two poor good words get lugged in everywhere. 'The Officers of the Metropolitan Police are carefully investigating the subject.' Of course they are, if they are investigating it at all. But it is the *claqueurs* of Mr. Darwin who are the greatest offenders in this matter.

'I'M GLAD I SAID DUCK'

A small boy asked what he would have at dinner, said 'duck.' They helped him, and they gave him seasoning, and apple sauce, and new potatoes and green peas; when all was put upon his plate he





looked at it and then said with a little sigh of content, 'I'm glad I said duck.'

'SCIENTIFIC' TO MEN LIKE HERBERT SPENCER

means little else than the power to say in hard words and involved sentences what could be better said in easy ones.

STATICS AND DYNAMICS

There is always some statics in dynamics, and *vice versa*; so in the fullest content there is a little discontent and *vice versa*. But the more discontented we are the more we are conscious, and the more we approach a dynamical state; and the more content we are the more unconscious we are, and the more statical.

THE BEST MEMORIAL FOR A LITERARY MAN

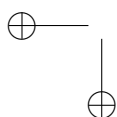
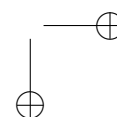
and the one I should most wish for myself is that money should be subscribed to make a very copious index – almost a concordance – of all his writings. [P.S. – No. I would much rather it was spent on a good performance of *Narcissus*.]

WORDS, IDEAS AND ASSOCIATION

Words only convey ideas to us because we have arbitrarily associated them with certain things, so that presence of the word recalls the thing.

ON BREAKING HABITS

If a man wants to break any habit he had far better do it gradually than suddenly. In the gradual leaving off there is not likely to be a relapse. In the sudden there is almost sure to be, and with relapse demoralization.





CHRIST AND MR. DARWIN

A man may say what he likes about Christ, but he must be very careful how he attacks Mr. Darwin or indeed any of the scientific or literary bigwigs.

VITALITY OF THE DEAD

The constant tendency of modern invention is to increase the vitality of those who are commonly called dead.

IN ALL MY TROUBLES

I have this great comfort. It is only my present happiness in this world that can be damaged. My work, or at any rate a good lot of it, is done – nothing can undo it. The six published books, the novel, and the commonplace book – these are enough for one man. True, I should like to do a great deal more, and by no means despair of doing it, nevertheless, suppose I fail, I have still done not a little; and what I have done is square, genuine stuff. (Nov. 1883.)

ART NOTE

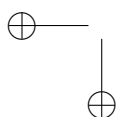
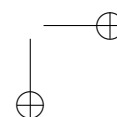
You may see a thing day after day for years and know no more about it at the end than at the beginning, unless and until you try to draw it without nature. Try to do this, and you will soon get to know something about it.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING

Certainly, but a little want of knowledge is also a dangerous thing.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE MAJORITY

He says in his New York address that the majority are always wrong. People are generally wrong so long as a subject is new to them; but by far the greater number of things about which we are conversant are not new, and about these the majority is much the safest guide we can follow.





IF YOU FEEL STRONGLY

you must persecute, and if you don't feel strongly you will never get on.

VIRTUE

There should be a subdivision of this as well as of any other labour.

THE ONLY THINGS I WROTE FOR MONEY

were some articles in the *Examiner* in the spring and summer of 1879, and they are the only things I wish I had never written.

MYSELF A LATE DEVELOPER

No one will understand me or my work unless they bear in mind that I was an unusually slow and late grower. I have not developed into much, but I have developed into much more than as a young or middle-aged man I seemed likely to do.

EXCELLENCE

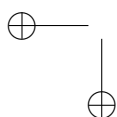
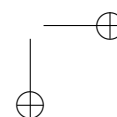
He excels most who hits the golden mean most exactly in the middle.

EREWHONIAN STATUES

One feels in the diaphragm the great Handelian chords which they moan – they are, as it were, the groaning and labouring of all creation travailing together until now.

INFERNAL MACHINES

Pauli wanted me to put something about these into the machine chapters of *Erewhon*, if I got a chance. They are an entirely new class of machine and must be considered as blackguards among mankind. I wish I had done this.





EARLY COMMUNION

Why don't they send it round from house to house with the milk, and have telephones from each house to the chancel?

GRATITUDE

Wanted an Act for the better regulation of Gratitude.

A MAN SHOULD SACK HIS CHURCH

just as he should sack his footman, if it does not give him satisfaction.

WASTE

They say that only about 10 per cent of the heat in coal is not wasted; so with the energies even of the most able and industrious men.

SUPREME MOMENTS

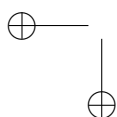
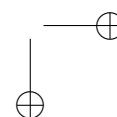
Our latest moment is always our supreme moment. Five minutes delay in dinner now is more important than a great sorrow ten years gone.

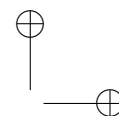
'THE WAY OF ALL FLESH'

Mr. Heatherley said I had taken all the tenderest feelings of our nature and, having spread them carefully over the floor, stamped upon them till I had reduced them to an indistinguishable mass of filth, and then handed them round for inspection. I do not take this view of the matter myself. (1883.)

CORREGGIO

At Parma see the Correggios, that you may hate the man more intelligently.





AT MRS. SALTER'S

Last week (Oct. 27th, 1883) I went to Basingstoke and met Mrs. Thiselton Dyer. She is a daughter of Sir Joseph Hooker and is very advanced. I said I should go to church in the evening. I said this, partly because I knew she would not like it, and partly to please Miss Burd, who I knew would. Mrs. Dyer did her best to dissuade me. 'Didn't it bore me? And, holding my opinions, ought I not to let people see what I thought?' etc. I said that, having given up Christianity, I was not going to be hampered by its principles. It was the substance of Christianity, and not its accessories of external worship, that I so objected to; and I would be unprincipled whenever and in whatever way I thought convenient. So I went to church out of pure cussedness. She could not make it out at all. But I won't go again, not just yet awhile if I can help it, for it *did* bore me. I had not been for more than seven years.

DR. PARKES

Dr. Parkes wrote a book on health, and said that physiology proved the Bible to be right in all it said about marriage which was the natural condition of man.

My uncle said, 'What a fine man Parkes must have been! How I wish I had known him!'

My cousin Reggie asked, 'Is he dead?'

'Yes.'

'How old was he?'

'Forty.'

'What did he die of?'

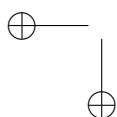
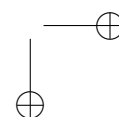
'Decline.'

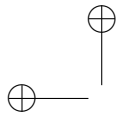
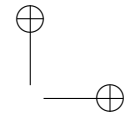
'Had he any children?'

'No.'

UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND REFLEX ACTION

The head of the household is not conscious of the cook's trouble in preparing dinner, but this does not prove that no one in the house is conscious and that the dinner is got ready without any one's knowin anything about it. Our stomach is an old and valued servant whom we cannot part with, but he is not us.





VOLUNTARY MOVEMENTS

are never communicated but always excited. Ideas, however, are communicated, as well as excited.

CHILDREN GROW THEIR TALKING

much as they grow their teeth.

NATURE IS LIKE A CONJURER —

she should be watched away from her fuss.

CONSCIOUS MATTER

There are degrees of consciousness, as there are of life and power, but we have no ground for saying that any matter undergoing any change is not aware that it is changing. It would be absurd to say that a stone can see, but one can be aware, without seeing, or any sense save touch.

DIGESTION OF THOUGHTS

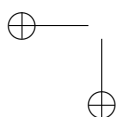
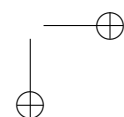
As food must be prepared for us by animals and plants before we can assimilate it, so we can digest thoughts more easily that have already been digested by many minds.

ATOMS LEARNING

If an atom can learn, how does it do so? It must learn as other people do. How is this? By experience and memory.

ART OF KNOWING WHAT GIVES US PLEASURE

This, about some things, may take hundreds of years during which we continually think we know and find out that we don't. As in the case of astronomical theories.





BODY CORPORATE

What is the essential thing that happens in the lowest example of a corporation that we know of – as for example when two atoms combine and form one molecule? What is it that makes us consider as one thing that which we before considered as two?

IMMORTALITY OF ATOMS AND TEACHING

Some things can teach much to some things and little to others; some can be taught much by some things and little by others; some can neither be taught much nor teach much. All depends upon the kind of company into which an atom has got. If it has got into bad hands it will have to part company with them before it can get into better. But all atoms being immortal go on learning and unlearning, combining and separating, appointing, disappointing, and being disappointed for ever and ever.

HE IS THE BEST TEACHER

who has the best digestion.

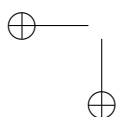
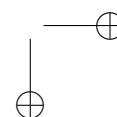
‘OMNE OVUM EX OVO’

Comes to this, that nothing can do difficult actions without considerable practice.

‘OMNE INTELLIGENS EX INTELLIGENTE’

is as necessary as ‘Omne ovum ex ovo.’ It implies every, even the most ultimate atom, intelligent – but how about the increment? A germ of intelligence must come from a pre-existing germ as much as a material germ.

A high intelligence must be the offspring of an intelligence only a little lower than itself, in the same way as an organism cannot be considered as arising from anything but another organism a very little, if any, different from itself. Still there are ‘sports’ occasionally.





DEATH DOES NOT TOUCH THE ATOM

either as regards its body or its mind – its mind consisting in the power of perceiving that it has received a shock, with a fading recollection of the same, and not much more. But this is death. Death is nothing more than this.

THERE IS HIGH INTELLIGENCE

even in the lowest life we know of. The intelligence of the test-making amoeba strikes us as disproportionate to the simplicity of its body. This is, we refuse to see intelligence in what we call inanimate things, and do not see how complex the stuff of which the amoeba is made really is.

ORGANISMS LOWER THAN THE AMOEBA

We cannot see organisms lower than the amoeba. Can we see acts of intelligence less intelligent than the action of the amoeba? Actions about which we are uncertain whether we are looking at intelligent actions or no?

WORDS

on many subjects are like trying to paint a miniature with a mop.

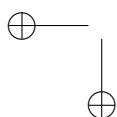
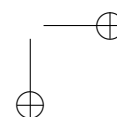
CONSCIOUSNESS

Every particle of matter is conscious not of all things, but still of some things.

HABITUAL ACTION AND LIFE HISTORY OF RACE

The ease and breadth with which an habitual action is performed is, on a small scale, what the epitomizing of the life history of the race during the embryonic stages of the individual is on a large one.

In this last case not only are the events of millions of years compressed into a few weeks, but long episodes get knocked out altogether, and results are produced not so much by a rapid use of the appropriate means as by a mere mental allusion to them, after which the means seem to be dispensed with entirely, and the effect





which once required means is now produced on the mere strength of their having been applied formerly. We go from difficulty with much means to facility with little means, and finally dispense with means and whole processes altogether. This is because association does not stick to the letter of its bond.

DEATH AND IDENTITY

We retain our identity after death as much as we retain it from day to day while we are going through the embryonic stages. If identity survives these it should survive death. We do not really retain our identity from day to day, and this enables us to say that we retain it after death. In this sense we continue to live beyond the grave as *bona fide* as before it, only we change our habits and reconsider ourselves more rapidly and completely than we have been doing lately.

ETERNAL LIFE

We mean eternal at both ends.

WANT AND ORGAN

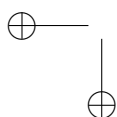
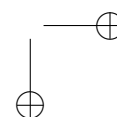
An organ is at once the outward and visible sign that certain wants exist, and the means of getting them out of existence. The organ is the animal or plant's way of keeping the want in due subjection.

ADAPTATION AND PURPOSE

resolves itself into 'removal of a want.' When an organ causes a want to disappear quickly and completely we say that it is well adapted to its purpose.

THE EYE

can soon reckon things in multitude so as to miss a hundred sheep in a mob of two thousand, but it must begin by counting ones and twos at a time.





REPAIR AND REPRODUCTION –

which of these two came first? I should think repair – but then repair is reproduction.

AMOEBA AND LIVING MOLECULES

Is an amoeba run by many living molecules or by one only? Is our body run by a queen-cell, as it were, which lays the rest as the queen bee lays the greater number of a hive?

ORGANS AND HABITS

These two are so closely interdependent that neither can live long without the other. Whatever affects the one for weal or woe affects the other correspondingly. They are to one another as mind and matter; the organ is the outward and visible sign of the habit, the habit is the inward and spiritual meaning of the organ.

ORGAN AND WANT

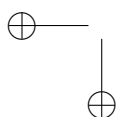
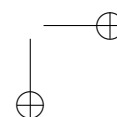
The want calls the organ into existence that it may commit happy despatch with it. The organ never wants this, and will keep creating more and more wants so that it may itself be called more and more into existence.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND AFFECTION BY THIS OR THAT

When anyone thing is affected by another, as oxygen, say, and hydrogen, who has any power to say whether the one is conscious of the other or not?

Consciousness manifests itself to us mainly by a fuss of some sort; and there is a fuss when oxygen and hydrogen come together; in fact they make so much fuss that it should seem more harmonious with our other ideas to say that they were aware of each other's presence than that they knew nothing about it.

Of living agents when we see them disturbed we say they show signs of consciousness. Why should we assume that there is any difference between one thing and another in this respect? If no one can tell how another feels, though that other in so many respects so





closely resembles him, how can he tell what a molecule of hydrogen may or may not feel when exasperated by that particular quantity of oxygen which is the last straw so to speak that breaks the camel's back?

Why should Shakespeare be allowed to say that the meanest beetle that we tread upon in corporal sufferance feels a pang as great as when a giant dies, and why should not someone else say that the meanest molecule of hydrogen which we insult with oxygen feels a pang as great as when, at any rate, a beetle is trodden upon? True, Shakespeare never was either a beetle or a giant, and cannot therefore have known what either one or the other would feel under any circumstances; no one, for the matter of that, can know anything at all about anything – this is, at least, the legitimate, and the only legitimate, conclusion in which metaphysics land us; but we are not dealing with metaphysics nor even with high science. We are dealing with the common instincts of mankind; we are seeking what expression of facts shall waken the most immediately responsive echo within us – shall best suit us, in fact.

And Shakespeare, whether he was scientifically right or wrong, expressed what sensible people will think to the end of all such time as we need concern ourselves with, when he said that the beetle did not like dying any better than the giant. I believe if he were living now he would find some finely poetical way of saying that the molecule of hydrogen feels as much as the beetle does.

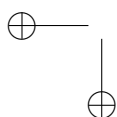
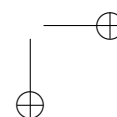
ACTION MECHANICAL AND MENTAL

Can there be any action which is not mechanical ultimately? When anything does anything is not mechanical action an inevitable concomitant? On the other hand, can there be any mechanical action without mental action as an inevitable concomitant?

LIFE AND VIBRATIONS

All sensations are caused by vibrations. They are sensations of vibrations. Sensation is feeling a vibration.

But life is the congeries of our sensations. Therefore life resolves itself into the feeling of vibrations.





FAITH — MEANS — ASSOCIATION

Faith does seem to enable a man or any other organism to dispense with some part of the material means which are necessary to him who lacks faith. Common instinct declares that 'faith works wonders,' and indeed if miracles are to be worked at all it is faith which must work them. So imagination, which is a mode of faith, is said to have caused a mother's fingers to be bruised when she saw her child's crushed by a window shutting down upon them. Without such imagination present to the mother's mind as actually was present, it would have been necessary to have a window-sill before the mother's fingers could have been bruised. As it was, the vivid presence of the image in the mind was enough to do the whole thing. The last stage of the effect seems to be produced, not by material agency but by the mind arriving at a certain state, for the arriving at which, indeed, material agency is necessary, but which a smaller and smaller amount of material agency will produce continually.

It is probably a part of the same story that the embryo can do by leaps and bounds what it must do step by step painfully at first, and that the mother's fingers were bruised as above.

What is it that gives faith? Experience and conceit.

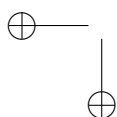
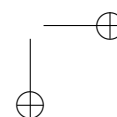
What is it that gives experience? Time, memory and a varied environment. Faith, memory, imagination, experience, and association are closely connected.

The omission of the steps must also be connected with association not sticking to the letter of its bond. Faith and experience can alike epitomize and dispense with means; but then faith is ideal experience or something very like it.

MATTER, DIFFERENCE, CHANGE AND OPINION

There can be no difference of form without difference of opinion, and *vice versa*. There is matter, and there is the mind or mood that the matter happens to be in. The only thing that matter perceives is a change in its relations to other matter in its neighbourhood.

It is agitated by these changes, vibrates with them, and if they are unfamiliar is shocked with them.





LOST ARTS

Many arts have been lost, but more from over familiarity than through undervaluing. It took ages to rediscover the hinge, yet it was daily used in the joints of every man and woman that was ever born.

REPAIR OF WEB BY SPIDER AND REGROWTH OF TAIL BY LIZARD

These are analogous. The spider grew its web inside it as much as the lizard its tail; and even now that the web is outside the spider, it is such an essential part of its physical and spiritual well-being that it must still be counted as more a part of the spider, than our hair or our nail ends are of ourselves. Neither spider nor lizard can go on repairing *ad infinitum*. A spider can only make three webs in a lifetime. If these are insufficient, it finds old deserted webs and botches them up a little.

ROSMINI ON PROPERTY

He declared it to be a kind of extension of personality beyond the limits of the body.

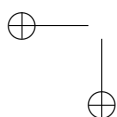
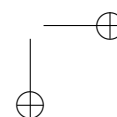
TOOLS

Matter is organic or not according as it is being used as an organ (or tool), or not. A fossil, therefore, is not organic now, but is an organic remain.

TORRENTS AND ANNOYANCES

are formed because rain drops can fall more quickly through the air than they can travel along the ground when they have fallen. The falling drops overtake the running ones and there is a block.

So every annoyance must pass away in some small change, as a rain drop sinks into the ground; and it will do so if annoyance does not succeed annoyance too rapidly. As a general rule, the ordinary channels of action suffice to carry off the disturbances, whether pleasing or painful, of the hour, but every now and then there are, as it were, floods.





CONVULSIONS

Animal and vegetable organism does not change by large and few convulsions, but by small ones and many of them. So for the most part do states and men's opinions.

BEGINNINGS

Pearson, in his work on the Creed, I think in Article i, writes, 'We find by the experience of ourselves that some things in this world have a beginning before which they were not.' I know of no such things; everything comes from something else so that there is no true beginning.

MAN IS A JELLY

which quivers so much as to run about.

ASSOCIATION AND NERVOUS ACTION

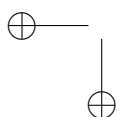
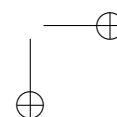
dispense with the letter of their bond more freely with some people than with others, and at some times and when they are in some states of mind than when they are in others. At one time seeing a child's tin train being pulled along the ground will carry you a long journey. At another the most suggestive events suggest nothing. So degree of feeling is affected by quantity and quality of blood, state of health, temperature, and a hundred other things.

LIFE AND SENSE

I believe if a waking man were absolutely precluded from the exercise of any sense during a space of two minutes, he would drown, as it were, for want of the air of sensation and action; for I take it that there is some sensation even in sleep.

THE FUSING OF TWO FEELINGS

is their being felt in such rapid sequence and such close proximity that there is no sense of any distinction or difference between them. Relation seems to be only another way of saying sense of difference.





WHETHER THERE IS A LIMIT

to the divisibility of matter or no, there is certainly a limit, though ill defined, to our power of perceiving differences. There is a limit to the divisibility of our consciousness. By means, however, of certain appliances we can extend these limits.

EACH WELL-MARKED FEELING

as for example a sensation of a sound, or a sight, or a touch must arise in a different part of our bodies, and be communicated to a different part of the body along a different nerve fibre.

But there are communications between the various nerve centres, so that a disturbance set up in one is communicated to all.

INSTEAD OF SAYING 'I AM VERY MUCH SURPRISED'

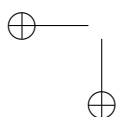
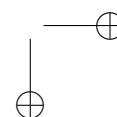
we should say, 'I have no organ adapted for the setting up of the special molecular disturbance appropriate to this particular occurrence. I have no nerve fibre suitable for its conveyance even if it were set up. I have no nerve vesicle for it to decompose. Unfortunately the sensation has, by hook or by crook, got inside me, and is like a coal train shunted on to a wrong line, coming into collision with all my ordinary traffic, etc.'

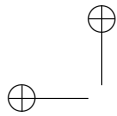
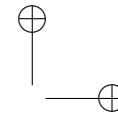
I must either make a new line, and a new station, or re-arrange my existing traffic in some way, or I must bust up the whole concern.

NO SPECIAL ORGAN NO SPECIAL SENSE

What we feel or do not feel depends not only upon the exterior thing but upon our organs. We hear a sound which a fish feels only as a jar. An owl by night sees much while we see nothing, nevertheless this involves that all the more ordinary objects and events around us have a corresponding counterpart in our bodies, and that when we come into contact with something new we immediately begin to adapt ourselves to it by a corresponding change in the arrangements of our bodies.

Either we can do this, and do it; or else the new thing does it in us and for us whether we like it or not, but I think it is we who





do it, and our dying is our leaving off trying, as finding it no good, being asked to do too much. Connect this with the difficulty of knowing what gives us pleasure. This difficulty is the incipency of an organ.

THE SIMPLER, VAGUER, AND MORE INDISTINGUISHABLE
THE FEELING

the less complete and specialized is the bodily mechanism with which that feeling is connected, and *vice versa*. The qualities of feelings being alike, the quantities vary with the specific structures.

WHEN WE SEE SOMETHING

and do not know what it is, we should say, 'I have indeed got an immense number of sensitive elements which form the area of my retina, each one of which though placed in the closest juxtaposition is separate from every other and has its own centripetal fibre, but I have no element in the least corresponding to this thing; there is an utter absence of the appliances which secure independent excitements of adjacent nerve terminations, and I must either make one, or cram it in among the others anyhow, or run away and forget all about it, or be shocked by a perpetual sense that this horrid thing is different from everything else which I have got inside me.'

A PENITENTIAL PSALM

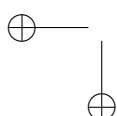
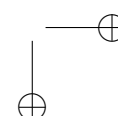
Write one as David would have written it if he had read Herbert Spencer.

OUR ORGANS ARE LIKE PEOPLE

some can do one thing and some another.

WHEN WE COME ACROSS A NEW THING

we should say we have not got it in stock, but will send out for it.





WE MUST MODIFY OURSELVES

not for a new action only, but for every new object which we perceive through any of our senses. Each new exercise of sense involves material change. Each new action is only a consequence of a new thing.

MONOTONY

Our impatience of this is akin to our inability to repeat the same action too long together. It is because the nerve by reason of the change it undergoes in conveying disturbance becomes unfit to convey more till it has been restored to its former state.

DISTINCTION AND DIFFERENCE

Some draw distinctions without differences; with others no amount of difference would make them draw a distinction.

HERBERT SPENCER'S CANDLE IN A COTTAGE WINDOW

He says this decomposes one of the sensitive cones or rods not one ten thousandth part of an inch in diameter which compose the retina.

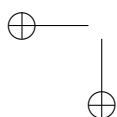
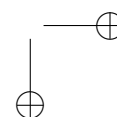
Does it decompose one cone more than another? Is there a cone which would be decomposed by a man smoking a tobacco pipe, but not by a candle in a cottage window? Why is one cone disturbed more than another and why if one is disturbed are not all?

Have all the objects we habitually see got corresponding cones at the backs of our eyes? I must try and find out more about it.

VIBRATIONS

A mere iron plate can take up the complicated aerial vibrations produced by articulate speech, which translated into multitudinous and varied electric pulses are retranslated 1000 miles off and again heard as articulate speech.

Solid forces are thus shown to be sensitive to forces which are infinitesimal in their amounts.





UNITY AND CHANGE OF OPINION

The mistletoe appears as closely connected with the tree on which it grows as any of the buds of the tree itself; it is fed by the same sap through the same channels, and there is no visible discontinuity between the parasite and the tree, yet we at once feel that the parasite is no part of the tree. We recognize this because we see that the one takes a totally different view of life and things from the other's view. The two are different now because they think differently. As long as they thought the same they were the same; that is to say, they were protoplasm; or, if you like you may have it that they thought the same because they were the same.

FEELING

They say that a living being does not feel unless it knows that it feels. This is true and not true. A man may not be aware of having felt a touch from this or that, but some gesture he has made may make it very plain that he has felt it without being aware either of the feeling or the gesture he has made in consequence. Besides people get tired and do feel things in a lump which they did not in detail.

ATOMS

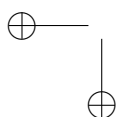
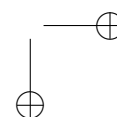
Are they connected? Then they are not separate entities. Are they disconnected? Then how do they combine, and what becomes of the unity of the universe? They must be both connected and disconnected.

VIBRATIONS

Can we fancy some sets circulating, and others not circulating and those that circulate involving a reproductive system?

REPRODUCTION AND VIBRATIONS

The essence of reproduction is that one thing should take another and efface its vibrations to the substitution of its own.





MIND AND MATTER

When we try to think of them as one, we find so many analogies that we get along quite nicely till they fly asunder and get as distinct as ever again just as we are on the point of finally uniting them. So when we try to dis sever them no sooner have we got them well asunder than they come together again.

ORGANIC AND INORGANIC

We may speak of these as we do of a thrush and of a blackbird of which we bear in mind that they are both birds and closely allied birds.

CHEMICAL ACTION

is the expression of a consciousness on the part of a single underlying substratum that it is being shaken thus or thus, and is as much living action as any other.

CONSCIOUSNESS

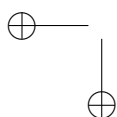
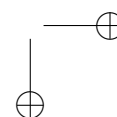
When we say we can see no signs of consciousness in this or that, we commonly mean that we cannot draw it into choosing to take any notice of ourselves. So Mr. Romanes presents the phenomena of being unconscious of myself.

THE LITERARY INSTINCT

A man will show this by writing at all odd times as people show the artistic instinct by sketching in season and out of season.

ACTIONS

The gradations between voluntary actions and purely automatic ones are so gentle, so easy, and imperceptible that any attempt to classify them as markedly distinct would be found inconvenient in the end. It will be convenient as long as we are dealing with the extremes, and inconvenient as soon as we come to deal with the means. Both extremes, however, and means are so many,





and so mixed up with one another, that perfect peace of mind is unattainable concerning them either by way of thought or deed.

DESIGN IN NATURE

I can no more believe that a burglar's jemmy is fortuitous, or that the artificial flowers in a woman's bonnet get there accidentally, or that a policeman puts on plain clothes without any idea of escaping observation, than I can that the chicken's horny tip, and mimicry on the part of insects, have not an intentional reference to the needs of the creature which develops them.

CENTRES OF THOUGHT AND ACTION

should mean centres from which certain vibrations ring outwards. They are the places where the stone that frightens the ducks falls into the water.

COHERENCY OF IDEAS

Protoplasm is sticky and so are ideas.

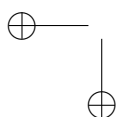
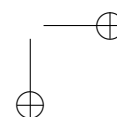
THE GENERAL EXPLANATION OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS

Broadly when we don't know anything about this or that, it is because it happened to someone else and not to ourselves.

A man all through life is himself and not himself. So is an amoeba.

INTELLECT AND FEELING

Herbert Spencer speaks as though there might be feeling without intellect. I don't believe this. Intellect is as much involved in feeling as nerve tissue is in protoplasm. True, there is not much intellect in simple feeling, and not much nerve in pure protoplasm, but all the essential is there.





THE ETHER

is as it were a mass of undifferentiated protoplasm. The worlds in it are, as it were, the beginnings of its nervous system. When we have got to join them, as we surely shall some day, we shall have nerve fibres. Nerve centres began before nerve fibres, which are the joining up of nerve centres.

The beginning of a nervous system is by way of planets, as it were, and solar systems in the middle of the protoplasm.

NERVOUS SYSTEM AND MIND

Everyone admits that a highly developed mind is never found without a highly developed nervous system, but it is impossible to maintain in the face of facts that a fully-developed nervous system is a *sine qua non* for mind.

GOETHE'S 'WILHELM MEISTER'

I do not think I ever disliked a book so much. I cannot call to mind a single character, or even passage, which does not disgust and depress me. I think I must have got hold of some other *Wilhelm Meister* by some other Goethe.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE AS COLONISTS

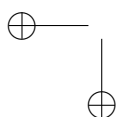
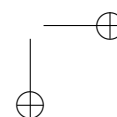
They say this race degenerates in the colonies. It does not do so more than, or perhaps so much as, others. All races resume feral characteristics to a certain extent when they find themselves in a new country. Pressure of civilization is taken off them and they are therefore freer to do exactly what they like.

AMERICA WAS TOO BIG

to have been discovered all at one time. It would have been better for the graces if it had been discovered in pieces of about the size of France and Germany at a time.

LET US SETTLE ABOUT THE FACTS FIRST

and fight about the moral tendencies afterwards.





THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE INSPIRATIONS

‘You feel the distinction between the inspirations?’ he said to me, ‘surely you must feel this.’ And I said I did, but I didn’t.

MY INTELLECT AND THE IMPOTENT MAN

My intelligence is like the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda. Even though an angel does come down and trouble the waters, some one else is sure to step in with the right remark before me.

HURRYING

In art this is one of the hardest things to unlearn, but until one has unlearned it one can learn nothing more.

TRUTH TO NATURE

goes at once for so much and so little in a picture. Look at some of Titian’s dark landscape backgrounds and deep blue skies. They are absolutely untrue, but we like them. Perhaps; but we do not like them as well as the more luminous and truthful landscapes of Giovanni Bellini, Basaiti and Cima da Conegliano.

THE LIFE WE LIVE IN OTHERS

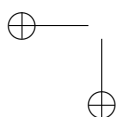
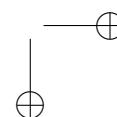
We have a right to live in others as much as they will let us.

MAN IS ONLY THE AMOEBA

in another shape, and several of them, and after they have had a superior education.

RESISTANCE

The idea underlying this is that of something contradictory, of something having a way of its own which is not our way. If a man hits himself, he hits something in part external to himself which contradicts him.





ART NOTE

Do not look so much at nature; look at your own work more, and at nature less. It is not nature you are painting, but your picture. Look to nature rather to see whether you may have this or that which you are hankering after, than to be told what you are to hanker after.

COTTAGES AND PALACES

are the same in general principle; as the cell is the unit of the body, or the simple shock the unit of consciousness, so the bare room is the unit whether of cottage or palace.

CONSCIOUSNESS OF CHILDREN

The child is just as conscious as the man, I mean his sense of consciousness is as acute as a man's. We can remember not running or reading as well as we now can, but we cannot remember having ever been more conscious generally than we are now. We are conscious of more things; we are, as it were, a river not a brook, but a brook is as much water as a river is, and so the consciousness of a child is as much consciousness as that of a man. The same, I suspect, applies to the amoeba. It does not know much, but what it knows it knows as well as we know what we know.

'MAN SHALL NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE'

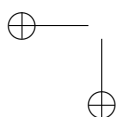
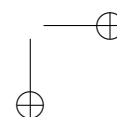
Perhaps not, but he can live by bread alone much better than by 'every word that cometh out of the mouth of God' alone.

THEY SAY YOU CANNOT TAKE YOURSELF UP

and chuck yourself about, but we do this every time we go for a walk. Every step we take is a lifting of ourselves up and chucking ourselves a step further on.

STRUCTURE AND INSTINCT

A structure is, as it were, a kind of internal bird's nest made in pursuance of an instinct.





NAMES AND THINGS

Consider why it is that things should change often so much more easily than names.

THE CLASSIFICATION

and subdivision of actions is as arbitrary as that of things.

ACTIONS AND PIECES OF MATTER

Two actions cannot occupy the same space and time any more than two pieces of matter can do so. Also we speak of actions as ‘matters.’ ‘I will speak to you about that matter another time.’

KING ALFRED

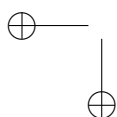
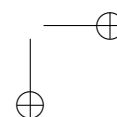
must have been a kind of Prince Consort-Marcus Aurelius character. People like Tom Hughes and Mr. T. H. Green could never be so much attracted by him if he was not odious.

AS FOR MR. GREEN

When I was at Shrewsbury last week (April 4th, 1884), they had Mr. Green’s last book in the house, and it was so beautifully written, and the portrait was so charming, and the preface was so touching, and what a wonderful man he must have been, and all the rest of it. I thought the portrait suggested just the kind of man I should have hated; and when I read the preface I did hate him; and when I read the book I hated him worse. ‘He died learning’ indeed! Why, who does not die learning who has any claim upon our consideration? If he had died learning how to form a less exalted opinion about the importance of his own work, he would have died learning something better worth knowing than a great deal which he did know.

DESIGN

A structure may go on being made undesignedly for a long time without an eye to the purpose which it ultimately subserves, and indeed with an eye to something quite alien. Circumstances may





make it come in handy for this or that (as rubbish that we have bought sometimes proves useful), and then the organism attends to it and develops it more consciously. As soon, however, as design has entered into the matter at all it covers the want of design attaching to earlier developments of details, and the whole thing becomes designed though its component items were not.

DESIGN

I do not feel at all sure that even now I know what we mean by this word.

BY FAITH

a man can even read Herbert Spencer.

ART NOTES

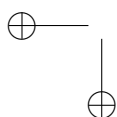
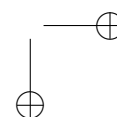
Nature must not only be read and marked but inwardly digested before she can be reproduced.

Painting from nature is like reading; the more we paint from nature the easier and better we do it; but as unless you remember what you have read your reading is useless, so unless you cultivate the power of painting without nature you are powerless until nature is before you.

Gogin's way of studying is as though I spent years and years in learning how to write books instead of in writing them.

PHILOSOPHY OF CONVENIENCE

It is the old question of just intonation and equal temperament. Error you must have, the question is how will you have your error? Will you have one set of ideas quite right at the expense of all the others? Or will you have none of them quite right, but none of them so wrong as to be convenient?





DRURY LANE PANTOMIME

‘You cannot go to a fancy dress ball under eighteenpence or two shillings,’ said Harry Nicholls to Herbert Campbell (as Baby and Birdie), at the Drury Lane Pantomime.

BRILLIANCY AND COLOUR

You cannot have both the brilliancy of nature and the colour of nature at one and the same time, for colour loves darkness rather than light. If you want colour you had better not dock your darks so much, and should be content to get the whole work in a lower key than what you could get it in if you wanted brilliancy only.

THERE WILL BE NO

comfortable and safe development of our social arrangements – I mean, we shall not get infanticide, and the permission of suicide, nor cheap and easy divorce – till Jesus Christ’s Ghost has been laid; and the best way to lay it is to be a Moderate Churchman.

CHRISTIANS SAY THAT CHRISTIANITY

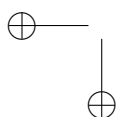
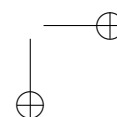
has stood so many attacks for so long that it cannot be false. That is just what others say about rationalism.

BODY AND SOUL

We have seen bodies which rightly or wrongly we believe to be without souls, but we have never seen a soul without a body.

NONSENSE

The attempt to dissociate ideas, rudely, that have been long and intimately connected in the minds of a vast majority of sensible people, or, again the attempt to connect ideas brusquely which such a majority has long felt to be incongruous, this is to talk or write nonsense.





DRAWING LINES

The whole art of life consists in knowing how to draw lines, and no one knows how to draw them in respect of more than one or two things.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD

It took us years to find out that we circulate our blood, and it has taken us many years also to draw the right inference from the fact that we circulate our blood without knowing that we do so.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK

He is trying about this time (May, 1884) to teach dogs to converse. If I was his dog and he taught me, the first thing I should tell him would be that he is a damned fool.

WHEN THE VIRTUOUS MAN

turneth away from the virtue which he hath committed, and doeth that which is unlawful and nice, it shall sometimes be a good deal better both for him and everyone else.

JONES AND I AND HANDEL

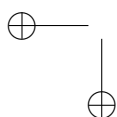
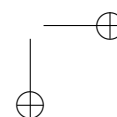
Jones and I do not think we are imitating Handel; we think we are working upon Handelian principles, and that these lead any man almost as a matter of necessity as they led Handel himself to the modes of expressing himself which we associate with Handel.

ART NOTE

Men who get misled by schools and academies begin by wanting to do and not knowing how, and end by knowing how and not wanting.

MR. GARNETT AND OUR NEXT CANTATA

He asked me what we thought of doing when we had finished our present cantata. I said we should perhaps next try a sacred subject.





He looked very proper and asked what one we had in view. I said demurely that we were thinking of the Woman taken in Adultery. Mr. Garnett did not quite like this.

THE PRIEST

is he whosoever sets himself up as knowing better or being better than his neighbour.

IDENTITY AND SYMPATHY

Our sense of identity is in reality an intensified sense of sympathy. It is a sense on the part of a large number of beings that they have something more in common with one another than with anything else.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS

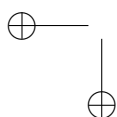
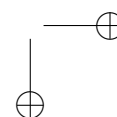
The first duty of a conscientious person is to have his or her conscience absolutely under his or her own control.

MY UNCLE AND 'THE FAIR HAVEN'

He told me not long ago that he had not read this book. To speak frankly, he did not approve of it. He understood there were large parts of it which were not sincere. Perhaps it is a little off sincerity occasionally.

ART OF KNOWING WHAT GIVES ONE PLEASURE

I saw a foal try and eat a bit of cow dung. It showed neither pleasure nor disgust, it fooled about with the dung for a good long time and would evidently have been very much obliged to anyone who would have been good enough to tell it whether it liked it or no, but there was no one to do this, for the mother did not see what was going on. On being told that it was not nice the foal would no doubt have exclaimed, 'Why no, of course it is not; I knew it was not nice, it is horrid,' and would have thought it had known all the time, but as a matter of fact it did not. If anyone had said it was nice, it would have believed this, too, for a while,





but in the course of time would probably have found out that it did not like cow dung in spite of everyone's saying that it was so very nice. This, however, would have taken it a long time, more or less according as it fell in with more or fewer people who told it what it ought to like, and if it was a prig it would never have found out that dung was not good.

Consider *re* this a poem of Wordsworth's about a little boy who said he liked one place better than another because there was a weathercock. The boy did not know which place he liked best, or if he had got so far as to have a definite preference, he was still unable to give the reasons for it and clutched at the nearest thing to him, at any straw that he could see, like a drowning man. So Madame thought she liked Gravesend better than Brighton.

THE NATURE OF A THING

is the inborn antecedent part of it.

SETTING ONE'S HOUSE IN ORDER

If a man should do this when he is going to die, surely much more should he do it if he is going to live. But if things are in a great mess let him thoroughly tidy up a very little at a time.

WHAT TO LEARN

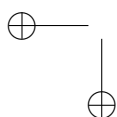
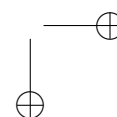
Let this question be solved by finding out what there is, in practice, that you can no longer get on comfortably without.

THE OBSCURITY IN WHICH I LIVE

should help me by making my faults more easily forgotten. Unfortunately I am my own enemy in this respect for I write so much about myself that I betray myself.

SUCCESS

All success is built from a scaffolding of conceit. All actual out of something which is not actual.





‘COELUM NON ANIMUM MUTANT, ETC.’

Nonsense; the mind depends so much upon the surroundings that change of ‘coelum’ involves as much change of ‘animus.’

WORDSWORTH

If a thing made such a noise (like a skylark, for example) that one could attend to nothing else, Wordsworth could hear it, and immediately thought he was the only person in the world who could.

THOUGHT READING

is like the circulation of the blood. We are all thought readers only we don’t pay attention to it.

BEQUESTS

for scientific and educational purposes are taking the place of those for charitable purposes. They will be as mischievous or more so, and will no less surely have one day to be restricted if not forbidden.

INTERVALS OF REST

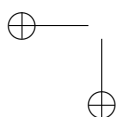
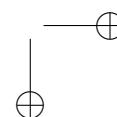
No matter what it is that we have just done we don’t want to do the same directly afterwards. We vary it as soon as we can. Every action is a discharge. The gun must be reloaded before there is another.

WANT, AND KNOWING WHAT WE WANT

are like desire and power, that come up hand in hand, not out of nothing, but certainly out of the imperceptible.

WANTING

While insisting on the wonders which this can do, do not forget how very little it can do after all.





ART NOTE

When you have got nature before you, still do without her as much as you can. Use her to refer to when you have done your best and really cannot get on any further. Use her as a crib which may be useful if not too much leaned upon.

DEATH

is only a larger kind of going abroad.

ADOPTION OF A SON

It takes more trouble and as much risk to adopt a son as to get one in the ordinary way.

ART NOTE

People should sign, date, and characterize their pictures on the canvas itself, or burn them. About finishing at once. People now say you must do this. None of the great old masters ever finished at once.

LIVING ROCK

People would not use this expression if they did not feel it to have some truth in it.

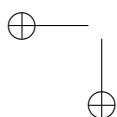
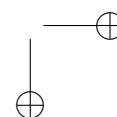
BUSINESS

should be like religion and science; it should know neither love nor hate.

ART NOTE

You cannot put white in without taking colour out, for there is no colour in white.

You may get the beauty of Nature's shade and colour, sacrificing her light, as the old Venetians did; or you may get the beauty of Nature's light, sacrificing her shade and colour; and yet such a picture as our best Basaiti has shade and colour as well as light.





MRS. JONES ON PODGING

‘The days of the Italian Opera are over; the explanation is very simple, it is because people will not podge. Until singers take to podging again, they can never expect to attract an audience.’

‘What is podging?’ said Jones.

‘Why, don’t you know what podging is?’ replied his mother, ‘to podge is to – well – I don’t know that I can quite explain it myself, but I am sure that Katty and Lil (her daughters) podge beautifully.’

TIME AND SPACE

are as body and soul to one another; they grew up as atoms grew together more and had more sense. They are corollary on sense of existence and individuality. They grew up hand in hand with sense of individuality, as desire and power. Without sense of individuality in self, and in others, there is neither time nor space.

THE STUDY OF ART

It is all a question of relative importances and average truths; the study of art resolves itself simply into this.

MIND AND MATTER

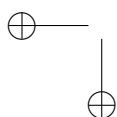
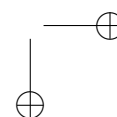
‘We are such stuff as dreams are made of’ is much more scientifically accurate than Shakespeare probably ‘dreamed of.’

LIFE AND MEMORY

Another proof of the connection between life and memory is the fact that we are so easily recognized as dead to all that we have forgotten.

ART NOTE

I do not say ‘Do not study anatomy’; but I do say, ‘Let it be among the last and not among the first things that you study.’





DESIRE AND POWER

If we say that these are as body and soul to one another, then let desire be soul, and power body.

TROUBLE

is our sense that an action and its surroundings have violated some canon of harmony which we are accustomed to respect, and to find respected.

ART NOTE

Look at Marco Basaiti at Bergamo; if you lick your colour about you can't get it anything else than bad, and if you do not lick it about, you can hardly go wrong.

GOD AND MONEY

A man had better sin against the Holy Ghost than against money. Whether God is a respecter of persons or no, he certainly is a respecter of money; and he seldom goes behind the money. If a man has money this seems to be enough.

THE MIRACLES OF JESUS CHRIST

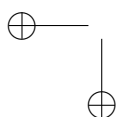
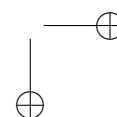
He should have gone about killing the rich old people who would not die.

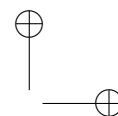
IGNORANCE

There is none so dangerous as the conceit of knowledge.

'MEDIO TUTISSIMUS IBIS'

A boy in examination translated it thus: 'In the middle of them all stalks the Ibis, most cautious of birds'; and he put a note, as follows: 'By this translation I have endeavoured to give the full value of the superlative.'





‘SET NOT YOUR HEARTS UPON THE THINGS OF THIS LIFE’

This is just as right and just as wrong to us as it is to the Christian.

HANDEL

With me everything in the last century (and a good deal in this) groups itself round Handel.

MY BOOKS

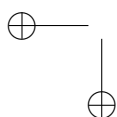
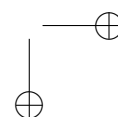
are to me much the most important thing in life. They are, in fact, ‘me’ much more than anything else.

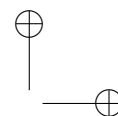
AT MRS. WEBSTER’S

I went to an At Home at Mrs. Webster’s one night last week and met all sorts of people – most of them I thought odious, but there were some nice ones. . . . Miss Lydia Becker got hold of me and lectured me till I was nearly mad; and the Moncure Conways said I must go and see them at their house at Bedford Park, and I said I would not; and Lewis Morris, the poet, and I (who knew each other perfectly well and used to meet continually at the Century Club), cut each other by mutual consent. He likes to get me to nod to him first and then give me the smallest recognition he can; and he is so insufferably conceited that I determined not to play at this any longer, so I looked at the top of his head as long as was in the least proper and never nodded. . . . Mrs. Webster is Augusta Webster who writes poems and is always mentioned when people are naming a few women of *real* genius, so of course she must be a genius. I do not think I much like this sort of thing. It kept me up very late, and I cannot stand late hours; I am fit for nothing all next day. (1884.)

THE ROSSETTIS

I have just come back from an At Home at the William Rossettis. I did not know them, but Mrs. Rossetti sent me an invitation and said her father, Madox Brown (the painter), would be there and would much like to see me. I used to know the Madox Browns,





but found that, if they gave me a bun at all, they wanted me to climb my pole too much and too often before they would let me have it, and it was not a good bun when it came; so on my return from America I did not call, but let the acquaintance drop.

In the meantime Oliver Madox Brown had died, and I was supposed not to be so sorry as I ought to have been, the fact being that I hardly knew him at all beyond his calling on me sometimes and reading me his MS. novels, which bored me very much. I don't mind reading my own MSS. to people but I don't like being read to, and I did not like either young Brown or his novels; besides, as soon as I began to read any of my MSS. he used to go, and, indeed, this was the only way I had of getting rid of him. Perhaps, then, I did not feel his loss so acutely as I ought to have done.

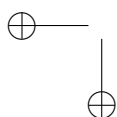
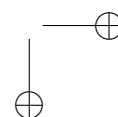
However, two years or so ago old Madox Brown, the father, wrote me a letter asking if I had any letters of his son's as they wanted them for a biography. I don't know whether he ever wrote me a letter or no, at any rate I had none; but I took the opportunity to write prettily about the loss literature had sustained, etc., and the old man wrote me back an answer which showed that my letter had pleased him, and said something about silent equivoques. I did not quite understand it, but he spelt the word with a k (equivokes), and it was rather touching, for I knew he had been very proud and hopeful about his son. So when Mrs. Rossetti wrote me this, I thought I ought to go, and did.

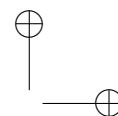
There was old Madox Brown, and I went up and said how glad I was to meet him, but he did not respond as I had expected; in fact, he snubbed me; he would not know who I was, and I had to tell him, and remind him of our correspondence.

'Oh yes,' he said, 'I remember there was something but I forget how it all ended.' And his manner was distinctly repellent, so I immediately left him.

Either Mrs. Rossetti had never consulted her father about the matter, or he had had me sent for on purpose to be rude to me – I should think the former. She probably wanted me to come to her At Home, and knew that what she said would be an appeal, as it were, to my feelings which I should not find it easy to resist, and so said it without more ado.

Then I found myself knowing no one in the room, introduced to no one, and accordingly very soon went. Before I did so, I had a few words about the painter Rossetti. I said how beautiful his





pictures were; in reality I hate them, but I did all as I should, and it was accepted as about what I ought to have said. There was a portrait of Professor Fawcett on the walls and I, referring to it, said something about the loss we had all sustained in his recent death. Rossetti did not quite catch that I was talking about Professor Fawcett and immediately turned it on to Oliver Madox Brown, so I let it stand thus and listened to a sustained panegyric on the great 'might have been.' Then I went away bored and ruffled. I left a card a few days later, but did not go in, and have not been asked since.

They belong to a set from which it is perfectly hopeless for me to think I shall get any good – the ultra-aesthetic and cultured people, and I don't mean to follow this up. (1884.)

DUNKETT'S RAT-TRAP

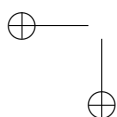
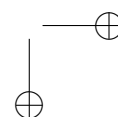
At dinner at Seeborn's I met Skertchley, who told me about a rat-trap invented by Dunkett, Mr. Tylor's coachman.

Dunkett found all his traps fail one after another, and was in such despair at the way the corn got eaten that he resolved to invent a rat-trap. He began by putting himself as nearly as possible in the rat's place.

'Is there anything,' he asked himself, 'in which, if I were a rat, I should have such complete confidence that I could not suspect it without suspecting everything in the world and being unable henceforth to move fearlessly in any direction?'

He pondered for a while and had no answer, till one night the room seemed to become full of light, and he heard a voice from Heaven saying, 'Drain-pipes.'

Then he saw his way. To suspect a common drain-pipe would be to cease to be a rat. Here Skertchley enlarged a little, explaining that a spring was to be concealed inside, but that the pipe was to be open at both ends; if the pipe were closed at one end, a rat would naturally not like going into it, for he would not feel sure of being able to get out again; on which I interrupted and said: 'Ah, it was just this which stopped me from going into the Church.'





JONES AND MYSELF

Jones said to me, laughing, the other day when I was grumbling about something I had done, ‘Oh, yes, you find yourself a most difficult person to deal with, do you not?’

SWINBURNE ON CHARLES LAMB AND GEORGE WITHER

There is an article on them in this month’s *Nineteenth Century* by Swinburne. Lamb was, like Mr. Darwin, ‘a master of happy simplicity.’ Sometimes, of course, he says very good things; at any rate some very good things have been ascribed to him; but more commonly he is forced, faint, full of false sentiment and prolix. I believe he and his sister hated one another as only very near relations can hate. He made capital out of his supposed admirable treatment of her. Aunt Sarah likes him; so do most old maids who were told what they ought to like about fifty-five years ago; but I never find men whom I think well of admire him, and as for Ainger’s *Life* – well, my sisters like it. (January, 1885.)

SYDNEY SMITH

While I am in a bad temper I may as well say how glad I was to see that the late Duke of Wellington (the second Duke) did not like Sydney Smith, and wrote that he was tyrannical, overbearing, and impatient of anyone’s amusing the company except himself. This is exactly the idea I have formed of him from his writings.

JONES ON RHUBARB

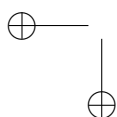
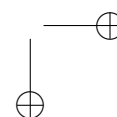
Jones said that rhubarb was a very extreme discord which ought never to be introduced without the most careful preparation.

HARRIE AND ‘ÉLAN’

Harrie said that Lee, the cook, had no *élan*. I pretended not to hear, and said with a puzzled look, ‘what’s that?’

Harrie bridled up and said in a dignified tone, ‘No *élan*, the French word *élan*, she’s got no *élan*.’

So I said almost *sotto voce*, and very drily, ‘Oh, Lor.’





It came out so quick that my father and May were surprised into an involuntary laugh, but Harrie was very angry.

ART NOTE

Any fool can paint a picture but it takes a wise man to be able to sell it.

THE CORPSE'S BROTHER

At a funeral the undertaker came up to a man and said to him, 'If you please, sir, the corpse's brother would be happy to take a glass of sherry with you.'

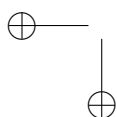
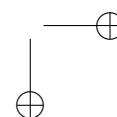
DINAH'S SACRIFICE

Mrs. Jones wants some one to spy on her son Bill sometimes, and so she makes her old servant Dinah call on him at his house in Westbourne Street and report on what she sees. This makes Bill furious, and he won't see her; so now her only way is to insist on seeing him to undergo some operation at his hands. Last week she sacrificed her uvula in her mistress's interest, and so soon as she has recovered from this, it is believed that she will throw her tonsils after it. She likes the job so much, that though she is no longer in Mrs. Jones's service there is danger lest she should allow herself to be whittled away down to a bare vital principle, unless Bill insists on her going somewhere else.

LIFE AND DEATH

I suppose that during the cycle when attraction is the order of the day as at present, the life of the whole is most manifested by the residue of repulsion which still remains even when the power of attraction is at its height.

When universal repulsion again takes the place of universal attraction, then life will show itself in the desires of certain particles to come together; it will be the residue of attraction which still persists even when the power of repulsion is at its height.





LIFE AND DEATH

Should we not rather see them as the two extreme phases of something which does not in its mean phases show as either what we commonly call alive or dead?

LOW FORMS OF LIFE

The reason why so many low forms can stand extremes of heat and cold and many poisons may be that they are too low to perceive how ill they are being used, and when they are beaten.

DEATH

Whether we can take anything with us or no, it is certain that we can leave more or less behind us according as we have done our best or no; and this is tangible, for this lives whether we live or no.

‘MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD’

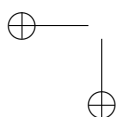
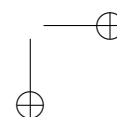
Perhaps not; but being in this world no other kingdom is of much use, after all. Christ might just as well have said at once, ‘I am a very unpractical person, and my Father has not made the world as He should have done.’

NEW LANGUAGES

English will be the universal language, but each profession will, by and by, come to have a subordinate dialect of its own which will be hardly understood by those of another profession. The longer we can delay this the better.

MORAL FORCE

is no force unless it can enter into and act upon material things. As moral force we conceive of it as immaterial; as acting on a material body we conceive of it as a material agent. It has passed, according to our notions, from the immaterial into the material world. If so, there must be a point or points of juncture, in which it is neither quite immaterial nor quite material. Where is this point?





ORGANIC AND INORGANIC

When we look at a man and at the amoeba, and remember that the first has certainly been evolved from the second or from something very like it, it takes no very great flight of fancy to imagine that the second 'was bred, now, out of your slime by the operation of your sun.'

GIVEN SLIME

and protoplasm will not be long in coming after.

CLOTHES

Man is not only a clothes-wearing animal, but he is a wearer of clothes with pockets in them. Query, whether the earliest clothes – which ours must still be considered – will bear anything like the same relation to those of the future which the marsupials do to the later mammalia.

THOUGHT

There is nothing so unthinkable as thought, unless it be the entire absence of thought.

DEATH

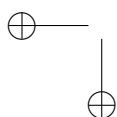
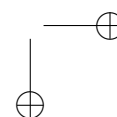
should, like life, be studied in the lowest organisms.

ENTERTAINING ANGELS UNAWARES

It is always we who are to entertain the angels, and never they us. I cannot, however, think that an angel would be a very entertaining person, either as guest or host.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

is the struggle for the existence of our own opinions. In the end it resolves itself into an act of mere mulish obstinacy in sticking to it that we are right, and in insisting that as much of the outside world as we can manage shall see things as we see them ourselves.





IF YOU CAN FIND THE SECRET

of any change whatever, or of the action of one thing upon another, the whole secret of life and death is before you. In fact, if you understand any one thing you can understand everything. We cannot, however, understand anything absolutely.

HEALTH AND DISEASE

are like disease and death; neither is ever absolute, there is always a little of each in the other.

NO MORE SENSE OF HUMOUR

than a Hebrew Prophet. Jones said I might have said 'than a *première danseuse*'; so I might; in fact I think it would have been rather nice if I had said 'no more sense of humour than a Hebrew Prophet or a *première danseuse*.'

THE CHURCH AND THE STAGE

The reason why the Church in the Middle Ages hated the Stage was because she smelt a rival from afar. The theatre was a building like the church; it was a place of public assembly; it was run by a special class who were its priests; and there was no knowing what it might not end in.

JONES ON MAKING A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY

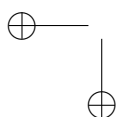
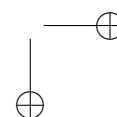
He said necessity was exactly the forbidding kind of material out of which virtue ought to be made.

'BUT THAT THE DREAD OF SOMETHING AFTER DEATH'

This is not true to nature; it is death, and not what comes after death, that men are generally afraid of.

SUCH FADS

as Atheism on the one hand and Christianity on the other.





MYSELF DISAPPOINTING PEOPLE

Miss Savage used to work at Heatherley's and I suppose I knew her some four or five years before I wrote *Erewhon*, sitting all day long in the same room with her. When I wrote *Erewhon*, she said to me one day, 'I can't help thinking how stupid I have been to have known you all these years and never have found you out,' meaning that she had always considered me rather stupid than not. To do myself justice, I should say she changed her opinion in the end, but it is quite plain that I have not the power of impressing people favourably at once.

After all, there is no one whom I have surprised much more than myself, for I lived with myself some forty-seven years without suspecting that I had it in me to compose music, and yet it seems that I can compose as well as many another. And so with writing verse, I used to say I could not have written 'How doth the little busy bee,' to save my soul from hell fire, but I find that I can write very decent verse now when I try.

EPIGRAM

The following epigram is going about (1885) apropos of Mr. Gladstone's having 'kindly consented to join the Committee of the Gordon Memorial' –

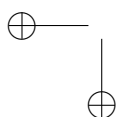
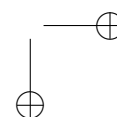
Judas died desperate, his crime confessed;
Had Judas flourished in our age and city,
He'd be alive and figure with the rest
Upon the Christ Memorial Committee.

ON TEMPTING PROVIDENCE

I said I mustn't say something, as it would be tempting Providence. Jones said he thought Providence would be able to resist the temptation. 'Providence,' he added, 'will not suffer itself to be tempted beyond what it is able to bear, but will, with the temptation, make a way for itself also to escape.'

BE VIRTUOUS

– and you will be vicious.





OUR HEAVENLY FATHER

does indeed give us our daily bread, in some sort, but he does not supply us with the regularity of a professional baker.

CHRISTIANITY

A *bona fide* argument in favour of Christianity is that it trains us to believe all manner of contradictions in terms.

HANDEL

We were talking about Handel one night, and I said the great prevailing feeling caused by everything he ever wrote was 'man.' Jones agreed, and said he was first man, then poet, and then musician; whereas Beethoven was first poet, then musician, and never man at all. We settled that Bach was first mechanician, then musician, then man (but not very much of one), and never poet at all. Mendelssohn was first hairdresser, then poetaster, and then musician; or, first hairdresser, then musician, and then poetaster.

THE SINEWS OF ART AND LITERATURE

like those of war, are money.

ST. PAUL AND CHARITY

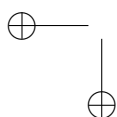
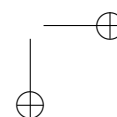
St. Paul said that if he had not charity he was as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. I am afraid it must be allowed that sometimes he had not charity.

HOLMAN HUNT'S 'TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS'

I went to see this after seeing the Ansidei Raffaele. If the Raffaele is Donizetti, the Holman Hunt is Macfarren, or if there is a drier, duller musician than Macfarren, let us say him.

THE POWER OF MAKING WAR

and controlling the most vital interests of a nation, should be in the hands of those who are either above money or below it, and





who will not, therefore, let their instinct be corrupted through fear of personal money inconvenience.

THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR

is indiscretion.

RIGHT OR WRONG

I do not greatly care whether I have been right or wrong on any point, but I care a good deal about knowing which of the two I have been.

‘IF A MAN LOVE NOT MAN WHOM HE HATH SEEN’

Christ cut at the root of all theology when he said this, for he might just as well have said ‘fear’ as ‘love.’ It comes to admitting that religion can never be so potent as regard for the current feeling among our friends and neighbours, and that if this cannot keep a man straight, there is nothing that can.

MAN

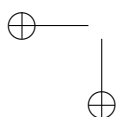
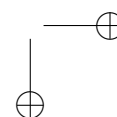
is only a great number of amoebas most of them dreadfully prejudiced in favour of this or that.

THE LATE PROFESSOR CLIFFORD

I only met him once, that was at the Savile Club somewhere about the end of 1873. He was white and wily. I disliked him very much, but not as much as I should have doubtless come to do if I had seen more of him. It would be hard to find one who has been more systematically puffed of late years.

AT THE HANDEL REHEARSAL

Strolling about the Crystal Palace before the concert began I looked at the casts of the statues. It seems to me that each year I go there (and I go generally at the Handel Festival and at no other time), the sculpture has got more vulgar and more vulgar. To me





this year much the greater part of it seemed about as pleasing and interesting as a second-hand, stale old stuffed cat such as might be picked up at a rag and bone shop, say in Devizes.

MY FATHER AND OIL PAINTING

I remember hearing my father say that oil painting differed from water colour in that it was so much more necessary that it should be well done. I laughed at this (to myself) when I heard it, and am rather inclined to laugh at it still; but surely painting can afford to be done a little badly better than sculpture can. When I say 'surely' I suppose it means that I am not sure about this. Perhaps the colour helps painting off a little.

MYSELF

I said somewhere about myself, but I forgot where: 'I attacked the foundations of morality in *Erewhon*, and nobody cared two straws. I tore open the wounds of my Redeemer as he hung upon the Cross in *The Fair Haven*, and people rather liked it. But when I attacked Mr. Darwin they were up in arms in a moment.'

CLASSIFICATION

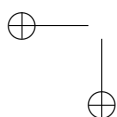
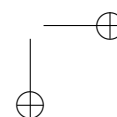
depends on sympathy – on knowing what most men will feel – what will be most comfortable – what will kill most St. Georges. A sensible classifier will not note differences that are not, or will not soon be, generally felt.

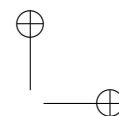
I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST

A small boy was overheard repeating the Creed thus, 'I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy calico shirt.'

TRUTH

I care about truth not for truth's sake but for my own.





DIONIGI NEGRI OF VARALLO

writing to me once about the priests said they were a shield and bulwark against the excesses of ignorant democracy. I am for playing the one against the other. I regard democracy and science as a bulwark against the tyranny of an arrogant priesthood, and the priesthood as a bulwark against the arrogance of democracy and science. It is a pity, however, that priests do not study science and philosophy more; they would be able to deal with it much more effectually if they did; so again it is a pity that men of science do not know more about theology – but I am not so sure about this.

LOVE

The pleasure of love is that it is the one place where you may let yourself go and feel as strongly as you like.

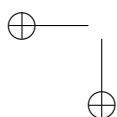
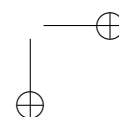
HOLMAN HUNT AGAIN

I have unintentionally run up against this gentleman, I mean in the spirit, more than once lately. Last night I dined at Mrs. Tylor's and she told us how Holman Hunt had called on them one winter's afternoon, and had been talking of his picture 'The Light of the World,' and the house in which it was painted.

'How I should like,' he exclaimed, 'to see that house again.'

Then they asked him where it was, and when he told them they found it belonged to them, and was now untenanted.

'So off we all went,' said Mrs. Tylor in her most reginal manner, 'then and there, and got to Chelsea' (I suppose from Queen Anne's Gate) 'soon after dark. Then we could not get the keys, and it was found they were at Mr. Morse's and they had to be fetched; and then, when at last they came, we could not unlock the door, so we caught a little street boy and put him over the wall and he got into the house and let us in; and then Holman Hunt led the way holding a lanthorn in his hand, looking – oh, so like "The Light of the World," you know – his own picture' ('just as if,' I thought to myself, 'Holman Hunt would miss a point like that. Doubtless he said to himself "Now they are thinking I am so like 'The Light of the World'"). And he led the way upstairs and brought us to the room in which he had painted his great picture; and there in that





very room he gave us the history of his whole past career as an artist.'

'And were there any chairs in the room?' I thought, irreverently, but of course I said how interesting it must have been.

OUR IDEAS

are not unfrequently like shadows, real enough till we try to grasp them.

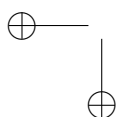
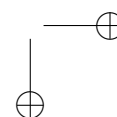
CLODD, GRANT ALLEN, AND MYSELF

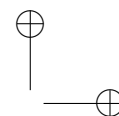
When I met Edward Clodd at Webster's, Clodd, under the pretext of wishing to be frank, told me that Grant Allen had said it was a pity I had taken a notion into my head that men of science were in a conspiracy against me. I do not see what warrant Grant Allen has for saying this. I am not aware of thinking that men of science generally are in a conspiracy against me; I am aware of thinking that they very seldom mention my name, and more or less regret this because it injures the sale of my books; but I have not the faintest idea that there is any greater conspiracy against me than there always is on the part of orthodoxy against unorthodoxy.

Grant Allen will hardly deny that he himself, Romanes, Ray Lankester, and a good many others have given me proof that they dislike my work, notwithstanding the fact that (according to me) they help themselves to it pretty freely. On the other hand, I have given them proof, and hope that I may from time to time continue to do so, that I dislike their work. My impression is that I dislike them quite as much as they me, and though I do not for a moment believe men of science to be in a conspiracy against myself, I am quite ready to admit that I am in a conspiracy of one against men of science in general, with an extra slouch of the hat for Mr. Grant Allen in particular.

CATS

I must have a cat whom I find homeless, wandering about the court, and to whom, therefore, I am under no obligation. There is a Clifford's Inn euphemism about cats which the laundresses use quite gravely: they say people come to this place 'to lose their cats.'





They mean that, when they have a cat they don't want to kill, and don't know how to get rid of, they bring it here, drop it inside the railings of our grass-plot, and go away under the impression that they have been 'losing' their cat. This happens very frequently and I have already selected a dirty little drunken wretch of a kitten to be successor to my poor old cat. I don't suppose it drinks anything stronger than milk and water but so much milk and water must be bad for a kitten that age – at any rate it looks as if it drank; but it gives me the impression of being affectionate, intelligent and fond of mice, and I believe, if it had a home, it would become more respectable; at any rate I will see how it works.

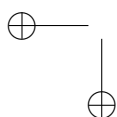
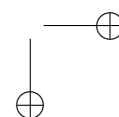
ANN AND MY CLOTHES

Ann, Jones's laundress, now does my washing. I could not get my things properly mended, and for want of this they got more and more ragged. Then Mrs. Doncaster took to washing for me; and this meant that she did not wash, but stuffed all my clothes into the dirty-clothes bag and let them lie there till, at the latest possible moment, she took from the top what would just do for Sunday and left the rest where they were. I remonstrated, but the poor woman had more than she could do, and at last I struck and insisted that Ann should run my washing and mending. Ann told Jones she found my things so ragged that she was ashamed to send them to her own mangle, but sent the boy with them to a mangle who did not know her name and address. She told Jones not to tell me, but he told me. It is all the fault of my books and of their reviewers that I put off getting new things until the last possible moment.

LETTERS

It is a mistake to think you are giving letters most faithfully by printing them as they were written, without the smallest alteration; for you do not give the letters unless you reproduce their environment, and this cannot be done. He who undertakes to edit letters undertakes to translate them from one set of surroundings to other very different ones.

It is the essence of a private letter that the audience should be few and known to the writer. It is the essence, generally, of a





published letter that the audience should be large and unknown to the writer. Few readers as much as even attempt to make allowance for the fact that a published letter is no longer what it was when the writer wrote it; nine out of every ten will regard published letters as things intended by the writer to be seen as the reader now sees them, whereas nothing was farther from his intention, and very little would have been allowed to stand without alteration if the writer had had any idea that his or her letter was going to be laid before the public.

Granted that an editor should, like a translator, keep as religiously close to the original text as he reasonably can, and in every alteration should consider what the writer would have wished and done if he or she could be consulted, but subject to these limitations he should be free to alter according to his discretion or indiscretion.

CHANGE OF PLACE AND CHANGE OF IDEAS

These are almost interchangeable. Complete change of ideas is almost tantamount to change of place, and change of place generally involves complete change of ideas.

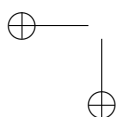
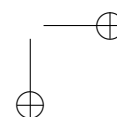
COLOUR-BLIND PEOPLE

are people who have not learnt to feel in right time; they do not know how to apply the feeling conventionally required by the circumstances of the case. They are ill-bred (in every sense of the word) upon the particular matter in respect of which they are idiotic or singular.

SHOCK, CHANGE, CONSCIOUSNESS AND LIFE AND DEATH

All change involves shock, and shock unspecialized is the unit of consciousness; change is contradiction or gainsaying; it is an undoing and effacement or reversal of the past; but such gainsaying and attempted reversal is a *sine qua non* for consciousness; no contradiction, no consciousness; no cross, no crown.

A little shock involves little consciousness; a sudden great shock involves much consciousness. Beyond a certain point shock, if too violent, so changes the whole being that sense of continuity





vanishes and the consciousness is shivered into the consciousness of subordinate units, as when a company, body corporate, or nation is dissolved.

Keeping to the organic world, the greatness or smallness of the shock which a change occasions depends partly upon the past history of the organism as shown in form and habits, and the degree of discordancy with this involved in the change which is introduced, and partly upon whether much or little of the discordant element is introduced at a time.

If the new does not differ from the old too widely in kind, and is not introduced too largely in amount, the limits in almost any direction within which an organism may be modified are very wide. With failure of either of these two conditions modification is either effected amiss, or not effected except by way of dissolution.

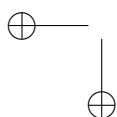
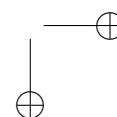
Every painful shock is a *pro tanto* death. This is why it is rude to notice any sudden change in a person's appearance; to notice this is to tell that he has been in death without at the same time having been so regenerate or born anew as to have recovered his composure.

The fear of death is the fear of a shock or sudden change. There is not death but shock; neither again is there any life but through shock; change with shock is the essence alike of life and death, so that life and death in essence are not two things but one; they are modes of shock or change which in certain phases involves birth and growth, and in certain others death and dissolution.

That this is so appears from our use of the word 'dying' for this involves there being degrees of death, death and life obtruding into one another, as scenes in a dissolving view, so that we are both dead and alive at one and the same time. Indeed we are never so much alive but that we are from moment to moment dying, and never so dead but that we are in part either not yet dead or in part coming to life again, with changed views, as of one who has undergone a sudden conversion. If, then, in the midst of life we are in death, so also in the midst of death we are in life.

DEATH

The main trouble is that it is an end. All ends are unpleasant. Suppose birth the end of life and *vice versa*. Fancy beginning life





as a corpse and ending as an ovum! Fancy ending with a happy childhood.

ONE MAN'S GNAT

is another man's camel.

'SIR CUSSHA SWEESONG TWAR'

Jones went to an evening party and said there was a lady there who sang a song (as he at first thought) about an Indian potentate named Sir Cussha Sweesong Twar, but he discovered presently that the song was French ('Ce que je suis sans toi').

SHOCKS

It is the essence of shocks that they shall be transitory.

SIR G. A. MACFARREN

said that the penalties of genius were labour and study. Labour and study are not penalties; the penalties which musical genius must undergo are the determined hostility of the Sir G. A. Macfarrens and Sir G. Groves of its time.

SHAKESPEARE SAID

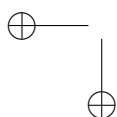
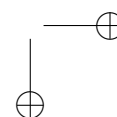
'Everything that grows, holds in perfection but a little moment.'
Happily it holds in imperfection but a little moment, also.

A CHEMICAL SUBSTANCE

is not more completely alterable by the smallest change than is the character of an individual; but as a general rule, whether in things material or psychical, a little new will involve only a little difference.

ANY CLASS

is all right if it will only let others be so.





A DIRECTION

We asked a man to show us the way on one of our Sunday walks and he said, 'You oughted to have went down the path, straight up through.'

CONSCIOUSNESS

There is consciousness, and there is our consciousness. Pressure on the anterior parts of the brain abolishes our consciousness but not necessarily the consciousness of the subordinate departments.

We observe 1. Unrest attended by consciousness, with exceptions capable of explanation.

2. Rest attended by unconsciousness without any exceptions at all, for we cannot conceive of consciousness unattended by motion of any kind. In reality, however, there is never either complete unrest or complete rest.

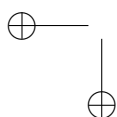
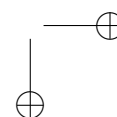
The generalization that consciousness, more complex or less complex as the case may be, is an invariable attendant on want of equilibrium may perhaps be too rash, but it is a very tempting one.

In this case we should see feeling as an invariable attendant on disturbance of the relations obtaining at any moment between the substance of any body and the forces acting on it.

There are units of force, and units of substance; changes in the relations existing between these may be supposed as invariably accompanied by units of feeling.

FORCE AND MATTER

We speak of these things as though they were separate existences, but they are never found entirely dissociated from one another; matter is the tool with which force acts and without which it is paralysed into virtual non-existence. It is so much the organ with which force acts that it may be considered as, in a way, the body of force, bearing the same relation to force as the spade bears to the hand, and the hand to protoplasm, and protoplasm to mind. Force absolutely cut adrift from matter cannot be conceived as producing any effect, and hence *qua* us is non-existent and inconceivable altogether. Matter absolutely cut adrift from force





is no less inconceivable by us. Condition is the index of the forces at work, and *qua* us represents the forces, but it is no more the forces in reality than the moving hands of the clock are the time which they represent and measure. Nevertheless it must go for them. Unmattered condition and unconditioned matter, then, are equally inconceivable by us.

HOPKINS AND THE CREED

Hopkins was a tutor at Trinity Hall in Jones's time. He read the Creed so fast that it was said of him he could give any one down to Pontius Pilate and then beat him.

MATTER AND FORCE

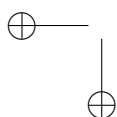
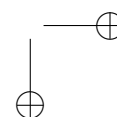
It is a fundamental axiom that matter always remains matter, and force, force, so that neither can ever become the other. They may change their modes, that is to say, they may stand in different relations to, and combinations with, one another; the force may change its modes, as from heat to motion, or to any other mode of force; or the matter may change its states, as from solid to liquid or gaseous or ultra gaseous, but it is denied that force can become matter or matter force.

But surely the grip that force gets on matter so as to energize it is a kind of unification with it and passage into it, as protoplasm is one with our bodily organs, and our bodily organs one with those outside the body as long as they are actually gripping them. The close possession of the one by the other involves a quasi-unification, which in its turn involves a passage of one into the other.

If this view be taken it involves that force be considered as much an entity as matter, though an entity beyond our ken. It involves that there is an unseen world with which we do nevertheless in a certain measure come in contact and which we vaguely cognize, inasmuch as it is made manifest to us in the workings of what we call force.

LISZT AND ROSSINI

It is said, with what truth I know not, that Liszt got Verdi to give him a letter of introduction to Rossini and went to call on him.





Rossini was exceedingly polite, asked him to play, and when he had done inquired what the piece was. Liszt said, 'It is a march I have written on the death of Meyerbeer, how do you like it, maestro?' Rossini said he liked it very much, but presently added, 'Do you not think it would have been better if it had been you who had died, and Meyerbeer who had written the music?'

DREAMS AND PARTHENOGENESIS

Dreams are a mode of parthenogenesis when the vibrations pre-existing in the brain vivify up to a certain point but do so all wrong as though in a mental ovarian tumour, through want of fecundation by incoming vibrations from exterior objects.

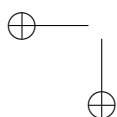
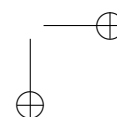
PLURALITY OF WORLDS

This is to be observed not in the stars only, but in the manifoldness of this world wherein we live and of ourselves who live in it. These worlds are to us as the keys in music, and we can modulate from one to the other; we want different terms with different shades of meaning for what appears to be the same object, according as we happen to be in one of your worlds or another. We want an F sharp and a G flat and yet we find equal temperament much more convenient for most purposes than just intonation, so that we want to have everything both ways.

With many of these worlds we are familiar and the error that pervades them is not unpleasantly felt. With others we are less at home and the error is felt to be considerable. While beyond them all we get occasional glimpses into an unknown world in which every canon that we are accustomed to respect seems reversed or at any rate disregarded.

CONTRADICTIONS IN TERMS

Everything both exists and does not exist; is both known and not known; both lives and is not living at one and the same time.





IT WOULD BE AS EASY TO GET

something into the organic world which had no inception in protoplasm, as to get an unknown to become a known if there were no harmonics of it in the earliest known.

To speak of an earliest known involves the conception that there was a time before which there was nothing known, and this cannot be admitted. The expression, however, may be allowed to pass for convenience sake.

AN UNCOGNIZABLE UNDERLYING SUBSTRATUM

is only the Herbert Spencer for 'nothing,' or for 'God' – God being the unknown.

THE QUESTION OF INDIVIDUALISM

goes right down to the atom, and is just as troublesome here as it is everywhere else.

THE RELATIVE MINOR

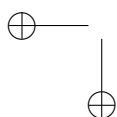
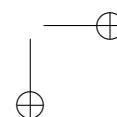
Jones says the relative minor is the tonic's wife and must be kept in its proper place.

MR. GARNETT

as all who know him must admit, is one of the most amiable and benign of men; he is also very tall. One day I saw him stretching himself to his utmost to reach one of the top shelves of the Reading Room reference library, so I said, 'Why, Mr. Garnett, you are the very embodiment of Milton's line "Of linked sweetness long drawn out."' He was much pleased.

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL DINNER

Why should I, knowing that I do not particularly like these people nor they me, why should I, who never liked my school nor got much good from it, go and pay a guinea for a bad dinner, and eat and drink what it takes me a whole day to recover from? It does not seem a very sensible thing to do, and yet people tell me I ought





to go. I wish I knew whether they are right or I, who think the whole thing a nuisance. I think that, considering the Ishmaelitish line which I have been led and driven to take in literature, the less I venture into the enemy's camp the better. They say that the more I take the Ishmaelitish line the more incumbent it is upon me to do the correctest of correct things occasionally, when time and the occasion serve. I believe they are right, and this is why I went, and shall hope to go upon a future occasion; but like it I do not. (1886.)

P.S. – I have never missed a single one of these functions since writing the above. (1898.)

THE LILIES SAY

‘Consider the Solomons in all their glory; they toil not neither do they spin, yet verily I say unto you that not a lily among you all is arrayed like one of these.’

THERE ARE MORE THINGS

in any one's philosophy than are dreamed of between heaven and earth elsewhere.

EVERYTHING KNOWS SOMETHING

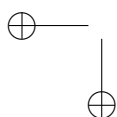
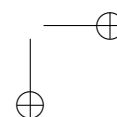
and has had some experiences; and everything is a record of its own experiences; knowledge and condition are as convertible as force and heat. They say that knowledge is power. Is, then, knowledge a mode of heat, since force and heat are convertible? May we not say that knowledge is not only a power, but the power of all powers.

All things in which any power resides know something; and where is there a thing in which there is no *insita vis* of any kind?

But some things know more than others. Some have had larger experience and made more of it. Their forms and qualities are the expression of this experience, in so far as it has affected them.

CRYSTALS

know a lot, and they occur early in the scale of evolution. Look at snow crystals.





INVENTION

is not infrequently the mother of necessity.

ART NOTE

It is not so much that you must put down what you see, as that you must put down what will convey what you have seen, and thus remind people of what they have seen themselves.

CREATION AND MODIFICATION

come very close together; and they must each be on a small scale – *poco per volta*.

IF MAN IS A MICROCOSM

so is every other animal and plant, and there are as many worlds here on this earth, as there are living forms, and indeed more, for each form moves in many worlds of its own.

REFLEX ACTION

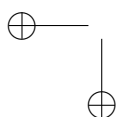
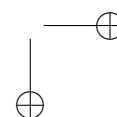
It is not that reflex actions, and the habitual and instinctive actions that blend into them so insensibly, are incapable of being conducted by reason, or indeed are ever successfully carried through without the guidance of reason, but that the reasoning process is carried on departmentally, without the cognizance of the central government, unless when things are going wrong.

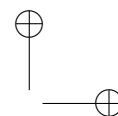
A THING IS

qua us the attributes whereby we cognize it, and its attributes are whatsoever qualities we choose to attribute to it.

PYJAMAS

Jones said that when they came into general use, the angels would be sure to use them.





WE MET A HUNCHBACKED MAN

one day, and Jones said he was syncopated.

MRS. JONES AND MARIE GIROT

Mrs. Jones is rather fond of suddenly hunting up old acquaintances whom she has long dropped. When she came to Paris last autumn it struck her that there was a certain Marie Girot who had once spent a few days with them at Craven Hill Gardens, and out of whom perhaps some fun might be got; so she wrote a very polite note, told Marie Girot that she had now come to stay some time in Paris, and asked when she might call upon her. This letter she signed, E. Jones. She received the following:

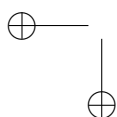
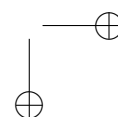
‘Mon cher ami,’ but I had better perhaps give the letter in English: ‘I cannot say that I quite understand your letter or at this moment recall you to my recollection, but I have no doubt I shall remember you when I see you. Come and see me any afternoon about three, or any evening after eleven.’

From which it appeared that the letter had not gone to the Marie Girot for whom Mrs. Jones intended it, but to another and very different lady of the same name.

Suppose Mrs. Jones had gone, and been asked to wait, Marie Girot being expected shortly. Another ‘cher ami’ of Marie Girot’s who has never seen her comes in and mistakes Mrs. Jones for Marie Girot, etc., etc. A good deal of misunderstanding well adapted for the French stage might follow.

ART NOTE

To study from nature is to consider the relative importances of the various impressions made upon the sight at any moment, and to give these impressions their due relative rendering on the canvas. It is not relative values of tone only that should be considered, though more, perhaps, is told through tone than through anything else, but the relative importance of the objects themselves from an intellectual as well as a visual point of view. The greatly subordinate place, however, must be given to this intellectual point of view.





UNMARRIED MEN

very rarely speak the truth about the things that most nearly concern them; married men, never.

‘EGO’

implies ‘non-ego’ and no ‘non-ego’ no ‘ego.’ So with ‘thing’ and ‘consciousness.’ Thing, consciousness. No consciousness, no thing.

THE BEST MUSIC

should be played as the best men and women should be dressed – neither so well nor so ill as to attract attention from itself.

GILBERT AND ‘RUDDIGORE’

One of the R.A.’s wrote complaining of *Ruddigore* as such a disgusting title. Gilbert said he did not see what there was to complain of. ‘*Bloodigore* would,’ he said, ‘have been offensive, but there can be no offence about *Ruddigore*.’ ‘Ruddi’ is perfectly harmless; if I, for example, were to talk of your ruddy cheek, you could not be angry with me, but if I were to speak, as I well might, about your – well –. Believe me, Yours truly, W. S. Gilbert.’

CHEEK

When did this word first begin to mean impudence?

THE MAN WHO HAS EDUCATED

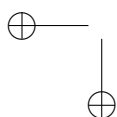
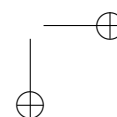
one child, and done him fairly well from first to last, has done a harder thing than writing all my books put together.

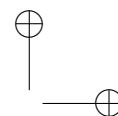
PLAY

appears very low down in the scale of life. I do not know whether or not the young amoebas play.

TO LEARN A THING

is only to grow a structure, in another shape.





'ALMOST'

'This merciful and almost miraculous interposition of Almighty God' (in the shape of a young policeman) 'saved five individuals, and in all probability our butler and footman also' (who, it appears, were not individuals) 'from a horrible and most sudden death.' (*Times*, February 21st, 1887.)

MRS. CATHIE AND THE MOUSE DIRTS

She said she had been having a great clean out and found everything in a deplorably neglected state. 'There was the same old fluff gathered in all the corners and the mouse dirts was cruel.' (Song, 'Ah cruel, cruel mouse dirts.')

THE POOR

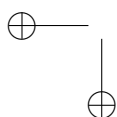
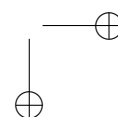
are compelled to work and use their muscles, and when there are no more poor there will ere long be no more muscles. The poor are a mode whereby the physical energy of the race is conserved.

MY WORK

However much I may grumble I have no doubt the general neglect and disfavour with which my work has been met has been a great advantage both to it and me.

When I was harassed about money I felt it at times keenly, and I was harassed for a long time. It seemed to me unrighteous that men like the Darwins, who are notoriously affluent, should hit one so struggling as myself so persistently below the belt under the cloak of love of truth; but that storm has been weathered, and now that I am in a position of security I am well content that things should be as they are.

I am unhampered by alliances and social influences of any kind, and am better able to write without regard to what *Athenaeums* and scientific men may say than I could possibly have been if I had met with a more cordial reception. I have no doubt I should have worshipped Mammon if I could; but Mammon was afraid of me, and made himself so unpleasant that I was driven straight into the arms of Jesus.



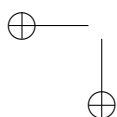
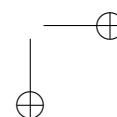


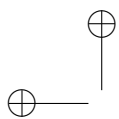
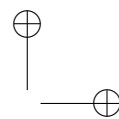
THE SENTIENCE OF INORGANIC SUBSTANCES AND
THE THOUGHT OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS

Max Müller has been delivering some lectures about language, and has argued that because animals have no language, therefore they cannot think. But surely he would not deny that infants think long before they can speak. They do not think with the precision, definiteness, range of subject, and coherency of men and women; they think in deeds, which are their units of thought, rather than in words; but it would be rash to deny that a deed and the image of a deed may be as effectual a mode and vehicle of thought, as any of the arbitrary symbols or counters with which the game of thought is now commonly played. These counters are called words, and they afford much the same facilities for thinking that algebraic symbols or even numerals of any kind do for reckoning, but we can both think and reckon without words or numerals. We cannot think and reckon so well, quickly and much, but we can do both one and the other up to a certain point.

Words are to thought much what a nervous system is to sentience. There is none of the acute, definite, specialized sentience which we commonly call feeling, without a nervous system, but on the other hand protoplasm is in itself a rude undifferentiated nervous system; an amoeba is a piece of brain, and all the essentials and raw material of feeling are there in a quasi-latent state, only waiting to be called into visible activity through the further differentiation and specialization which is engendered of experience and memory; so though there is no thought (as mature minds think of thought), without words, yet all the essentials of thought are involved in the constant association of any sensation with any object whether of sight, sound, taste or smell.

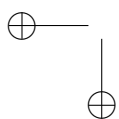
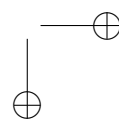
The thought of the lower animals and plants bears much the same relation to that of mankind that the sentience of the lowest organisms does to that of those which have a well-developed nervous system. Again the sentience of the inorganic world bears much the same relation to that of the organic, that the sentience of the lowest organic beings does to that of the highest.

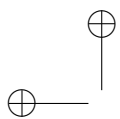
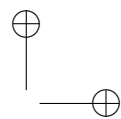
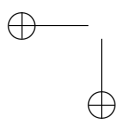
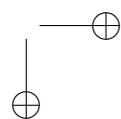


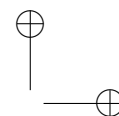


VOLUME III
1887–1890

REVISED
1898–1899





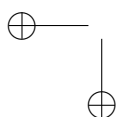
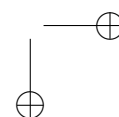


PREFACE

In the course of indexing this volume, I was more than ever impressed by the amount of care and trouble bestowed on trivial notes, which even I am aware can never be of the smallest use either to me or anyone else. No doubt someone who knows not me more than I him, will one day turn over these pages and be surprised, if not irritated, by finding notes rewritten after an interval of years, which one would have thought need never have been written at all. He will only feel what I feel myself; but let me beg him to believe that I have destroyed a great number of notes, and that many have been left inasmuch as it was less trouble to let Alfred write them over again, than to consider whether it was worth while to do so.

I claim especial forbearance, also, for this volume on the ground that vol. IV having been already bound and completed, I was obliged to pad vol. III as much as I could, or see it considerably thinner than the other volumes, which I was not disposed to do. Do what I might, however, I was obliged to introduce extraneous matter by adding the two papers that follow after the index.

February 26th, 1900.





PROTOPLASM

Curious, that the part they call most living should be so singularly devoid of organ as to resemble the inorganic rather than the organic world. Nothing can be more inorganic than protoplasm.

WATTS'S PICTURES

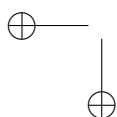
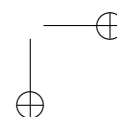
I went to Christie's to see these one day last week and I read what the *Times* said about them (April, 1887).

I never saw a more feeble, contemptible lot of pictures got together. You could see weak brag – such weakness, and such brag – in every picture, that it is difficult to understand how even in this press-ridden age Watts could have attained his reputation. Certainly he never could have attained it in an age in which men and women looked at pictures with their own eyes and not with those of other people. As, however, it is questionable how far there ever has been an age or ever will be, in which people will be at the pains of forming their own opinions, it is probable that there always have been and always will be both Wattses and buyers of Watts's pictures.

The 'Return of the Dove to the Ark' was the best picture because there was least in it; flat sky, flat sea, a great deal of both, and both as near empty as they could be, a tiny, tiny little ark, as cheap as cheap could be, and then one very poorly painted bird which I suppose may pass for a dove. It sold for about £700.

ANIMALS AND PLANTS

Reduced to its least dimensions the theory as to the division of organic life into animal and vegetable which I upheld in my lecture of March 19th, 1887, at the Working Men's College comes to this: that the difference between animals and vegetables is only the difference between individuals, writ large. Find out what leads to persistent, as against merely occasional and accidental, change of type in individuals, and you have on a small scale what on a large one becomes manifest to us as the difference between plants and animals.





CHRISTIANITY

was only a very strong and singularly well-timed Salvation Army movement that happened to receive help from an unusual and highly dramatic incident. It was a Puritan reaction in an age when, no doubt, a Puritan reaction was much wanted; but like all sudden violent reactions, it soon wanted reacting against.

ON NOT KNOWING WHEN ONE IS BEATEN

This is all very well, but one of the first businesses of a sensible man is to know when he is beaten, and to leave off fighting at once. Not to know when one is beaten is made an excuse for some of the most unjustifiable conduct that can be imagined.

‘GOD IS LOVE’

It should be ‘God is Love and Hate.’ God is a never ending and never beginning sense of desire towards, and of aversion from, this or that; these states of mind are made manifest to us, so far as they can be made manifest at all, in change, and ultimately come most home to us in that specialized form of change which we associate with organic matter as growth and decay.

WITHOUT IDOLATRY IN THE WORLD –

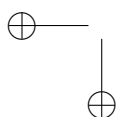
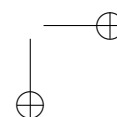
yes; without God – no.

THE ELEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT

The tenth plague was no good at all. The Egyptians would have been strangely unlike any papas and mammas that I have ever known if they had emancipated their slaves merely because one of their children died. What made them let the Jews go was an eleventh plague in consequence of which their papas and mammas were endowed with immortality. On this they let the Jews go immediately.

DEATH

is but as when a servant changes his situation.





JOHN MORLEY

said he never travelled without a volume of Matthew Arnold; perhaps that is why his books are unreadable.

THE SEXUAL QUESTION

I am aware that the sexual question is of more practical importance than any, such as Christianity, can be; at the same time till Christianity is dead and buried we shall never get the burning questions that lie beyond approached in a spirit of sobriety and common sense. It is therefore against superstition, and more especially the Christian superstition, that I have fought to the best of my ability.

But I have got to take the world as I find it and must not make myself impossible. At present I have the religious world bitterly hostile; the scientific and literary world are even more hostile than the religious; if to this hostility I am to add that of the respectable world, I may as well shut up shop at once for all the use I shall be to myself or anyone else.

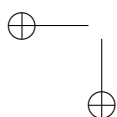
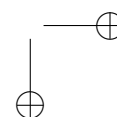
Let me get a really strong position like that of Ruskin, Carlyle, or even Matthew Arnold, and I may be relied upon to give the public to the full as much as they will endure without rebellion; but I will not jeopardize what I believe to be a fair chance of future usefulness by trying to do more than I can.

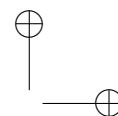
MY GRANDFATHER'S PLATE

It cost altogether nearly a thousand pounds, but I did not want it and, though I could only get old silver price for it, I determined to sell it. I took it to a silversmith's in the Strand, or rather got them to send someone to see it; he said it was very good, but of a period (1836) now out of fashion.

'There is one especial test of respectability in plate,' he remarked; 'we seldom find it but, when we do, we consider it the most correct thing, and the best guarantee of solid prosperity that anything in plate can give. When there is a silver venison dish we know that the plate comes from an owner of the very highest respectability.'

My grandfather had a silver venison dish.





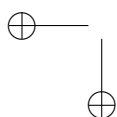
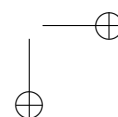
On the night the plate came to Clifford's Inn, the porter and I unpacked it in the cellar where we put it for safety. The cellar was dark and, as we only had one candle, we must have looked like a couple of burglars counting our swag. I, particularly, had a guilty feeling because a good many people told me I ought not to sell the plate at all – they said I ought to keep it, out of respect for my grandfather's memory. People will talk like this and it made me uncomfortable, though I did not mean paying any attention to what they said.

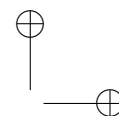
While we were unpacking it, or repacking it, I forget which, I saw a dilapidated old book lying on the knifeboard with a blacking bottle on it and an old tin tallow candlestick. I knew there was something in the book that made it go in counterpoint with the surroundings, so I took the blacking bottle off it and opened it. It was an early copy of my grandfather's *Atlas of Ancient and Modern Geography*. I daresay it may be thought that I invented this; I can only say that I did not, and indeed could not invent anything so perfectly in keeping with itself. But it frightened me.

P.S. When I wrote the above, I knew nothing about my grandfather except that he had been a great schoolmaster – and I did not like schoolmasters; and then a bishop – and I did not like bishops; and that he was supposed to be like my father. Of course when I got hold of his papers, I saw what he was, and fell head over ears in love with him. Had I known then what I know now, I do not think I could have sold the plate; but it was much better that I should, and I have raised a far better monument to his memory than ever the plate was.

JOHN MORLEY, SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN, AND MYSELF

When I was at Cambridge I met Trevelyan once or twice at Raikes's rooms. I was told he was a genius; and feeling myself still weak, formless, and all uncertain of my ground, I was overawed by one who I thought really did know things of which I well knew that I was myself mainly intent on trying to conceal my ignorance. I had neither strength nor imagination to suspect that Trevelyan might be just as weak, formless, and intent on concealing ignorance as I was; besides he played his part better and took in a good many people, whereas I took in but few.

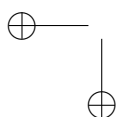
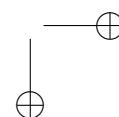


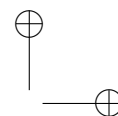


Henry Hoare and Marriott used to tell me I should try and be like Trevelyan, and I believed them. Nevertheless, it never got beyond a sense of duty; I knew I did not want to be like Trevelyan, and could not, even though I tried. When I met him I expected to be dazzled as well as overawed. I was overawed, but not dazzled, for Trevelyan said hardly anything, and this, while making me uncomfortable, frightened me; for it made me think he must know himself to be so strong. I came away with a sense that I had been uncomfortable, but still too weak to venture on rebellion even in my thoughts, and always spoke of Trevelyan as the genius my friends and neighbours said he was.

At that time I used still to echo my poor mother who called that old fool Professor Kennedy a genius. I have since found that this silence trick is common with people who would get reputation cheaply. Rossetti, the painter, played it when I met him in Wallis's rooms shortly after *Erewhon* appeared; he sat still, moody, impenetrable; but this was the best part of twenty years later, and though still very ignorant and timid I was beginning to feel my feet, and to be more rebellious in my own mind. Now, I am free to confess, I feel fairly strong, though whether I really am so or not is a matter on which I know that my opinion goes for little. To return, however, to Trevelyan, or rather to John Morley, who was the other man whom Hoare and Marriott used to hold up to me as one whom I ought to attempt to follow in all humility, no matter at how great a distance.

When *Erewhon* came out Hoare and Marriott kept urging me to try and imitate John Morley's style, so I got his *Voltaire* and disliked it very much. Then I was to meet Morley. Marriott was to give a dinner and Morley and I were to be brought together. This came off; Marriott gave a splendid feed, which I regret to say I have never to this day returned, and Morley and I were put to sit in the middle of the table side by side, and there was to be a feast of reason and a flow of soul – a part of the programme which did not come off. Morley talked a great deal, and so, I have no doubt, did I; but I cannot, happily, remember one syllable that was said by either of us; all I remember is that I disliked and distrusted Morley. In those days I was even more intolerant of Liberals than I am now, and I knew him to be a Liberal, as was Marriott, who had not yet got into Parliament, much less joined the Conservative party. I met Morley again a year or two later at Marriott's, and





again we did not like each other. I have always thought him a jawing ass. He thought me one of the most disappointing men he had ever met. I am glad he, too, is a Radical. We do not nod when we meet.

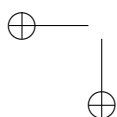
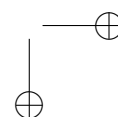
I may say in passing that I do not wonder at people's saying that *Erewhon* had been made too much of. I believe *Evewhon* to be all very well as a beginning, but nothing more. Of my later books I think to the full as well as anyone else does. I do not doubt that *Erewhon* owed its success in great measure to its having appeared anonymously; my Uncle Philip to this day is fond of telling me that this was so. I do not like my Uncle Philip, but believe him to be right in saying what he does. The reviewers did not know but what the book might have been written by a somebody whom it might not turn out well to have cut up, and whom it might turn out very well to have praised.

ROSE

Rose, the model, had the finest torso I ever saw. He was the model used by Poynter for his well-known picture 'Israel in Egypt'; all the Jews in that picture are Rose. His torso was not only the finest I ever saw but I never saw anything in the least like it. All the markings which we see in the antique and accept, though we never see them in real life, were not only there but in as full development as I ever saw in the antique; with the exception, of course, of the obviously exaggerated Hercules. The head and lower limbs were not remarkable. I understood Rose got this wonderful development of arms and torso through turning a sausage machine, from which he seems to have ground beauty into his own body. I suppose he ground his sausages to the Lord.

AT BLETCHINGLY

One Sunday, when we were getting our lunch, we fell to discussing a song, formerly very popular, 'Oh no, we never mention her, Her name is never heard,' and, as usual, blew upon it. My cousin said he did not know it, and, speaking of it later on in the day, called it, 'We pass her by, we don't speak to her now,' which made us all laugh a good deal. Gogin said my cousin could be trusted to suck all the sentiment out of anything as a piece of blotting-paper





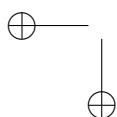
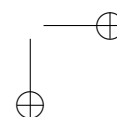
sucks the oil out of paint. ‘One step further,’ he continued, ‘and the words would have become, “We used to speak to her, but we never do so now; she has lost her nose.” ’

ORTHODOX FAITH

Does any man of science believe that the present orthodox faith can descend many generations longer without modification? Does any free-thinker who has the ordinary feelings of an Englishman doubt that the main idea underlying and running through the ordinary orthodox faith is substantially sound?

That there is an unseen life and unseen kingdom which is not of this world, and that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God; that the life we live here is much but, at the same time, small as compared with another larger life in which we all share though, while here, we can know little if anything about it; that there is an omnipotent Being into whose presence none can enter and from whose presence none can escape – an ineffable contradiction in terms (as I have said in *Luck or Cunning?*); that the best are still unprofitable servants and that the wisest are still children – who that is in his senses can doubt these things? And surely they are more the essence of Christianity than a belief that Jesus Christ died, rose from the dead, and ascended visibly into heaven.

Technically and according to the letter of course they are not. According to the spirit I firmly believe they are. Tell me that Jesus Christ died upon the Cross, and I find not one tittle of evidence worthy of the name to support the assertion. Tell me that therefore we are to pull down the Church and turn everyone to his own way, and I reject this as fully as I reject the other. I want the Church as much as I want freethought; but I want the Church to pull her letter more up to date or else to avow more frankly that her letter is a letter only. If she would do this I, for one, would not quarrel with her. Unfortunately, things do not seem moving in the direction in which I would gladly see them go and do all in my power to help them go.





VARALLO

A Jacob's Dream in which the Almighty is telling the angels that he really will not have them coming up and down his ladder in that way.

'It is very troublesome, and has disturbed me all the morning so that I have been unable to make up my accounts. I have repeatedly spoken about it; let this be the last time, please; I must request you not to let it occur again.'

The work, though much damaged, is at any rate untainted by Academicism. The ladder is very strong and has nine rungs.

'NARCISSUS'

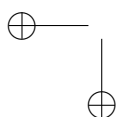
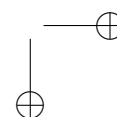
At Civiasco there was a festa and we stood outside the church door, listening to the music inside. This consisted of organ with a brass band obligato. The mass was ultra-operatic. We thought of our own work *Narcissus*. Why should people complain of us for making our comic music so serious, when they make their serious music so comic?

AT CIVIASCO

While we were standing there we saw several people come one after another with their offerings. These were disposed on a table by the church door. Some had brought wax candles for the use of the church; some well-made, tastefully decorated cakes; some baskets of fruit; some large three or four pound pats of butter, evidently just made, and looking very good. One brought a nice dish of roast veal, larded and garnished round with pickles, cooked and ready to eat. There were hunks of cheese and bacon with flowers stuck in them. There was one basket of raw potatoes crowned with a cream cheese, and a nice dishful of eggs. There was also a basket of nuts and almonds and last year's chestnuts with half a dozen eggs stuck in them, crowned by a sweet little oleograph of our Lord.

We were told that all these things would be sold by auction later on; at present they were set out in the church porch.

Jones and I then walked on towards the Colma and saw a Luca della Robbia-looking man hedging and ditching who talked to us





a great deal about God. On our return we went to the house of a lady named la Martina and got an excellent dinner there. La Martina was a good deal disturbed because we could not have her best room, but the music had got it and was indeed having its dinner now. We saw a vacant space in the room adjoining the kitchen and like nature abhorring a vacuum we hastened to fill it. Then after dinner we went to the church and found all the offerings arranged on the communion rails and wherever else seemed most convenient.

We found a nice votive picture in the church. It seems a gentleman was standing in front of the Hotel del Falcone at Barcelona in Spain in the year 1842 when a cannon ball from the adjoining fort made his nose bleed. A piece of the cannon ball is given along with the picture to prove the story true.

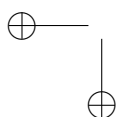
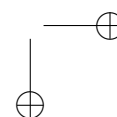
By and by the music which, it seems, came from Quarona a little way down the valley began to play, and then came vespers. Jones said one could pass the night at Civiasco, but he doubted whether one could sleep there.

There is someone at Civiasco who is fond of classical subjects. The house immediately opposite the church has a garden wall decorated with a fresco of the death of Socrates. Classical terracotta figures adorn the fountain; and, on the other hand, there is a refreshingly modern fresco of a lady in a straw hat of the neighbourhood, who is surveying the church and its portico with an air of pleased admiration, from a first floor window.

AT CHIAVENNA

The passero reminded me of Etty's portrait of the late Archdeacon Bather.

There were artificial roofs to protect some of the staircases and underneath the gutters of these there were curtains of tin, gracefully looped up and festooned, all worked in sheet iron and painted in all the colours of the rainbow. At the top of one of these staircases was a small chapel or hermitage which dominated the whole scene and on which was inscribed, in large aggressive letters of brilliant blue that no one could miss, a word that kept all guests in mind of their common humanity – Ritirata.





How the Italians are weighted with their past and find it hang like a millstone, etc.

‘His establishment had been nearly 200 years in florid exercise.’

The old priest – they said he was ‘in gamba.’ I said he was ‘in naso,’ too. He was 85. He was like my mother and uncle Sam and smoked a long Suisse cigar. He was accompanied by a silly, vapid, curly pated, low-browed Lucius Verus-looking young man. I sat on the terrace and saw them take the old priest into the sala and show him two scandalous oleographs. Presently some young ladies came in and the old priest showed them the oleographs.

STORMY PETRELS

‘Now Captain,’ I asked him, ‘can you tell me? Where do those birds lay their eggs?’

And the Captain replied: ‘God in heaven alone bloody knows.’

HENS HAVING NO OCCASION TO LAY

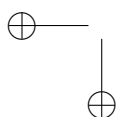
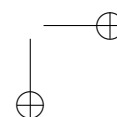
A rich lady whose husband had made his money in trade was asked whether her hens were laying. She said, ‘Oh dear no, with our position, you know, they have no occasion to lay.’

THE GREATER NUMBER OF RESPECTABLE PEOPLE

act as if the greatest unhappiness, or at any rate the greatest snubbedness, of the greatest number of their nearest relations was the thing in life best worth pursuing. To live, to my father, was to have the power of sticking pins into me; to live well, was to be able to stick pins into the whole lot of his descendants. And yet at the same time in a fractious sort of way he wished them well, and believed himself anxious that they should succeed.

THE BUG’S BLOOD

It crawled across my cash-book while I was doing my accounts. It was a ripe one, and I squashed it on the cash-book so that its blood might cry up to Alfred and Mrs. Cathie.





GOD

He might begin the Day of Judgment, but he would probably find himself in the dock long before it was over.

FEELING

So we say that some dry plates are more sensitive than others.

LITERARY MERIT

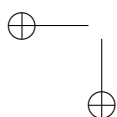
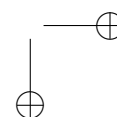
‘Il merito letterario in un lavoro drammatico è come l’onestà in una bella donna; se manca, è un difetto; se c’è, non costituisce il pregio principale per cui una bella donna è generalmente ammirata.’ Dionigi Negri had copied this out in his pocket book, as he told me, from some newspaper, but he had forgotten which, where, and when.

TRIPE

‘Morbido’ is a very difficult word for a foreigner to understand. We have all heard of the ‘morbidezza’ of Correggio, but I was not prepared for hearing the tripe called morbid, till one day at dinner last winter Avvocato Barraja called it so. There was some excellent tripe, shredded up Milanese fashion, and he said, ‘Ma com’ è buona, com’ è morbida.’

ILLUSIONS

I have been asked what I meant by saying that our bodily organs are forms of faith. I mean exactly what I have said. Our bodily organs are forms that have been gradually fashioned as the outcome and expression of the ideas and consequent desires that have predominated in our minds. These ideas and desires are our faiths, for which ultimately we can give no reason, and which serve as foundations for our ideas of truth, rather than are themselves founded on any immutable eternal truth. Our whole organization is but the outcome and expression of lies so often told that they have come to pass as truths. Every lie becomes a truth if it is repeated often enough, and there is no other truth than this.





‘ODI PROFANUM VULGUS, ETC.’

Of course we all do this to a certain extent, but we most of us nowadays try and attract as much ‘vulgus’ as we can. I certainly do. The people whom I try, not unsuccessfully, to keep off are the academic classes and all who pride themselves on culture.

IN EVERY RELIGION, OR EVEN IRRELIGION

and not merely in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.

FAMILIAR MISQUOTATION

‘Tis not in mortals to deserve success,
But we’ll do more, Sempronius, we’ll command it.’

GOD AND THE DEVIL

You cannot take all the Devil out of a thing without taking all the God too. There must be harmonics of God in the Devil, and of the Devil in God.

OPINION

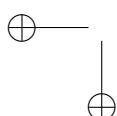
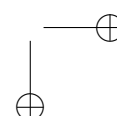
To form an opinion for another is to live in him, and for him, or to have him live in, and for, the one who forms it.

THOUGHT, WORD, AND DEED

Leaving aside all attempt to say where consciousness becomes perception, and perception fuller apprehension, and apprehension action, it is enough that there is so close a connection between feeling, consciousness, and action that we cannot touch one without touching the other.

CHEMICAL ACTION OF LIGHT

We speak of the chemical action of light, and yet light is nothing but vibrations.





ST. GEORGE

did not throw away his scabbard when he went out to fight the dragon. He went out, and while on his way accidentally dropped the scabbard. On which he said, 'Oh, bother that thing,' and would not stay to pick it up. It is only on the stage that people throw away so useful an implement as a scabbard.

IMAGINATION AND MISTAKE

Facts remain even now much at the mercy of the imagination which is their remote ancestor. If a man who is looking for his carriage in a railway station sees himself beckoned to by someone from a wrong carriage, he will certainly for a moment see the wrong carriage as his right one. So if we are looking along a railway expecting to see a train a long way off, and a man crosses the line also a long way off, we always at first take the man for the train.

LIGHT AND VIBRATIONS

We are in this dilemma; either light, which produces such important effects upon matter, is itself wholly immaterial, in which case we open the door for matter being acted on by something which is not matter; or if we declare that the emanating force is ever so tenuously substantial we return, *pro tanto*, to the theory of the emission of light.

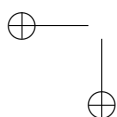
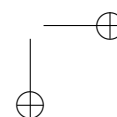
But when a man bursts into tears in consequence of some ill news, have we not a case at once, among countless others, in which matter is affected by something that is not matter? On the other hand may not material connections be detected on closer scrutiny?

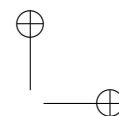
DIANA

After that Endymion business she need not have made so much fuss about Actaeon.

TITIAN

His 'Assumption of the Virgin' at Venice is odious. I would as soon, or even sooner, for aught I know, have Murillo's.





CHRIST

No one supposes that Christ himself, were he now living, would be a Christian; but he would find his mother and sisters and his brethren all of them devout believers.

HONOUR THY FATHER AND MOTHER

For the most part this is all very well, especially from the parental point of view. I should say the Ten Commandments were written by a parent, and by one who had long lost his own father and mother. But even this writer did not tell us to honour our uncles and aunts, nor our grandfathers and grandmothers.

FLYING

Whatever any other organism has been able to do man should surely be able to do also, though he may go a different way about it.

BREVITY

It does not matter how long a man is, provided he is as short as circumstances will allow.

SHE WAS A

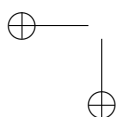
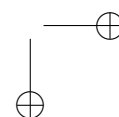
very Lost-Chordy-looking person. (I trust that in a few years time this may have become unintelligible.)

UNIMPORTANCE

The importance or unimportance of a thing turns mainly on the length of time during which it has played an important part in the history of the race. Thus the heart is more important than the power of speech.

A BAKER'S SHOP

is a bread stream, subject to flood and drought.





PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

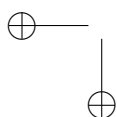
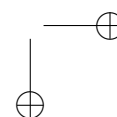
The present which is of all things most important to us has no place in logic, there being no instant of time present that is not stolen either from past or future; so that we can no more lay our hands upon the resent existence of this or that in time, than we can upon the thing itself, if we would limit time too curiously. And as the thing itself is incomprehensible if we would come to too close quarters, and not be content with a definite in which there is still much indefinite, so does perfection vanish amid a mass of small errors and shortcomings if we pry too closely into its nature.

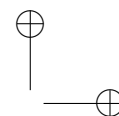
The attempt at over-definition is the most self stultifying that can be well conceived, it is the most germane to the vulgar, sordid, intellectual avarice, so to speak, of the intellectually *nouveau riche*; but, as in the German fairy story of the fisherman's wife, in which Alice had one boon after another granted her until she prayed to be made lord of the Sun and the Moon, whereon all her past boons were withdrawn, and she was bidden to go back to her ditch again, so, when we press science beyond the limits of common sense, the whole dissolves.

True, all the senses have their defects and abuses, and common sense not the least, still common sense can at any rate preserve itself from self-annihilation, which science, unless protected by its great enemy common sense, can hardly do; for science is nothing if not logical and logic is based on a series of beggings of the question.

ANIMALS AND PLANTS

are so many living, perambulating tool-boxes, fitted up for many different purposes, as a single tool is designed for a single purpose. A dog is a box of one kind of tools and a man of another. The mistake we make is much like that of one who should mistake the carpenter's bench and tools for the carpenter himself; as that of a piece of wood which might take much note of the saw and little of the sawyer.





CHILDREN AND THE ACT OF PROCREATION

If the continuation of the race is thought of at all in connection with the act of procreation, it is perhaps, more commonly than not, with desire that the race shall *not* be continued.

FRYING A CRUCIFIX

There was a row in the Novara papers (so I was told) about a man who had gone to see his grapes in July and found them promising a splendid vintage. He went a month later and found hail and unseasonable weather had ruined his crop. He returned home in a fury and fried his crucifix in oil.

‘VOX POPULI, VOX DEI’

That is what we say with one breath. With the next we condemn the ‘Vox Populi’ as always wrong. As for the Son of God, he railed against his father’s voice in unmeasured terms.

SPEECH AND LANGUAGE

The want of speech to an animal is much like ignorance of reading and writing to a man. It is a great convenience to be able to read and write, but people do get on very well without it, and it does not matter so much as one would think.

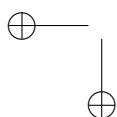
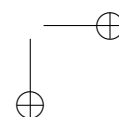
GROWTH AND LEARNING

are correlative terms. The first is a bodily expression of the second, and the second an inchoation of the first.

MRS. CATHIE AND JACK THE RIPPER

When the last of his murders was known Mrs. Cathie, my laundress, gave me the following account of it.

‘They asked him what he had got in his bag and he said it was something the ladies did not like, so I suppose they were too sharp for him, or perhaps it was not to be their fate, and that’s another thing. He must have been in a dreadful disguise, and her a-singing “Sweet Violets” at half-past eight that very morning, poor creature.’





INCURABLE AND UNCURABLE

Mrs. Skinner, H. F. J.'s laundress, said that someone was discharged from the hospital as 'incurable and uncurable,' and went on to explain that she was incurable from the inside, and uncurable from the out.

DEFINITION

As you cannot define the limits of the individual, so neither can you of a thought or an action.

CHRIST AND THE WORLD

They are as incompatible now as ever to all good Christians. By Christ I do not mean the mere man Christ Jesus, but public spirit and straightforwardness as against selfishness and meanness.

The whirligig of Time has so brought in his revenges that Christ and the Devil have changed places, and Christ has become but as one of the kingdoms of this world.

TO BE

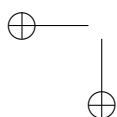
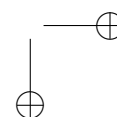
is to have a present, and to have a present is to have had a past and to await a future. The trouble is that we have to think of everything as having had a past which is not a past and a future which is not a future, for we have to deal with change.

MYSELF AND LYING

I should be sorry to think I was either more of a liar or less so, than well-bred people generally are; but I have not the slightest doubt that in reality I am one or the other or both.

GOD

God is the baseless basis of all that we base most solidly, of all our things, thoughts and actions.





A MAN

said one day, talking about his wife, who was ill, 'If God were to take one or other of us, I should go and live in Paris.'

TO A BLIND MAN

life and the world are as things in our waistcoat pockets are to our fingers' ends as we grope in our pockets to find them.

COLOUR

is like nature; you may pitchfork it out as you will, but it will always find its way back. I mean, cover a building with Portland cement, and it will, ere long, get lichen-grown and in good colour again.

THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE

We cannot consciously think without language any more than we can think unconsciously (I refer to unconscious cerebration) with it.

THE FEAR OF THE LORD

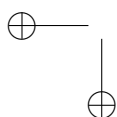
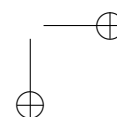
Jones said it is doubtless the beginning of wisdom, but it is not the end of it. A man has not got far, and will not get far, who limits himself to the fear of the Lord.

COUNSELS OF PERFECTION

are 'magnifiques' but not moral. Reward and punishment should not stale through keeping; hence the immorality of the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments.

RELIGION

We no more deny the essential value of religion because we hold most religions false, and most professors of religion liars, than we deny that of science because we can see no great difference between men of science and theologians.





THE ELEMENTS OF MORALITY

It is not moral that a man with a great reputation, or theory either, should be upset easily. Confidence in a reasonable amount of stability in the world around us is a *sine qua non* for action of any kind; but it is still less moral that either man or theory should not be attackable, and, if cause be shown, overthrowable at all.

I AM ANXIOUS

to have it generally known that I am well off, because if I were poor my history would be too depressing; because a cheerful figure is more attractive than a wronged and unhappy one; because, in fact, it leaves the laugh on my side.

ART NOTES

The capital sin in art is the insisting on the less important at the expense of that which is more so. This should be borne in mind, and things should be told as far as may be in the order of their importance, for then one can stop at any moment.

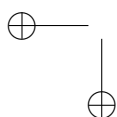
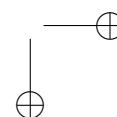
Composition is the one word common to painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and literature. This shows that the main merit in each case depends upon the arrangement in relation to one another of the objects and incidents that are dealt with.

THE PART STANDING FOR THE WHOLE

This enters into everything. The fullest reality is only 'more part,' it is not the whole.

SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD

It does not matter much how many cupboards we may have with how many skeletons in them, if they will only keep to the cupboards and not find their way outside them. It is more serious when the skeletons insist on answering the hall door bell, button-holeing everyone who comes to the house, and telling them all about it.





THE CHURCH

She is now just as bad as Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Darwin.

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

I suppose this was all right; but there can be no doubt about being all things to all women.

MYSELF

It seems to me that years so far have titubated over my head rather than passed over it.

OUR THOUGHTS

are like the world itself, solid enough, yet resting on what to us seems nothing.

MEN SHOULD NOT TRY TO

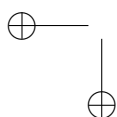
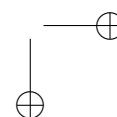
overstrain their goodness more than any other faculty, bodily or mental.

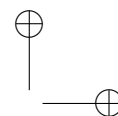
BREVITY

Whatever brevity may be as regards wit, it is certainly the soul of all agreeable poetry.

MYSELF AND THE ONLY REVIEWS I HAVE WRITTEN

I never write reviews; it is much easier to write a book than to review one, so I have drifted into the ranks of the reviewed, not of the reviewers. I have only written two little colourless reviews in the whole course of my literary life; both were innocence itself; one of Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Essays* some dozen or more years ago in the *Examiner*; the other of a philosophical work by Rosmini whose very title I have forgotten. I am sorry I have done even this much, and will never write another review, unless, of course, I get a chance of giving some kind of undue preference to a personal friend.





A JOHNIAN AT TRINITY

At Trinity the Master asked me to dine in Hall, and treated me with great urbanity. This was because we had been in correspondence about his father's letters to my grandfather. I sat between him (he being at the head of the table), and Aldis Wright, whom I liked. Opposite me was a man whose name I did not catch, but he, too, was pleasant and genial; next him was Villiers Stanford, whom I disliked. There was also a don named Stuart, a Professor, I believe, of Applied Mechanics, whom I disliked.

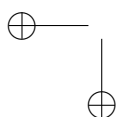
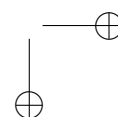
Then, immediately after dinner, he handed me over to the dons as he had to go and hear a sermon, but said he should be back at half-past nine. In the Combination Room Aldis Wright behaved like a gentleman; he talked about those things that were most likely to interest me, and I myself did my best to please him. The amiable little don who had sat opposite me at dinner was not there. Stuart flung a few words to me in a severe and without prejudice strain, but no one else spoke to me, nor did I see anyone whom I took to be a human being except in outward show.

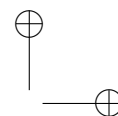
When we adjourned to someone's rooms to smoke, there was also another man who did not look as if he would bite my nose off, but the others without exception did so look. I sat on a sofa, and said nothing, letting them talk among themselves, and at 9.30 or soon after, when the master would be back, I crept away as quietly as I could, feeling much bedraggled, and smaller by a good deal than I had done when I came – which doubtless is what the Trinity men intended.

So I went back to the Lodge, and we talked about poor old Walmisley, and what a sad case it was, for he felt the degradation so keenly, and never resigned himself contentedly to intemperance, etc., etc.; and now they had just been putting up a monument to him with a text about the snare of the fowler being broken, etc.; all exceedingly proper.

I remember Walmisley very well. I have often watched him play. No man's face could be more emotionless, and no player's action could be more quiet and free from affectation than his.

I was too young to be able to judge intelligently, nor can I remember one single bar of the many slow movements, which I have heard him and seen him improvise; nevertheless, an abiding impression remains with me that he was the finest extemporiser





upon the organ that I have ever heard. He used to improvise always before the anthem, when there was music, which on an average was, I suppose, about three times a week.

I never saw him drunk; but it used to be said that he sat upon the keys of the organ one night at Trinity. The Master of Trinity told me that this was true, but I must have better authority than Dr. Butler's before I believe one word of it.

Returning to my remarks on Walmisley, let me repeat that my opinion of his merits is absolutely worthless; all I know is that he left a deep impression on me, whereas Sterndale Bennett whom I also met at Cambridge, at a wine at Sykes's, did not please me.

So I was to tell Mrs. Butler (who as Miss Ramsay has been Senior Classic), all about it, and what I remembered of Walmisley, which I did, I hope, properly.

Then the Master went on to tell me about Goethe and young Mendelssohn, and how it always appeared to him as one of the most charming incidents recorded in the history of art and literature, the meeting of that bright young boy in the budding forth of his genius with the rugged veteran, etc., etc. He had been going steadily down in my good opinion every time he had opened his lips from the moment I entered the Lodge, but this settled the matter, and I began to expect that he would praise Raffaele or Gustave Doré. I said 'Yes' to everything after that.

COVENTRY PATMORE

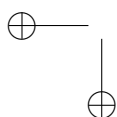
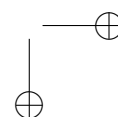
I see somebody has been calling him 'a masculine Eliza Cook.'

THE BEST SPENT LIFE

He has spent his life best who has enjoyed it most. God will take care that we do not enjoy it any more than is good for us.

THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY

After all, what is the essence of Christianity? What is the kernel of the nut? Surely common sense and cheerfulness, with unflinching opposition to the charlatanisms and Pharisaisms of a man's own times. The essence of Christianity lies neither in dogma, nor yet, in abnormally holy life, but in faith in an unseen world, in doing





one's duty, in speaking the truth, in finding the true life rather in others than in oneself, and in the certain hope that he who loses his life on these behalfs finds more than he has lost.

GENIUS

I should say it was best defined as hereditary aptitude – the inheritance, without conscious trouble, of a faculty acquired by an ancestor. It is instinctive, and like other instincts is hard to repress.

‘YACK LO SVENTRATORE’

I see the Italian papers talk of ‘Yack lo Sventratore’ whereby they mean Jack the Ripper.

HOW COULD ANYTHING BE

unless all things sooner or later became as though they had not been? Nothing can ‘be’ except on these terms. And yet nothing becomes as though it had never been.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

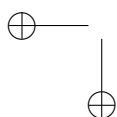
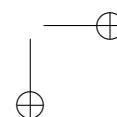
has very little sense of humour, but Rome has none whatever.

GOD

is very like the *Athenaeum* or the *Saturday Review*; his mercies are no doubt great, but they are sometimes a little grudging. So when the Israelites struck upon the manna question, he only sent them quails; it is perhaps hence that ‘*Toujours perdrix*’ has become a proverb.

TO KNOW

is to know the things belonging to one's peace.





IDEAS

of all kinds, serviceable and the reverse, are like mushroom spawn, always in the air, and catch on to the minds most fitted to receive them.

LIFE

is a matter about which we are lost if we reason either too much or too little.

PARABLES

‘I will open my mouth in a parable and declare hard sentences of old.’ People who make such parade to this effect generally end by mystifying things that every one understands sufficiently as it is.

ADDING A CUBIT TO ONE’S STATURE

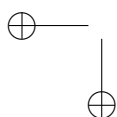
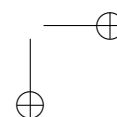
It is true we cannot add a cubit to our stature by taking thought, but it is only by having taken thought that we have any stature to add to.

IDEAS

do, many of them, become practically as though they had never been. As matter accretes and becomes palpable only through an agglomeration of entities that *qua* us are impalpable and immaterial, and as it returns to these same entities again, so most ideas do much the same, but some, once engendered, seem to live for ever, in their issue, if not in themselves.

ATOMS

I suppose the atom is the smallest of entities much as a mouse is the smallest of mammals, not because there might not be a smaller, but because there is not.





EXTENSION OF NON-UNIVERSITY TEACHING

We want a Society for the Extension of non-University Good Sense and Good Manners among resident members of the Universities, and more especially among heads of houses.

PRAISE AND BLAME

There should be a statute of limitations for praise and blame, or rather for blame; so that although we may warm to anything done, say, three hundred years ago, we may regard the misdoings with composure, and without the horror they would inspire if they were recent, and we knew the people who did them. Practically such a statute exists, but it is not recognized as fully as it might be.

SYMPATHY BETWEEN THE SENSES

When one of the senses is well pleased, the others seldom keep long in ill humour. Hence physicians often get such organs as they can cherish into a good state, and trust to them to succour an ill one that the doctors themselves cannot reach.

GOD AND MAMMON

God is a mode of Mammon and *vice versa*.

TOWNS

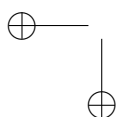
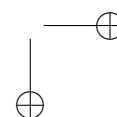
like organisms, descend with modification.

OUR LEADING JOURNALS

Of these I know not which is best edited in respect of printing and technicality of every kind – nor which worst in respect of everything else.

UNION

may be strength, but it is mere blind brute strength unless wisely directed.





S. ROCCO

does take his poor leg so very seriously. I never can see that the wound was at all dangerous. A good-sized piece of court sticking plaster would have made everything perfectly right.

EQUAL TEMPERAMENT

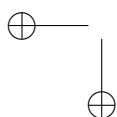
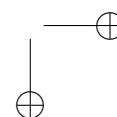
As in the tuning of a piano, perfect tune in any one key can only be got at the expense of all the others, so in human affairs absolute right or truth in any one respect will involve more or less increase of error in all others. The aim of equal temperament, whether in life or music, is to distribute an unaccountable balance or residuum of error as nearly equally as we can in all, whether relations with our fellow-men, or keys; so that while existing in all, it shall not be felt distressingly in any. As regards life and the conduct of affairs, the most equal temperament will generally be found in the least disturbance of existing ideas and institutions compatible with due regard to progress and the abating of nuisances. Even convenience, however, is a chimera if it is sought too absolutely.

OUR IDEAS

So long as we grasp them firmly, all is well. They are our slaves, and if we would be well served we must rule them with a strong judgment. If we drive them too hard, or try to vivisect them, they will either rise in rebellion and dethrone our reason, or, which is much the same thing, will perish together.

AN ABSOLUTE UNIT IMPOSSIBLE

You can no more have a unit, pure and simple, of time, space, or idea – so that there shall be, say, a second of time, or a square inch of space, or a sense of shock, absolutely free of connection with, and void of relation to, other like units, than you can have an individual living being, or indeed an individual atom ‘in se ipso totus teres atque rotundus’ without relations to other individuals and atoms.





THOUGHTS OF PLANTS

I cannot watch the thoughts of plants more than I can watch their spontaneous movements, but I am no less sure that they think in their own way, than that they move. I suppose that to move itself implies the germs of sensation and thought.

LIFE AND DEATH

are like belief and unbelief, they lurk in one another.

CONTRADICTION IN TERMS

The question of accepting this or that proposition turns not upon whether or no it involves contradiction in terms, for there is contradiction in terms everywhere, but upon whether there is more contradiction than we are accustomed to. Contradiction in terms is like dirt, material and moral, of which we must eat our peck. We dislike it when it is obvious, but otherwise are not apt to ask questions for conscience sake.

PROPERTY IS ROBBERY

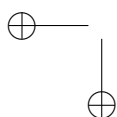
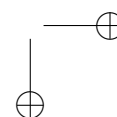
So it is after a kind, and so is robbery property after a kind, but not a very permanent kind.

ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL

Nature is conducted on the principle of robbing Peter to pay Paul. He giveth them their meat in due season. Yes, by taking the meat from the mouth of something else that would be glad enough to have it. Or again, He giveth them as meat to something else in due season; or he giveth their meat in due season to something else.

MERCANTILE PURSUITS

If the old Romans were right in looking down on anything mercantile we should remember that art, literature, and science are now almost exclusively mercantile.





PROTOPLASM AND FLESH

All flesh is protoplasm, and all protoplasm is flesh.

TIME AND SPACE

only exist on being marked; where not marked they do not exist; they exist to those who are marking them but not to those who do not.

MYSELF AND 'EREWHON'

It is better that a critic who can take *Looking Backwards* seriously should not take *Erewhon* at all.

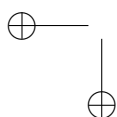
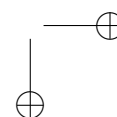
THE ARTS

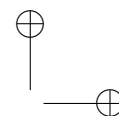
I find that those who are devoted to music and the arts of painting and sculpture are unwilling to turn to the art of literary poetry. On the other hand, those who are devoted to the art of literary poetry are less interested in music and in the fine arts.

I am firmly persuaded that our Shakespeare did not like music and knew nothing at all about the fine arts. Milton certainly loved music, and I admit that a man may successfully cultivate two of the three great provinces of poetry, namely (1) music; (2) the arts that are strictly imitative (even when they are also creative); and (3) literature; but to cultivate all three – this is too much.

Human sympathy is not capable of embracing simultaneously three wives so exacting and so jealous of one another. For me there exist two poets, Homer and Shakespeare; the others are doubtless very good sort of people but I have not, and never shall have, the honour of their acquaintance.

This is, I know, a brutal confession, but a man had better not pretend to have something which he has not. When I want poetry to set to music I write the words myself; but for the rest I prefer prose – prose as terse, as lucid, as sincere as I can make it. Those who go down into the Inferno for the purpose of seeing all their enemies in that place and then write their adventures in poetry – well, to speak the truth, I have no sympathy with this sort of thing...





FELLOW TRAVELLERS

There was a widow on board – a widow indeed. I found by her luggage that her name was Venus. I could not see either Mars or Vulcan. I rushed to my luggage to get my detective camera, but when I came back she was in such a pitiable state that I had no heart to take her, and knew that I could not sell her if I did; so I lost her.

Then I saw Reynolds's 'Banished Lord.' Presently he got up and I found that the banished lord was not at all a fine figure. He was not more than 5ft. 4ins. He wore a rather shaggy light grey suit and a woollen helmet travelling cap of the same stuff. I was quite shocked to find how short he was.

Presently he yawned. Why didn't Reynolds make him yawn when he painted him? I suppose he had just been over to England in disguise – but anyone must have known him. I don't think he can have been an English peer. I should say he was a Scotch baron, without a seat in the House of Lords. He was evidently becoming more and more uncomfortable.

Nothing makes a man or woman look so saintly as sea-sickness.

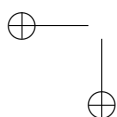
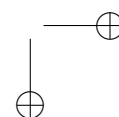
The sailors gazing up steadfastly into heaven often make fine apostles.

WHEN A THING

is old, broken, and useless, we throw it on the dust-heap, but when it is sufficiently old, sufficiently broken, and sufficiently useless, we give money for it, put it into a museum, and read papers over it which people come long distances to hear.

SIENA

I learned that there is another person who is born and washed in Italian pictures besides the Virgin, namely St. John. St. Elizabeth is reclining in bed, but she does not seem to want keeping up as much as St. Anne usually does – in fact no one is bringing her anything at all. The infant John who must have been, one would say, about eighteen months old at birth is standing upright with a





little glory round his head in a brass basin to be washed, and the Virgin Mary is spreading her apron open to receive him when the washing is over.

I prefer the church of S. Domenico at Siena certainly inside, and perhaps even outside to the duomo. The side altars in the nave spoil it rather, but I find it less fatiguing than the duomo. I can sit in the one but not in the other.

Nothing fatigues so much as over profuseness of decoration, and the duomo suffers from this.

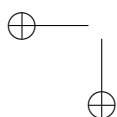
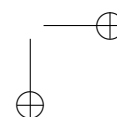
MONTE OLIVETO

The monks are only two, one black and the other white; the Padre Abate is black, Don Giuseppe is white. They call me Don Samuele. I don't like their food, especially on Fridays, but they are very kind and friendly. They have a most scandalous coloured print in the refectory: How Jesus Christ was feasted by the angels after his fast in the desert. The angels are all demi-monde ballet-dancers, only with less clothing than ballet-dancers generally wear. They are in the most suggestive attitudes and attended by a swarm of cupids. They carry any number of silver salvers with nothing on them; but one angel is actually offering Christ a bun (for I am sure it is nothing but a common railway-station-refreshment-room bun) and a bottle of aerated water. Christ is looking up to heaven with a resigned expression, as though saying he 'could do with a kidney,' but I suppose the angels thought that, after so long a fast, he must be fed with great caution.

The cats, about fifteen in number, are all half-starved and go about showing hunger in every gesture.

AT PIENZA

She was an Italian Mrs. Quickly – only that all Mrs. Q.'s are Italian. She knew everything. Eugenio dined with me; she shrugged her shoulders and talked with him. A woman down below had given trouble. She was a 'donna del mondo' – 'di passeggio' – 'non indigenas.' They come and stay for a week or so, and all the young men know that there is a new 'donna del mondo,' and behave accordingly.





‘L’INCONSOLABILE’

She was looking like what my younger sister tried to look like when she was being photoed.

EVERY NOW AND THEN

there would be a monument – a plaintive effigy of some old fool who had humbugged his contemporaries into thinking that he had not made such a mess of things as the rest of us.

JONES ON NECESSITY

Jones said that freewill was doing what one liked, and necessity doing what one did not like.

CLOTHES

Our minds want clothes as much as our bodies.

THE WORLD

I have found the world like Alfred – a delightful playfellow to live with, but like Alfred it does not like my trying to teach it anything.

CONTRADICTION IN TERMS

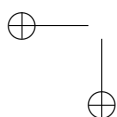
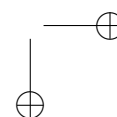
is so begotten in us from our conception upwards that it is only by self-vivisection, as it were, that we can notice it at all.

WRITING IS TO

language much as language to thought; and language to thought much as thought to feeling; and thought to feeling much as feeling to action.

‘FIT’ AND ‘CONVENIENT’

Note how the idea of things being well ‘adapted’ to go together – being well arranged and handily packed – underlies both these expressions.





PROTOPLASM

Putting protoplasm – even the protoplasm of an experienced carpenter direct against a hammer is like offering a halfpenny to a mouse.

SPECULATION AND COMMERCE

All attempts to foresee the future are so much speculation and *qua* speculation wagering. All commerce is directed by attempts to foresee the future.

PARENTAL SERVITUDE

Some people seem compelled by unkind fate to parental servitude for life. There is no form of penal servitude much worse than this.

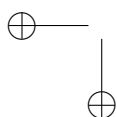
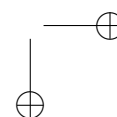
CLASSIFICATION

Granted that all classification is arbitrary, that there is no irrefragable ‘it’ or ‘I,’ and that all ‘it’s’ and ‘I’s’ are so but by courtesy and because of the hardness of our hearts – yet ‘it’s’ and ‘I’s’ are part of the most currently recognized and generally conventional classification; and currently recognized convention, though not all that we could wish, is still the best that we can get, and is not to be lightly disregarded.

MYSELF AND THE PUBLIC

I have not found the public generous, but what public ever was or can be generous? I have found the public suspicious, supercilious, quick to carp, slow to praise, and bent on driving as hard a bargain with me as it could; but why should I find it anything else? Do I care much about the public, *qua* people whom I do not know personally, or try to tickle it? Hardly. If, then, I say what I choose to say without thinking of the public, why should I grumble at the public for not thinking of me?

Besides, not being paid myself, I can in better conscience use the works of others, as I daily do, without paying for them, and





without being at the trouble of praising or thanking them more than I have a mind to.

Nevertheless, the English public is not generous. The Gladstone ministry might leave Gordon in the lurch as long as they pleased and they stood in no danger of being turned out, but when our beer was touched we upset the ministry immediately.

EVERYTHING IS GIVEN US FROM ABOVE

We cannot get behind the saying that no man can have anything but what is given him from above.

THINGS AND ACTIONS

The same difficulty that met us when we tried to define a thing meets us again when we try to define an action. Any action is a bundle or body of actions.

MATTER

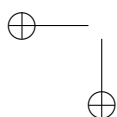
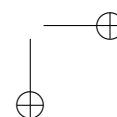
should not be regarded as either dead or alive, except as by a convention. Nothing can ever be said of it, it cannot even be spoken of as 'it,' except by conventions and classifications the basis of which are as shifting as our ideas of our own convenience.

PROTOPLASM

Protoplasm, by means of certain organs and tools which it has taken some time to devise and fashion, can now analyse the constituents of air and water, and of itself.

THE UNDERLYING SUBSTANCE

It is nonsense to say that this does not change, if its conditions change. These conditions are the only things we can cognize, and stand to us for the underlying substance. That which is uncognizable is, as far as we are concerned, non-existent. A thing is to us that by which we cognize it.





WE ACT

in the same only semi-conscious perception of a larger scheme, as our component cells in regard to our whole individuality.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN

He is an art light at Cambridge. Crawley told me that at the Savile dinner once, someone asked him what art was, and he replied, 'Art? why, art is the most organic of organisms'; which was thought very clever. I suppose that is the way to get on, but I don't understand it.

CRYSTALS

Ought we not to see them as living so long as they continue to grow? And is not a crystal which is no longer growing like a corpse? We look at it and say it never was alive because it is so no longer. By living I do not mean living as protoplasm is, but as having a strong savour of life.

TASTE

People care more about being thought to have taste than about being thought either good, clever, or amiable.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS

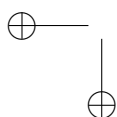
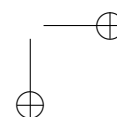
'If I were to say all the unpleasant things that occur to me in this connection I should have nothing left for my posthumous memoirs.'

FORCE

All the force, which we know by experience of exerting it, is in consequence of will and consciousness, or a derivation from will and consciousness.

HARMONICS

It is not musical sounds alone that give rise to them; everything has its harmonics that escape attention.





POSTHUMOUS FAME

People say that living for posthumous fame is hollow. I cannot see that it is more hollow than living for the pleasures of life, or for anything else. If it affords satisfaction – and it does so to me – it is solid enough for all practical purposes.

THING AND THINK

A thing is the thing it is because we think it so, and we think it so because it is the thing that it is. So that thing is father to think, and think father to thing at one and the same time. This is like sexual generation, according to which two different and apparently irreconcilable stories are fused in practice into a single version.

THE THAMES BRIDGES

These will ere long bridge the Thames all over and cover it up like the Fleet ditch.

FIGHTING

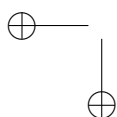
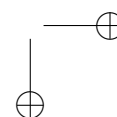
is always the result of disputed boundaries, whether physical or mental. If a thing is clearly a matter of faith, or clearly a matter of reason, no one will fight.

VEGETABLE INTELLIGENCE

We know that plants generally behave as though they were intelligent. They do not run their heads against stone walls. We know also that plants and animals (which we hold intelligent) have had a common ancestry. Opinion has been for some time tending towards giving intelligence to plants, but even now (1884–1890) nine naturalists out of ten would say plants had nothing that could be properly called intelligence.

INTELLIGENCE

I have explained in *Luck or Cunning?* that by ‘intelligent’ we foolishly mean, not something that can understand its own affairs and manage them as circumstances will best admit, but something





that can understand ours, and something that we can ourselves understand.

ETHER

They say it neither makes nor mars; if so then why call it ether?
Why call it anything at all?

PECCANT MATTER

As we say that one substance is more 'reliable' than another so we speak of 'peccant' matter.

NOTHING CAN BE CUT OFF

from God, but if some things can be more and others less cut off,
I should say, life was more cut off than death.

CONVENTION

The firmest ground is only the most universally received and most unquestioned convention. Convention is only that which is most convenient.

SATISFACTION

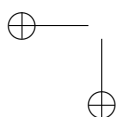
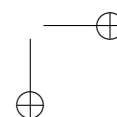
Jones said, 'She is everything which they never are'; so I told him that I should not object to his marrying her if he liked.

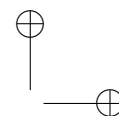
DARWIN ON MEMORY

'My memory is extensive yet hazy.'

ORGANS AND FUNCTION

By far the greater number of organs like the greater number of people have some function in life to discharge, but there are idlers as well. These may be considered as hereditary pensioners.





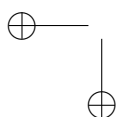
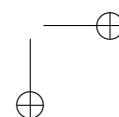
KING THEEBAW'S CHERROOTS

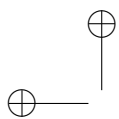
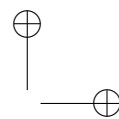
‘My late father the Royal Mindoon Min, the golden-footed Lord of the White Elephant, master of a thousand gold umbrellas, owner of the Royal Peacocks, Lord of the sea and of the world, whose face was like the Sun, always smoked the Esoof Cheroot while meditating on his treatment of the bull-faced earth-swallowing English. Had I done the same I should never have lost my throne, but I used the opium-drugged cheeroots from Manilla, and the trash which was sent me from San Francisco, and I fell.

Signed,

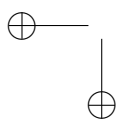
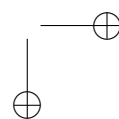
Theebaw, formerly King’

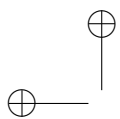
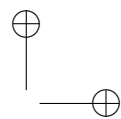
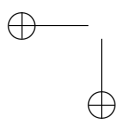
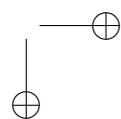
Times. March 28th, 1890

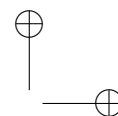




VOLUME IV
1890–1893







PREFACE

The following notes demand, I am sorry to say, not less excuse for their being preserved, than those that have preceded them, and than those are likely to, if any, that will succeed them.

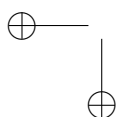
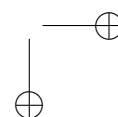
Many, of course, ought to have been seen at once to be not worth writing at all; others want re-writing; and only a few really please me. I ought to go through the lot, burn at least one third, and re-write the rest; but I have no time to do it, and must let the copy stand as it was written.

The reader must understand that they are only sketches, first drafts, and tentative suggestions, often put down for no other purpose than for the sake of seeing what I thought of them in a day or two's time. It has often filled me with shame to see that I was unable to see at once how commonplace a remark it was that I had been at the pains of writing.

Such as they are, however, I must at present leave them in the rough.

S. BUTLER

June 8th, 1893





HANDEL AND BACH

Bach was fugue-ridden; Handel wrote fugues. Fugues were Handel's servants and Bach's masters.

SCIENCE

The tendency of modern science is to reduce proof to an absurdity, by so continually reducing absurdity to proof, or pretending to do so.

NOTHING

We might as well say that something comes out of nothing at once as that it comes from an underlying substance that we cannot cognize, for that which we cannot cognize is nothing. There is no other nothing but this.

BODY AND MIND

To have a body at all is to have a mind and *vice versa*.

'QUITE' PROVIDENTIAL

is as bad as 'almost.'

CONTRADICTION IN TERMS

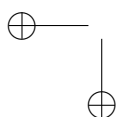
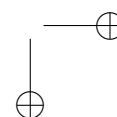
Memory and forgetfulness are good examples of this, for there is in each something of the other.

BODY AND MIND

As the body is the manifesto of the mind, so is posterity the manifesto of the dead that live after death. Each is the mechanism whereby the other exists.

DYING IN THE LORD

We all die in the Lord. We cannot either live or die in anything else. Only some die in that part of the Lord which is commonly called the Devil.





THE WORLD'S GREATEST MEN

It is said the world knows little or nothing of its greatest men; it might be added that its greatest men have known very little of the world. Indeed they never can, for they and the world have nothing, or at any rate very little in common, and so cannot understand each other.

WORDS

There may be and is a running account of words, but the balance is struck by something above reason and reason's language.

VARIABILITY

The more you have of variability the less of stability and *vice versa*. What is given to the one is taken from the other.

USE AND DISUSE

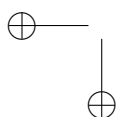
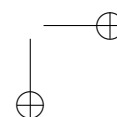
As the scar is sometimes inherited though not the wound, so the effects of use and disuse, though not the use and disuse.

'LOHENGRIN'

I was saying what a priggish plot it was, and how silly, because Elsa would have waited till next morning before she asked any inconvenient questions. 'Besides,' added Jones, 'she would have found his name on his shirt or his pocket handkerchief if she had only waited.'

INDEFINITE VARIATIONS

One, or perhaps the main reason why these cannot accumulate is that though conditions are, in the main, pretty constant, they are, in the main, pretty inconstant as well. Excessive droughts, chills, floods, plagues, dearths, incursions of enemies, and (not less disturbing of equilibrium) excessive years of freedom from anxiety in any of the above respects occur at irregular and often very considerable intervals, so that in organisms that multiply rapidly any conceivable effect of one visitation would be swamped and clean





obliterated by the effects of many and totally different intervening visitations, before the visitation in question came round again.

SUCCESS

They who would win immediate success must not aim, as it were, at the top of a mountain but at the middle of a bull's eye. He who would win lasting fame must aim at both at once as best he can.

'IS'

There is no 'is' about it. We have only got to consider the arrangement, storing, packing and means of approach to ideas that we shall find most permanently convenient.

ALL OUR LIKES AND DISLIKES

are matters of custom and those connected with music are no exceptions.

I SAW A WIDOW ONCE

with a crape umbrella. She was what St. Paul calls 'a widow indeed.'

OPINION AND WORDS

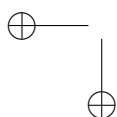
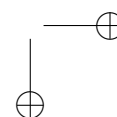
Words no doubt have much to do with the formation of opinion, but there is plenty of opinion which is not formed by words. Whether there is any opinion which is not formed by the help of arbitrary fixed symbols attached to certain ideas – this is another matter.

REMEMBERING

involves prescience and *vice versa*.

DISGRACE AND MISFORTUNE

Show me the disgrace which is not a misfortune and I will show you the misfortune which is not a disgrace (or *vice versa*). Fortune is both the mother and the child of grace.





‘PASTOR IGNAVUS DORMIT SUPINUS’

This was translated in the old Eton grammar, ‘The idle shepherd sleeps with his face upwards.’ I took this, when a child, as an interesting fact in natural history, and believed I could always now distinguish an idle from an industrious shepherd by observing whether he slept with his face downwards or upwards. I was sure that Frick, Mr. Vincent Hall’s shepherd, always slept with his face downwards, but if you really wanted to know about a shepherd you must watch.

JAEEL

was a remarkably nervous woman in private life; she screamed if she saw a mouse and fainted at the sight of a cut finger.

NOTHING EXISTS

qua us (and that is the same as saying that nothing exists) but what is thinkable. If it is not thinkable it does not exist. The first stage of being is to be thought about.

PROTOPLASM

thou art and unto protoplasm shalt thou return.

‘AND IT CAME TO PASS’

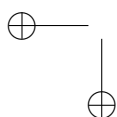
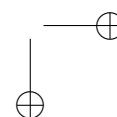
This expression suggests that all things are as visions that pass before the eyes as in a show.

ART AND SCIENCE

are the spoiled children of the British public.

THE ART OF HEAVEN

I should fear it will be a good deal tainted with Barocco, if not with Rococo, if not with First Empire.





THE HUMBLE AND MEEK

I really do not see much use in exalting the humble and meek; they do not remain humble and meek long when they are exalted.

WHY HOP YE SO YE HIGH HILLS?

But they don't hop.

THOUGHT AND THING

So a thought of sage and onions *is* sage and onions.

SPECIES

is nothing if it is not specialistic.

THE GREATEST TRAVELLER

has still covered but an infinitely small fraction of the world, and so with learning.

ARTISTS

Most of those who call themselves artists are in reality picture dealers only they make the pictures themselves.

THE CHURCH OF ROME

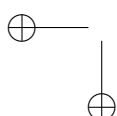
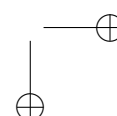
generally knows whom to burn. Its burnees will generally be people of some weight.

THE MAMMON OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS

I do not see why I should want to make friends with it – nor yet with the mammon of righteousness.

VICE AND VIRTUE

The extremes of virtue, like those of vice, should not be even named: firstly, because half the virtue goes when a thing is talked





about, and secondly because a sight of the highest peaks of virtue depresses average climbers more than it stimulates them. Those climb best who look not so much upwards as under their feet, with an occasional glance downwards, over their whole journey.

KNAVES OR FOOLS

As all men are more or less ill and more or less mad, so they are all more or less knaves or fools, or rather both in some respects. The mistake lies in supposing that if a man is both knave and fool on some points he cannot, take him all round, be a valuable person; just as people may enjoy very fair health for many years in spite of a weak spot or two. So a man may have a bee in his bonnet and yet be judicious and brilliant generally.

IDEALS

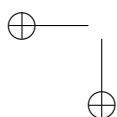
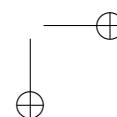
No mistake can be greater than that of idealizing great men. Forgive their sins, assuredly, but do not pretend that they were other than they were. The greater a man is in some respects, the more certain he is to be deficient and come to grief in others. It paralyses to be overshadowed too much; and the greater a man is, the less he should be meddled with one way or the other.

BELIEF

like any other moving body follows the path of least resistance.

PLATES AT SAAS

The dessert plates illustrated French village life. I only remember four; there were more, but these four at any rate represent four things which, according to modern French ideas, are essential characteristics of village life. They gave pictures of (1) 'L'amour du village'; (2) 'Le sorcier du village'; (3) 'La bonne nourrice'; and (4) 'Le bois d'hiver.' These, at any rate, were among the fixings requisite for any well equipped village.





LONGMANS' PREMISES

They treat me well at Longmans'; everyone is very civil and everything is well done on most reasonable terms. I am in as good hands as can be found in London, nevertheless an 'as for me I am a worm and no man' feeling comes over me as soon as I get within their premises, and when I leave them I am inclined to question whether I am even a worm. And yet everyone has been as attentive as possible.

GOD AND MEN'S WIVES

are indeed about their beds and about their paths and spy out all their ways.

LOGIC

admits itself to be of no use in the higher ranges of discussion by appealing *ad hominem* and *ad absurdum*; no amount of palaver, however well organized, is held to avail against a sense that the source from which it comes is badly tainted, and that it is repulsive to common sense. Common sense, which commonly dispenses with logic, is after all held to be the supreme arbiter.

THE CHURCH

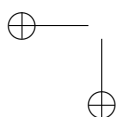
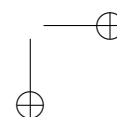
has long since become as Jerusalem: if she knew even in this her day the things belonging to her piece. . . .

THE RIDICULOUS AND THE SUBLIME

As there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so also there is but one from the ridiculous to the sublime.

THE COURSE OF

true anything never does run smooth.





A NEW JERUSALEM.

The Varallo people drove off Gaudenzio to Milan and imprisoned Tabachetti. No matter how new a Jerusalem may be, it may be trusted to stone its prophets; and the newer it is the more certain it will be to resemble the old in this respect.

FINITY AND INFINITY

These are equally agreeable to experience and equally foreign to it; equally necessary and equally inconceivable.

IT IS NOT BY WHAT I HAVE DONE

nor yet by what I have left undone that I praise or blame a day now. It is by what I have undone, reversed, and got rid of that I call it well or ill. I do not want to leave a lumber room behind me.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC SERMON

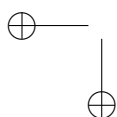
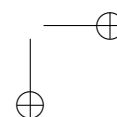
I heard one once in which the preacher took snuff emphatically from time to time and seemed to be saying, 'Look here, now. How can it conceivably matter to me whether you all go to Heaven or Hell? It is your affair, not mine. Mine is simply to see that if you want to go to Heaven you shall have all reasonable facilities afforded you. I have endeavoured to provide these for all my people, and shall continue to do so to the utmost of my power. Further than this I have absolutely no concern.'

FLESH AND MONEY

Where there is flesh there is money, either fullgrown or inchoate, and, hence, money considerations; and we can no more get rid of the one than of the other.

MAN IS ONLY MAN

by reason of good faith, and also by reason of the narrowness of the limits within which good faith is essential. Good faith can only grow through the assimilation of outside faiths which it must tolerate and foster if it would not starve.





THE WORLD AS IT GROWS OLDER

grows more and more presbyopic.

OPINIONS

have vested interests just as men have.

THE DEAD BEING THE MAJORITY

it is natural that we should have more friends among these than among the living.

THE MOST IMPORTANT

service rendered by the press and the magazines is that of educating people to approach printed matter with distrust.

GENIUS

It is better to expose its actual foibles (and even worse than foibles) than to gloze them over. The virtues of men of genius have been as dangerous to good work as their vices, and perhaps more so.

TASTE

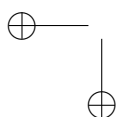
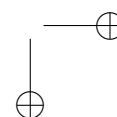
Everything is a matter of taste – the form of one's organs as much as of one's dress. The most profound and permanent instinct or structure had its inception in a fancied preference, sometimes highly eccentric.

HEAVEN

At any rate there will be no wedding presents.

WHILE THERE IS DISEASE

there is sometimes hope as well as fear.





MONEY

is dead men's bones and dead men's souls. The money that men make lives after them.

MONEY AND WILL

So he has the greatest will-force who has the greatest money-force; men cannot take their money with them, but they can leave their will behind them.

TO DO GREAT WORK

a man must be very idle as well as very industrious.

BALLAD MUSIC

Jones said the only music the British public really like is ballads. I asked him what he held the most essential characteristic of a ballad. He said, 'False sentiment. It should be like this: "They met under a hawthorn tree in the month of May, and then they met under some other tree in the month of August, and then... she was a corpse."' '

THE BODY OF LEARNING

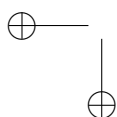
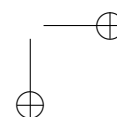
and science, like the human body, is but an excrescence on a germ-cell.

SCIENTIFIC SPECULATION

is like any other kind of bookmaking, betting or speculation in stocks – one must either be in the swim, or the less an operator knows by way of tips the better. He should be well in, or the more outside he keeps himself the better for him.

MENTAL EYESIGHT

It is much if a man have sight enough to see his own blindness. People who have to be shown things cannot generally see them when they are shown – not at first.





LONG PERORATIONS

especially in music, are like long death-beds, wearing.

MONEY AND LIFE

Money is life, as it were capitalized. Life is the income derived from the capital investments of our forefathers. Money is to life much as matter to ether.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE SEXES

must always involve friction.

ANALOGY

All analogies are false, yet all our reasoning is founded on analogies.

WORK

with some men is as besetting a sin as idleness with others.

UNDERSTANDING

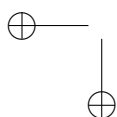
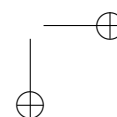
How much a little of a man's performance in another line than his most familiar one helps us to understand him!

LIFE AND DEATH

Life is the beginning of death and death the beginning of life. There is no life pure of death or death pure of life.

AN ORGANIZED FORM

is the household and establishment which a germ-cell builds up according to its own ideas of comfort, and to the faiths that are in it. It is a germ's way of making itself at home; it is its stock-in-trade of tools and utensils. We mistake the stock-in-trade for the owner. Strictly we should see the living form only as though it were a bag of nails and a tool-box, moved by an invisible agent – much as though hammers and saws went about and worked without hands.





JOHN MORLEY

I think I am not mistaken in saying he has been lately writing about style. The man who could spell God with a little ‘g’ is just the person who may be expected to write about style.

I never knew a writer yet who took the smallest pains with his style and was at the same time readable.

GOD

has always been a great smoker – of incense generally; but he will smoke anything, and if he cannot have smoke, he will have clouds and fire.

FOR ‘EREWHON REVISITED’

Have some schools called deformatories to which people are sent if they are too good to be practical.

MISQUOTATION

After saying what an odious expression the ‘honest truth’ is, and how people are always lying when they use it, add that Tennyson said this too when he wrote:

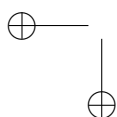
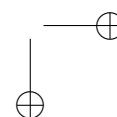
‘There are more lies in honest truth
Believe me, than in half the frauds.’

‘LET THERE BE LIGHT’

This misleads us by leaving out of sight what a number of things must have come about at the same time. Our convenience makes us sum up all the factors of light in a single idea, and a single word, but we forget that it is only our week-day convenience that is thus best served. Our Sunday and other high day convenience is a very different thing.

MY ‘LIFE OF DR. BUTLER’

It may be said that in my *Life of Dr. Butler* I have published some letters indiscreetly and others dishonourably, inasmuch as





the writer desired they should be destroyed. . . . It is better that I should be indiscreet and dishonourable than that men's true minds should be concealed and turned again to falsehood, if we have a chance of getting at them.

It is next to never that we can get at any man's genuine opinion on any subject except the weather or eating and drinking; and when we can do so directly or indirectly neither *amour propre* nor discretion should be allowed to veil it, for there is nothing in this world so precious, nor is there any other stuff from which fresh genuine opinion can derive.

A LITTLE LEVITY

will save many a good heavy thing from sinking.

HANDEL

when writing what is commonly called imitative music makes it illustrative rather than imitative. All other composers except Purcell (and, *of course*, Jones and myself), so far as I remember, try to imitate, and fail.

THE DEARER A THING IS

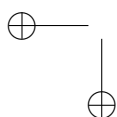
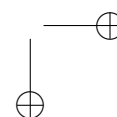
the cheaper as a general rule we sell it.

INDIVIDUALISM AND CENTRALISM

are like the body corporate and the cell; each must be allowed the fullest scope that is compatible with the existence of the other.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCACY

I find from my grandfather's letters that at Cambridge they have a paid Christian Advocate; of course, then, they will get as much Christian advocacy as they want. The title is a better satire than I can make; but after all one might as well attack 'The Last Rose of Summer' as Christianity. There are always many who prefer 'The Last Rose of Summer' to 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' but there is nothing to be got by arguing with them. The court





of argument has no jurisdiction in the matter. It gets settled in the end, but in a court which, though ever sitting, has never yet been seen.

FOR 'EREWHON REVISITED'

People have to show some kind of cause before they can be allowed to enter into the life of posthumous fame. They often get there when they do not deserve it, and often fail of it when they ought to reach it; still, there is a *nisus* after some kind of weeding-out process. Imagine that the same obtains among the unborn, and that wicked people are those that have crept into the world through review-puffing, logrolling and corruption of all kinds.

CONSCIOUSNESS

The most conscious, and, I imagine, the only conscious thing of which we know anything is the brain, but it has been with the utmost difficulty and as a crowning achievement that the brain, which is conscious of so much else, has become conscious of itself to even a very moderate extent. Normally it is unconscious of itself, and knows nothing of any injury inflicted upon it.

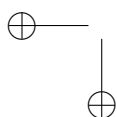
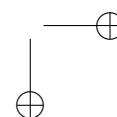
How would it do to suppose everything conscious of everything that affects it, but unconscious both of all other things and of itself, and to suppose life as the beginning of the inclusion of self among the things of which an object can be conscious. But to be conscious of anything else involves some little fragment of self-consciousness.

DEATH

is a hurrying-up – the cramming into a very small compass of things that usually take a much longer time; hence the apple-cart is upset. I do not suppose that this will hold, but hurrying-up is death as far as I am concerned. The old proverb, It is the pace that kills, has wider application than it seems to have.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMMONPLACE BOOK

Why did not Shakespeare make a few odd notes now and again about anything he saw or heard and anything that came into his





head? If we could have one such volume of rubbish shot anyhow from Shakespeare or Homer we would give up three parts of the *Iliad*, and at least two of the plays – say *Hamlet* and *Othello*.

Only whoever makes such notes should write them in copying ink, and send the other copy to a friend.

‘THE LORD HATH NEED OF HIM’

Riding on the top of a tramcar the other day between Greenwich and Woolwich I saw a tombstone in Woolwich churchyard with the text, ‘The Lord hath need of him.’ Remembering the circumstances under which the text was spoken, it seemed to me that the executor of the deceased had hinted that he was an ass rather cleverly.

LUCK

is only another way of expressing our sense of our own importance and ignorance of the future.

NOTHING

If the unthinkable is nothing, so nothing is not an entity, it is only the unthinkable. ‘What have you got there?’ ‘Oh, the unthinkable.’

CHAUCE

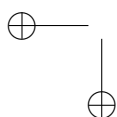
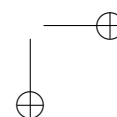
When he wrote was his English at all Wardour Streety?

MEAT CAN THINK

considerably, or it could not help us to do so.

THOUGHT

There are two kinds; there is a thinking which we can watch fairly well in others, and understand, and feel confident that the thinker is doing what we know ourselves to do. This we call thought. But there is another thinking which we cannot follow or watch, and which has so little analogy to our own mainly verbose thought that we cannot think along with it. This we say is not thought. So that





the distinction between thought and non-thought with us lies in our own ability to follow the thought, but this is rather small. If we can think it too, it is thought; if we cannot think it too, no matter how much anyone else can think it, it is not thought.

ENDLESS SUFFERING

All mythologies and religions are based on the supposition that an endlessness of pain and disappointment is as agreeable an object of human contemplation as an endlessness of happiness.

‘EX NIHILO NIHIL FIT’

Yes; ‘Nothing – except everything,’ for nothing is only the uncognized, and everything comes from this.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

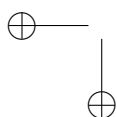
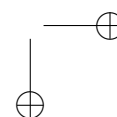
The Scylla of Atheism and the Charybdis of Christianity.

MYSELF AND TANTALUS

I stand up to my neck in literary admirers and supporters, but when I try to turn any one of them to account they shun me as the waters shunned Tantalus.

SUBJECT

A man who leads two lives, one of perfect sincerity in which he thinks of nothing but doing his work as well as he can, regardless of whether it will bring him in anything but debt and abuse, or not; the other in which he has to make the money on which he is to live, and in which he thinks of nothing but how to make it, setting every consideration on one side except that of doing for the public something for which the public will pay him. In the one life the public are his masters, and he thinks of nothing but how he can get most and give least. In the other he thinks of nothing but how he can give his very best without so much as receiving even thanks.





THE SOCIAL LADDER

is all very well as long as you can keep on climbing or stick at the top; but it is hard to come down it without tumbling off.

KNOWLEDGE

descends with modification like everything else. And just as there is no organism that has not descended from others nearly like it, so there is no knowledge but has sprung from the loins of past knowledge not greatly different. And so there is no God but has been in the loins of past gods.

THE ODYSSEY

One of its great charms lies in its frank *bourgeoisie*. It shows the worth of literary criticism that for 3000 years it should have been reckoned a heroic poem.

At any rate in the Odyssey there is nothing about the Holy Grail.

JOVE IN THE ODYSSEY

takes man's nature upon him far more effectually than Jesus Christ did.

THE ODYSSEY IS THE ILIAD'S WIFE

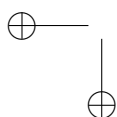
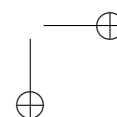
or relative minor.

PHYSICAL FORCE AND MORAL FORCE

roughly go together. A double amoeba as a general rule will carry twice as many guns as a single one.

FAMILIAR MISQUOTATION

'He thanketh best, that eateth most' (or words to that effect).





MYSELF AND BOREDOM

I do not object to being bored if I am paid for it, but I never am paid for it. So many people have run up such long scores with me in this respect, and never paid me, that I will give no more credit. I must have cash down before I will be bored at all, but my figure is very low; so long as I get paid at all I will give people as much fun for their money, by way of letting them bore me, as anyone is likely to do.

I THREW MY SUGAR INTO MY COFFEE

and the big bubbles, like the dead in Christ, rose first. Why should the dead in Christ care about rising first, when they have eternity before them?

RETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPHS

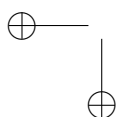
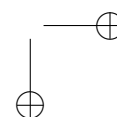
All our education is very much a case of retouching negatives till all the character and individuality is gone.

Count Gattinara di Zubiena sent me this morning what in the innocence of his heart he believes to be a photograph of himself – a smooth, sleek thing like a dummy, and with nothing in it that can conceivably remind me of himself. He did not know that in reality he was sending me a portrait of the photographer, and of his ideas as to what a young Italian Count should look like. I wanted the Count – I did not want a mixture of Count and photographer.

I suppose there would be so little to be done if people would only leave well alone that it is necessary to spoil things in order to enable people to earn an honest living.

DEMODOCUS

He who has heard a young Italian come in, as we did at Edolo, and recite the Death of Count Ugolino has heard Demodocus or Phemius. Our young Italian after reciting forgot his hat, and had to come back for it. I wonder whether Phemius ever forgot his hat?





THE PEOPLE WHO PAY

do not know good from bad, but they know noise and sense of shock, and provided they get this they are contented.

IT WAS TELEMACHUS

after all, and not the suitors, who was to be pitied. The suitors were killed and there was an end of them.

THE WORST OF DEATH

is that our friends will not let us die quietly.

RELIGION

We must first learn to distinguish between this and vested interests.

THE MYSTERIES OF GOD'S WAYS

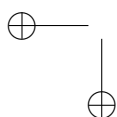
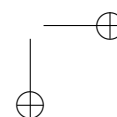
are not so unfathomable in the so-called natural phenomena of specific difference as they are in those of spiritual, intellectual and moral. We can understand why one living form should be a mouse, another a mosquito, another a man; but we cannot so well understand why one man should be a Bishop of Novara and another an Archbishop of Vercelli.

THE PANGS OF DESPISED UGLINESS

The 'injuriae spretae deformitatis' are worse than even those 'spretae formae,' if there has been any pretension made.

JONES, SADLER, AND GOGIN

three of my nearest and most intimate friends, have all been mothered to the verge of the grave; and as all the mothers are yet alive, we cannot be sure that they will not mother their offspring right into it before they have done.





‘IL BELLO’

I heard a man in a train say, ‘Il bello é quel che piace.’ Yes, I thought to myself, ‘ed il vero è quel che pare il più probabile.’

DANTE

went down into Hades, and I always distrust anyone who goes down into Hades.

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

is the history of the weak confounding the strong as well as of the strong confounding the weak.

LIFE IS A DREAM

and that is why the greatest men have always been dreamers.

CHRIST AND ANTICHRIST

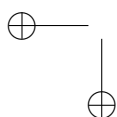
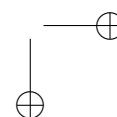
It does not matter what you call them. It is as wicked to deny the one as the other if you really believe in either, and if you believe in neither you are an atheist. The only true atheist is he who seriously disbelieves that there is either a Christ or an Anti-Christ, and no such person exists. But whether you call Christ, Christ or Anti-Christ does not matter, he will be Christ as long as he is heartily believed in.

PERFECT LOVE

only casts out fear when there is perfect knowledge at the same time. Otherwise it creates as much fear as it destroys. It is more true to say of perfect hate that it casts out fear, than of perfect love.

AND THE WORD OF THE LORD

came to me when I was picking my teeth in the bar of the ‘Horse-shoe’ and said, ‘Take the prophet Isaiah to hear Charles Hawtrey and Lottie Venne.’





REVIVING SPENT INSTINCTS

There is an article in this month's *Nineteenth Century*, in which the writer appears to have been rekindling the spent arboreal instincts in babies. This, no doubt, may often be done without any bad result; but on the other hand the force of association is so strong that there is no knowing what other spent instincts may not be rekindled at the same time, nor how fatally these may pervert the natural development.

THE BIRTH OF EVERY NEW CELL

has something of the pain and peril of childbirth about it.

FAD

There is but one step from the Academy to the Fad.

THE FOES OF MUSIC

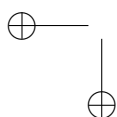
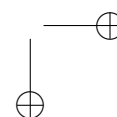
1. The man with a sense of absolute pitch. 2. The man who gets to like a piece of music when he has studied it. 3. The man who damns a piece of music out of hand because he does not understand it at once. 4. He who forces himself into liking. 5. He who will not allow himself to like.

MIND

Being either too quick or too slow in making up one's mind is generally a sign that one has not got much mind. The rate at which a mind works soundly is a most important gauge of its strength. If it works correctly at once, this is greatness; but as a general rule if it is found to work rapidly, it will be incorrectly.

MYSELF AND THESE NOTES

I put them down as things to start from and make tolerable, but I confess I often cannot see what I once saw in them. Sometimes, no doubt, there was a context and development in my mind which I have forgotten.





CONTRADICTION IN TERMS

So in the utmost purity there is impurity, and *vice versa*.

SUFFERING OR PAIN

It is as important that we should learn to look on these with fortitude, as to bear them bravely in our own persons.

ABSOLUTE UNCERTAINTY

We can no more have this than we can have absolute certainty, and so with truth and untruth.

LANGUAGE

If we strain it, it breaks down like everything else.

DEPART FROM ME

for you are a sinful God, O Lord!

FOUNDATIONS

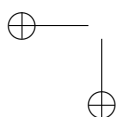
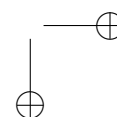
Everything is founded and grows out of either avowed mystery, or mystery hidden under chicanery. In either case the more we occupy ourselves with what lies on the surface, and the less we dig about foundations, the better for us.

THE UNSEEN WORLD

It is like the coast of Ireland as seen from Snowdon. We do not see it very often nor very clearly, but we see it often enough and clearly enough to be quite sure that it is there.

SILENCE AND TACT

may or may not be the same thing.





COMPULSORY GREEK

This may or may not be desirable; but if they would make it compulsory on the Universities to put a little more life and human sympathy into their study of Greek it could do no harm.

CORRECTLY

Correctly means in accordance with the convenances generally agreed upon.

THE VERY STONES AND BRICKS

and soil in a rich man's garden and in the walls of his house are impressed with the essence of a higher mind than those of a poor man.

THE LATEST AUTHORITY

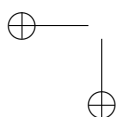
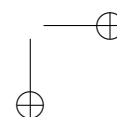
is generally, though not always, the one that is going to be next exploded. It is never safe to neglect the older authorities, on the assumption that later ones will tell you all about them.

TRANSLATIONS

A man may well fear for the permanency of his own original work, but if he has made a readable translation from a great work that is worth translating he may be sure that it will not be lost sight of. I do not say that this consideration led me to try my hand at the Odyssey, for it was not consideration at all but inability to resist the charm of the work that made me do it; but it consoles me on having offered to make a present of my translation to any publisher that will print it, and after trying all the best, finding that not one of them will take the work even on those terms.

MIND

hunts ever after itself to feed upon itself, as the worm on the nut, and the bird on the worm, and it will not feed satisfactorily and fully on mind that has not already some kinds of articulated and organized opinions, with expression of the same in bodily form.





WORKS OF GENIUS AND THE WORLD

‘You see,’ said Jones, ‘all the works of genius which we know anything about, if of any bulk, are sure to have a lot of weak places, flaws, inconsistencies, slovenlinesses and other faults which one would have thought the artist might have very easily avoided. It is just the same with the world, which, after all, must be admitted to be a work of very considerable genius. I suppose God did not know his critics were going to be so captious.’

I said that if he did not, he was almost as stupid as the world itself, and can have had but little idea what kind of thing it was that he was creating.

SUBJECT

On the folly of living within one’s income.

ANIMOSITY AND RIVALRY

To take away all animosity from a rivalry is like playing whist for love.

MYTH AND TRUTH

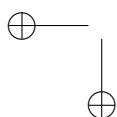
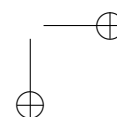
Myth is to truth as the little taint whereby mind catches on to matter; it is as the coming of something out of nothing which happens at once incessantly and never. It is the half twilight through which night and day pass into one another.

SUBJECT

On the comparative longevity of works of literature and art.

A RULE OF LIFE

A friend wrote to me for a rule of life, and to know how she could excel in this, that and the other, while attending to her household and children at the same time. How can she? And what could I say that would be of the smallest use to her beyond what she already knew better than myself? So I wrote as best I could and said, *inter alia*: ‘Get as many nice people about you as you can,





more particularly Jones and myself. Snub snobs. Stick to the Ten Commandments – they never forbid swearing – and really I do not know what else there is.’ She said she did not find my letter as comforting as she hoped it would be.

MATTER

is never either absolutely at rest or absolutely in motion any more than it is ever either absolutely hot, cold, or anything else. Nothing is ever absolutely anything.

RELIGION CATCHES ON TO REASON

as body to mind; we know not how nor where – only we find them caught on.

DETAIL IN ART

is like money; no matter how much we have we always want more.

COMPASSION

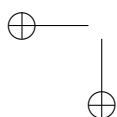
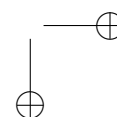
There was a young prince whom the fairies at his birth endowed with fabulous wealth, etc., etc., but an uninvited fairy came in and marred all by endowing the baby with a spirit of compassion.

‘PASSING AWAY’

Never have anything to do with the near surviving representatives of anyone whose name appears in the death column of the *Times* as having ‘passed away.’

ACADEMIC AND ARISTOCRATIC

people live in such an uncommon atmosphere that common sense can rarely reach them.





GOD

will sit and sponge on a man, while buffeting and insulting him all the time, till he has got the last penny out of his purse and the shirt off his back; he is like man towards money – no matter how much we have we always want more.

IF YOU AIM

at imperfection there is some chance of your getting it; whereas there is none if you aim at perfection.

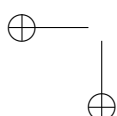
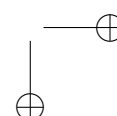
THE ORACLE AT DELPHI

The Ancients consulted the oracle at Delphi when they did not know, much as we send things up to South Kensington to be analysed, and so on. But the world wags on in spite of either.

THE 'TIMES' AND MYSELF

Why should not the *Times* dislike a man and 'burke' him, if it sees proper to do so? ... I believe the *Times* to be exactly like myself or anyone else; it has more demands upon its very valuable commodity than it can supply, and naturally gives the preference to those who are more directly and personally known to the direction. Where a claim is transcendent and irresistible, it over-rides personal ties, but where claims are roughly speaking equal, personal acquaintance with those who have the direction naturally and rightly engenders in them a confidence which they cannot feel towards an outsider.

Of course I should have liked it very much if the *Times* had taken a fancy to me; it would have put a lot of money in my pocket which in the old days I wanted very badly. At the same time I strongly suspect it to have been a good thing for me in the end that the *Times* should have let me so severely alone, and have long since resolved so to write in the future as to make this severity most likely to endure.





‘NO, IT CAN’T BE MINE,

because she doesn’t know my name and address.’ I overheard this fragment of conversation in Cannon Street Railway Station, between two well-dressed young men. I did not hear a word more of their conversation.

CONSCIENCE

is thoroughly well-bred and soon leaves off talking to those who do not wish to hear it.

THE OLDEST WINES I HAVE EVER DRUNK

are hock of 1611 and Imperial Tokay of 1795 – the last vintage reserved for the use of the Emperors of Austria. This last was excellent, not so the hock.

I CAN UNDERSTAND

any one’s allowing himself to be bullied by the living, but not, if he can help it, by the dead.

TECHNICALITIES

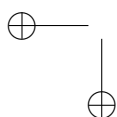
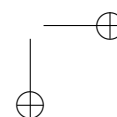
There are two great enemies to the well-being of any art, science, or system with which they are connected – those who despise its technicalities habitually, and those who do not know how, occasionally, to despise them. Of the two these last are the most dangerous, as being the most respectable.

LOGIC IS LIKE RELIGION

it has only two enemies, the too much and the too little, and the too much is the more dangerous.

INCONSISTENCY

Inconsistency is a vice which degrades human nature and levels man with the brute. – Rev. Thomas Butler.





Logic and consistency are luxuries for the gods and the lower animals. – Samuel Butler.

BOYS AND YOUNG MEN

blush if a stranger speaks to them, or if they speak to a stranger, much more in Holland than anywhere else. I noticed this 25 years ago, and was struck with it again last week.

EVERYTHING

should be taken seriously, and nothing should be taken seriously.

GENIUS

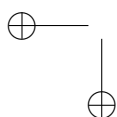
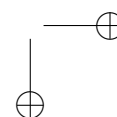
But the thing of all others that has struck me at Trapani is a little cross in olive-wood cut by a shepherd with a knife. It can hardly, in all, contain more than 3 or 4 cubic inches. When I consider that Nausicaa was probably, as times went, a highly educated girl, whereas this poor shepherd, of some two hundred years since (so far as I understood), had nothing, probably, to guide him but what he saw sometimes in churches and the internal fire of his own genius – the inward motion to deliver himself of his glimpse into another world – I doubt whether this little cross is not, in its own way, as wonderful as the Odyssey itself. But the two things struck me as having much in common. It is kept in the same room of the Chiesa della Madonna di Trapani as Cellini's dish and represents the Passion of Christ.

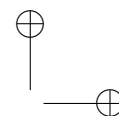
HUSBAND

It is the man's business to win, and the wife's to husband.

HE WAS THE FIRST

to conceive the happy thought of scraping the lichen off the rocks near the St. Gothard Pass, painting them chocolate, and advertising Mother Seigel's Syrup upon them.





BEDFORD PARK

Scratch Bedford Park and you will find the Stores.

ANDREW LANG

I cannot give Mr. Lang either the wish or the power to study either Homer or anything else intelligently; but it seems I can make him both rude and angry, and I do not know that I regret this as much as I should wish to do.

MILK

is a kind of prescription which a cow makes up for her calf, inside her own body, and like all other chemists she never makes it up quite the same twice running.

HOMERIC NOTES

Was it so very wicked of the man who wrote the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* to burlesque Homer? I suppose people like Lang would say it was wicked in me if I burlesqued or laughed at the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*.

COMPLEX SYSTEMS OF GOVERNMENT OR ART CANONS

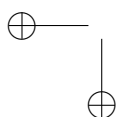
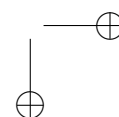
These, if identical or nearly so, will be as rarely found to have been developed independently as complex organic forms.

GOD'S DEEPER MIND

His more profound and permanent convictions should be sought for in the inorganic rather than the organic kingdom. While his more fleeting, superficial, but at the same time more vivid consciousness lies in the organic.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

is a great name, and when a man is a great name his friends will generally do well to let the matter rest there. Certainly Leonardo is greater as a great name than he is as anything else that I know of.





IDENTITY

To be identical is to differ, or to have differed, but slowly and gradually.

To be absolutely identical, *i.e.*, to be without any even the smallest change, is to vanish out of existence.

CRITICISM

The test of a good critic is whether he knows when and how to believe on insufficient evidence.

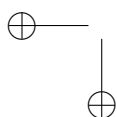
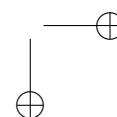
WHEN TENNYSON DIED

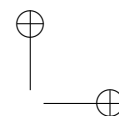
Jones came up to me in the Reading Room and said, 'And you know we've just had Renan; now then, Mr. Ruskin please.'

How is it that we so seldom hear of the death of a very successful public man without private satisfaction. We do sometimes. We were sorry heartily enough when Lord Beaconsfield died, or Charles Keene, of *Punch*, or half a dozen more whom I cannot think of at this moment; but we are generally glad. I suppose it is because successful men are generally humbugs.

I don't know about there being any moaning of the bar when he died, but there was fuss made enough.

I see they packed the volume of Shakespeare that he had near him when he died in a little tin box and buried it with him. If they had to bury it they should have either not packed it at all, or, at the least, in a box of silver-gilt. But his friends should have taken it out of the bed when they saw the end was near. It was not necessary to emphasize the fact that the ruling passion for posing was strong with him in death. If I am reading, say, *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday* up to the last of my conscious hours, I trust my friends will take it out and put it in the waste-paper basket when they see that I have no further use for it. If, however, they insist on burying it with me, say in an old sardine-box, let them do it at their own risk, and may God remember it against them in that day.





P.S. – It seems that it was not the copy actually in bed with Tennyson when he died that was buried with him, but another copy, let us hope of the same edition, and equally well bound, was substituted for it, and it was buried ‘in a metal case.’ In the earlier accounts we were told it was buried in a tin case. Well, tin is a metal, is it not? and metal has a less kettley kind of feeling about it, and sounds better than tin, so we will not insist on the particular kind of metal; but surely the people who would keep the actual volume and bury another copy in a ‘metal’ case – well, they would have been very likely to fail in duty more than twice in the matter of Excalibur.

After all, suppose Bedivere had not flung away Excalibur, but had kept it to put in the Museum, we cannot be sure that the consequences would have been so serious as we are given to understand they would have been.

BUSINESS AND OLD MONUMENTS

Business makes wounds in old historical buildings like those of railway accidents which doctors say are the most frightful of all for their recklessness.

TO DIE

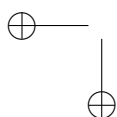
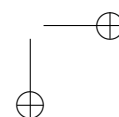
is but to leave off dying and do the thing once for all.

GOD

There is little hope of his improving. He was satisfied with his own work, and that is fatal. Hence the same old ‘As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end, amen’ from everlasting to everlasting, without a sign of any effort at amendment of life on God’s part.

SUBJECT

A man who had become possessed of a communication from some other planet; who knew that it wanted to open up further communication, and destroyed it as being likely to do us more harm than good. Was he right or wrong?





FOR 'EREWON REVISITED'

A sect who got into messes about the rights of animals and would eat no meat except what had died a natural death; and then they got into messes with vegetables, till at last it was settled that an animal butchered for the use of man really did die a natural death, and that made it all right.

MEN AND WOMEN

are the organs of God as our limbs and machines are the organs of men and women. We are the tools with which he effects his purposes. Hence Paul's members of Christ is true in a way.

DEATH IS

only a loss of fortune greater than we can endure.

CRUCIFYING CHRIST ANEW

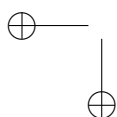
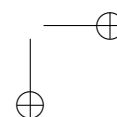
If the Son of God ever does come to us again the only thing to do with him will be to disregard him. No human ingenuity can devise any scheme whereby a bold and independent thinker can be allowed to go about unmolested except at the cost of all continuity of development, and hence of all development at all. If the thing were possible it would have been done long ago, but it is like perpetual motion or the philosopher's stone – an impossible and barren dream.

TO KILL SELF

by too much mortification of the flesh is but another, more cruel, and more despicable kind of suicide.

FOR 'EREWON REVISITED'

Of money they make no account; but reputations, the preservation of a man's work and his fame after death, take its place, and mob orators preach against the undue fame enjoyed by some, much as our own socialists do about the undue wealth of our great capitalists.





THE BONES OF GOD

The inorganic material world is as the bones of God, while the organic is his flesh and blood.

PECKSNIFF OF SCIENCE

I do not see how I can well call Mr. Darwin the Pecksniff of Science, though this is exactly what he is; but I think I may call Lord Bacon the Pecksniff of his age and then, a little later, say that Mr. Darwin is the Bacon of the Victorian era. This will be like passing one item through two different accounts, as though I had made Pecksniff debtor to Bacon and Bacon debtor to Darwin, instead of entering Pecksniff debtor to Darwin at once.

And I must remind myself to call Tennyson the Darwin of Poetry, and Darwin the Tennyson of Science.

CAPITAL AND GENIUS

Capital is like genius, alike hated and coveted by those who are without it, or have but little of it, for no man is wholly destitute of either genius or money.

‘WOE UNTO YOU WHEN ALL MEN SPEAK WELL OF YOU’

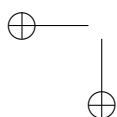
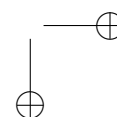
Yes, and ‘Woe unto you when you speak well of all men.’

THE ODYSSEY

There is no book in the Bible with anything approaching the interest of the Odyssey. The book of Esther is the nearest thing to it. The Odyssey is not a poem, it is a novel. It was only written in metre because everything that was written at all was in those days written in metre.

FASHIONABLE SUBTERFUGES

One of the most fashionable subterfuges nowadays is the demand for more evidence upon points where no more evidence is wanted by a sensible non-combatant. Sneer down existing evidence; demand





more facts; say, to save appearances, that no doubt the thing ought to be considered, but be careful to avoid considering it.

PROFESSOR W.

is one of the dullest and most muddled-headed men I know. I meet him at dinner sometimes, and he once told me about his wife, who was there too, and was even duller than he was. 'She is brilliant,' he said, 'in English, and more than brilliant in German and Italian. You should see the letters she writes to the hotel keepers when we are abroad.' And that is the kind of idiot to whom I have to give my *Humour of Homer*.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE

In old times people used to try and square the circle; now they try and devise schemes for satisfying the Irish nation.

INHERITANCE OF ACQUIRED CHARACTERISTICS

To talk about this with the average Darwinian scientist is like talking about Home Rule with a Gladstonian. The Gladstonian is not likely to leave off avowing that he has the best of the argument, and the common sense of the country, however apathetic and incurious it may have been, is not likely to let the Gladstonian have his own way now that it is beginning to wake up to the situation.

PAST STATES OF MIND

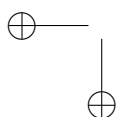
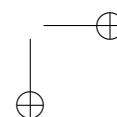
We forget them as rapidly as we do the changes when houses are pulled down in the streets and new ones built.

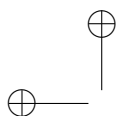
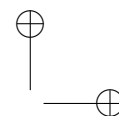
UNCONSCIOUS LYING

It is the unconscious liar that is the greatest liar.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST

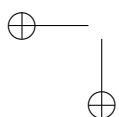
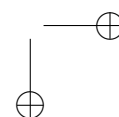
Jones once asked me if I thought allowing oneself to be bored might be the sin against the Holy Ghost.

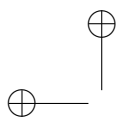
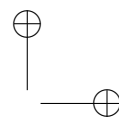




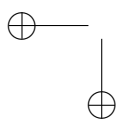
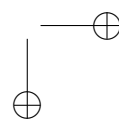
ART NOTE

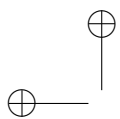
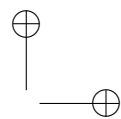
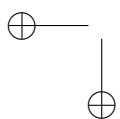
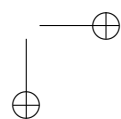
We must sacrifice colour in light, as we must sacrifice depth in shade. We should therefore try and see as much colour as possible in the shadow passages and as little as possible in those that are strongly lighted – for colour is the negation of strong light. Colour vanishes with extremes either of light or dark. It is in the half-lighted passages where it may be most insisted on.





VOLUME V
1893–1900







CLERGYMEN AND BARRISTERS

Clergymen ought to be like barristers, and allowed to plead on a side which they know to be a wrong one without its being expected of them to pretend that they believe it true.

PLATO

He is one of those men who more than any others have tended to make men like myself impossible, and I am glad that Aristophanes hated him.

FOLLOWERS

We are all followers more or less, just as we are all both prigs and blackguards more or less; but some know how to follow freely and gracefully, while others do so at once slavishly and so far as they can surreptitiously.

HATING

with a hatred passing the hate of women.

MORE OR LESS MAD

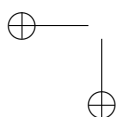
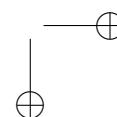
As every sane man has his percentage of madness, so all madmen have their percentage of sanity. So with priggishness, knavery and folly – everyone is in some respects both knave and fool, and yet in the main he may be honest, like the ‘very honest woman, but somewhat given to lying’ in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

FEARING DEATH

abnormally for one’s good things is almost like fearing it abnormally for oneself.

GOD

If, as the apostle says, he is no respecter of persons, then he is a greater fool than I take him to be.





LOGIC

No mistake is more common and more fatuous than appealing to logic in cases which are beyond her jurisdiction; and all things, as for example art, religion, science, business, etc., have their limitations beyond which the writs of the rules do not run.

VICE AND VIRTUE

both make one another and prevent one another from becoming intolerable.

CAMBRIDGE

I do not want to shake the dust of Cambridge off my feet or any of that rubbish, but I have been at some pains to get it out of my eyes, and I think that I have got rid of most of it.

PERFECT CONTEMPT

is so far like perfect love that it casteth out fear. And so with hate.

MONEY

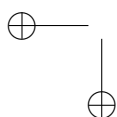
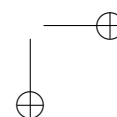
is a kind of life or blood of life, and many a man will risk and throw away his life to save his money.

THE JEWS

are generally hated for having crucified Christ. A juster cause would be for having given him birth.

NATURE AND OFFENCES

There are offences that nature cannot officially tolerate, and indeed flogs for with a grave face, but which, nevertheless, she will overlook if she can.





SEXUAL HATRED

There is a very good letter in the *Times* in which the author speaks of 'that sexual hatred which is now slowly but surely growing up in our midst.' This is very strong language, but there is a great deal of truth in it. What else, however, can be expected considering that our modern education is the negation of sexual instinct of any kind?

WOMEN CAN STAND A BEATING

except when it is with their own weapons.

I WRITE WITH THE FEAR OF TRINITY

before my eyes – a fear which is not less great, nor less real than my contempt.

SUBJECTS

On the uses of priggishness.
On the art of greatness.

THE OLDEST BOOKS

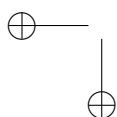
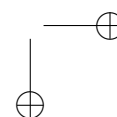
are still only just out to those who have not read them.

ONE OF THE CHIEF ARTS

is that of knowing what to neglect, and the more talk increases the more necessary does this art become.

THE ACADEMIES AND UNIVERSITIES

are the servants' halls of art, literature, and science. The talk that goes on in them is the servants' hall gossip of these three great families. The masters are the outside people whose money the academicians are trying to catch; unfortunately these outsiders are too apt, like many other masters, to give their servants credit for knowing as much and working as hard and disinterestedly as they pretend to do, and ere long to transform them into masters.





THE TIGHT BOOTS OF CHRISTIANITY

Our souls have worn the tight boots of Christianity for so many generations that they are becoming cramped hereditarily.

DEATH

God seems to have fully made up his mind that come what may no one shall know when either he or anyone else is going to die. Even the condemned criminal on the scaffold cannot know this, for he may die of heart disease and thus cheat the gallows yet. Still, if he is to do this he must look sharp. Death, instead of being certain, is the most uncertain of all things.

COMMUNICATION FROM MIND TO MIND

is only possible by the help of conventions which both the minds have accepted as inseparably connected with and representative of certain things.

SOCIALISM

A man said to me last night that all good men were socialists. I thought to myself, 'No doubt, but no good man will so dub himself; he will let all that go without saying.'

KNOWLEDGE

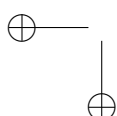
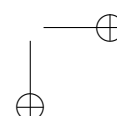
is a kind of fire that spreads and blazes and consumes.

EVERY MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALET

This is quite as true as the Duke of Wellington's famous dictum.

'NOS TE FORTUNAM FACIMUS'

This is another of those cant half truths, of which the other half is as true or truer. It is true that we do make fortune: it is also true that it is fortune that makes us able to make her; but I think I said this in *Erewhon*.





PRIESTS

are not men of the world; it is not intended that they should be; and a University training is the one best adapted to prevent their becoming so.

‘TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE’

I heard someone say this and replied, ‘Yes, but the man who said that did not know my sisters.’

This proverb is the helpmeet for the half being greater than the whole of Hesiod.

MATRIMONY AND BACHELORHOOD

are both of them at once equally wise and equally foolish.

WOMEN

Was it not La Rochefoucauld who said that ‘of all the mistakes a man can make with women the greatest is that of having nothing to do with them?’ This is true enough – in fact nothing can be finer – yet when women have been teasing me, as they sometimes do, I feel inclined to think that the other mistakes must be very little ones.

‘HOME, SWEET HOME’

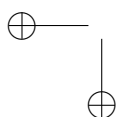
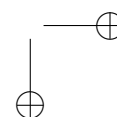
must surely have been written by a bachelor.

BEEES

I was saying to Jones that I did not like bees; they were socialists, and too much off my beat. ‘Oh, yes,’ said Jones, ‘and then they go and write books about Sir John Lubbock.’

MAN A SHIFTING BASIS

Of course he must be so as a whole, for not only is there such great diversity in individuals, a diversity which changes from generation





to generation, but each individual changes so incessantly according to the states of age, stomach, and surroundings.

FOR 'EREWHON REVISITED'

The Erewhonians aim at extinction after death much as we do at immortality.

FOR 'EREWHON REVISITED'

That missionaries must know the absurdity of being missionaries at all, and that there must be some deep plot behind it all, some esoteric explanation which outsiders do not know.

SUICIDE

We have a right to commit suicide provided we do it effectually; but there are many rights which a man had better not exercise. Still, suicide is wise and right enough sometimes.

GEORGE MEREDITH

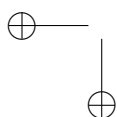
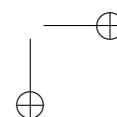
(who read *Erewhon* in MS. for Chapman and Hall and advised them against it) told a friend of mine that he could not understand how I had been so strangely overlooked. She told me. What I ought to have said, and it would have been quite true, was that it was no less incomprehensible to myself how George Meredith can have so strangely acquired a literary reputation.

PERSONAL IDENTITY

as per the man whose finger was cut off in a machine; it was left on the ground while the man went to the hospital. Sister Dora made him go back and fetch it; it was returned to the hand and the man kept his finger. Was that finger part of the man's identity while it was on the ground?

CHESS

It has this advantage that when it is done it is dead and buried: it is not like writing these stupid notes.





MYSELF

It is beginning to dawn upon me that I have written a great deal too much and had better spend my time in destroying rather than in writing more – but I cannot help it.

GOGIN ON FADDISTS

Speaking of them the other day he said, ‘Oh yes, of course; every flea must have its dressing-gown and slippers.’

FORGIVE US OUR CHRISTMASSES

The little S***** say the ‘good words,’ as they call them, before going to bed, aloud and at their father’s knee, or rather in the pit of his stomach. One of them was lately heard to say ‘Forgive us our christmasses as we forgive them that christmas against us.’

THE WORD OF GOD

is like all other words, a highly conventional and inadequate rendering of his inner mind, even when it is not insincere. The mind or spirit of God is to be gathered by manifestations older than words, and deeper than they are; and if the words run counter to these, the words are wrong.

LETTERS

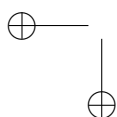
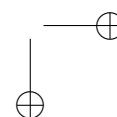
are like wine: if they are sound they ripen with keeping. A man should lay down letters as he does a cellar of wine.

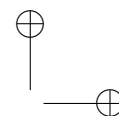
THOUGHT AND ACTION

Thought is not thought till it has also a little germ of action; in the purest thought there is still some action. So in the purest action there is still a little thought. We cannot have action without some thought, not thought without some action.

TO LIVE

is to influence, and to be influenced by, other either things or people.





LANGUAGE OF MEN AND ANIMALS

Our language is as matter that is set up by the use of movable types; that of animals as that set up by a few blocks of words and sentences that are inflexible and limited in number.

EVERYTHING THAT IS

is, in a way, the word of God that has taken flesh and dwells among us. More especially does this hold good of things to eat and drink. Therefore we find that man is not to live by bread alone but by every word that cometh out of the mouth of God. We are to eat and drink and assimilate as much as we can reasonably do.

LORD ORFORD

In 1824 Lord Orford was invited to become president of the Norwich Bible Society. His reply was as follows:

‘Sir – I am surprised and annoyed by the contents of your letter – surprised, because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application; and annoyed, because it compels me to have even this communication with you.

‘I have long been addicted to the gaming table; I have lately taken to the turf; I fear I frequently blaspheme; but I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and your society, notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your president. God forgive your hypocrisy.

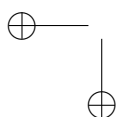
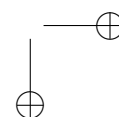
‘I would rather live in the land of sinners than with such saints.’

COOKING AND DIGESTION

Cooking is half digesting; we do half our digestion, therefore, outside our own bodies.

MIND AND MATTER

So we talk of the force of argument.





IF A MAN LOVE NOT HIS BROTHER

whom he hath seen, the chances are that he will not love God when he comes to see him. Till then he may like him well enough. But a good deal must depend upon the brother.

VERSE

is the form which the poetry of the Homeric age invariably assumed. The best poetry is now written in prose. But it wants a Shakespeare to translate a Homer, either into verse or prose.

GOD

Let man be true and every god a liar.

IT IS BAD ENOUGH

to see one's own good things fathered on other people, but it is worse to have other people's rubbish fathered upon oneself.

COUNSELS OF IMPERFECTION

There is a climate so fine in South America that it makes people ill, and they pine for want of wind and rain and storm as we do sometimes for fair weather. So again, 'Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.'

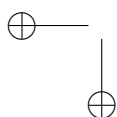
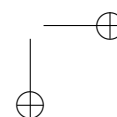
THE INTELLIGENCE OF PLANTS

If a plant stings shall we say that it does not do so on purpose; so again if it tears, like a briar, or poisons, or repels by its unpleasant odour?

One plant says, 'You shall not come near me to do me harm. I shall attack you at once. I bite, I scratch, and if you come near me you must take the consequences.'

Another says, 'You may come as near as you like; you may cut me down and eat me if you will, but I shall gripe you and perhaps kill you.'

The hawk flies at a man's eyes, the nettle at his hands, the belladonna at the coats of his stomach. Wherein is the difference,





beyond the fact that the animal does not always wait to be attacked, whereas if you let a nettle alone it will let you alone. And is the effort to attract less obvious than the effort to repel?

It is curious that the ideas of plants concerning beauty should be so much the same as our own notwithstanding the remoteness of the connection between us. And so with butterflies and insects. The canons of form, colour, pattern, and even to some extent of sound seem to have been arrived at an early stage of organic development.

TIME AND MONEY

It is only very fortunate people whose time is money. My time is not money. I wish it was. It is not even somebody else's money. If it was he would give me some of it. I am a miserable, unmarketable sinner, and there is no money in me.

THE LOWER ANIMALS

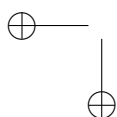
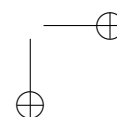
have sexed their times and seasons as they have sexed their bodies; man is the only living being to whom all seasons are alike in this respect.

ON KNOWING WHAT GIVES US PLEASURE

It may be asked why should we wish other people to take pains about this? Why not be satisfied with working out our own salvation in fear and trembling, and letting other people be damned if they like? Theoretically there is no reason why we should try and make agreement for our brother and make a covenant unto God for him. We know that it cost more to redeem his soul so he must let that alone for ever. Practically, however, we all feel that our brother is one flesh with ourselves, and moreover that the strength of a nation lies in the number of men whom it contains who have minds of their own.

'LIFE AND HABIT'

Every man was his mother once as well as his father, and every woman was her father as well as her mother, but the male has





a longer and more intimate sojourn with his mother, than the female has had with her father. Whether this in any way tends to explain the fact that more females are born than males; and whether again hermaphrodites are more often undecided males or undecided females – these are points to be considered.

RESPECT AND CONTEMPT

There is no man, not even Shakespeare, Homer, or to come nearer home, Handel, Dr. Butler, and a score of others in whom I delight, but I feel that in some respects I know more and understand more fully than they did. And so with the lowest; I always feel that, in some respects, they stand above me.

DEVILS

All nations have a sneaking kindness for their own devils.

THACKERAY

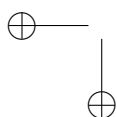
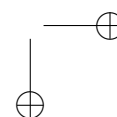
on its being easy to be good on £5000 a year. It may be a little easier, but not much, on £5000 a year than on £500 or £50, for the money brings new temptations and is often, like love, 'its own fever and pain' (not that I have quoted quite correctly). What is really easier is to get the reputation of being good, or at any rate to escape being considered bad.

ST. PAUL

When he said, 'Let no man deceive you with philosophy and vain deceits,' he meant, 'Let no man, except myself, deceive you, etc., etc. Buy your philosophy and vain deceits at my shop, and not at anyone else's.'

WOMEN PECK

at some men's brains and hearts as daws steal spoons, not because they want them or know what they are, but because the glitter attracts them, and because they are naturally and instinctively fond of stealing.





AMBER

In one piece of amber there was a whole willow-leaf, and in another a little snail-shell. . . . The odds against the preservation of that willow-leaf were heaven knows how many million to one, still it was reserved. On the other hand, the odds against no willow-leaf having been preserved, if there was any amber exuding in the neighbourhood, were also heaven knows how many million to one. So that squares it, and prevents our being compelled to accept the Christian miracles.

SHREWSBURY SPIRE

‘Now, Sir,’ said the clerk, ‘you go to any of these famous dynamite people and ask them to throw you down that spire so clean on the middle of the roof as that is done. There isn’t one of them as could do it. Lord bless you, sir, it’s the hand.’

And so he went on, fully convinced that the Almighty had himself personally conducted, as it were, the spire into the middle of the nave.

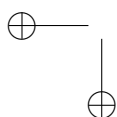
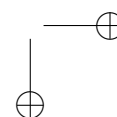
Mr. Poyntz, the rector, preached saying or suggesting that the spire was thrown down because the Shrewsbury people were organizing a memorial to Darwin.

THE MULTIPLE ORIGIN OF HOMER

is like the theories about Shakespeare that reach us from America. I would as soon believe that Shakespeare was written by a syndicate as that the Iliad and Odyssey are not each of them written from first to last by a single author.

Can those who maintain that each of the two poems is by various writers find one single example of a long poem pieced together as they suppose the Iliad and Odyssey to have been, and yet preserving such an appearance of unity.

I fully believe that each writer added to and modified his work in, so to speak, successive editions; but I can detect no change of hand. If asked to give an example of an author so modifying and enlarging his work, Piers Plowman occurs to me at once; and I do not doubt other examples could be found.





FOR 'EREWHON REVISITED'

He is considered the most graceful speaker who can say nothing in most words.

GOD

The fact that God, who in all the mythologies is described as of a different spirit to that of the world, is also in all mythologies stronger than the world and the devil, symbolizes the fact that the unseen world is universally felt to be more important and higher than the seen.

IN THE MIDST OF VICE

we are in virtue, and *vice versa*.

'FREEING' A PRENTICE

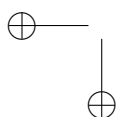
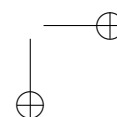
It was in the public street – Southampton Buildings. Matthew Bell's boys were 'freeing' a new prentice. They got him down, stripped his middle, and every boy, one after the other, spat upon his poor little person. All who went by saw, laughed, and took it as a matter of course. He was screaming, but four boys held him down. I had often heard of, but never before seen, this custom.

MY OWN WANT OF ORIGINALITY,

nothing convinces me more of this than the fact that I never yet wanted to ease myself out of doors and selected what I thought would be a convenient place in which I was unlikely to be disturbed – without finding that the same idea had already occurred to others before me.

MY UNCLE PHILIP ON DICKENS

I remember hearing him say shortly after Dickens's death, 'I must say, I think a good deal more of him now that I know that he left so considerable a personalty behind him.' I think it was about £76,000.





‘GIVE PEACE IN OUR TIME, O LORD’

Is this indifference to what may befall the next generation, or does it proceed from a feeling that peace for a longer period is past praying for?

FADDISTS

are generally also fastidious, at least I think so.

CANON AINGER

Jones said that Ainger was capable of bringing out an expurgated edition of Wordsworth.

OUR TAKING RELIGION SO GRAVELY

is a survival from times when elementary truths were mere matters of consciousness and calculation.

TEMPTING PROVIDENCE

Jones said it would be better not to do this for Providence was very frail.

WHETHER IT IS ERINYES

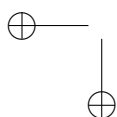
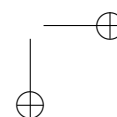
or whether it is Mrs. Grundy it is alike on a woman that the task of punishing those who outrage the proprieties will devolve.

GREATER LUCK

hath no man but this, that he lay down his wife at the right moment – that he be ‘felix opportunitate mortis uxoris.’

FOR ‘EREWHON REVISITED’

The holy men for the better cure of vice think it necessary to study it, and the only efficient study is through practice. Therefore they set apart certain seasons for the practise of vice as a religious duty. They call these seasons ‘fasts,’ and continue them till they find





that they really do genuinely hate vice and prefer virtue. Some people find it necessary to continue these exercises throughout their whole lives, and some actually die as martyrs to the drink or gluttony or whatever vice they are more particularly studying.

A MAN KNOWS NOTHING

till he realizes that though all things are vanity, yet that vanity is a very substantial thing – that there is nothing so important as not also to be unimportant and *vice versa*.

NOT TO OVER-BREED

will be one day recognized as not less essential for national well-being than breeding is.

THE VICTORIAN AGE

Naturally I consider its most discreditable feature to be the way in which I have been myself neglected; and probably most other authors who are aware that they are more or less failures look at the matter much as I do.

LIFE

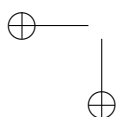
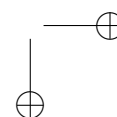
Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on.

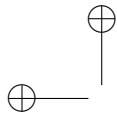
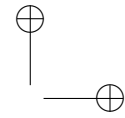
EPITHETS

Jones said that Homer did not leave many epithets in his inkpot.

THE TRUE LIFE

It seems to me, the more I think of it, that the true life of anyone is not the one they live in themselves, and of which they are themselves conscious, but the life they live in the hearts of others; our bodies and brains are but the tools with which we work to make our true life which is not in the tool-box and tools we ignorantly





mistake for ourselves but in the work we do with them; and this work, if it be truly done, lives more in others than in ourselves.

TRANSLATIONS

People who are at the trouble of translating the Iliad and Odyssey for love invariably flatter themselves that their translations will be referred to by a remote posterity, and they prefer to let time grow its own archaisms into their work – as a good, sound, wholesome wine will mellow with time, when one that has been mellowed artificially will not keep good for long. He who would write a translation like those of the Elizabethans must above all things else avoid Elizabethanisms.

SOCIETY

Hollow is not a bad enough word for it; it is filled with mephitic gases as well as being hollow. I feel like Jesus Christ – when two or three are gathered together I do not mind being in the midst of them, but I do not want to be bothered with more, and those two or three must smoke.

THERE IS SUCH A THING

as doing good that evil may come.

THE USE OF THE NEXT WORLD

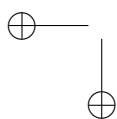
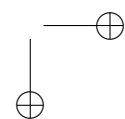
We should so use it that it may advance us in that which is before it.

THE UNCHRISTIAN ERA

I wonder whether this will be made an era when the due time comes. I shall oppose it. I think we ought never again to have a new era, no matter how troublesome it may be to the poor people of 100,000 years hence to have so long a date.

GOD

He should be like the brain, be conscious of and resent all injuries except those inflicted on himself.





MYSELF

I have known those things that I ought not to have known and I have not known those things that I ought to have known.

VACCINATION

is the medical sacrament corresponding to baptism. Whether it is or is not more efficacious I do not know.

GOD

He is like the sun; we come from him and we shall go to him; we owe him all things, but there is no use in praying to him, and it does not matter how much we abuse him.

EXAMINATIONS AND PROFESSORSHIPS

We can only examine in respect of the more superficial qualities or acquisitions. We cannot examine for temper, patience, sagacity, daring or any of the more vital and deeper characteristics. And so with professorships – fancy a professorship of any one of these things! If one wanted to encourage vice one should found a professorship of virtue.

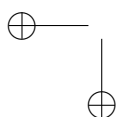
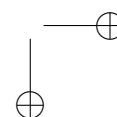
LADY EASTLAKE AND GOETHE

‘Talked with George Combe of Goethe whom he detests as much as I can. Goethe had no conscience and chose the lowest ideal of human nature, and his trashy, uninteresting, vulgar stuff is the result.’ (1842.)

I do not know enough of Goethe to be able to say why I hate him so heartily, but I know that he disgusts me. It seems Lady Eastlake hated Gladstone and Ruskin. Is it too much to hope that she may have hated Carlyle too?

X-RAYS

Their moral is this – that a right way of looking at things will see through almost anything.





THE DISSOCIATION OF ASSOCIATED IDEAS

is like the introduction of new ideas into the association – its bearableness or unbearableness in all degrees between great pleasure and great pain, depends on the how much at a time, and within how short or long a time, quite as much as on the nature of the idea that is to be introduced or ousted.

MENTAL EPIDEMICS

like physical ones seem to run their course, and when they return, to do so in a milder form, at any rate after many recurrences. Surely the modern prig is not of such a virulent type as the true Arnoldian prig of fifty years ago?

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

Certainly; and by way of a start I will be the most unpleasant thing I can venture on to those who differ radically from myself. That is the kind of thing I will be to them.

‘THE FAIR HAVEN’

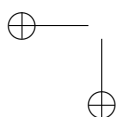
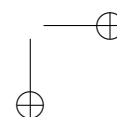
They say my view that Christ never died on the Cross is fanciful, melodramatic, etc., but surely it is less of these things than the view that he died, descended into hell and then ascended into heaven?

FOR ‘EREWON REVISITED’

The town where the people lived in whose mouths butter would not melt.

LOVE

I never was in love till I was about ten years old; but since then, though I do not expect to be believed, I have never been out of it, and generally with two or three at a time.





ART

is like nature, you may pitchfork it out, but it will always come back.

WONDERFUL

I cannot see that one thing is more wonderful than another except as merely more unfamiliar.

‘DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES’

and there will be so much the more left in the cup for me, love; or does it mean that she was only to drink to him with her eyes, but not ogle him further? As for his not wanting any wine, if his mistress had been kissing about all over the bottom of the cup – well – he wasn’t likely to do so, not till it had been washed. Why make so many words about it?

QUENCHING A FIRE WITH URINE

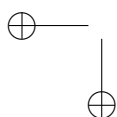
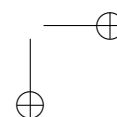
This was done at a village not far from Casale, among the Colline, where water often runs very short. A fire broke out and there was no water, but there was a good supply of urine which was used instead, to the saving of much valuable property. The insurance company paid not only the actual damage done, but for the urine as well.

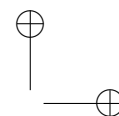
A WELL-BALANCED MIND

is one which a little additional weight in either scale will unsettle; it is, therefore, being continually disturbed and unequilibrated, unless it can secure itself from new influences of any kind.

The best kind, the most stable kind, of mind is one that is set down plump on the ground on a good broad base and without any approach to balance, so that nothing short of an earthquake can disturb it.

We ought to say that a man has a well balancing mind, if we mean that his judgment is generally good.





THE UNIVERSITIES

These are an admirable provision against the inconvenient frequency of genius. There are very few men whom the universities may not be trusted to stunt. Some few have got good (I do not mean fellowships or money) out of the universities, but these are men who would get good out of anything.

DODDRIDGE'S 'RISE AND PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN THE SOUL'

Mrs. Jones, for some reason, wanted this book and told Jones to inquire for it. The young man at the shop said that they did not keep it in stock – and Jones said that he should hope not.

ALFRED

said he did not feel walkative. I should think this word is as good as 'talkative.'

LORD, I DO NOT BELIEVE,

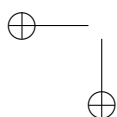
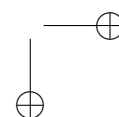
help thou mine unbelief.

IMMA-BLOODY-TERIAL

I feel pretty sure I have put down this word before, but it will bear repeating, and it is less trouble to repeat than to search.

E. A. ABBOTT

Abbott, of the City of London School, and I were at St. John's together; he was junior to me, nevertheless I knew him a little. Then we did not meet till my *Erewhon* days when we ran across one another at Henry Hoare's. He was very civil and friendly. By and by he asked me to dinner and I went. I found him a dull fellow. I am very sorry; but this is what he was, and a dull, pedagogic fellow into the bargain. There was a man named Seeley there, who had written *Ecce Homo* – trash which Mr. Gladstone had had a fit over, as of course he would; and I was out of my element. Then I wrote *The Fair Haven* and was asked again. Abbott was a good





deal pained, and would not believe I did not really mean all I had said in the Christ-Ideal chapters. He said to me:

‘And did you really mean none of that part seriously?’

I said: ‘Certainly not; I intended it as an example of the kind of rubbish which would go down with the *Spectator*.’

Abbott said: ‘Well, I can only say you would have found a great many to sympathize with you, if you had meant it seriously.’

I said, rather drily: ‘That, I think, is exceedingly probable,’ meaning that there was no lack of silly insincere gushers.

Abbott did not see what I meant, and we parted genially.

ADVERSITY

I do not want anybody to have more of the teaching of adversity than can be helped. Of course adversity has *some* teaching, but it is a clumsy, roundabout way of arriving at a result that can be got better by prosperity.

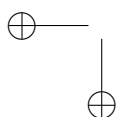
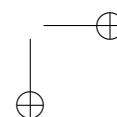
MICE IN SICILY

Jones and I at Calatafimi saw some children who had got a mouse to whose hind leg they had tied a string. They kept letting it run away and then pulling it back. Ingroia and two or three others were with us, and said we had better not interfere.

On our return an hour or so later we saw the boys pouring some stuff that looked like water over the mouse, but which on inquiry we found to be petroleum, which they were about to light. Having burned the poor wretch alive, and thus partly roasted it, Ingroia said they would eat it.

On pursuing the subject I was told that there was another, much larger kind of mouse nearly as big as a rabbit, with a long tail, which was a much greater delicacy. ‘Ma sono proprio coneglie,’ was repeated over and over again.

On inquiring still further at Trapani I was assured that the peasants in the country eat rats whenever they catch them. The son of the landlord of the Hotel Centrale told me that once in a peasant’s cottage he found them eating, as he thought, a sparrow pie, and had some. On asking what birds the pie was made of he was told they were mice, not birds.





AT CEFALÙ

we saw a great procession of canons, priests, with the Bishop himself, and every one connected with the Cathedral come into it with great pomp and effect – the great grave Christ looking down from the apse, as if he should like to know what it was all about. On inquiry we found that the procession was returning from the sea, whither it had conducted the Bishop that he might bless the tunny-fishing.

GREEN LIZARDS

A man at Selinunte told us that the large green lizards were called ‘salv’ uoimine’ because when a man was lying asleep on the grass if a serpent came near him they would go up and whisper in his ear.

FINITY AND INFINITY

As we cannot grasp the notion either of finity or infinity, so neither can we of perfect unity or want of unity; yet we can deal with the ideas of finity, infinity, unity, or disunion with sufficient ease and freedom.

A MELANCHOLY DEATH-BED

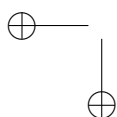
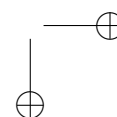
I trust I may see no more after I can say no more. I can fancy no death-bed more distressing than that on which a man feels the weight of an undelivered message, which he knows, and which no one else is likely to hit upon, but which he cannot deliver.

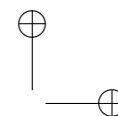
FREELY YOU HAVE RECEIVED –

Then freely take as much more as you can get.

THE WORLD

is like those men who look back with displeasure and dislike on themselves some three years back all through their lives, but like stories about their childhood.





TRUTH

is that which seems true to the best and most competent men of any given age and place where truth is sought. It is what these men can acquiesce in with the least discomfort.

BORES

There is no bore like a clever bore.

SUBJECT

A dream of heaven in which everything is made to go a little wrong, without which there would be no happiness. Hell should consist in the utter absence of all disagreeable stimulant – only enough stimulant being allowed to prevent sleep.

IMPROVING THE MIND

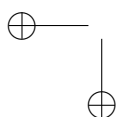
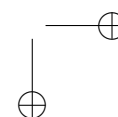
‘To waste of time in the improvement of my mind, £52 10s. 0d.’ A lady had been induced to ‘improve her mind’ by a gentleman to whom she had become engaged. The match was broken off, and the lady in her statement of her claim for damages included the above item.

IN AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Jones saw an officer who was finishing his dinner with a dish of little birds. A common soldier came in bringing a letter, and waited for an answer which the officer gave. This done he put a little bird on the end of his fork, told the soldier to open his mouth, put the bird inside it, and then went on with his dinner just as though he had been dropping a letter into a pillar box.

TITLES

Taught to Death.
The Incarnate Bachelor.





WOMEN AND BRIGANDS

I heard a man say that brigands demand your money *or* your life, whereas women require both.

THE WORKING OF MIND

I often see it said that we can see nothing of the working of mind, and can see nothing of mind itself, but only of its effects. But does not this hold as good of chemical combinations as it does of mind?

THE STORK THAT HATCHED A GOSLING

I was told not long since, but do not know where the story comes from, that someone from mischief or curiosity took a stork's egg out of the nest in which it lay, and substituted a gosling's egg. In due time a gosling was hatched, but the male stork as soon as it saw the young bird, ran his beak right through the mother and killed her.

MONEY

Nobody has enough; nevertheless some people have a great deal too much.

LILIAN JONES

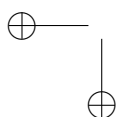
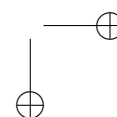
asked her mother once whether riding or driving was the more difficult.

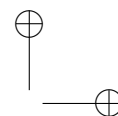
'Well, my dear,' answered her mother, 'if you don't take pains, everything is difficult.'

'Now, you know,' said Lil, 'that is the kind of answer that makes one hate people.'

HOLDING THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE

Yes, but the mirrors in Shakespeare's day were not so true but that they admitted a good deal of distortion.





DR. BUTLER'S ANXIETY ABOUT HIS OWN SPIRITUAL STATE

That he believed in the Christian miracles and in the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ I do not doubt, and in 1838 he was evidently alarmed about whether he should go to heaven or no. He thought he had been too worldly.

He wrote to a Mr. Long and to Archdeacon Bather, but I can only guess what he said from the answers he received. Mr. Long's answer was excellent. The archdeacon's came in effect to this: 'Worldly? Well, I should think you had been about as worldly as they make them, but if you are very, very sorry, etc., etc., the divine merits of your Redeemer may yet pull you through.'

IT IS NO PART OF GOD'S SCHEME

that any very large number of people in this world should be positively wise, good, and well-to-do. If it had been, he would have taken measures to ensure that such should be the case.

THE ETHER

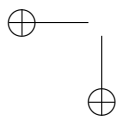
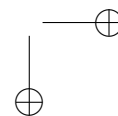
is absolute insouciance. When and where the eternal underlying substratum is absolutely insouciant there is neither when nor where. The moment it becomes souciant there is a when and where and matter. I wish Jove would enlighten me as to my own meaning.

AN ENGLISH ACADEMY OF LETTERS

There was a turgid letter from A. C. Swinburne in the *Times* expressing his contempt for the movement, and his indignation at the notion of his being asked to belong to it. He is one of those men whose weakness is perfected in his strength. He is never so feeble as when he is trying to be strong.

Madame Sarah Grand, a day or two later, was also extremely angry about its being supposed possible that she could consent to have anything to do with such a body.

I am saved from having to lash myself into a fury upon any such score, for no one even mentioned my name as a possible academician. (1897.)





MOTION, CHEMICAL CHANGE, AND THOUGHT, OR MIND

It is now held that there is no motion without chemical change, and also that there is no chemical change without motion. It is also held that there is no mind in action (and mind not in action is inconceivable by us, and therefore non-existent *qua* us, for that alone exists *qua* us which is in greater or less degree conceivable by us) without being attended by, or involving necessarily both motion and change. May we suspect that mind, more or less as the case may be, is as necessary a concomitant of chemical action and motion as we know for a certainty that these last are of mind?

Our main difficulty is in conceiving how any mind very greatly less complex than our own can be called mind at all.

WOMAN A HELPMET FOR MAN

When I last came away from visiting Mrs. — I thought to myself that if God considered woman a helpmeet for man, he must have had a very poor opinion of man.

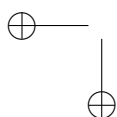
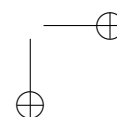
POLYRELIGIONISM

I am not a polygamist, nor even a monogamist so far as my own practice is concerned, for I am unmarried; nor am I either polytheist or monotheist, but I am polyreligionist — friendly to many but servant both of all and none.

THE ROAD TO COLLESANO

When the omnibus started from Campo Felice, we were outside on a seat that ran across the vehicle just behind the driver who was one of the handsomest young men that I ever saw, aged about 19, lithe and quick as a cat and, I should say, as unreliable and not so clean. It was a lovely morning about the end of May; the ride inland towards the mountains was through an enchanting country, innumerable goldfinches flitted about among the flowers by the roadside, nothing could be more enjoyable, and the driver made friends with us at once and began to sing.

He sang 'La vita è un dolor se tu m'abbandona.' He certainly said 'abbandona'; he must have repeated the line two or three





hundred times, always to the same wailing and semi-, or, more than semi-barbarous melody. Every other minute, out it came at the top of his voice which, as Jones said, was choking with emotion and yesterday's garlic.

He was like a half-tamed panther, an absolutely pagan creature but, as I have said, of the most extraordinary physical beauty which was nevertheless repellent, rather than attractive, by reason of its heartlessness. As for morals, I should not think he knew the meaning of the word.

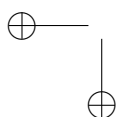
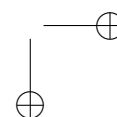
After he had chanted his refrain about la vita very many times, I asked him if there was any second line. He said there was, but that he had not yet had time to study it; he would do so and, if we came again, he would sing it to us; for the present we must be contented with the one line that he knew.

MAETERLINCK

I believe, or strongly suspect that people will not think as highly of him in ten years as they do now. He has sat at the feet of Plato, Marcus Aurelius, Carlyle, and Emerson – I say nothing about Plotinus and Novalis for I do not know them. The others I have tried and at no such feet can I sit. They have no message for me. Plato is the best, his *Apology* is splendid; his descriptions of scenery and his episodial (if there is such a word) chats with friends on a fresh summer morning are delightful; but, take him all round, my feeling towards him is much what I gather Aristophanes to have entertained, and he is not for me.

Carlyle, again, is for me too much like Wagner, of whom Rossini said that he has 'des beaux moments mais des mauvais quarts d'heure' – my French is not to be trusted. I have never read a line of Marcus Aurelius that leaves me wiser than I was before. These men are not the teachers towards whose pupils I instinctively turn; on the contrary, I look on their devoted adherents with suspicion.

Again, Maeterlinck, it seems, is only 35 years old. Now, true genius cannot so soon be recognized. If a man of 35 can get such admiration he is probably a very good man, but he is not one of those who will redeem Israel; and at my age I turn to these alone or, at any rate, to such as I believe to be these alone. (1897.)





IBSEN

He may be, and I dare say is, a very wonderful man, but what little I know of him repels me and, what is worse, bores me.

HISTORY

When people make omelettes they must break eggs, and some one or other is sure to find something he would rather see omitted in any record of any period, but history cannot be written on any other terms; and, though serious matters that touch honour or character will be omitted, or handled as considerately as possible, by anyone of ordinary right feeling, reticence, like every other good quality, may be overdone.

SKELETONS IN CUPBOARDS

Jones said, 'Not only is there a skeleton in every cupboard, but there is a screw loose in every skeleton.'

THE POSTE RESTAURANT

Dear Alfred said he should write to me at the Poste Restaurant.

THE BUSINESS DOG

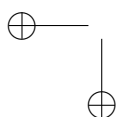
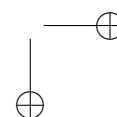
Going up Fetter Lane one day with Alfred, I saw a fine dog, which I was going to pat, but Alfred stopped me, 'You had better be careful, sir,' he said, 'he's a business dog, and he may not like being spoken to.'

MRS. JONES ON SCIENCE

'Mathematics,' she explained, 'are not science, nor yet is astronomy; science consists of experiments, with lectures, but the main thing is the experiments.'

THE ATOM AND CONSCIOUSNESS

As there is a limit (so at least I am told) below which the atom cannot be cognized, so is there not a limit below which consciousness cannot be cognized by us, and is not that limit simple sense of shock?





‘MY THINK’

Dudgeon the other day told me that his little granddaughter had wanted a pencil and paper to draw with. Her mother said, ‘But, my dear, you cannot draw’ – (the child was only about six) – ‘now tell me, how should you set about drawing if I were to give you what you want?’ The answer was, ‘I should think, and then I should draw a line round my think.’

A LILY IN THE WHEAT

A man was overheard the other day saying to another, ‘Before I knew you, Bill, I was a lily in the wheat, and now I’m a damned old poppy.’

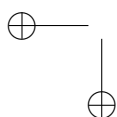
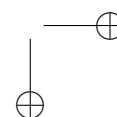
GOD AND SOME EVOLUTIONISTS

Some evolutionists after declaring anything of an anthropoid character to be only conceivable as the result of development from an almost inconceivably small and low intelligence, suddenly require us to start this low intelligence, and the developments to which it gives rise, with an intelligence which infinitely transcends all development which our minds can conceive.

ACTIONS AND ATOMS

It is a great comfort to be told that atoms are not only invisible and intangible, but inconceivable; for in spite of his saying a few lines earlier that an atom is ‘difficult’ to conceive, it is plain that Sir William Crookes has found the difficulty insuperable. Yet surely I am right, am I not, in thinking that all our ideas of matter are founded upon the hypothesis of the existence of this inconceivable entity? It seems to such an outsider as myself, that we can only begin to think about matter at all, definitely, clearly, and to any practical purpose, when it has got pretty big – as big, at least, as a molecule, or aggregation of molecules – nearly (at any rate) big enough to be seen or apprehended by some sense.

It seems to me that something of the same both necessity and impossibility meets us as soon as we begin to think of thought and action. We can deal with both when they are big enough to





be apprehended by some thought or action in brain ganglia and nervous system – and this is but saying that we can deal with them when they are big enough – but we know of no thought or action which we cannot recognize as reducible to a combination of an unlimited number of subordinate thoughts and actions – not one of which we can limit and suppose incapable of further reduction.

When we come to inquire what is the irreducible minimum of thought, or what the irreducible minimum of action, we find ourselves as completely baffled as when we ask ourselves what is the irreducible minimum of matter. What is ‘a thing,’ ‘a thought,’ ‘an action’? As soon as any of these are big enough to be cognized as something, some thought, some action, we can at any rate try to deal with them; but all the time we are aware that there is a something under them which is beyond the jurisdiction of our thoughts; and it seems to me that healthy thought will know what it can and what it cannot do, and will be very stiff about refusing to attempt tasks that are beyond its strength.

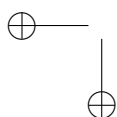
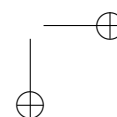
I know that Herbert Spencer has declared simple sense of shock, unspecialized in any direction, to be the unit of sensation – but what is shock? What is the sense of shock? What is the irreducible minimum of thing that can feel the shock? And shock unspecialized is as inconceivable by us as matter unconditioned, or condition unmattered. Herbert Spencer’s definition helps us as soon as we have a conditioned being capable of feeling a shock, which is very little specialized, but here we are already in the molecule stage.

What all this comes to is that there is an unseen and unknowable world, which is hitched on to the world which we can know and in part understand; that we may, and indeed must, infer the existence of such a world, but that no material microscope, nor thought apparatus, can ever show us more than its extreme limits where they sometimes run into our own cognizable territory. And I should think every one knows this instinctively, and without conscious recognition.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

My distrust of these two seats of learning increases yearly.

I sampled their wares in the matter of theology, and found them impudently spurious – wooden nutmegs are nothing to it.





I have sampled their biology, and find Cambridge, at any rate, a barefaced bolsterer-up of Darwinism – I mean Charles Darwinism.

I have sampled their classics, and have satisfied myself that there is not a leading light among them who either knows or wants to know anything of the Odyssey beyond its grammar.

What is Cambridge art? It does not rise above the level of its professors. Has any one of these the smallest claim on our respect, I do not say as a practical painter, sculptor, or what not, but as a connoisseur? And what pen have they turned out, from whom we have learned or may hope to learn?

And music? Their professor, bad though he is, is quite as good as they deserve.

The above are the only respects in which I am able to sample Cambridge at all. Wherever I am able to test it, I find it impudently, shamelessly fraudulent. Where, then, I cannot test it, I suspect it to be no better.

As for Oxford; the main thing whereby we know it is the Oxford Movement – and a very pretty movement it was (1898).

‘EX VOTO’

I am reading this book, and though there is a good deal of it that I like well enough, there is a good deal which I should be very glad to cancel if I knew how to do so. I wrote it in too great a hurry.

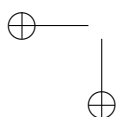
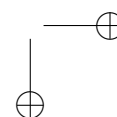
‘MY DUTY TOWARDS MY NEIGHBOUR’

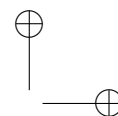
We were in the theatre at Taormina one day looking at the fragments of the stones that are strewn about in the orchestra. I said they were like the fragments of My Duty towards My Neighbour that lay strewn about in my memory. It would take a lot of work to put them all back into their places and reconstruct the original.

‘CRY AWAY BABY’

Jones saw a picture of a boy of 4 or 5 who was teasing a baby, and saying:

‘Cry away baby as much as you like,
Mother can’t hear you, she’s out on her bike.’





MEN ARE TO WOMEN

as a nunnery to Cheapside.

FASCINATING

Mrs. Skinner told Jones that Mrs. N. was a very fascinating woman, and that Mr. W. was very fond of fascinating with her.

SIR ALFRED MILNER

‘The High Commissioner, it is evident, is not one of those men who try to earn a reputation for fairness and wisdom by resolutely refusing to have definite views on any subject.’ (*Times*, 1899.)

TENNYSON AND THACKERAY

Jones and I both find that the older we grow the more clearly we see through these men, and the more cordially we dislike them.

THE ULTIMATE EFFECT OF MY BOOKS

Who can soberly foretell, what, if any, it will be? But setting sobriety on one side, I have sometimes thought that it may be more considerable than I suppose. Certainly nothing can be less considerable than the effect at present. (1899.)

FUSELI

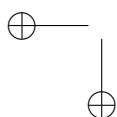
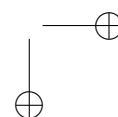
I have been told lately that Fuseli was travelling by coach and a gentleman opposite him said:

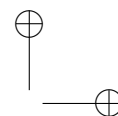
‘I understand, Mr. Fuseli, that you are a painter; it may interest you to know that I have a daughter who paints on velvet.’

Fuseli rose instantly and said in a strong foreign accent, ‘Let me get out.’

MY BOOK ON SHAKESPEARE’S SONNETS

The *Times* does not consider that it deserves to have attention called to it. Am I to be piqued at this, or should I not rather be proud of it? I have little doubt which of the two I ought to





feel, and none as to which I do feel. See what the *Times* said about my *Authoress*. See how it passed over my *Iliad* without a word. See with what enthusiasm it welcomed Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*. He who lets himself be chagrined by men who are either obviously incompetent or obviously insincere, deserves to be chagrined.

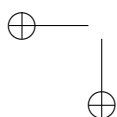
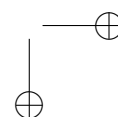
MR. GARNETT AND MY BOOK ABOUT THE SONNETS

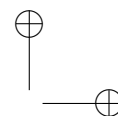
I sent Mr. Garnett my book as soon as it appeared, but he was in Scotland. Two or three days ago I saw him sitting on row B, and spoke to him. I told him I had sent him my book; he answered *more suo* that he was very much obliged, but in so grumpy and rude a tone, and so obviously desiring to mark displeasure that I got away at once.

Now what, I wonder, is it all about? I should not care if these people would only let me form some idea as to what it is that has displeased them, but Garnett will take good care that I shall not know this. Is it because I have stuck to it that I was right about the *Odyssey*? Likely enough. And that I have dared to treat the *Sonnets* as I treated the *Odyssey*? Is it that I have spoken unreservedly about the *Sonnets* at all? Is it that I have attacked Sidney Lee, who is a prominent member of that hack clique towards which Garnett has definitely drifted? Is it because he ought to have seen what I have seen and did not? Is it merely because I have made it clear that I despise and distrust academic criticism altogether? I have not the faintest idea which of these things it is – probably it is a combination of all. But for several weeks I shall address him as *Dr.* Garnett, which he dislikes.

MR. GARNETT AGAIN

His letter is the embodiment of that overbearing academic spirit which in one shape or another corrupts every mind and every institution that harbours it from the Pope to the War Office. It teems with everything that I have most resolutely set myself to oppose, despising it from the very bottom of my heart. Loose statements of fact, shallow deductions from flimsy premises, tacit overweening conceit of infallibility – everything, in fact, that a scholar and a gentleman abhors.





MORE MR. GARNETT

I suspected him years ago when he raved about the beauty of *John Inglesant*; I then told him what I thought, and he was displeased.

I passed over his believing in astrology, and his trying hard to convince me, till I spoke so sharply that he never again touched on the subject. I thought it was a craze, a kind of harmless monomania – as if such a disease could fail to infect a man's whole mental being, or be the product of a mental organization already hopelessly vitiated. I ought to have known that he was dangerous.

I knew what he was when he said in the *Illustrated London News* some five or so years ago that he thought it likely the last two books of the Iliad were written by the author of the Odyssey. When I reproached him for this, he said it was only an *obiter dictum*, and showed no conscience about writing *obiter dicta* where Iliad or Odyssey were concerned. I should be sorry to think that I had said a syllable upon either poem, without having considered it anxiously to the very utmost of my power.

The man is a lost soul as far as reasoning is concerned. He has steeped his judgment in self-flattering unction for so many years that it has corroded, and there is nothing but self-flattering unction left.

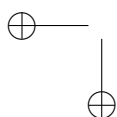
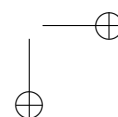
And yet I believe that if he would leave off hackwork and set himself to write another *Twilight of the Gods*, he could do it as well as ever, and I should admire it as much as ever, and it would fail to be appreciated as much as ever by a public whose idols are Rudyard Kipling and R. L. Stevenson.

HISTORIANS

I said to Jones that whatever else God can do he cannot alter the past. Jones replied, 'No doubt that is the reason why he is obliged to connive at the existence of historians.'

LOVE AND IMPOTENCE

Nothing is potent against love save only impotence.





A LINGERING ILLNESS

A man said that a friend of his had lost his wife. He was asked whether it was a lingering illness. 'Well,' was the answer, 'it took six months to make it absolute.'

SCOTCH MARRIAGES

A law student (in a *viva voce* examination) was asked what was necessary to render a marriage valid in Scotland. He replied: 'For a marriage to be valid in Scotland it is absolutely necessary that it should be consummated in the presence of two policemen.'

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

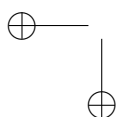
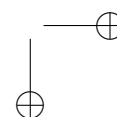
'W.C. No, you are mistaken. Leonardo da Vinci did not invent them.'

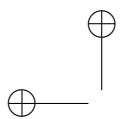
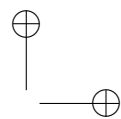
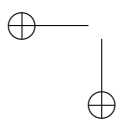
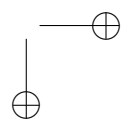
FURNITURE

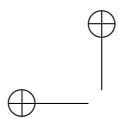
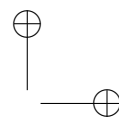
The meagrest I ever saw was at Fordwich, near Canterbury. The room in which the jury are locked up while finding their verdict is absolutely bare of all furniture whatever. It has neither table nor chair; not so much as a hook to hang a coat on; nothing in fact, but a round hole in the floor, some six inches in diameter, in case of some necessity on the part of a juror. Now this hole, which, in so far as it is subtracted from the floor is the very negation of furniture, is yet, I take it, in virtue of its design and purposiveness, actually furniture.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

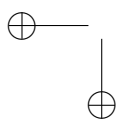
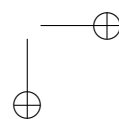
Perfect present has no existence in our consciousness. As I said years ago in *Erewhon*, it lives but upon the sufferance of past and future. We are like men standing on a narrow footbridge over a railway. We can watch the future hurrying like an express train towards us, and then hurrying into the past, but in the narrow strip of present we cannot see it. Strange that that which is the most essential to our consciousness should be exactly that of which we are least definitely conscious.

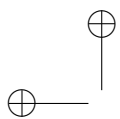
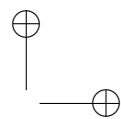
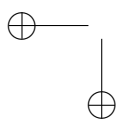
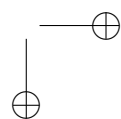






VOLUME VI
1900–1902







MOUTHS

When I see a number of people at a dinner table, I see their mouths as the ends of the roots of a lot of plants sucking up their sustenance out of the earth.

THE TRINITY

I think I am a Unitarian now, but don't know and won't say; as for the Trinity I cannot make head or tail of it, and feel inclined to agree with a negro who was heard in church here the other day repeating the Athanasian Creed: 'The Father impossible, the Son impossible, and the Holy Ghost impossible. And yet there are not three impossibles, but one impossible.'

Professor Sale, when I read him this in MS., told me it was not quite accurate; he was present in church and heard the nigger say 'uncomfortable,' not 'impossible.' He was reading from his prayer-book and 'uncomfortable' was as near as he could get to 'incomprehensible,' which was the word under his eyes.

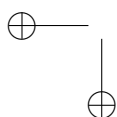
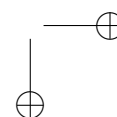
WHOSOEVER WILL BE SAVED

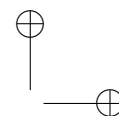
it is above all things unnecessary that he should accept the Athanasian Creed.

EMERY WALKER ON MYSELF

I met him in the court of Clifford's Inn and he asked how my *Sonnets* book had been received. I said it had fallen just as flat as the others, and that he knew as well as I did that the reviewers would crab whatever I did. He agreed, but we also agreed that it was probably much better for me that they should crab it, and that I might possess my soul in peace as regards the future.

He said he knew no other English writer whom he could compare with me at the present day except George Meredith. Now if there is one writer more than other with whom I do not like being compared it is George Meredith. I dislike him more than I can say, and I heartily hope that my good friend Walker is mistaken in thinking that there is any common ground between Meredith and me which renders comparison of any kind possible.





THE ETRUSCAN LANGUAGE

Jones said demurely, 'I wish they would find out about the Etruscan language. This uncertainty is very wearing.'

H. F. JONES AND MYSELF

We had been lunching at, I think, Chiusi, and had had some particularly good wine. I said, 'I love my love with an A because she's alcoholic.' Jones went on with some much better ones, and I said he was always doing that:

'I start some silly trifle and you immediately develop it; then I adopt your embellishments, developments and general improvements, and often even give you the credit of them. Why don't you sometimes start the subject and leave me to develop it?'

Jones looked demure and said softly, 'Because you can't.'

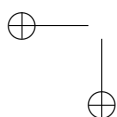
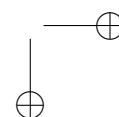
I had said I hoped the weather would not be too fine inasmuch as if it was I should have no excuse for not doing better with my drawing. He smiled and said, 'I dare say you may be trusted to discover one.'

MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE AND MYSELF

She was Thackeray's daughter and has written a number of books not one of which I have ever even seen, though I told her that I was one of her great admirers, which she received graciously. I met her more than 25 years ago at Mr. Leslie Stephen's. She said she was sure she had met me but could not remember where. Miss Sichel told her about my saying the *Odyssey* was written by a woman. She had never heard of my having said so. Miss Sichel told her I had written about the *Sonnets*; she had never heard of my having done so, but hoped I had agreed with her own view which was that they were written to Shakespeare by Anne Hathaway. We fooled each other a little further and then I wriggled out of her on to Miss Sichel.

HONEST DOUBT

He is aged 12; the other night his mother made him say his prayers and put him to bed. He kneeled down in his night-shirt and





repeated the Lord's Prayer. Then he got into bed, gave a yawn, and said, 'The question is whether there is a God,' and instantly fell asleep before rejoinder of any kind was possible.

'CORREGGIOSCURO'

I must coin this word somewhere.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS

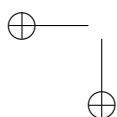
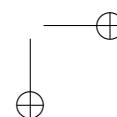
My neighbour Cockerell showed me a wonderful 13th or 14th century MS. very beautifully written and so profusely illustrated with such a monotonous variety or varied monotony of arabesques, let alone illustrated initial letters and full page illuminations, that it fatigued me to look at more than a few of its many hundred pages. It would take months to look at it, and one would forget the beginning long before one came to the end. Such books ought never to be made.

Cockerell said it would relieve the tedium of divine service. I said it might do so by accelerating slumber, but that if it failed to do this it would make matters worse, not better.

In any long work we want breaks, like chapters, so that we can at any rate flatter ourselves that we are making a fresh start and that all will go right in future.

That is why Jones and I stick to the old Handelian fashion of chopping our oratorio into set pieces, as against the Wagnerian continuity of music and action.

As for the tedium of church, give me rather a robin, or a peripatetic cat, like the one whose loss the parishioners of St. Clement Danes are still deploring. When I was at school at Allesley the boy who knelt opposite me at morning prayers, with his face not more than a yard away from mine, used to blow pretty little bubbles with his saliva which he would send sailing off the tip of his tongue like miniature soap bubbles; they very soon broke, but they had a career of a foot or two. I never saw anyone else able to get saliva bubbles right away from him, and though I have endeavoured for some five and fifty years to acquire the art, I never yet could start the bubble off my tongue without its bursting. Now things like this really do relieve the tedium of church, but no missal that I have ever seen will do anything but increase it.





A DYING WISH

There was a man dying of a painless, gradual decay, whose friends asked him if there was anything he had a fancy for which they could get him. He said he had all his life thought he should like to have a cuckoo-clock, and the present would, he thought, be a proper occasion for acquiring one. A cuckoo-clock was bought and placed where he could see it as well as hear it. He said the last few days of his life were much cheered by it.

SUBJECT

The hundred worst authors, or the hundred authors who may be first avoided.

MR. DOUGLAS FRESHFIELD

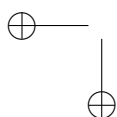
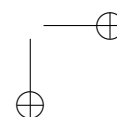
He says somewhere – I rather think in his review of my *Alps and Sanctuaries* – that he is ‘dumb before a Michelangelo.’ I believe him to be an excellent person and have no sort of quarrel with him, but if I might advise him I should bid him get hold of a Michelangelo by hook or crook – a pocket Michelangelo preferred – and sit down before it whenever he feels tempted to open his mouth about painting or sculpture.

HEAVEN AND HELL

The Heaven of men’s loving thoughts; the Hell of men’s hatred and contempt.

FAITH

Faith does not consist, as some have falsely urged, in believing things on insufficient evidence. This is not faith, but faithlessness to all that we should hold most faithfully. Faith consists in holding that the instincts of the best men and women are in themselves an evidence which may not be set aside lightly; and the best men and women have ever held that death is better than dishonour, and desirable if honour is to be won thereby.





A REPROACH

‘Infirmus eram et visitasti me.’ It is not an invitation, it is a reproach. It does not mean ‘Please come in’; it means ‘This must not occur again.’

MYSELF AND LITERATURE

There is no concealing the fact that it is the business, practical side of literature and not the poetical and imaginative – I mean literature applied to the solving of some difficult problem which may be usefully solved – that alone fires me with hot desire to devour and imitate it. That, and the battering down of falsehood to the utmost of my poor ability.

MYSELF AND POETRY

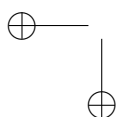
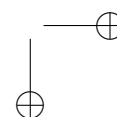
I am not a poetically minded man, and I am afraid I must admit that the same holds good as regards Jones. I have never read and never, I am afraid, shall read a line of Keats or Shelley or Coleridge or Wordsworth except such extracts as I occasionally see in Royal Academy Catalogues. I have read *The Idylls of the King* and I do not like them. I have never read a word of Browning – save as above. The poets of the day are names to me and nothing more. I have read *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, but neither of them kindles any warmth within me – admiration for marvellous workmanship, but nothing more.

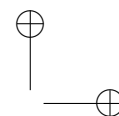
TREES ON THE BOULEVARDS IN PARIS

cannot sleep for the noise and glare, and die early.

A VERY SMALL FRAGMENT OF DISCOURSE FROM MY DEAR GOOD LAUNDRESS MRS. CATHIE

It was the stairs done it, and yet them houses in York Street have got some good rooms in them – or else, he being a doctor you’d have thought he’d have had the water laid on, but no, and he must have his shower bath, and all the time I kept dressing her finger, but that was before I come there. It was the very first money that



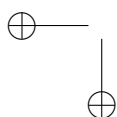
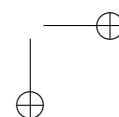


ever I earned, and I had finished the dress, but while I was doing the trimmings I ran a needle into my thumb and then I got a bit of paint into the wound, and you can see, sir, I had three pieces of bone took out, and the doctor, he says, 'You must have that thumb cut off.' 'Oh dear me no, sir,' says I, 'no such thing.' 'But you must,' says he. 'The idea of the thing,' says I, 'and I with my living to get.' Anyway them stairs brought on the dyspepsia and the indigestion, and he says to me, 'Now who is it that has been dressing your thumb?' 'Why,' says I, 'I dressed it myself,' for I always washed it three or four times a day in loo warm water and he says, 'I will give it another week but if you don't get that thumb better by then, you will very likely lose your hand.' Well, her finger got worse and worse and worse from the moment I left off dressing it. 'Why don't you keep your finger cleaner?' says he, 'who is dressing it for you now?' 'Why, I dress it myself,' says she. I never see her for a good many years, but she went somewhere Norwich way and when I did see her I see she had lost her finger after all – and all because she did not keep it clean enough. So then he took to bringing up the water himself. 'It will do me good,' says he, and he used to bring canful after canful up them stairs for some days and then he had the water laid on. But no more nursing says I for me, 'I'd rather live by my needle.'

HIGH ANGLICAN INTOLERANCE

When I had nearly finished *Erewhon Revisited* I took it to Charles Longman and asked him if he would publish it at my expense, as he had done all my recent books. He kept it three weeks, and then declined to publish it, on the ground that he had a large High Anglican connection, and that *Erewhon Revisited* would bring a hornet's nest about his ears. He used these words when he spoke to me about it.

This rather set my back up, and I wrote to him that I was very sorry, but as I had no High Anglican connection myself and had no present intention of trying to form one, I must write for the public whom I did wish to please rather than with a view to those whose power, as it seems to me, has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.





JESUS CHRIST

Whatever else he was, he was not a Jesuit.

I NEVER THOUGHT

when the new pennies and florins came in that I should live to see them so worn and featureless as the older ones are now growing. I am as flat as they are – still I pass current.

RIGHT AND WRONG

like everything else, hold in perfection but a little moment. They are in an everlasting interchange of state.

CHILDREN IN THE MAIENTHAL

They have a pretty habit – at least some of them – of kissing the inside of their right hand before shaking hands with me. They put as it were, a kiss in their hand before it touches mine.

MYSELF AND THE MISS COXES AT WASSEN

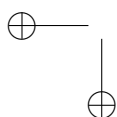
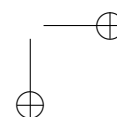
There was a novelist staying there, as also a lady, very attractive, amiable and, though no longer young, still handsome. She and the novelist, a man I suppose a little over fifty, were travelling together, apparently as man and wife.

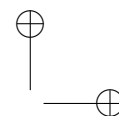
I was on very friendly terms with both of them.

Before they left there came two English old maids, very Low Church and respectable. The one was head of a mission for the evangelization of Milanese tramcar men, and also of an orphanage connected with the same. The other lived at Florence; but whether she headed a mission or no I cannot say. They sat next me, and the novelist and his lady opposite to us.

After these last had gone away the elder Miss Cox said to me in a somewhat aggrieved tone: 'I suppose they were man and wife?'

I do not know what possessed me, but I said quite gravely, 'Oh yes, I should think so – man and somebody else's wife.' On which the conversation was dropped.





DARWIN AND TENNYSON

Extract from Mrs. Tennyson's Diary –

‘August 17 [1868] Farringford. Mr. Darwin called, and seemed to be very kindly, unworldly, and agreeable. A. said to him, “Your theory of Evolution does not make against Christianity?” and Darwin answered, “No, certainly not.”’

How well both Tennyson and Darwin knew that he was lying!

MOTTO FOR PLANTS

Tout vient à qui sait attendre.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

However great his merit may be he was capable of writing very glib, self-satisfied rubbish about things that he did not understand. Take the following description from *The Heart of Midlothian*:

‘The whole formed a picture, of which the lights might have been given by Rembrandt, but the outline would have required the force and vigour of Michael Angelo.’

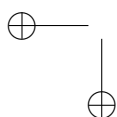
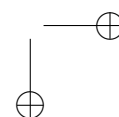
The writer of such trash deserved to be taken out into the back yard and poleaxed.

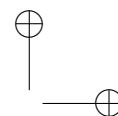
I quoted another very similar sentence from *Ivanhoe* in *Alps and Sanctuaries*. Scott describing the appearance of Isaac of York in the dungeon of Front-de-Bœuf's castle said that ‘his dishevelled hair and beard, his furred cloak and high cap, seen by the wiry and broken light, would have afforded a study for Rembrandt, *had that celebrated painter existed at the period.*’ (Italics mine.)

What an awful book *Ivanhoe* is!

THE ATHANASIAN CREED

I really do not know that there is much in this to make a fuss about. It is the Apostles' Creed that I object to. Reconcile me to this and I will not say another word about the Athanasian.





NEW EDITION OF 'EREWON'

In *Literature*, for the week ending November 9th, 1901, I read, 'It would almost seem as if the republication of *Erewhon* only finds us gaping to know why it had so great a vogue years back.'

MYSELF AT WILDERHOPE

When I was down there a fortnight ago, Harrie mumbled grace before meat as usual. I was a hundred miles away, and quite unconsciously, without the smallest guile or malice, instead of 'Amen' mumbled 'Thank you.' I hope she did not hear me but I am afraid she did.

I am in disgrace at Wilderhope just now. I went there on the 8th of last month, and in the evening unfortunately took up the *Life of Archbishop Benson*, with which I was immediately fascinated, much as I had been with the present Lord Tennyson's *Life of Tennyson*, only more so; for bad as the *Life of Tennyson* was, the *Life of Archbishop Benson* is worse.

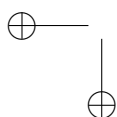
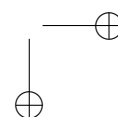
Still, both books are fascinating; they maintain such a high level of smug conceit; they give their subjects so delightfully and so unconsciously away – at least the *Life of Tennyson* does – for I think that Mr. A. C. Benson must have known what his father was really like, and must have determined to give his readers a chance of seeing this also – but there is no knowing.

In both books the letters, whether sent or received, are so uniformly dull, and they are by people with such great reputations; even Edward FitzGerald's letters to Lord Tennyson have the Tennyson blight upon them. One is so comforted to find that there is no human touch of unaffected playfulness in either volume. . . . However, let this be. I was devouring the *Life of Archbishop Benson*, and made no secret of the amusement it afforded me.

This gave great offence – 'But I assure you, Sam, the book has been *very* highly spoken of. Quite a number of people, really good judges, who know when a book is good as well as anybody, have enjoyed it extremely.'

'I assure you, my dear Harrie, they cannot have enjoyed it more heartily than I am doing.'

On this there was a severely abrupt change in the conversation.





Next morning at breakfast there was no tea. It was a year since I stayed with them before, and I concluded that they had forgotten that I always took tea, not coffee, when staying with them. But this was not so. May said, 'Oh, Sam, I think you like tea for breakfast, do you not? We can have some made in a moment.'

I assured her that I liked coffee very much, which I do; it is not coffee, but Wilderhope coffee that I do not like; I was not going, however, to explain this, and declared that when I was abroad, I always took coffee for breakfast – which is quite true. But I could see I was in disgrace.

In the course of the morning I went up into the town to look at the papers, and found, to my surprise, the excellent review of *Erewhon*, and *Erewhon Revisited*, in the *Times*, October 9th (on which day the books were published), and also the hardly less excellent review in the *Daily Chronicle*.

I knew that I ought not to say anything about these reviews to my sisters, but there are few so holy as to be able at all times to resist the temptation to rub a success in, although it be known that it will irritate, so I showed them to my sisters. Harrie made some short, slight remark indicating disapproval; May said not a word. They will probably have their revenge when the book is reviewed by the *Spectator* and *Guardian*.

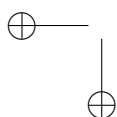
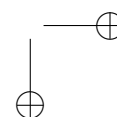
In the evening I again took up the *Life of Archbishop Benson* and came upon the passage wherein he describes his meeting with Mr. Gladstone. It runs:

'14th July, 1871. Last Sunday I had a singular and interesting change. I went to Windsor to preach to the Queen, and saw something of, and *much admired*, Mr. Gladstone. His eyes alone afford sufficient reason for his being Prime Minister.'

At this I tittered, and read the passage aloud. 'It must have been his nose,' said I. 'The Bishop must have written "nose," and young Mr. Benson changed it into "eyes."'

Harrie fired up and desired me not to read anything more to her. On the following morning the *Life of Archbishop Benson* had disappeared.

Harrie was very cross at breakfast. 'You still continue to like coffee?' said she; 'we can have tea made for you if you like.' I still continued to like coffee, but when it proved that there was not enough to give me a second cup, I was firm, and she had to send for more. May was breakfasting in bed, so it rested with Harrie,





who ate up all the four little pieces of toast without offering me a single one.

The next day I was leaving, and I think it was felt that I had been sufficiently punished, for she insisted on my having two of the usual four pieces of toast. What a beast I am for laughing at her, but I cannot help it, it was too comic! (November, 1901.)

MYSELF TREADING ON PEOPLE'S CORNS

C. 'Why do you persist so obstinately in treading on people's corns? It is not right nor Christian.'

S. B. 'No one ever trod on people's corns more persistently than Christ did.'

C. 'Yes, but you are not Christ.'

S. B. 'No thank God. But when Christians say things that shock us (as they often do) we do not think them wicked. Why then should they think us wicked if we sometimes speak our minds plainly about their opinions?'

MOTHER AND MOTHER-IN-LAW

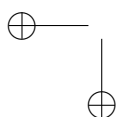
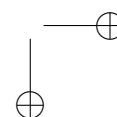
I heard the following in a 'bus: 'She ought never to have been a mother, but she'll make a rare mother-in-law.'

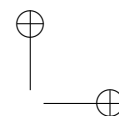
MRS. GREATREX AND CHÂTEAU MARGAUX

Mrs. Greatrex came of a family who were renowned as connoisseurs of wine. It is said that the first words she uttered as an infant were 'Château Margaux.'

HANKY'S SERMON IN 'EREWHON REVISITED'

I forget whether I have said that all the part of Hanky's sermon dealing with the Sunchild evidences is taken almost word for word from a letter in the *Times*, December 8th, 1892, written by Sir G. Gabriel Stokes and Lord Halsbury and asking for money on behalf of the Christian Evidence Society.





‘LIFE AND HABIT’

Writing *Life and Habit* literally took my breath away. I kept wanting to take a long breath, and was quite unable to do so. Every now and then great mental or nervous exertion has the same effect on me still, but it is very rare and transitory; whereas as soon as I had got well into *Life and Habit*, what an old Italian woman once described to me as a ‘gran mancamento di spirito’ was almost continuous, and very both distressing and alarming. It was a full year after *Life and Habit* was published (1878) before I righted myself.

I FALL ASLEEP
IN THE FULL AND CERTAIN HOPE
THAT MY SLUMBER SHALL NOT BE BROKEN
AND THAT
THOUGH I BE ALL-FORGETTING
YET SHALL I NOT BE ALL-FORGOTTEN
BUT CONTINUE THAT LIFE
IN THE THOUGHTS AND DEEDS OF THOSE I LOVED
INTO WHICH
WHILE THE POWER TO STRIVE WAS YET VOUCHSAFED ME
I FONDLY STROVE TO ENTER

