



PART II.

SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS, ETC.

THE following is a selection from letters written by Clifford at various times, partly to my mother and partly to myself. I begin with some philosophical passages.

[To F. Pollock.]

Trinity College, Cambridge: April 2, 1870.

'Several new ideas have come to me lately: first, I have procured Lobatschewsky, "Études Géométriques sur la Théorie des Parallèles" . . . a small tract of which Gauss, therein quoted, says, "L'auteur a traité la matière en main de maître et avec le véritable esprit géométrique. Je crois devoir appeler votre attention sur ce livre, dont la lecture ne peut manquer de vous causer le plus vif plaisir." It is quite simple, merely Euclid without the vicious assumption, but the way the things come out of one another is quite lovely. . . .

'I am a dogmatic nihilist, and shall say the brain is conscious if I like.' (This in reply to some verbal criticism of mine.) 'Only I do not say it in the same sense as that in which I say that *I* am conscious. It seems to me that not even Vogt, however you fix it, can talk about matter for scientific purposes except as a phenomenon; that in saying the brain is conscious—or, better,

that *you* are conscious, I only affirm a correlation of two phenomena, and am as ideal as I can be; that, consequently, a true idealism does not want to be stated, and, conversely, an idealism that requires to be stated must have something wrong about it. In the same way to say that there is God apart from the universe is to say that the universe is not God, or that there is no real God at all; it may be all right, but it is atheism. And an idealism which can be denied by any significant aggregation of words is no true idealism.'

The following is on the recent edition of Hume by Messrs. Green and Grose:—

[To F. Pollock.]

Exeter: September 11, 1874.

' . . . I hope you have seen Sidgwick's remarks (I think in the "Academy")¹; he points out that to prove Hume insufficient is not to do much in the present day. It should I think be brought out clearly that if we pay attention only to the scientific or empirical school, the theory of consciousness and its relation to the nervous system has progressed in exactly the same way as any other scientific theory; that no position once gained has ever been lost, and that each investigator has been able to say "I don't know" of the questions which lay beyond him without at all imperilling his own conclusions. Green, for instance, points out that Hume has no complete theory of the *object*, which is of course a very complex thing from the subjective point of view, because of the mixture of association and symbolic substitution

¹ May 30, 1874, vol. v., p. 608.



in it ; and in fact I suppose this piece of work has not yet been satisfactorily done. But it seems merely perverse to say that the scientific method is a wrong one because there is yet something for it to do ; and to find fault with Hume for the omission is like blaming Newton for not including Maxwell's Electricity in the Principia.'

The following suggestions on education were sent from Algiers in June, 1876 :—

[*To F. Pollock.*]

' . . . I have a scheme which has been communicated in part to Macmillan and which grows like a snowball. It is founded on "Pleasant Pages," the book I was taught out of ; which is a series of ten minutes' lessons on the Pestalozzian plan of making the kids find out things for themselves : history of naughty boys on Monday, animals on Tuesday, bricks on Wednesday, Black Prince on Thursday, and so on. In the book it was very well done, by a man who had a genius for it. If you go to see Macmillan in Bedford Street he will show you the book, which he got on my recommendation—he is also himself newly interested in the question. His partner Jack read part of it and was struck. Well, I first want that brought up to to-day, both in choice of subject and in accuracy ; adding, e.g. a series of object lessons on man (papa, mamma, house, street, clothes, shop, policeman, "wild and field"). Then I want it taught on the Russian system, in different languages on successive days ; no direct teaching of language until there are facts enough to make Grimm's law intelligible, for which English, German and the Latin element in French would be enough ; no grammar at all till very late, and then

as analysis of sentences and introductory to logic. This is the difficult part ; it would require a French and German teacher, both trained and competent, besides the English one. So far as the book is concerned it would of course be easy to print it in the three languages. Lastly, I have bought twelve volumes of the Bibliothèque Nationale for three francs—Rabelais, five volumes, and Montesquieu, Pascal, Diderot and Vauvenargues. They are twenty-five centimes each, admirable for the pocket—and of course you know them. There are two or three hundred volumes. Whereupon we must of course get the same thing done for English literature, and the setting forth of all literature in English (e.g. I have "Les Maximes d'Épictète"), but more particularly we must get published excellent little manuals at twopence or threepence for the use of Board and other primary schools. I do not even know that penny school books would not be a successful move—the size of a "Daily News," say, printed by the million in a Walter press, folded and sewed by machinery to about the size of the Bibliothèque.

' A "Daily News" would just make one of these volumes. Fancy the "Pensées" of Pascal, with the notes of Voltaire, Fontenelle, and Cordorcet, a good life at the beginning, etc., all well printed on a sheet of the "Daily News!" But of such a size could be made a very good elementary schoolbook of arithmetic, geometry, animals, plants, physics, etc.—rather larger than Macmillan's primers, but of the same sort.'

The remaining letters and extracts are chiefly descriptive, and will be given without further remark, except such brief note of dates and circumstances as may seem necessary.



[*To Lady Pollock.*]

‘Cambridge, September 26, 1871.

‘ . . . Now I shall confess that on two occasions I have wasted time lately. One was due to A. who, seeing my rooms [in London] empty, and with waxed floors (to save carpets), insisted on bringing three or four of her friends to dance there . . . The weather was still comparatively warm and we could use the balcony. I chiefly remember a waltz Eberlein played us, and which really made me believe in the existence of a tarantelle. It was just like being in a high surf of the sea. You thought, as you reached the wall panting and helpless, that there might be at last a moment’s peace; but then there came a crash in the music like the breaking of a wave, and away you were swept into a tumult of fury, the strength of which after all seemed to be your own. I was dancing with A. herself, who really goes wonderfully well and was then inspired. The worst is that Eberlein can’t recollect what it was, or whether he improvised it or anything about it; so that it will just remain as a memory of what is possible . . . Crotch and I went down to T., where we showed off our somersaults to C.’s utter consternation, and generally amused everybody. Also an odd thing occurred when C. was trying to drive me behind a pair of horses; I suddenly found myself going alone at a furious pace into the High Street of Cheltenham; dived over the splashboard for the reins, and was just beginning to think the situation interesting, when the near horse kicked over the crowbar into the spokes of the wheel exactly as the other one pulled up against a lamp-post. My C., who

had been pitched elegantly on to his head, came up, brushing his hat with the smiling remark, “By Jove! I thought that was the end of you;” we then impounded a man with a saw to cut the horse free, and went on after twenty minutes’ delay consumed in getting another trap . . .

‘My ideal theory is quite different from yours. In the case of persons I worship the actual thing always; this is the only way to be trusted. The one advantage of having indestructible family relations is that, whatever you do and whatever anybody thinks of you, there are always one or two people who will love you exactly as much as (if not more than) if you were blameless and universally respected. I used to recognize an exception, viz., that in certain cases what had been a person might cease to be one, and become a thing, towards which one could have no moral relations, and which might be set aside by safe means, or used as the occasion served. But the more people I know and the better I know each, the further off this possibility seems to be. I want to take up my cross and follow the true Christ, humanity; to accept the facts as they are, however bitter or severe, to be a student and a lover, but never a lawgiver. But then besides this I do look for an ideal which is at some time to be created or awakened out of potentialities—like the lady that Phantastes set free from the block of marble. Meanwhile I chip various blocks, and generally set free something; not hitherto I think quite the right one; when I do she will probably go straight off to somebody else. All this, by the way, is only theory; my practice is just like other people’s.’



[To Lady Pollock.]

‘Bagnères de Bigorre, Hautes Pyrénées: Summer of 1870.

‘I really don’t know what day, except that there has been a *dimanche* lately; we came home late from the mountains and found a large crowd saying “Voilà le feu d’artifice!” so we concluded it was Sunday. But then that was before we had been anywhere or done anything, and I was really ashamed to write. This, (here the letter proper begins), is the result of our casual way of taking things; we are still in France—not that we have not been to Spain—but we have never reached Santander, which was to have been the first halt. At Havre there was a quarter of an hour to spare, so I return from a stroll in the town laden with strawberries, cherries, and apricots, just in time to reach the already-started boat by one of those apparently unpremeditated springs which look so well in the Gymnasium. At Honfleur a surprising meal, *bouillon, côtelettes, vin*—till we were roaring drunk—for sevenpence-halfpenny each. Then various towns in Normandy, which I have hopelessly mixed up. “Lisieux était—on ne peut plus s’imaginer—délicieux.” This is Crotch’s¹ abominable pun. There was a fair at Le Mans, and we nearly broke the merry-go-round. At Tours we caused two mild priests *faire signe de croix*, by suddenly flapping “Le Rappel” and “La Liberté” from our bag on the ramparts. But Angoulême! everybody must go there at once and stay several years. It is too lovely. You walk under trees all round on the top of the walls, and

¹ A brother of G. Crotch, who has been already mentioned in the biographical part of this Introduction.



see miles of Garonne and vines. It was *fête-Dieu* about the time we got to Bordeaux and Bayonne, and all the little dears were in white for their first communion. Then came troubles; there were no boats. We got by rail to San Sebastian, which indeed is sweetly pretty; so that I was moved even to try to sketch the Plaza Reale—such is the audacity of some. But there was still no boat to Santander; the diligence was out of the question, and the only way by rail was to go to Burgos and back again; a proceeding apparently ridiculous, as the same ground would have to be retraced, by me at least, in going to Madrid. So we decided on letting the other people take care of themselves, and doing our Pyrenees on the French side instead of the Spanish. Perhaps you know this place; it is said to be the prettiest and cleanest town in France, and I know nothing to the contrary. By the way we spent a day at Biarritz and a day at Pau, on our way here; the former is rather like Ilfracombe, but I don’t think much of it. Pau is called here *le petit Paris*, a judgment doubtless comparative; it is certainly not bad. Here we have hired a garret near the sky, and live charmingly on five francs a day; this is accomplished chiefly by getting a cheap bed and not eating anything. All day long we catch butterflies and sketch. Sometimes we go to a *table-d’hôte*; where, besides the ordinary fare, Crotch finds *sortie du flanc d’Adam, côtelette funeste*—a young lady who won’t speak to me when he is by. But our great adventure is the Pic du Midi; close to the top of which is an *hôtellerie*, containing (in the guide-book), ham and eggs, with people to cook them, but (in fact and at this time of



year) not a living soul, and only three inches of candle. However, we broke in at a window and made a fire; also we shouted to a shepherd whom we persuaded to bring us some milk, then quarrelled with him because he wanted more than two francs, so that he went away swearing we should not sleep quietly. But that we did after a walk of over twenty miles, with a rise of 10,000 feet; notwithstanding that it was cold, and that a most elegant and meritorious bear came and sniffed all round in the night. The great point, of course, was the sunset and sunrise at the top. We were rather disappointed not to see the Atlantic at the former, which is occasionally done, but we saw the whole range of the Pyrenees, which is an institution not to be despised. Goat's milk half-way down, trout at Grippe, Bagnères in the evening; general astonishment and increased respect of the natives. They won't hear of my going to Spain—*que c'est un pays affreux, et qu'on m'égorgera*—which is amusingly improvident from Frenchmen. What pleased me most was to see in a Spanish railway-carriage, in pencil on the wall:

“ Qui no quiere rey es mi amigo
Viva la republica federal.”

I have just read Madame Thérèse (Erckmann-Chatrian), it is a good book. Roi des Montagnes is capital; I shall never quite know why brigand-shooting is not a favourite pastime. Apollo, you will be glad to hear, is the finest butterfly in Europe, white, with red spots; caught five of them. Also a dear little red viper in my butterfly net; carried him some miles, then got tired and squashed his head with a stone; they kill horses

sometimes. I have nice new shoes of straw, 2 fr. 50 cents., on the Pic du Midi I looked despairingly at these, and said, “This flesh also is grass.” But we had some chocolate and two biscuits with us, so we spared even Crotch's boots. The day after to-morrow I get to Burgos; then to Madrid for a week; then to some other university town. Crotch returns by Hamburg and Copenhagen to Norway. Nobody ever dies here; they get smaller and smaller, and are ultimately kept in pill-boxes. It is thought pious to keep a microscope and look at your gr—gr—gr—grandfather. However we have tried the mineral waters, and don't believe in them. Beso los piés de Vd., y estoy á servirla.’

[To Lady Pollock.]

‘Florence, December, 1870.

(Clifford was one of the English Eclipse expedition: the *Psyche*, with the expedition on board, struck on a rock near Catania. All hands and the instruments were saved, the ship was lost.)

‘No ink, no paper, no nothing—Florence, Thursday 5th. The above¹ you guess. After that somehow to Catania, some in boats and some in holy carts of the country, all over saints in bright shawls—well, if ever a shipwreck was nicely and comfortably managed, without any fuss—but I can't speak calmly about it because I am so angry at the idiots who failed to save the dear ship—alas! my heart's in the waters close by Polyphemus's eye, which we put out. At Catania, orange groves and telescopes; thence to camp at

¹ A grotesque fancy sketch of the shipwreck.



Augusta; Jonadab, son of Rechab, great fun, natives kept off camp by a white cord; 200 always to see us wash in the morning—a performance which never lost its charm—only five seconds totality free from cloud, found polarization on moon's disk, agree with Pickering, other people successful. Then by Catania to Messina, no steamers, kept five days, Mediterranean stormy, we also at last to Naples, very bad night, everybody ill but me, and I have been out of sorts ever since. Called on Mrs. Somerville, and came on to Rome after seeing Pompeii. At Rome 2½ days, pictures, statues, Coliseum by moonlight. Both of us sneezed awfully next morning. The shops are in the streets where the Tiber left them—nice for purchasing but not so convenient for walking about. This morning arrive in Florence—Pitti palace—spent all my money, and shall get stranded between Cologne and Ostend unless I can live on one egg every other day, and thereout suck no small advantage,—be better off in Paris. Addio.'

[*To Lady Pollock.*]

'Sunday, July 2, 1876.

'This comes from Oran in the west of Algeria, a sad place, with too many Spaniards in it. We came here yesterday after a long and tiresome journey from Blidah, near Algiers. The train is somewhat amusing because the carriages are open at the ends and you can sit in the air as if it was a tram-car. You have then to be careful not to let the very large grasshoppers eat you up. Playfair, the English Consul at Algiers, told us to go to Bougie to see the gorge of the Chabet; so we got a Murray's Guide and started off obediently. It

was the steamer that had brought us from Marseilles, and the captain, who is very fond of us, gave us the ladies' cabin all to ourselves. There was on board a little Frenchman who had observed us in a restaurant at Algiers. He made great love to us, and said he wanted to marry an Englishwoman, but we think he lied a good deal about his town and country house, and his carriage and his good family. However, he woke us up in time for the diligence at Bougie, and there is no harm in him, though indeed very little else. All this expedition was undertaken for the sake of the road from Bougie to Sétif, and it was well worth it. There is a narrow rent made by the stream which winds in and out for miles among the hills; these are splendidly wooded, and rise to an enormous height on either side, while the torrent roars away down below. The road is cut in one side of the gorge. The cochon who drove the diligence tried every ruse to get us inside, that he might have a friend of his on the front seat; but we stuck to our places till the scenery was finished, and then a great rain came and drenched both of them well. Sétif is a complete French town, stuck in the middle of an African plain with its cafés and boulevards, just as if it had never lived anywhere else. We saw more Arabs there than anywhere else, and the native market pleased us much. On the way back we travelled with an Arab who had a gazelle in a basket which he was taking to somebody at Bougie; he said you might buy them occasionally in the market at Sétif for twenty-five francs: we pitied the sweet little thing, which baaed like a sheep and struggled hard to get out, but he was pacified with some bread and some flowers which I had



picked, and went to sleep with his head on my arm. On waking up he saw Lucy's straw hat near him and tried to eat it. We saw the most exquisite masses of maiden-hair fern, as large as the side of a room (the masses I mean, not the fern), where the streams came down near the side of the road. Our little Frenchman was still at Bougie and came back with us in the boat. The next day but one we had an amusing experience in the Jardin d'Acclimatation. We were taking coffee in an Arab café, and there was a boy there with an instrument of two strings, whose sounding board was made of bladder stretched over the shell of a tortoise—quite the Apollo. We asked him to play something to us, and then a flute painted red and blue was given to an old man who had been smoking quite still. I couldn't make out the music because the little Frenchman kept on chattering; but the old man gradually became excited; he had been sitting European fashion with his feet on the ground, but one of his great toes got restive and then all the others, until his shoe was too much for that foot; so he dropped the shoe and laid the foot on his knee, where it could wriggle comfortably. Then the other foot became excited and went through the same process. When his agony grew still more intense, he put one foot down and bent the shoe about with it to get more resistance. All this time the upper part of his body, except the fingers playing on the pipe, was perfectly still, and his face had a rapt expression. Meanwhile a pipe of *kif* had been got ready and was handed round, and a whiff of that seemed to calm him. I tried it also, and it brought the tears into my eyes, I was so nearly suffocated. I went to a lecture of the

Arabic course which is given at Algiers in the Museum. It consisted in the translation of an article from a Constantinople paper, passages from which were written up on a black board, read out, and translated. The point of interest was the quotation from a passage in the Koran in support of the constitution, to the effect that 'the government shall not be absolute but consultative.' The lecturer said that absolutism was a Turkish institution, not Arabic, and that the Caliphate had been a sort of republic, with a president elected for life. Also that when a certain Caliph boasted that he had never swerved from the path of justice, a soldier looked up and said 'Inshallah! (or words to that effect, meaning, By Jove!) our swords would have speedily brought you back.' This appears interesting if true. Already a Parisian scent is sold in the Moorish bazaars as a perfume of the Sultana Valide.

'We felt very much injured at only seeing two monkeys in the woods at La Chiffa the day before yesterday, but there were some green parrots on the bushes near the railway.

'To-morrow we go by a Spanish boat to Almeira, and thence by diligence or another boat to Malaga. The Spanish boat will be nasty, but it is only twelve hours or so. I am very much better, and shall be glad of a rest at Granada after this gadding about.

'P.S. I wrote to Fred about the education of our infants. I am very glad we have both begun with girls, because it will be so good for the other children to have an elder sister. How very fond those kids will be of each other and of Fred and me! because girls always like their fathers best, you know. I have thought of



a way to make them read and write shorthand by means of little sticks (not to whop them with but to put together on a table and make the shorthand signs). Ask G. whether she thinks they had better learn to sing on the sol-fa system; it is very amusing and seems to me more adapted for children than the other. Of course I can teach them to stand on their heads.

'We have seen the Spanish boat, which is called *La Encarnacion*, and that rightly; for it is the incarnation of everything bad.'

[The *Encarnacion* aforesaid more than justified the worst expectations: the engines broke down at sea, nobody on board was competent to repair them, and the ship lay helpless till a vessel was hailed which had a French engineer on board.]

[To F. Pollock.]

'Malaga, Saturday, July 15, 1876.

'... As for this country, I think it requires to be colonized by the white man. The savages would gradually die out in his presence. The mark of a degraded race is clear upon their faces; only the children have a look of honesty and intelligence, a fact which is also observed in the case of the negro, and is a case of Von Bär's law, that the development of the individual is an epitome of that of the race. It is instructive also to contrast the politeness fossilized in their language with the brutal coarseness of their present manners, of which I may some time tell you what I will not soil paper with. I think it possible that one Spaniard may have told me the truth: he had lost so many teeth

that he left out all his consonants, and I could not understand a word he said. When we went on board the *Rosario* at 11 p.m. the boatmen stood in the way to keep us from the ladder, and threatened us for the sake of another peseta over the regular charge. The steward tried to cheat me over the passage-money, but I appealed to the authorities who came on board at Malaga and got the money back (there are many strangers here). Then he made another grab in the matter of our breakfasts, in the face of a tariff hung up in the cabin. It is tiring to have to think that every man you meet is ready to be your enemy out of pure cussedness. I don't understand why one is expected to be polite and reticent about the distinction between the Hebrew piety and Roman universalism attributed to Jesus and Paul, and the ecclesiastical system which is only powerful over men's lives in Spain, the middle and south of Italy, and Greece—countries where the population consists chiefly of habitual thieves and liars, who are willing opportunely to become assassins for a small sum. I suppose it frightens people to be told that historical Christianity as a social system invariably makes men wicked when it has full swing. Then I think the sooner they are well frightened the better.'

[To F. Pollock.]

'Washington Irving Hotel, Granada, August 3, 1876.

'You are quite right, and one ought not to despair of the republic. These folks are kind and rather pleasant when one is *en rapport* with them, and they have a deal of small talk. We found a jolly old couple one morning when we were coming back from a hot walk



in the Vega of Almeira (*vega*=cultivated plain surrounding a town which feeds it); we asked for some milk, which they had not, but they gave us a *rifresco* of syrup and cold water, not at all bad, and the old woman showed Lucy all over her house while the man smoked a cigarette with me. Lucy's passport is the baby's portrait, with which she gains the hearts of all the women and most of the men. What made it more surprising was that they took us for Jews. Wilkinson, our Consul at Malaga, who has been here with his wife and daughter (awfully nice people and cheered us up no end), says that the country people are better than those in the towns.

. . . . But although we have been nearly a fortnight at Granada, only one murder has been even attempted, so far as I know, within 100 yards of the hotel. A. had been making love to B.'s wife, and so she was instructed to walk with him one evening under these lovely trees. She took occasion to borrow his sword-stick, and stuck him in the back with it while her husband fired at his head with a revolver. One ball grazed his temple, and another went in at his cheek and out of his mouth, carrying away some teeth and lip. He came round to the Spanish hotel opposite and was tied up on the doorstep; they dared not let him come in because the police are so troublesome about these affairs. The defence was that A. was a Republican, and had been a Protestant; so you see B.'s love of order was such that he did not think jealousy a sufficient justification. Wilkinson had just received a report of the last quarter of 1875; in those three months there had been only a few more than 400 murder cases in the whole

province of Granada. The hot weather seems to try them; a paragraph in the Malaga paper, headed 'Estadístico Criminal de Domingo, 30,' gives fifteen cases of shooting and stabbing last Sunday in Malaga, but only five appear to have been fatal. This is not assassination, but is merely an accompaniment of their somewhat boisterous conviviality; they get drunk together and then draw their knives and go in for a hacking match. It is not even quarrelling in all cases; in Granada the other day three men shut themselves up and fought till they were all dead. They might, to be sure, have disliked each other mutually all round, but I am inclined to think it was a party of pleasure rather than of business. They do not attack strangers in this way (i.e. with knives and revolvers), unless, of course, there is a reason for it; but when anything offends their delicate sense of propriety one cannot expect them not to show it a little. Thus they threw stones in Seville and Cordova at a lady who is now staying here, because she went into the street by herself, and they do not approve of that. I am afraid my Norfolk jacket hurts their feelings in some way, but they have been very forbearing, and have only stoned me once, and then did not hit me. Another time a shopkeeper set his dog at me, but although this was rather alarming, with temperature 92° in the shade, it must have been meant as a joke, for Spanish dogs only bite cripples of their own species—except, indeed, the great mastiffs that are kept to bait bulls that won't fight. Of course one is not so insular as to think there is only one way of giving a welcome to the stranger; and the 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im' method is improved by variety. What generally happens is this: the grown



people stop suddenly at the sight of you, and wheel round, staring with open mouths until you are out of sight; while the children, less weighted with the cares of this world, form a merry party and follow at your heels. When you go into a shop to buy anything, they crowd round the door so that it is rather difficult to get out. The beggars come inside and pull you by the arm while you are talking to the shopman. I have invented a mode of dealing with the crowd of children; it is to sit on a chair in the shop door and tickle their noses with the end of my cane. I fear that universal sense of personal dignity which is so characteristic of this country is in some way injured by my familiarity; the more so as it cannot be resented, for the other end of my cane is loaded, and I do not try it on in a macadamized street. Anyhow they go a little way off. In Malaga the people seemed more accustomed to the sight of strangers, and contented themselves with shouting abusive epithets. . . . Everybody says there will be a revolution before long. . . . If Castelar returns to power, I hope among other little reforms that he will prevent the post-office officials from stealing letters for the sake of the stamps on them; it is a great interruption to business and must be a laborious way of earning money. One of them was caught in Malaga because a packet of letters which he had thrown into the sea was accidentally fished up; but he was shielded from punishment by the authorities.

'We are very happy here, with a Swiss cook and an Italian landlord. There are some English, Germans, and Italians staying over the way, and in a few minutes we can be among the memorials of a better time. I am too tired now to talk about the Alhambra, but it seems to me

to want that touch of barbarism which hangs about all Gothic buildings. One thinks in a Cathedral that since somebody has chosen to make it it is no doubt a very fine thing in its way; but that, being a sane man, one would not make anything like it for any reasonable purpose. But the Alhambra gives one the feeling that one would wish to build something very like it, *mutatis mutandis*, and the more like it the more reasonable the purpose was. Moreover, I think it must be beautiful, if anything ever was; but then I have no taste.'

From 'The Little People.'

1.—SONG.

THIS is the song that Daisy sang; and it is about a water-lily bud that saw a reflection of herself in the surface of the water while she was under it.

You grow through the water apace, lily;
You'll soon be as tall as the pond,
There is fresh hope high in your face, lily,
Your white face so firm and so fond.
Ah, lily, white lily,
What can you see
Growing to meet lily
Graciously?

There's a face looks down from the sky, lily;
It grows to me dim from above.
If I ever can reach me so high, lily,
I shall kiss—ah! the face of my love.
Ah, lily, white lily,
That can I see,
Giving me light, lily,
Lovingly.



The lily-bud met with her mate, ah me !
And her flower came through to the air,
And her bright face floated in state, ah me !
But the shadow-love never was there !
Ah, lily, great lily,
Queenly and free,
Float out your fate, lily,
Friendlessly.

2.—THE GIANT'S SHOES.

ONCE upon a time there was a large giant who lived in a small castle ; at least, he didn't all of him live there, but he managed things in this wise. From his earliest youth up, his legs had been of a surreptitiously small size, unsuited to the rest of his body ; so he sat upon the south-west wall of the castle with his legs inside, and his right foot came out of the east gate, and his left foot out of the north gate, while his gloomy but spacious coat-tails covered up the south and the west gates ; and in this way the castle was defended against all comers, and was deemed impregnable by the military authorities. This, however, as we shall soon see, was not the case, for the giant's boots were inside as well as his legs ; but as he had neglected to put them on in the giddy days of his youth, he was never afterwards able to do so, because there was not enough room. And in this bootless but compact manner he passed his time.

The giant slept for three weeks at a time, and two days after he woke his breakfast was brought to him, consisting of bright brown horses sprinkled on his bread and butter. Besides his boots, the giant had a

pair of shoes, and in one of them his wife lived when she was at home ; on other occasions she lived in the other shoe. She was a sensible, practical kind of woman, with two wooden legs and a clothes-horse, but in other respects not rich. The wooden legs were kept pointed at the ends, in order that if the giant were dissatisfied with his breakfast he might pick up any stray people that were within reach, using his wife as a fork. This annoyed the inhabitants of the district, so that they built their church in a south-westerly direction from the castle, behind the giant's back, that he might not be able to pick them up as they went in. But those who stayed outside to play pitch-and-toss were exposed to great danger and sufferings.

Now, in the village there were two brothers of altogether different tastes and dispositions, and talents and peculiarities and accomplishments, and in this way they were discovered not to be the same person. The elder of them was most marvellously good at singing, and could sing the Old Hundredth an old hundred times without stopping. Whenever he did this he stood on one leg and tied the other round his neck to avoid catching cold and spoiling his voice ; but the neighbours fled. And he was also a rare hand at making guava dumplings out of three cats and a shoe-horn, which is an accomplishment seldom met with. But his brother was a more meagre magnanimous person, and his chief accomplishment was to eat a waggon-load of hay overnight, and wake up thatched in the morning.

The whole interest of this story depends upon the fact that the giant's wife's clothes-horse broke in con-



sequence of a sudden thaw, being made of organ-pipes. So she took off her wooden legs and stuck them in the ground, tying a string from the top of one to the top of the other, and hung out her clothes to dry on that. Now this was astutely remarked by the two brothers, who therefore went up in front of the giant after he had had his breakfast. The giant called out, 'Fork! fork!' but his wife, trembling, hid herself in the more recondite toe of the second shoe. Then the singing brother began to sing; but he had not taken into account the pious disposition of the giant, who instantly joined in the psalm, and this caused the singing brother to burst his head off, but, as it was tied by the leg, he did not lose it altogether.

But the other brother, being well thatched on account of the quantity of hay he had eaten overnight, lay down between the great toe of the giant and the next, and wriggled. So the giant, being unable to bear tickling in the feet, kicked out in an orthopodal manner; whereupon the castle broke and he fell backwards, and was impaled upon the sharp steeple of the church. So they put a label on him on which was written 'Nudipes Giganteus.'

That's all.

PART III.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.

It seems desirable to give under this head a list, as complete as the Editors have been able to make it, and arranged in order of time, of Clifford's non-mathematical lectures and writings; as well as his own scheme—which unfortunately must remain unexecuted—of recasting and consolidating his work. Those pieces which do not appear in this collection are named in italics. Several of the best lectures, it will be noticed, were first given for the Sunday Lecture Society, of which Clifford was a warm supporter. The object of the Society, namely the spreading of exact knowledge, and the treatment of Science, History, Literature and Art, with special regard to 'their bearing upon the improvement and social well-being of mankind,' was one thoroughly congenial to him; and his aid may claim an appreciable share in the success that has hitherto attended the Society's operations. The words, 'No report,' mean that neither any MS. nor any sufficient report of the lecture, or paper published or unpublished, has come to the hands of the Editors.

'Conditions of Mental Development.' Royal Institution, March 6, 1868 (printed in Proceedings).

'Theories of Physical Forces.' Royal Institution, February 18, 1870 (printed in Proceedings).



'Aims and Instruments of Scientific Thought.' Address to British Association at Brighton, 1872: reported and reprinted in Macmillan's Magazine, October 1872.

'*The History of the Sun: being an explanation of the nebular hypothesis and of recent controversies in regard to the time which can be allowed for the evolution of life.*' Sunday Lecture Society, April 16, 1871; repeated at Exeter some time afterwards. There has come to our hands a MS. report taken at Exeter, which is unhappily so confused and imperfect that it has been found impossible to reproduce the lecture from it with anything like reasonable certainty. This lecture, therefore, remains unpublished.

'Atoms.' Sunday Lecture Society, January 7, 1872; repeated at Manchester, November 20, 1872, and printed in the series of Manchester Science Lectures.

'*Ether; the Evidence for its Existence and the Phenomena it explains.*' Sunday Lecture Society, April 14, 1872. No report. Part of this appears to be substantially repeated in 'The Unseen Universe.'

'*Ultramontaniam.*' Paper read before the London Dialectical Society, April 28, 1875. No report.

'*The Dawn of the Sciences in Europe.*' Sunday Lecture Society, November 17, 1872. No report.

'*The Relations between Science and some Modern Poetry.*' Sunday Lecture Society, May 4, 1873. Recast and enlarged as 'Cosmic Emotion.'

'Philosophy of the Pure Sciences.' Afternoon lectures at Royal Institution, March 1, 8, 15, 1873. Substance printed in Contemporary Review and Nineteenth Century, October 1874, February 1875, March 1879, thence reprinted here, together with a MS. addition.

Review of Vol. I. of G. H. Lewes' 'Problems of Life and Mind.' Academy, February 7, 1874.

'The First and the Last Catastrophe.' Sunday Lecture Society, April 12, 1874. Printed in Fortnightly Review, April 1875, and also by the Sunday Lecture Society.

'*On the Education of the People.*' Royal Institution, May 22, 1874. Only short abstract in Proceedings. Repeated

at Midland Institute, Birmingham, enlarged and divided into two lectures, February 1875. MS. report of latter part only, hardly intelligible without the diagrams frequently referred to.

'Body and Mind.' Sunday Lecture Society, November 1, 1874; Fortnightly Review, December 1874; also printed by the Society.

'On the Nature of Things-in-Themselves.' Paper read before the Metaphysical Society in 1874; published in Mind, January 1878.

'*Seeing and Thinking.*' Three lectures at Shoreditch for a University Extension Course, December 1874. These are to be published as a separate little book, according to the original intention, at or about the same time as the present volumes.

'*The General Features of the History of Science.*' Four afternoon lectures at Royal Institution, February 27, March 6, 13, 20, 1875. Only brief syllabus, and partial report of one lecture from shorthand notes.

'*On Babbages' Calculating Machines.*' Royal Institution, May 24, 1872. No report.

'The Unseen Universe.' Fortnightly Review, June 1875.

'On the Scientific Basis of Morals.' Paper read before the Metaphysical Society, 1875; Contemporary Review, September 1875.

'Right and Wrong.' Sunday Lecture Society, November 7, 1875; Fortnightly Review, December 1875, also printed by the Society.

'*Sight, and what it tells us.*' Lecture at London Institution, February 24, 1876. Partly to same effect as 'Seeing and Thinking.' Short report in Times, reprinted in the Lecture Supplement to the Journal of the London Institution. We are indebted for this information to the kindness of the Librarian, Mr. E. B. Nicholson.

'Instruments used in Measurement; Instruments illustrating Kinematics, Statics, and Dynamics. In the South Kensington Handbook to the Special Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus,' 1876.

'Ethics of Belief.' Paper read before the Metaphysical Society, 1876; published with considerable additions in Contemporary Review, January 1877.



'Ethics of Religion.' Sunday Lecture Society, March 4, 1877; then entitled '*The Bearing of Morals on Religion*:' printed by the Society; and in the Fortnightly Review, July 1877, under the title now given, which Clifford intended to be the permanent one.

'The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief.' Nineteenth Century, April 1877, in a 'Modern Symposium.'

'Cosmic Emotion.' Nineteenth Century, October 1877.

'Virchow and the Teaching of Science.' Nineteenth Century, April 1878.

'*Childhood and Ignorance: a reason for not replying*.' Nineteenth Century, May 1878. A trenchant exposure of elementary blunders in physics committed by a pretentious critic: considered too short and occasional for republication.

It is possible that there may exist reports unknown to the Editors, in local journals or elsewhere, of some of the unpublished lectures. If there are any such, the Editors or the Publishers will be thankful for information of them.

In reprinting the Lectures and Essays which now appear no alterations have been made beyond such little matters of verbal and literary correction as the author would have naturally attended to if he had himself undertaken a revision with a view to collected publication; but certain passages have been omitted which we believe that Clifford himself would have willingly cancelled, if he had known the impression they would make on many sincere and liberal-minded persons whose feelings he had no thought of offending.

A few footnotes have been added for various reasons, which are distinguished from the author's own by being enclosed within square brackets. Some repetitions will be found on a comparison of different pieces, as might

naturally be expected in discourses on kindred subjects composed without reference to one another. We have not made any attempt to remove these: partly because it is not easy to decide if either, and if so which, of any two parallel passages can be safely treated as superfluous with regard to its own context; partly because some of the ideas are so far as yet from being familiar that a certain amount of iteration may be harmless if not useful.

Clifford's actual intention with respect to all these writings was not to republish them as they stand, but to recast them in a book to be called '*The Creed of Science*.' He had written in a note-book the following sketch of contents:—

THE CREED OF SCIENCE.

- I. What ought we to believe?
 1. The duty of inquiry and the sin of credulity.
 2. The weight of authority.
 3. The nature of inference.
 - Is the order of the universe exact?
 4. Is the order reasonable?
- II. What is Science?
 1. Conceptions and beliefs.
 2. Knowledge is the guide of action.
 3. My knowledge and our knowledge, or what is truth?
 4. Truth for its own sake.
- III. The History of the Sun.
 1. The Sun's present work.
 2. The evolution of the Earth's crust and evolution of life.
 3. The age of the earth.
 4. The formation of the solar system.
- IV. Atoms.
 1. The molecular hypothesis.
 2. How far we know that it is true.
 3. What we do not know.
 4. The nature of the evidence for a [? the] hypothesis.



V. Ether.

1. Light is a change of state periodic in time and space.
2. Radiant heat (same thing) has energy, and therefore is motion of matter.
3. Whatever motion is periodically reversed in light is continuous round an electric current.
4. Difficulties.

VI. The beginning and the end.

1. Are molecules eternal?
2. Thomson's hypothesis.
3. The argument from dissipation.
4. The limits of knowledge.

VII. Body and Mind.

1. The atomism of the nervous system.
2. The atomism of mind.
3. The parallelism of the two.
4. The great gulf fixed between them.

VIII. The Unseen Reality.

1. There is no matter without something like mind behind it.
2. All matter is a part of our minds.
3. The material universe is a picture of something which is like mind.
4. How far is it a true picture?

IX. God and the Soul.

1. Will and intelligence imply a certain organization of matter.
2. No will or intelligence except those of men and animals has worked in the Solar System.
3. The consciousness of man breaks up at the same time with his brain.
4. Nature is uniform in human action.

X. Right and Wrong.

1. The facts of the moral sense.
2. The theory of responsibility.
3. The foundation of absolute morality.
4. Piety and Truth.

LECTURES AND ESSAYS