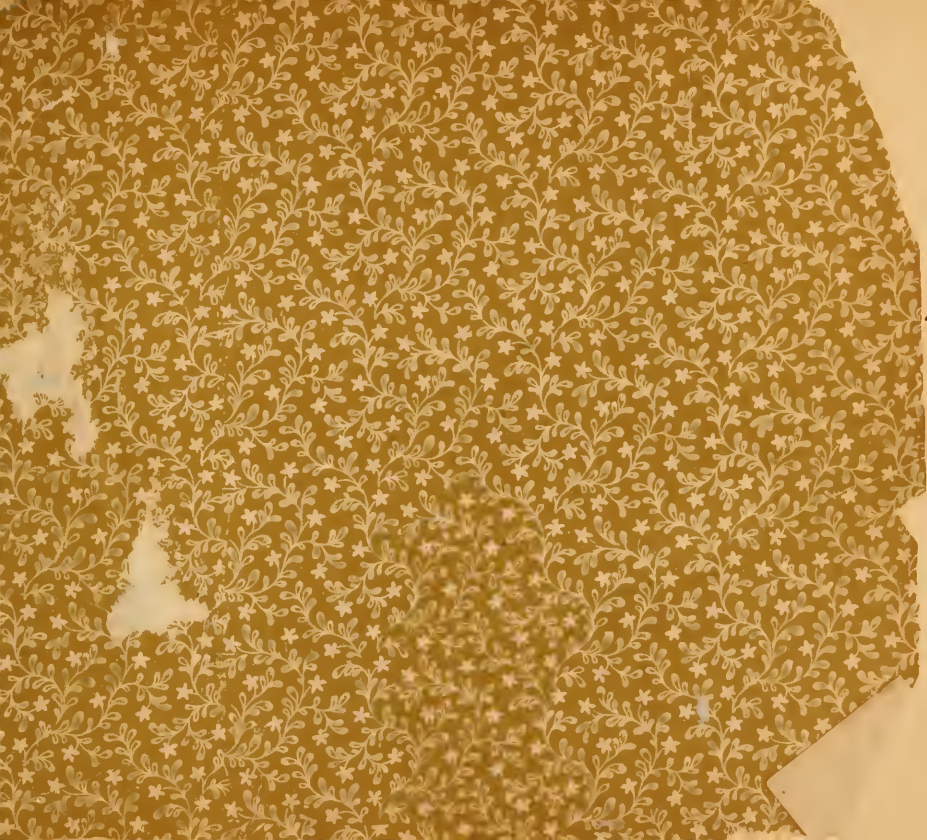


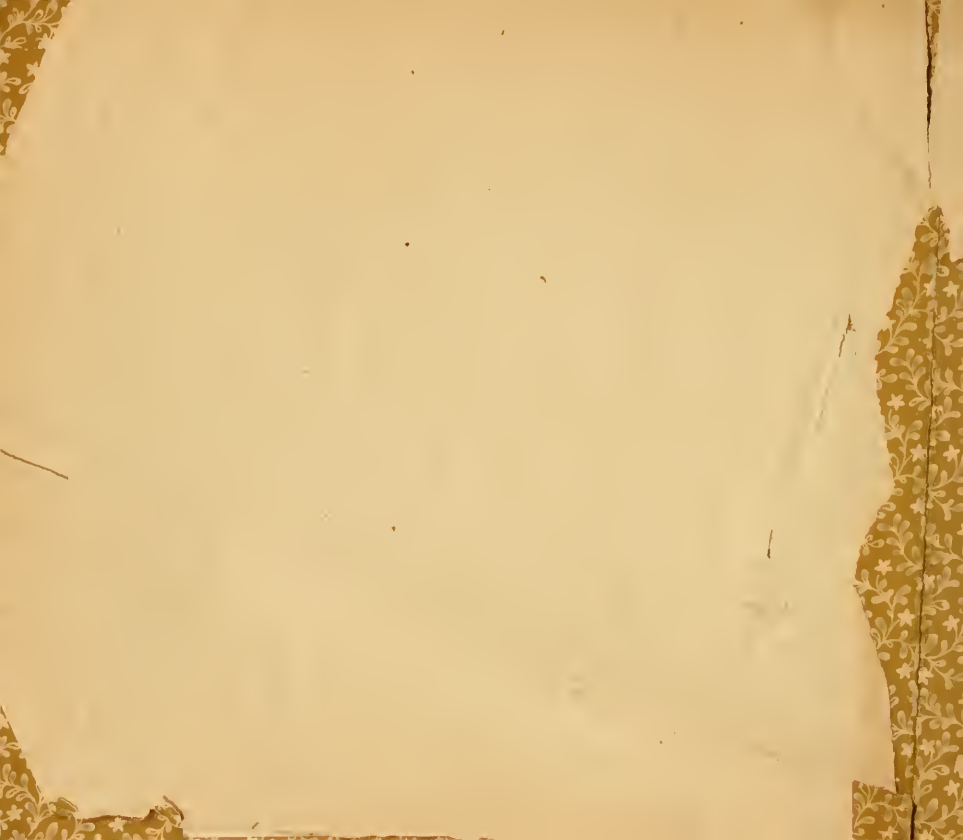
GEORGE  
ELIOT  
BIRTHDAY  
BOOK





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Anna Richmond.

From A.C.R.

February 13. 1883.









Eliot, George, pseud. i. e. Marian Evans, alias  
Cross

THE  
GEORGE ELIOT  
BIRTHDAY BOOK.



BOSTON:  
HALL & WHITING,  
1882.

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REC. REV. JULIUS W. ATWOOD  
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## PREFACE.

IF the students and lovers of George Eliot's works fail to find all their favorite passages in this little volume, let them remember our "embarras des richesses"; and moreover if it pains them to miss loved passages, it has been a pain to us to omit them. Our Birth-Day Book would need to be issued in volumes, did it contain all the noble thoughts of this great writer, which it would be well for us to lodge in our memories, and ponder in our hearts from day to day. We have tried to introduce those which express our Great Teacher's favorite lessons.

We confess to feeling a little audacious in selecting quotations for one hundred and fifty women, especially when George Eliot herself says "Attempts at description are stupid: who can all at once describe a human being?" Let those inclined to criticise our selections reflect that in most instances it is impossible to seize upon more than one point in a character. As women are many-sided, how can we expect in a few lines to describe "that iridescence of character — that play of various, nay contrary tendencies?"

Another difficulty has been to find the birth-days of women. We had not thought of this as anything but a very simple matter. We had supposed it an affair of a few minutes to discover Martha Washington's birth-day, whereas no living person has any knowledge of it. We thought anyone who had stood by Mrs. Browning's grave in Florence must know the day of her birth, but we find recorded there only the day of her death. When Robert Browning declares that he does not know his wife's birth-day, and confesses to feeling no curiosity about it, we drop the search, feeling it would be bad taste in us to know more about it than does the great poet himself.

In all cases where there is not a reasonable certainty as to any woman's birth-day, we have placed a star against her name in the index.

E. S. N. G.

## January.

PRESENTIMENT of better things on earth  
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls  
To admiration, self-renouncing love,  
Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one ;  
Sweeps like the sense of vastness when at night  
We hear the roll and dash of waves that break  
Nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,  
Which rises to the level of the cliff,  
Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind,  
Throbbing respondent to the far-off orbs.

A MINOR PROPHET.

JANUARY 1.

MAN can do nothing without the make-believe of a beginning. No retrospect will take us to the true beginning; and whether our prologue be in heaven, or on earth, it is but a fraction of that all-presupposing fact with which our story sets out.

DANIEL DERONDA.



YOUTH thinks itself the goal of each old life.  
Age has but travelled from a far-off time,  
Just to be ready for youth's service. Well,  
It was my chief delight to perfect you.

ARMGART.

JANUARY 2.

I WILL elect my deeds, and be the liege,  
Not of my birth, but of that good alone  
I have discerned and chosen.

. . . . .  
Our deeds still travel with us from afar,  
And what we have been makes us what we are.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JANUARY 1.  
Maria Edgeworth, 1767.

JANUARY 2.

Margaretta Rossall Taylor 1880.

JANUARY 3.

PERSONS attracted him, as Hans Meyrick had done, in proportion to the possibility of his defending them, rescuing, telling upon their lives with some sort of redeeming influence.

DANIEL DERONDA.

JANUARY 4.

Mrs. GLEGG chose to wear her bonnet in the house today — untied and tilted slightly, of course, a frequent practice of hers when she was on a visit, and happened to be in a severe mood: she didn't know what draughts there might be in strange houses. For the same reason she wore a small sable tippet, which reached just to her shoulders, and was very far from meeting across her well-formed chest.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.



JANUARY 3.  
Lucretia Mott, 1793.

JANUARY 4.

JANUARY 5.

EXAMINE your words well, and you will find that even when you have no motive to be false, it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, even about your own immediate feelings — much harder than to say something fine about them which is *not* the exact truth.

ADAM BEDE.

JANUARY 6.

HER inspired ignorance gives a sublimity to actions so incongruously simple that otherwise they would make men smile. Some of that ardor which has flashed out and illuminated all poetry and history was burning today in the bosom of sweet Esther Lyon.

FELIX HOLT.

JANUARY 5.

Madame Rémusat, 1780.

JANUARY 6.

\* Joan of Arc, 1402.

JANUARY 7

PEOPLE who live at a distance are naturally less faulty than those immediately under our own eyes ; and it seems superfluous when we consider the remote geographical position of the Ethiopians, and how very little the Greeks had to do with them, to inquire further why Homer calls them " blameless."

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

JANUARY 8.

OUR lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race ; and to have once acted greatly seems to make a reason why we should always be noble.

ROMOLA.

JANUARY 7.

JANUARY 8.

JANUARY 9.

MR. LYDCATE, —

“Don’t you think men overrate the necessity for humoring everybody’s nonsense, till they get despised by the very fools they humor? The shortest way is to make your value felt so that people must put up with you whether you flatter them or not.”

MR. FAREBROTHER, —

“With all my heart. But then you must be sure of having the value, and you must keep your independence.”

MIDDLEMARCH.

JANUARY 10.

IN the career of a great public orator who yields himself to the inspiration of the moment, that conflict of selfish and unselfish emotion which in most men is hidden in the chamber of the soul, is brought into terrible evidence ; the language of the inner voices is written out in letters of fire.

ROMOLA.

JANUARY 9.

JANUARY 10.

JANUARY 11.

AND young Mr. Lammeter, he'd have no way but he must be married in Janiuary, which to be sure's a unreasonable time to be married in, for it is n't like a christening or a burying, as you can't help.

SILAS MARNER.

JANUARY 12.

It is dreadful to think on, people playing with their own insides in that way! And its flying i' the face o' Providence; for what are the doctors for if us are n't to call 'em in? And when folks have got the money to pay for a doctor, it is n't respectable, as I've told Jane many a time. I'm ashamed of acquaintance knowing it.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.



JANUARY 11.

JANUARY 12.

Helen Ringgold Thomas. 1862.

JANUARY 13.

IF we want to avoid giving the dose of hemlock or the sentence of banishment in the wrong case, nothing will do but a capacity to understand the subject-matter on which the immovable man is convinced, and fellowship with human travail, both near and far, to hinder us from scanning any deep experience lightly.

DANIEL DERONDA.

JANUARY 14.

AFTER all has been said that can be said about the widening influence of ideas, it remains true that they could hardly be such strong agents unless they were taken in a solvent of feeling.

ROMOLA.

JANUARY 13.

JANUARY 14.

JANUARY 15.

O BUDDING time!  
O love's best prime!

TWO LOVERS.



YOUNG delight that wonders at itself  
And throbs as innocent as opening flowers,  
Knowing not comment, — soiless, beautiful.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

JANUARY 16.

A WOMAN mixed of such fine elements  
That were all virtue and religion dead  
She'd make them newly, being what she was.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.



It is lawful to marry again, I suppose, unless we might as well be Hindoos instead of Christians. Of course if a woman accepts the wrong man she must take the consequences, and one who does it a second time deserves her fate.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JANUARY 15.  
Margery Fleming, 1803.

JANUARY 16.  
Sister Dora (Dorothy Windlow Pattison), 1832; Mrs. Thrale, 1740.

Charles Dalbot - Richmond 1870

JANUARY 17.

AND it is in the nature of exasperation gradually to concentrate itself. The sincere antipathy of a dog towards cats in general necessarily takes the form of indignant barking at the neighbor's black cat which makes daily trespass; the bark at imagined cats, though a frequent exercise of the canine mind, is yet comparatively feeble.

FELIX HOLT.

JANUARY 18.

MR. CRAIG was not above talking politics occasionally, though he piqued himself rather on a wise insight than on specific information. He saw so far beyond the mere facts of a case, that really it was superfluous to know them.

ADAM BEDE.

JANUARY 17.

JANUARY 18.

JANUARY 19.

HERE undoubtedly lies the chief poetic energy in the force of imagination that pierces or exalts the solid fact, instead of floating among cloud-pictures.

DANIEL DERONDA.

JANUARY 20.

THERE may come a moment when even an excellent husband, who has dropped smoking under more or less of a pledge during courtship, for the first time will introduce his cigar-smoke between himself and his wife, with the tacit understanding that she will have to put up with it.

DANIEL DERONDA.



JANUARY 19.

Sarah Helen Whitman, 1803.

JANUARY 20.

JANUARY 21.

BUT what great mental or social type is free from specimens whose insignificance is both ugly and noxious. One is afraid to think of all that the genus "patriot" embraces; or of the elbowing there might be on the day of judgment for those who ranked as authors, and brought volumes either in their hands or on trucks.

DANIEL DERONDA.

JANUARY 22.

MRS. TULLIVER had lived thirteen years with her husband, yet she retained in all the freshness of her early married life a facility for saying things which drove him in the opposite direction to the one she desired. Some minds are wonderful for keeping their bloom in this way.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

JANUARY 21.

.

JANUARY 22.

John Bousell Taylor. ~~1852~~ 1854.

JANUARY 23.

THERE are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great — he can hardly keep himself from wickedness — unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful.

ROMOLA.

JANUARY 24.

MRS. BORTHROP TRUMBULL had a kindly liquid in his veins ; he was an admirer by nature, and would have liked to have the universe under his hammer, feeling that it would go at a higher figure for his recommendation.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JANUARY 23.

JANUARY 24.

JANUARY 25.

I HAVE often wondered whether those early Madonnas of Raphael, with the bland faces and somewhat stupid expression, kept their placidity undisturbed when their strong-limbed, strong-willed boys got a little too old to do without clothing. I think they must have been given to feeble remonstrance, getting more and more peevisish as it became more and more ineffectual.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

JANUARY 26.

WE sit up at night to read about Cakya-Monui, St. Francis, or Óliver Cromwell ; but whether we should be glad for any one at all like them to call on us the next morning, still more to reveal himself as a new relation, is quite another affair.

DANIEL DERONDA.

JANUARY 25.

JANUARY 26.

JANUARY 27.

BUT under his calm and somewhat self-repressed exterior there was a fervor, which made him easily find poetry and romance among the events of every-day life. And perhaps poetry and romance are as plentiful as ever in the world. They exist very easily in the same room with the microscope, and even in railway carriages: what banishes them is the vacuum in gentlemen and lady passengers.

DANIEL DERONDA.

JANUARY 28.

THE presence of a noble nature, generous in its wishes, ardent in its charity, changes the lights for us. We begin to see things again in their larger, quieter masses, and to believe that we too can be seen and judged in the wholeness of our character.

MIDDLEMARCH.



JANUARY 27.

\* Dinah Muloch Craik, 1826.

JANUARY 28.

JANUARY 29.

THERE are few prophets in the world, — few sublimely beautiful women, — few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities ; I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men.

ADAM BEDE.

JANUARY 30.

DEPEND upon it vanity is human, — native alike to men and women ; only in the male it is of denser texture, less volatile, so that it less immediately informs you of its presence, but it is more massive and capable of knocking you down if you come into collision with it ; while in women vanity lays by its small revenges as in a needle-case always at hand.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

JANUARY 29.

JANUARY 30.

JANUARY 31.

THIS is what I call debasing the moral currency ; lowering the value of every inspiring fact and tradition so that it will command less and less of the spiritual products, the generous motives which sustain the charm and elevation of our social existence.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

JANUARY 31.

THERE is nothing like settling with ourselves as there 's a deal we must do without i' this life. Its no use looking on life as if it were Treddles'on fair, where folks go to see shows and get fairings. If we do, we shall find it different.

ADAM BEDE.

## February.

At the division of the Promised Land, each has to win his portion by hard fighting; the bestowal is after the manner of prophecy, and is a title without possession. To carry the map of an ungotten estate in your pocket is a poor sort of copyhold. And in fancy to cast his shoe over Edom is little warrant that a man shall ever set the sole of his foot on an acre of his own there.

DANIEL DERONDA.

FEBRUARY 1.

To a fine ear, that tone said as plainly as possible : “ Whatever recommends itself to me, Thomas Jerome, as piety and goodness, shall have my love and honor. Ah, friends, this pleasant world is a sad one, too, is n't it? Let us help one another, let us help one another.”

JANET'S REPENTANCE.



No curse has fallen on us till we cease  
To help each other.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

FEBRUARY 2.

SHE felt the largeness of the world, and the manifold wakings of men to labor and endurance. She was a part of that involuntary, palpitating life, and could neither look out on it from her luxurious shelter as a mere spectator, nor hide her eyes in selfish complaining.

MIDDLEMARCH.



FEBRUARY 1.

FEBRUARY 2.  
Hannah More, 1745.

FEBRUARY 3.

Look at his hands ; they are not small and dimpled, with tapering fingers that seem to have only a deprecating touch ; they are long, flexible, firmly-grasping hands such as Titian has painted in a picture where he wanted to show the combination of refinement with force.

DANIEL DERONDA.

FEBRUARY 4.

AM I a sage whose words must fall like seed  
Silently buried toward a far-off spring ?  
I sing to living men, and my effect  
Is like the summer's sun, that ripens corn  
Or now or never. If the world brings me gifts,  
Gold, incense, myrrh — 'twill be the needful sign  
That I have stirred it as the high year stirs  
Before I sink to winter.

ARMGART.

FEBRUARY 3.

FEBRUARY 4.

\* Mrs. Oliphant, 1818.

FEBRUARY 5.

THIS figure hath high price : 'Twas wrought with love  
Ages ago in finest ivory ;  
Naught modish in it, pure and noble lines  
Of generous womanhood that fits all time.

MIDDLEMARCH.

FEBRUARY 6.

His very faults were middling. It was not in his nature to be superlative in anything ; unless, indeed, he was superlatively middling, the quintessential extract of mediocrity.

AMOS BARTON.

FEBRUARY 5.

Madame Sevigné, 1626.

FEBRUARY 6.

Queen Anne, of England, 1664.

FEBRUARY 7.

THE deed of Judas has been attributed to far-reaching views, and the wish to hasten his Master's declaration of Himself as the Messiah. Perhaps—I will not maintain the contrary—Judas represented his motive in this way, and felt justified in his traitorous kiss; but my belief is that he deserved to be where Dante saw him.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

FEBRUARY 8.

I HAVE all my life had a sympathy for mongrel, ungainly dogs, who are nobody's pets; and I would rather surprise one of them by a pat and a pleasant morsel than meet the most condescending advances of the loveliest sky-terrier who has his cushion by my lady's chair.

AMOS BARTON.

FEBRUARY 7.

FEBRUARY 8.

FEBRUARY 9.

NEITHER Luther nor John Bunyan would have satisfied the modern demand for an ideal hero, who believes nothing but what is true, feels nothing but what is exalted, and does nothing but what is graceful.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

FEBRUARY 10.

BUT truth-venders and medicine-venders usually recommend swallowing. When a man sees his livelihood in a pill or proposition, he likes to have orders for the dose, and not curious inquiries.

FELIX HOLT.



FEBRUARY 9.

FEBRUARY 10.

FEBRUARY 11.

THOUGH all the luminous angels of the stars  
Burst into cruel chorus on his ear,  
Singing " We know no merey," he would cry  
" I know it " still, and soothe the frightened bird  
And feed the child a-hungred, walk abreast  
Of persecuted men, and keep most hate  
For rational torturers.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

FEBRUARY 12.

SECOND SIGHT is a flag over disputed ground. But it is matter of knowledge that there are persons whose yearnings, conceptions — nay, travelled conclusions — continually take the form of images which have a foreshadowing power : the deed they would do starts up before them in complete shape, making a coercive type ; the event they hunger for or dread rises into vision with a seed-like growth, feeding itself fast on unnumbered impressions.

DANIEL DERONDA.

FEBRUARY 11.  
Lydia Maria Child, 1802.

FEBRUARY 12.

FEBRUARY 13.

BUT my husband's tongue 'ud have been a fortune to anybody, and there was many a one said it was as good as a dose of physic to hear him talk : not but what that got him into trouble, but he always said, if the worst came to the worst, he could go and preach to the blacks. But he did better than that, Mr. Lyon, for he married me.

FELIX HOLT.

FEBRUARY 14.

YOUNG love-making — that gossamer web ! Even the points it clings to — the things whence its subtle interlacings are swung — are scarcely perceptible ; momentary touches of finger-tips, meetings of rays from blue and dark orbs, unfinished phrases, lightest changes of cheek and lip, faintest tremors. The web itself is made of spontaneous beliefs and indefinable joys, yearnings of one life toward another, visions of completeness, indefinite trust.

MIDDLEMARCH.

FEBRUARY 13.

FEBRUARY 14.

FEBRUARY 15.

I 'VE no opinion o' the men, Miss Gun — I don't know what *you* have. And as for fretting and stewing about what *they'll* think of you from morning till night, and making your life uneasy about what they're doing when they're out o' your sight — as I tell Nancy, it's a folly no woman need be guilty of, if she's got a good father and a good home; let her leave it to them as have got no fortin' and can't help themselves.

SILAS MARNER.

FEBRUARY 16.

THERE is no sense of ease like the ease we felt in those scenes where we were born, where objects became dear to us before we had known the labor of choice, and where the outer world seemed only an extension of our own personality; we accepted and loved it as we accepted our own existence and our own limbs.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

FEBRUARY 15.  
Susan Anthony, 1820.

FEBRUARY 16.

FEBRUARY 17.

. . . . . Dear

As all the sweet home things she smiles upon,  
The children and the cows, the apple-trees,  
The cart, the plough, all named with that caress  
Which feigns them little, easy to be held,  
Familiar to the eyes and hand and heart.

AGATHA.

FEBRUARY 18.

THAT'S what I jaw my old mother for. I says "you should ha' sent me to a school a bit more," I says — "an' then I could ha' read i' the books like fun, an' kep' my head cool an' empty."

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.



FEBRUARY 17.

Rose Terry Cook, 1827.

FEBRUARY 18.

FEBRUARY 19.

HER body was so slight,  
It seemed she could have floated in the sky,  
And with the angelic choir made symphony,  
But in her cheek's rich tinge, and in the dark  
Of darkest hair and eyes, she bore a mark  
Of kinship to her generous Mother Earth,  
The fervid land that gives the plummy palm-trees birth.

—❁—  
HOW LISA LOVED THE KING.

WELLY laike a linnet, wi' on'y joust body anoof to hold her voice.

MR. GILFILL'S LOVE-STORY.

FEBRUARY 20.

. . . . O, horrible  
To be in chains! Why I, with all my bliss,  
Have longed sometimes to fly and be at large;  
Have felt imprisoned in my luxury  
With servants for my jailers. O my lord,  
Do you not wish the world were different?

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

FEBRUARY 19.  
Adelaide Patti, 1843.

FEBRUARY 20.  
Angelina Grimké Weld.

FEBRUARY 21.

I've a strange feeling about the dumb things as if they wanted to speak, and it was a trouble to 'em because they couldn't. I can't help being sorry for the dogs always, though perhaps there's no need. But they may well have more in them than they know how to make us understand, for we can't say half what we feel, with all our words.

ADAM BEDE.

FEBRUARY 22.

THE greatest gift the hero leaves his race  
Is to have been a hero. Say we fail!  
We feed the high tradition of the world.

. . . . I will not count  
On aught but being faithful.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

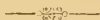
FEBRUARY 21.

FEBRUARY 22.

FEBRUARY 23.

SHE is a royal changeling : there 's some crown  
Lacks the right head, since hers wears naught but braids.

FELIX HOLT.



HOWEVER, she had the charm, and those who feared her were also fond of her ; the fear and fondness being perhaps both heightened by what may be called the iridescence of her character — the play of various, nay, contrary tendencies

DANIEL DERONDA.

FEBRUARY 24.

LOUD men called his subdued tone an undertone, and sometimes implied that it was inconsistent with openness ; though there seems no reason why a loud man should not be given to concealment of anything except his own voice unless it can be shown that Holy Writ has placed the seat of candor in the lungs.

MIDDLEMARCH.

FEBRUARY 23.

Mrs. Emma Willard, 1787.

FEBRUARY 24.

FEBRUARY 25.

MRS. BULSTRODE'S *naïve* way of conciliating piety and worldliness, the nothingness of this life and the desirability of cut glass, the consciousness at once of filthy rags and the best damask was not a sufficient relief from the weight of her husband's invariable seriousness.

MIDDLEMARCH.

FEBRUARY 26.

BRIGHT February days have a stronger charm of hope about them than any other days in the year. One likes to pause in the mild rays of the sun, and think that the beautiful year is all before one. The birds seem to feel just the same : their notes are as clear as the clear air.

ADAM BEDE.



FEBRUARY 25.

FEBRUARY 26.

FEBRUARY 27.

Oh, there's pleasure in knowing one's not a fool, like half the people one sees about. And managing one's husband is some pleasure; and doing all one's business well. Why, if I've only got some orange-flowers to candy, I shouldn't like to die till I see them all right.

FELIX HOLT.

FEBRUARY 28.

THINK you I felt myself a *prima donna* ?  
No, but a happy, spiritual star  
Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose  
Of light in Paradise, whose-only self  
Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused,  
Music, life, power — I moving in the midst  
With a sublime necessity of good.

ARMGART.

FEBRUARY 27.

FEBRUARY 28.

Rachel, 1821.

FEBRUARY 29.

WHEN I was young, Mr. Lydgate, there never was any question about right and wrong. We knew our catechism, and that was enough; we learned our creed and our duty. Every respectable Church person had the same opinions. But now, if you speak out of the prayer-book itself, you are liable to be contradicted.

MIDDLEMARCH.

FEBRUARY 29.

THE wintry days passed for Romola as the white ships pass one who is standing lonely on the shore — passing in silence and sameness, and yet each bearing a hidden burden of coming change.

ROMOLA.







## March.

WE could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it, — if it were not the earth where the same flowers came up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass, — the same hips and haws on the autumn hedges, — the same red-breasts that we used to call “ God's birds ” because they did no harm to the precious crops.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

MARCH 1.

NATURE has her language, and she is not unvaracious ; but we don't know all the intricacies of her syntax just yet, and in a hasty reading we may happen to extract the very opposite of her real meaning.

ADAM BEDE.

MARCH 2.

I HAVE often seen the image of my early youth, when it seemed to me astonishing that the philosophers had left so many difficulties unsolved, and that so many great themes had raised no great poet to treat them.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

MARCH 1.

MARCH 2.

MARCH 3.

OII, Aristotle! if you had had the advantage of being “the freshest modern” instead of the greatest ancient, would you not have mingled your praise of metaphorical speech, as a sign of high intelligence, with a lamentation that intelligence so rarely shows itself in speech without a metaphor, — that we seldom declare what a thing is except by saying it is something else?

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

MARCH 4.

I THINK we had the chief of all love's joys  
Only in knowing that we loved each other.

Slowly she moved to choose sublimer pain :  
Yearning yet shrinking, wrought upon by awe.  
Her own brief life seeming a little isle  
Remote through visions of a wider world  
With fates close crowded.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

MARCH 3.

MARCH 4.

Rebecca Graty, 1781; Baroness Bunsen, 1791,

MARCH 5.

AY, ay, you're right there: there's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself.

SILAS MARNER.

MARCH 6.

THE way in which I have come to the conclusion that human nature is lovable — the way I have learnt something of its deep pathos, its sublime mysteries — has been by living a great deal among people more or less commonplace and vulgar, of whom you would perhaps hear nothing very surprising if you were to inquire about them in the neighborhoods where they dwelt.

ADAM BEDE.

MARCH 5.

MARCH 6.

MARCH 7.

It is undeniable that a too intense consciousness of one's kinship with all frailties and vices undermines the active heroism which battles against wrong.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

MARCH 8.

YET surely, surely the only true knowledge of our fellow-man is that which enables us to feel with him, — which gives a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion. Our subtlest analysis of schools and sects must miss the essential truth, unless it be lit up by the love that sees, in all forms of human thought and work, the life and death struggles of separate human beings.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.



MARCH 7.

MARCH 8.

MARCH 9.

WE get tired of a "manner" in conversation as in painting, when one theme after another is treated with the same lines and touches. I begin with a liking for an estimable master, but by the time he has stretched his interpretation of the world unbrokenly along a palatial gallery, I have had what the cautious Scotch mind would call "enough" of him.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

MARCH 10.

HE thought all loveliness was lovelier,  
She crowning it; all goodness credible,  
Because of the great trust her goodness bred.

THE SPANISH GYPSY

MARCH 9.

MARCH 10.

Queen Louise, of Prussia, 1776.

MARCH 11.

“AH!” said Mrs. Poyser, “an’ it’s poor work allays settin’ the dead above the livin’. We shall all on us be dead sometime, I reckon; it ’ud be better if folks ’ud make much on us beforehand, i’stid o’ beginnin’ when we are gone. It’s but little good you’ll do a-watering the last year’s crop.”

ADAM BEDE.

MARCH 12.

THE calendar hath not an evil day  
For souls made one by love, and even death  
Were sweetness, if it came like rolling waves  
While they two clasped each other and foresaw  
No life apart.

MIDDLEMARCH.



It lay in the probabilities of things that gentry’s intellects should be peculiar: since they had not to get their own living, the good Lord might have economized in their case that common sense which others were so much in need of.

FELIX HOLT.

MARCH 11.

MARCH 12

Lady Hester Stanhope, 1776; Mary Howitt, 1799.

MARCH 13.

FOR I have observed this remarkable coincidence, that the select natures who pant after the ideal, and find nothing in pantaloons or petticoats great enough to command their reverence or love, are curiously in unison with the narrowest and pettiest.

ADAM BEDE.

MARCH 14.

HE felt for the first time that loving awe in the presence of noble womanhood which is, perhaps, something like the worship paid of old to a great nature-goddess, who was not all-knowing, but whose life and power were something deeper and more primordial than knowledge.

ROMOLA.

MARCH 13.

MARCH 14.

Aspasia, about 460 B. C.

MARCH 15.

HEAT is a great agent and a useful word, but considered as a means of explaining the universe it requires an extensive knowledge of differences ; and as a means of explaining character, " sensitiveness " is in much the same predicament.

DANIEL DERONDA.

MARCH 16.

WE will watch the spheres,  
And see the constellations bend and plunge  
Into a depth of being where our eyes  
Hold them no more.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.



HE was gradually discovering the delight there is in frank kindness and companionship between a man and a woman who have no passion to hide or confess.

MIDDLEMARCH.



MARCH 15.

MARCH 16.

Caroline Herschel, 1750; Miss Berry, Horace Walpole's friend, 1763.

MARCH 17.

LIKE the sweet blackbird's fragmentary chant,  
Yet wakes again, with varying rise and fall,  
In songs that seem emergent memories  
Prompting brief utterance.

Yes, dearest, it is true.  
Speech is the broken light upon the depth  
Of the unspoken ; even your loved words  
Float in the larger meaning of your voice  
As something dimmer.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

MARCH 18.

AND rank for her meant duty, various,  
Yet equal in its worth, done worthily.  
Command was service ; humblest service done  
By willing and discerning souls was glory.

AGATHA.

MARCH 17.

Jean Ingelow, 1830,

MARCH 18.

Princess Louise, wife of Marquis of Lorne.

MARCH 19.

BUT now, she was glowing like a dark-tipped yet delicate ivory-tinted flower in the warm sunlight of content, thinking of any possible grief as part of that life with Deronda which she could call by no other name than good, Mirah was ready to believe that he had been a rescuing angel to many besides herself. The only wonder was that she, among them all, was to have the bliss of being continually by his side.

DANIEL DERONDA.

MARCH 20.

SHE stretched forth  
Her tender hands, that oft had lain in his,  
The hands he knew so well, that sight of them  
Seemed like their touch.

The backward years —  
O she would not forget them — would not drink  
Of waters that brought rest, while he far off  
Remembered. — “Father, I renounced the joy,  
You must forgive the sorrow.”

MIDDLEMARCH.

MARCH 19.

Margaret Klopstock, 1728.

MARCH 20.

Heloise, about 1102.

MARCH 21.

IN fact there was a general sense in the Featherstone blood that everybody must watch everybody else, and that it would be well for everybody else to reflect that the Almighty was watching him.

MIDDLEMARCH.

MARCH 22.

A soft light fell from the upper windows on sleek brown or gray flanks and haunches ; on mild equine faces looking out with active nostrils over the varnished brown boarding, on the hay hanging from racks and on the pale-golden straw scattered or in heaps.

“Do you take off your hat to the horses?” said Grandcourt with a slight sneer. “Why not?” said Deronda.

DANIEL DERONDA.

MARCH 21.

MARCH 22.

Rosa Bonheur, 1822.

MARCH 23.

As Dinah expressed it, "She was never left to herself, but it was always given to her when to keep silence and when to speak." And do we not all agree to call rapid thought and noble impulse by the name of inspiration? After our subtlest analysis of the mental process, we must still say as Dinah did, that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are all given to us.

ADAM BEDE.

MARCH 24.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark, was speculative and irresolute, and we have a great tragedy in consequence. But if his father had lived to a good old age, and his uncle had died an early death, we can conceive Hamlet's having married Ophelia, and got through life with a reputation for sanity, notwithstanding many soliloquies and some moody sarcasms towards the fair daughter of Polonius, to say nothing of the frankest incivility to his father-in-law.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.



MARCH 23.

MARCH 24.

MARCH 25.

A MAN'S mind — what there is of it — has always the advantage of being masculine, — as the smallest birch-tree is of a higher kind than the most soaring palm, — and even his ignorance is of a sounder quality.

MIDDLEMARCH.

MARCH 26.

I KNOW it is difficult for people in these instructed times to believe in Uncle Pullet's ignorance ; but let them reflect on the remarkable results of a great natural faculty under favoring circumstances. And Uncle Pullet had a great natural faculty for ignorance.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

MARCH 25.

Maria Jeanne Ludewig. 1866.

MARCH 26.

MARCH 27.

BUT was not Mirah to be there? What furniture can give such a finish to a room as a tender woman's face? And is there any harmony of tints that has such stirrings of delight as the sweet modulations of her voice?

DANIEL DERONDA.

MARCH 28.

THE strong emotions from which the life of a human being receives a new bias win their victory as the sea wins his; though the advance may be sure, they will often, after a mightier wave than usual, seem to roll back so far as to lose all the ground they had made.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

MARCH 27.

MARCH 28.

MARCH 29

WHAT quarrel, what harshness, what unbelief in each other can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vesture of our life is gone, and we are all one with each other in primitive mortal needs?

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

MARCH 30.

IT is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us; as if life were not sacred too, — as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has to climb the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tenderness was due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

MARCH 29.

MARCH 30.

MARCH 31.

I AM not sure that the greatest man of his age, if ever that solitary superlative existed, could escape unfavorable reflections of himself in various small mirrors; and even Milton, looking for his portrait in a spoon, must submit to have the facial angle of a bumpkin.

MIDDLEMARCH.



MARCH 31.

SHE thought it was part of the hardship of her life that there was laid upon her the burden of larger wants than others seemed to feel, — that she had to endure this wide, hopeless yearning for that something, whatever it was, that was greatest and best on this earth. Poor child! she was as lonely in her trouble as if she had been the only girl in the civilized world of that day who had come out of her school-life with a soul untrained for inevitable struggles, with much futile information about Saxon and other kings of doubtful example, but unhappily quite without that knowledge of the inevitable laws within and without her, which, governing the habits, becomes morality, and, developing the feelings of submission and dependence, becomes religion.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

## April.

THERE are various orders of beauty causing men to make fools of themselves ; but there is one order of beauty which seems made to turn the heads, of men, but even of women. It is a beauty like that of kittens, or very small, downy ducks, making gentle, rippling noises with their soft bills, or babies just beginning to toddle and to engage in conscious mischief.

Hetty's was a spring-tide beauty ; it was the beauty of young, frisking things, round-limbed, gambolling, circumventing you by a false air of innocence — the innocence of a young star-browed calf, for example, that, being inclined for a promenade out of bounds, leads you a severe steeple-chase over hedge and ditch, and only comes to a stand in the middle of a bog.

ADAM BEDE.

APRIL 1.

BUT the sweet spring came to Milby notwithstanding: the elm-tops were red with buds; the church-yard was starred with daisies; the lark showered his love-music on the flat fields; the rainbows hung over the dingy town, clothing the very roofs and chimneys in a strange transfiguring beauty.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

APRIL 2.

IT'S a strange thing to think of a man as can lift a chair with his teeth, and walk fifty miles on end, trembling and turning hot and cold at only a look from one woman out of all the rest i' the world. It's a mystery we can give no account of; but no more we can of the sprouting o' the seed, for that matter.

ADAM BEDE.

APRIL 1.

APRIL 2.

APRIL 3.

IMAGINATION is always based on a keen vision, a keen consciousness of what *is* and carries the store of definite knowledge as material for the construction of its inward visions.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

—❦—  
FOR they the royal-hearted women are  
Who nobly love the noblest, yet have grace  
For needy suffering lives in lowliest place,  
Carrying a choicer sunlight in their smile,  
The heavenliest ray that pitieth the vile.

HOW LISA LOVED THE KING.

APRIL 4.

THE creature we help to save, though only a half-reared linnet, bruised and lost by the wayside — how we watch and fence it, and dote on its signs of recovery! Our pride becomes loving, our self is a not-self for whose sake we become virtuous, when we set to some hidden work of reclaiming a life from misery, and look out for our triumph in the secret joy — “This one is the better for me.”

DANIEL DERONDA.

APRIL 3.

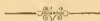
Harriet Prescott Spofford, 1835; Mary Carpenter, 1807.

APRIL 4

Dorothea Dix, 1809.

APRIL 5.

SPRINKLE food before a delicate-eared bird ; there is nothing he would more willingly take, yet he keeps aloof, because of his sensibility to checks which to you are imperceptible. And one man differs from another, as we all differ from the Bojesman, in a sensibility to checks that come from a variety of needs, spiritual or other.



OUR consciences are not all of the same pattern, an inner deliverance of fixed laws : They are the voice of sensibilities as various as our memories.

DANIEL DERONDA.

APRIL 6.

BUT always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labor. We reap what we sow, but Nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.



APRIL 5.

APRIL 6

APRIL 7.

THE rush of the water and the booming of the mill bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

APRIL 8.

In speech and look  
A touch of graceful wildness, as of things  
Not trained or tamed for uses of the world ;  
Most like the Fawns that roamed in days of old  
About the listening, whispering woods, and shared  
The subtler sense of silvan ears and eyes  
Undulled by scheming thought.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

APRIL 7.

APRIL 8.

“Bright Eyes,” Suzette La Fleche, 1854.

APRIL 9.

HAPPY the man, you would have thought, whose eye will rest on her in the pauses of his fireside reading — whose hot, aching forehead will be soothed by the contact of her cool, soft hand — who will recover himself from dejection at his mistakes and failures in the loving light of her unrepublishing eyes.

AMOS BARTON.

APRIL 10.

STRANGE and piteous to think what a centre of wretchedness a delicate piece of human flesh like that might be, wrapped round with fine raiment, the poor self within her sitting in sick distaste of all things.

DANIEL DERONDA.



A CHIEF misfortune of high birth is that it usually shuts a man out from the large sympathetic knowledge of human experience, which comes from contact with various classes on their own level.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

APRIL 9

APRIL 10.

Queen Hortense, of Holland, 1783.

APRIL 11.

SOCIETY never made the preposterous demand that a man should think as much about his own qualifications for making a charming girl happy as he thinks of hers for making himself happy. As if a man could choose not only his wife, but his wife's husband! or as if he were bound to provide charms for his posterity in his own person!

MIDDLEMARCH.

APRIL 12.

As for them best Holland sheets, I should repent buying 'em, only they'll do to lay us out in. An' if you was to die tomorrow, Mr. Tulliver, they're mangled beautiful, an' all ready, an' smell o' lavender as it 'ud be a pleasure to lay them out, an' they lie at the left-hand corner o' the big oaken chest, at the back — not as I should trust anybody to look 'em out but myself.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

APRIL 11.

APRIL 12.

APRIL 13.

A YOUNG lady of some birth and fortune, who knelt suddenly down on a brick floor by the side of a sick laborer, and prayed fervently, as if she thought herself living in the time of the Apostles — who had strange whims of fasting and of sitting up at night to read old theological books ! Such a wife might awaken you some fine morning with a new scheme for the application of her income.

MIDDLEMARCH.

APRIL 14.

HE dreaded, as if it were a dwelling-place of lost souls, that dead anatomy of culture which turns the universe into a mere ceaseless answer to queries, and knows, not everything, but everything else about everything — as if one should be ignorant of nothing concerning the scent of violets except the scent itself, for which one had no nostril.

DANIEL DERONDA.



APRIL 13.

Madame Guyon, 1648.

APRIL 14.

APRIL 15.

THE saints were cowards who stood by to see  
Christ crucified : they should have flung themselves  
Upon the Roman spears, and died in vain —  
The grandest death, to die in vain — for love  
Greater than sways the forces of the world.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.



O memories !  
O past that is !

TWO LOVERS.

APRIL 16.

To be right in great memorable moments, is perhaps the thing we need most desire for ourselves.



WHAT we call illusions are often, in truth, a wider vision of past and present realities — a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces — a movement toward a more assured end than the chances of a single life.

FELIX HOLT.

APRIL 15.

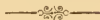
Mrs. Brown, wife of John Brown, of Ossawottamy.

APRIL 16.

APRIL 17.

THE responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.



THAT subtle result of culture which we call Taste was subdued by the need of far deeper motive ; just as the nicer demands of the palate are annihilated by urgent hunger.

ROMOLA.

APRIL 18.

THERE is a terrible coercion in our deeds which may at first turn the honest man into a deceiver, and then reconcile him to the change ; for this reason : that the second wrong presents itself to him in the guise of the only practicable right.

ADAM BEDE.

APRIL 17.

APRIL 18.

APRIL 19

SHE felt a deep stillness within. She thirsted for no pleasure; she craved no worldly good. She saw the years to come stretch before her like an autumn afternoon, filled with resigned memory. Life to her could nevermore have any eagerness; it was a solemn service of gratitude and patient effort.

JANET'S REPENTANCE,

APRIL 20.

SHE had the essential attributes of a lady — high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits.

SILAS MARNER.



It is terrible, the keen bright eye of a woman, when it has once been turned with admiration on what is severely true; but then the severely true rarely comes within its range of vision.

FELIX HOLT.

APRIL 19.

Lucretia Randolph Garfield, 1832.

APRIL 20.

\* Joanna Baillie, 1762.

APRIL 21.

THIS was the work of Jubal ; he began  
The pastoral life, and, sire of joys to be,  
Spread the sweet ties that bind the family,  
O'er dear, dumb souls that thrilled at man's caress,  
And shared his pain with patient helpfulness.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

APRIL 22.

SHE was one of those satisfactory creatures whose intercourse has the charm of discovery ; whose integrity of faculty and expression begets a wish to know what they will say on all subjects, or how they will perform whatever they undertake ; so that they end by raising not only a continual expectation, but a continual sense of fulfilment.

DANIEL DERONDA.



APRIL 21.

APRIL 22.

Madame de Staël, 1766.

APRIL 23.

No great deed is done  
By falterers who ask for certainty.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.



THE world has made up its mind rather contemptuously about those  
who were deaf to Columbus.

MIDDLEMARCH.



I WILL not feed on doing great tasks ill,  
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,  
And live by trash that smothers excellence,  
One gift I had that ranked me with the best.

ARMIGART.

APRIL 24.

THE uncertainty of things is a text rather too wide and obvious for  
fruitful application ; and to discourse of it is, as one may say, to bottle  
up the air and make a present of it to those who are already standing  
out of doors.

FELIX HOLT.

APRIL 23.

Queen Isabella, of Castile, 1451; Charlotte Brontë, 1816.

APRIL 24.

APRIL 25.

I will so live they shall remember me  
For deeds of such divine beneficence  
As rivers have, that teach men what is good  
By blessing them.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.



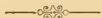
Hev a dog, Miss — They 're better friends nor any Christian.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

APRIL 26.

OH, I can live unmated, but not live  
Without the bliss of singing to the world,  
And feeling all my world respond to me.

ARMGART.



HEAVEN knows what would become of our sociality if we never visited people we speak ill of; we should live like Egyptian hermits in crowded solitudes.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

APRIL 25

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, 1814.

APRIL 26.

Alice Cary, 1822.

APRIL 27.

A self disturbed  
By budding growths o' reason, premature,  
That breed disease.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.



WHILE this is the social air in which mortals begin to breathe, there will be collisions such as those in Dorothea's life, where great feelings will take the aspect of error, and great faith the aspect of illusion.

MIDDLEMARCH.

APRIL 28.

THAT'S what a man wants in a woman mostly ; he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'-out that — they think so much o' themselves a' ready ; an' that's how it is there's old bachelors.

ADAM BEDE.

APRIL 27.

Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, 1759.

APRIL 28.

APRIL 29.

ONE may prefer frêsh eggs though laid by á fowl of the meanest understanding, but why fresh sermons ?

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.



A SERMON heard with all the more satisfaction because it had been heard for the twentieth time ; for to minds on the Shepperton level, it is repetition, not novelty, that produces the strongest effect ; and phrases, like tunes, are a long time making themselves at home in the brain.

MR. GILFILL'S LOVE-STORY.

APRIL 30.

THE firmaments of daisies since to me  
Have had those mornings in their opening eyes,  
The bunchéd cowslip's pale transparency,  
Carries that sunshine of sweet memories.

BROTHER AND SISTER.



THE soul without still helps the soul within,  
And its deft magic ends what we begin.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.



APRIL 29.

APRIL 30.

It was in the prime  
Of the sweet spring-time,  
In the linnet's throat  
Trembled the love-note,  
And the love-stirred air  
Thrilled the blossoms there.  
Little shadows danced,  
Each a tiny elf,  
Happy in large light  
And the thinnest self.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

## May.

I MIGHT mention all the divine charms of a bright, spring day, but if you had never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mounting lark, or in wandering through the still lanes when the fresh-opened blossoms fill them with a sacred, silent beauty like that of fretted aisles, where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue? I could never make you know what I meant by a bright, spring day.

MAY 1.

CAPABLE of conceiving and choosing a life's task with far-off issues, yet capable of the unapplauded heroism which turns off the road of achievement at the call of the nearer duty whose effect lies within the beatings of the hearts that are close to us, as the hunger of the unfledged bird to the breast of its parent.

DANIEL DERONDA.

MAY 2.

BUT you — you claimed the universe ; nought less  
Then all existence working in sure tracks  
Towards your supremacy. The wheels might scathe  
A myriad destinies — nay, must perforce —  
But yours they must keep clear of.

ARMGART.

MAY 1.

Fidelia Fisk, 1816.

MAY 2.

Empress Catherine II., of Russia, 1729.

MAY 3.

OUR delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass today might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years, which still live in us, and transform our perception into love.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

MAY 4.

BEHOLD my lady's carriage stop the way,  
With powdered lacquey and with champing bay ;  
She sweeps the matting, treads the crimson stair,  
Her arduous function solely "to be there,"  
Like Sirius rising o'er the silent sea,  
She hides her heart in lustre loftily.

DANIEL DERONDA.

MAY 3.

MAY 4.

\* Lady Martha Washington, 1732.

MAY 5.

ALL the world was hers.  
Splendor was but the herald trumpet note  
Of her imperial coming.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.



THE great story of this world reduced for her to the little tale of her own existence — dull obscurity everywhere, except where the keen light fell on the narrow track of her own lot, wide only for a woman's anguish.

FELIX HOLT.

MAY 6.

AND for my part, I can call no age absolutely unpoetic; how should it be so, since there are always children to whom the acorns and the swallow's eggs are a wonder. . . . . To be quite fair toward the ages, a little ugliness as well as beauty must be allowed to each of them, a little implicit poetry even to those which echoed loudest with servile, pompous and trivial prose.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.



MAY 5.  
Empress Eugenie, 1826.

MAY 6.

MAY 7.

THE temptations of beauty are much dwelt upon ; but I fancy they only bear the same relations to those of ugliness, as the temptation to excess at a feast, where the delights are varied for eye and ear as well as palate, bears to the temptations that assail the desperation of hunger. Does not the Hunger Tower stand as the type of the utmost trial to what is human in us ?

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

MAY 8.

BUT, for the point of wisdom, I would choose  
To know the mind that stirs between the wings  
Of bees and budding wasps, or fills the woods  
With myriad murmurs of responsive sense  
And true-aimed impulse, rather than to know  
The thoughts of warriors.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

MAY 7.

MAY 8.

MAY 9.

MANY legends were afterwards told about the blessed Lady who came over the sea, but they were legends by which all who heard might know that in times gone by a woman had done beautiful, loving deeds there, rescuing those who were ready to perish.

ROMOLA.

MAY 10.

THOUGH I were happy, throned beside the king,  
I should be tender to each little thing ;  
With hurt warm breast, that had no speech to tell  
Its inward pangs, and I would soothe it well  
With tender touch and with a low, soft moan  
For company.

HOW LISA LOVED THE KING.

MAY 9.

\* Florence Nightingale, 1820.

MAY 10.

Mrs. Emily Warren Appleton, Foundress of the Boston Society P. C. A., 1818.

MAY 11.

A FOUNTAIN mere, vase-shapen and broad-lipped,  
Where timorous birds alight with tiny feet,  
And hesitate and bend wise listening ears,  
And fly away again with undipped beak.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

MAY 12.

SHE minds what she is doing, and that is a point in a woman. A man whose life is of any value should think of his wife as a nurse; that is what I should do, if I married; and I believe I have lived single long enough not to make a mistake in that line. Some men must marry to elevate themselves a little, but when I am in need of that, I hope some one will tell me so — I hope some individual will apprise me of the fact.

MIDDLEMARCH.

MAY 11.

Arthur Richmond 1865

MAY 12.

MAY 13.

BUT you were born to reign.  
'T is a compulsion of a higher sort,  
Whose fetters are the net invisible  
That holds all life together. Royal deeds  
May make long destinies for multitudes,  
And you are called to do them. You belong  
Not to the petty round of circumstance  
That makes a woman's lot.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

MAY 14.

WHAT sort of earth or heaven would hold any spiritual wealth in it for souls pauperized by inaction? If one firmament has no stimulus for our attention and awe, I don't see how four would have it.



A CHANGE came over her face — that subtle change in nerve and muscle which will sometimes give a child-like expression even to the elderly ; it is the subsidence of self-assertion.

DANIEL DERONDA.



MAY 13.

Maria Theresa, 1717.

MAY 14.

Mrs. Delany, 1700.

MAY 15.

WE are often startled by the severity of mild people on exceptional occasions; the reason is, that mild people are most likely to be under the yoke of traditional impressions.

ADAM BEDE.

MAY 16.

LIKE all youthful creatures, she felt as if the present conditions of choice were final. And in one sense she was under no illusion. It is only in that freshness of our time that the choice is possible which gives unity to life, and makes the memory a temple where all relies and all votive offerings, all worship and all grateful joy are an unbroken history sanctified by one religion.

FELIX HOLT.



You always see what nobody else sees, yet you never see what is quite plain.

MIDDLEMARCH.

MAY 15.

•  
MAY 16.

Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, 1804

MAY 17.

IF we had lost our own chief good, other people's good would remain, and that is worth trying for. Some can be happy. I seemed to see that more clearly than ever, when I was most wretched. I can hardly think how I could have borne the trouble if that feeling had not come to me to make strength.

MIDDLEMARCH.

MAY 18.

To be a poet is to have a soul so quick to discern that no shade of quality escapes it, and so quick to feel that discernment is but a hand playing with finely-ordered variety on the chords of emotion — a soul in which knowledge passes instantaneously into feeling, and feeling flashes back as a new organ of knowledge.

MIDDLEMARCH.

MAY 17:  
Lady Byron, 1792

MAY 18.  
Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1809.

MAY 19.

FULL souls are double mirrors, making still  
An endless vista of fair things before  
Repeating them behind.

A MINOR PROPHET.

MAY 20.

THIS brave, active man, who would have hastened toward any danger or toil to rescue Hetty from an apprehended wrong or misfortune, felt himself powerless to contemplate irremediable evil and suffering. Energetic natures, strong for all strenuous deeds, will often rush away from a hopeless sufferer, as if they were hard-hearted. It is the overmastering sense of pain that drives them.

ADAM BEDE.

MAY 19.  
Mrs. Jameson, 1797.

MAY 20.

MAY 21.

IT seems to me that beauty is part of the finished language by which goodness speaks.

ROMOLA.



HER profile, as well as her stature and bearing, seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments, which by the side of provincial fashion, gave her the impressiveness of a fine quotation from the Bible — or from one of our elder poets — in a paragraph of today's newspaper.



How can we live and think that anyone has trouble — piercing trouble — and we could help them and never try.

MIDDLEMARCH.

MAY 22.

THAT solid, imperturbable ease and good-humor which is infectious, and, like great grassy hills in the sunshine, quiets even an irritated egoism, and makes it rather ashamed of itself.

MIDDLEMARCH.



MAY 21.

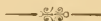
Duchess of Sutherland, 1806; Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, 1780.

MAY 22.

MAY 23.

SHE was a creature full of eager, passionate longings, for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away and would not come near to her; with a blind, unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.



A SENSE of contributing to form the world's opinions makes conversation particularly lively.

MIDDLEMARCH.

MAY 24.

A woman's rank  
Lies in the fulness of her womanhood;  
Therein alone she is royal.

ARMGART.



IN this, her woman's lot was perfect; that the man she loved was her hero; that her woman's passion and her reverence for rarest goodness rushed together in an undivided current.

FELIX HOLT.

MAY 23.

Margaret Fuller, 1810.

MAY 24.

Queen Victoria, 1819.

MAY 25.

It is for this rare, precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings, which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous, homely existence, which has been the fate of so many more among my fellow mortals than a life of pomp or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering or of world stirring actions.

ADAM BEDE.

MAY 26.

SHE did not want to deck herself with knowledge — to wear it loose from the nerves and blood that fed her action. . . . But something she yearned for by which her life might be filled with action at once rational and ardent.

MIDDLEMARCH.

MAY 25.

MAY 26.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 1689.

MAY 27.

WHO can all at once describe a human being.

DANIEL DERONDA.



Lo! she turns — immortal youth  
Wrought to mortal stature,  
Fresh as starlight's aged truth —  
Many-named Nature.

MIDDLEMARCH.

MAY 28.

FAMILY likeness has often a deep sadness in it. Nature, that great tragic dramatist, knits us together by bone and muscle, and divides us by the subtler web of our brains; blends yearning and repulsion, and ties us by our heart-strings to the beings that jar us at every movement.

ADAM BEDE.

MAY 27.

Julia Ward Howe, 1819.

MAY 28.

MAY 29.

I MEANT, all life is but poor mockery ;  
Action, place, power, the visible wide world  
Are tattered masquerading of this self,  
This pulse of conscious mystery ; all change,  
Whether to high or low, is change of rags.

—❁—  
THE SPANISH GYPSY.

CERTAINLY if a bad-tempered man can be admirably virtuous, he must be so under extreme difficulties.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

MAY 30.

EVEN people whose lives have been made various by learning, sometimes find it hard to keep a fast hold on their habitual views of life, on their faith in the Invisible — nay, on the sense that their past joys and sorrows are a real experience, when they are suddenly transported to a new land, where the beings around them know nothing of their history, and share none of their ideas, where their mother Earth shows another lap, and human life has other forms than those on which their souls have been nourished.

SILAS MARNER.



MAY 29.

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, 1660.

MAY 30.

MAY 31.

WIFE. "What are the Madicojumbras and Zuzitotzums? I never heard you talk of them before. What use can it be troubling yourself about such things?"

HUSBAND. "That is the way Julia! That is the way wives alienate their husbands, and make any hearth pleasanter to him than his own."

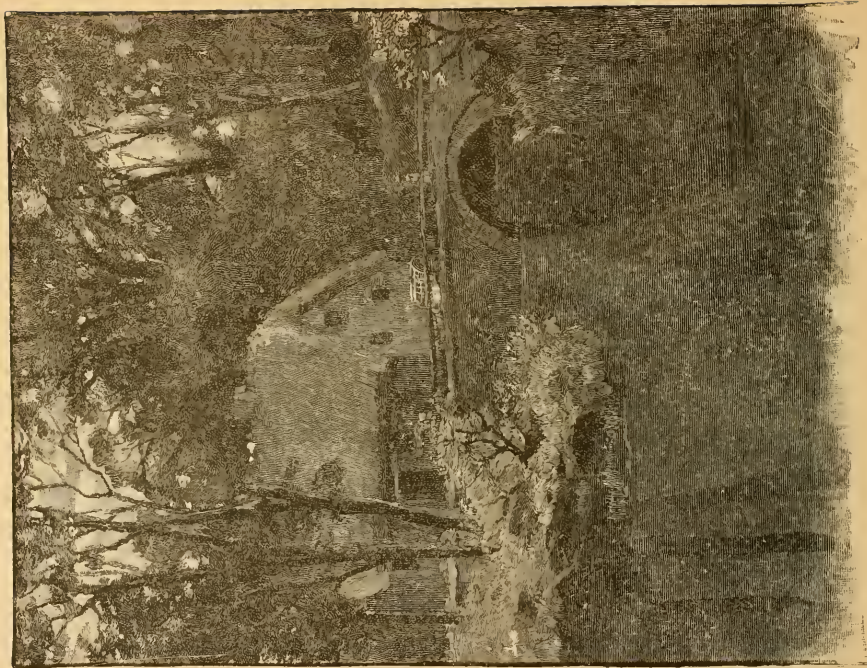
THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

MAY 31.

BUT it is almost certain that you, too, have been in love — perhaps even more than once, though you may not choose to say so to all your lady friends ; if so, you will no more think the slight words, the timid looks, the tremulous touches, by which two human souls approach each other gradually, like two little quivering rain streams before they mingle into one, than you will think the first-detected signs of coming spring trivial. Those slight words and looks and touches are part of the soul's language, and the finest language is chiefly made up of unimposing words such as “light,” “sound,” “stars,” “music” — words really not worth looking at, or hearing in themselves ; it is only that they happen to be the signs of something unspeakably great and beautiful.

ADAM BEDE.





## June.

THERE was one time of the year which was held in Raveloe to be especially suitable for a wedding. It was when the great lilacs and laburnums in the old-fashioned gardens showed their golden and purple wealth above the lichen-tinted walls, and when there were calves still young enough to want bucketfuls of fragrant milk.

People were not so busy then as they must become when the full cheese-making and the mowing had set in ; and besides it was a time when a bridal dress could be worn with comfort and seen to advantage.

SILAS MARNER.

JUNE 1.

IN the screening time  
Of purple blossoms, when the petals crowd  
And softly crush like cherub cheeks in heaven,  
Who thinks of greenly-withered fruit and worms ?

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

JUNE 2.

ALL honor and reverence to the divine beauty of form ! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women and children — in our gardens and in our houses ; but let us love that other beauty, too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep, human sympathy.

ADAM BEDE.



JUNE 1.

62 R 4

JUNE 2

JUNE 3.

MR. IRWINE was like a good meal o' victual — you were the better for him without thinking on it ; and Mr. Ryde was like a dose o' physie — he griped you and worried you, and after all he left you much the same.

ADAM BEDE.

JUNE 4.

AND now above them pours a wondrous voice  
(Such as Greek reapers heard in Sicily)  
With wounding rapture in it, like love's arrows ;  
And clear upon clear air as colored gems  
Dropped in a crystal cup of water pure,  
Fall words of sadness, simple, lyrical.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

JUNE 3.

JUNE 4.

Sappho, about 610 B. C.

JUNE 5.

YET love is not quite even,  
For feeble creatures, little birds and fawns,  
Are shaken more by fear, while large, strong things  
Can bear it stoutly. So we women still  
Are not well dealt with — yet would I choose to be  
Fedalma loving Silva.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

JUNE 6.

THERE are faces which nature charges with a meaning and a pathos not belonging to the single human soul that flutters beneath them, but speaking the joys and sorrows of foregone generations. Eyes that tell of deep love which doubtless has been and is somewhere, but not paired with these eyes ; just as a national language may be instinct with poetry unfelt by the lips that use it.

ADAM BEDE.

JUNE 5.

JUNE 6.

JUNE 7.

Is it out of the question that we should entertain some scruple about mixing our own flavor, as of the too cheap and insistent nutmeg, with that of every great writer, and every great subject—especially when our flavor is all we have to give, the matter or knowledge having been already given by somebody else ?

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

JUNE 8.

O GOD, we know not yet  
If bliss itself is not young misery  
With fangs swift growing.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.



BUT it was not entirely out of devotion to her future husband that she wished to know Latin and Greek. Those provinces of masculine knowledge seemed to her a standing ground from which all truth could be seen more truly.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JUNE 7.

Alice Green.

1862.

JUNE 8.

Lady Jane Gray, 1537.

JUNE 9.

THESE gems have life in them ; their colors speak,  
Say what words fail of. So do many things :  
The scent of jessamine, and the fountain's plash,  
The moving shadows on the far-off hills,  
The slanting moonlight and our clasping hands.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

JUNE 10.

WHEN the Bible 's such a big book, an' thee canst read all thro 't, an' ha' the pick o' the texes, I canna think why thee dostna pick better words as donna mean so much more nor they say. Adam does na pick pick a that 'n ; I can understan' the tex as he 's allays a-sayin', " God helps them as helps theirsens."

ADAM BEDE.



JUNE 9.

JUNE 10.

JUNE 11.

ROSAMOND was particularly forcible by means of that mild persistence which, as we know, enables a white, soft, living substance to make its way in spite of opposing rock.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JUNE 12.

THE faith that life on earth is being shaped  
To glorious ends, that order, justice, love,  
Mean man's completeness, mean effect as sure  
As roundness in the dew-drop — that great faith  
Is but the rushing and expanding stream  
Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past.

A MINOR PROPHET.

JUNE 11.

JUNE 12

Harriet Martineau, 1802.

JUNE 13.

HER look was something like that of a fawn, or other gentle animal, before it turns to run away ; no blush, no special alarm, but only some timidity which yet could not hinder her from a long look before she turned.

DANIEL DERONDA.



THAT moment will not come again ; applause  
May come and plenty ; but the first, first draught !  
Music has sounds for it : I know no words.

ARMGART.

JUNE 14.

It is more than a woman's love that moves us in a woman's eyes — it seems to be a far-off, mighty love that has come near to us, and made speech for itself there ; the rounded neck, the dimpled arm, move us by something more than their prettiness, by their close kinship with all we have known of tenderness and peace.

ADAM BEDE.

JUNE 13  
Fanny Burney, 1752.

JUNE 14.

JUNE 15.

A CRYSTAL mirror to the life around,  
Flashing the comment keen of simple fact  
Defined in words ; lending brief, lyric voice  
To grief and sadness ; hardly taking note,  
Of difference betwixt his own and others ;  
But rather singing as a listener  
To the deep moans, the cries, the wild, strong joys  
Of universal Nature.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

JUNE 16.

It's the same with love and happiness as with sorrow — the more we know of it the better we can feel what other people's lives are, or might be, and so we shall only be more tender to 'em and wishful to help 'em.

ADAM BEDE.

JUNE 15.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1812.

JUNE 16.

JUNE 17.

It is this living force of sentiment in common which makes a national consciousness. Nations so moved will resist conquest with the very breasts of their women, will pay their millions and their blood to abolish slavery, will share privation in famine and all calamity, will produce poets to sing "some great story of a man," and thinkers whose theory will bear the test of the action.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

JUNE 18.

This afternoon the dog-roses were tossing out their pink wreaths, the nightshade was in its yellow and purple glory, the pale honey-suckle grew out of reach, peeping high up out of a holly-bush. and, over all, an ash or a sycamore every now and then threw its shadow across the path.

ADAM BEDE.



JUNE 17.

JUNE 18.

JUNE 19.

BUT I must observe that goodness is of a modest nature, easily discouraged, and when much elbowed in early life, is apt to retire into extreme privacy, so that it is more easily believed in by those who construct a selfish old gentleman theoretically, than by those who form the narrowest judgments based on his personal acquaintance.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JUNE 20.

THE finest child-like faces have this consecrating power, and make us shudder anew at all the grossness and basely-wrought griefs of the world, lest they should enter here and defile.

DANIEL DERONDA.



HE'S eighty-three, you know. It's really an unconscionable age. It's only women who have a right to live as long as that.

ADAM BEDE.

JUNE 19.

JUNE 20.  
Mrs. Barbauld, 1743.

JUNE 21.

AND the women, he observed, could never do anything but put finger in eye at a wedding. Even Mrs. Poyser could not trust herself to speak as the neighbors shook hands with her; and Lisbeth began to cry in the face of the very first person who told her she was getting young again.

ADAM BEDE.

JUNE 22.

IF there must be women to make trouble in the world, it's but fair there should be women to be comforters under it; and she's one — she's one. It's a pity she's a Methodist; but there's no getting a woman without some foolishness or other.

ADAM BEDE.

JUNE 21.

JUNE 22.

JUNE 23.

ALL men who watched  
Lost her regretfully, then drew content  
From thought that she must quickly come again,  
And filled the time with striving to be near.

DEEP despair  
Fills all your tones as with slow agony,  
Speak words that narrow anguish to some shape ;  
Tell me what dread is close before you?

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

JUNE 24.

THERE is a charm of eye and lip which comes with every little phrase that certifies delicate preception or fine judgment, with every unostentatious word or smile that shows a heart awake to others ; and no sweep of garment or turn of figure is more satisfying than that which enters as a restoration of confidence that one person is present on whom no intention will be lost.

DANIEL DERONDA.

JUNE 23,  
Empress Josephine, 1763.

JUNE 24.

JUNE 25.

FOR in the multitude of middle-aged men who go about their vocation in a daily course determined for them much in the same way as the tie of their cravats, there is always a good number who once meant to shape their own deeds and alter the world a little. The story of their coming to be shapen after the average is hardly ever told even in their consciousness.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JUNE 26.

AT the gate there was half the dairy of cows, standing one behind the other, extremely slow to understand that their large bodies might be in the way ; at the far gate there was the mare holding her head over the bars, and, beside her, the liver-colored foal, with its head toward its mother's flank, apparently still much embarrassed by its own straddling existence.

ADAM BEDE.



JUNE 25.

JUNE 26.

JUNE 27.

My lord, I will be frank, there's no such thing  
As naked manhood. If the stars look down  
On any mortal of our shape, whose strength  
Is to judge all things without preference,  
He is a monster, not a faithful man.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

JUNE 28.

EYES that could see her on this summer-day  
Might find it hard to turn another way.  
She had a pensive beauty; yet not sad;  
Rather, like minor cadences that glad  
The hearts of little birds among spring boughs.

HOW LISA LOVED THE KING.

JUNE 27.

*Julius Walter Stood*

JUNE 28.

JUNE 29.

UNTIL one height  
Showed him the ocean, stretched in liquid light,  
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,  
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

JUNE 30.

WHEN one sees a perfect woman, one never thinks of her attributes — one is conscious of her presence.

WHAT do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?

DOROTHEA herself had no dreams of being praised above other women, feeling that there was always something better which she might have done if she had been better and known better.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JUNE 29.

Celia Thaxter, 1835.

*Ellen Gardner Atwood 1837*

JUNE 30.

Harriet Winslow Sewall.

You love the roses — so do I. I wish  
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain  
From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?  
Then all the valleys would be pink and white,  
And soft to tread on. They would fall as light  
As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be  
Like sleeping and yet waking, all at once.  
Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go,  
Will it rain roses?

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

## July.

A HUMAN life, I think, should be well rooted in some spot of a native land, where it may get the love of tender kinship for the face of earth, for the labors men go forth to, for the sounds and accents that haunt it, for whatever will give that early home a familiar, unmistakable difference amidst the future widening of knowledge: a spot where the definiteness of early memories may be inwrought with affection, and kindly acquaintance with all neighbors, even to the dogs and donkeys, may spread, not by sentimental effort and reflection, but as a sweet habit of the blood.

DANIEL DERONDA.

JULY 1.

A spirit framed  
Too prondly special for obedience,  
Too subtly pondering for mastery :  
Born of a goddess with a mortal sire,  
Heir of flesh-fettered, weak divinity,  
Doom-gifted with long resonant consciousness  
And perilous heightening of the sentient soul,  
But look less curiously ; life itself  
May not express us all, may leave the worst  
And the best, too, like tunes in mechanism  
Never awakened.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

JULY 2.

AND as wood-lilies that sweet odors bring,  
Might dream the light that opes their modest eyne  
Was lily-odored.

So the miniature,  
Perplexed of her 'soul's world, all virgin pure,  
Filled with heroic virtues that bright form.

HOW LISA LOVED THE KING.



JULY 1.  
George Sand, 1804.

JULY 2.

JULY 3.

SUCH tragedy as lies in the conflicts of young souls, hungry for joy, under a lot made hard to them, under the dreariness of a home where the morning brings no promise with it, and where the unexpectant discontent of worn and disappointed parents, weighs on the children like a damp, thick air, in which all the functions of life are depressed.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

JULY 4.

THE greatest question in the world is how to give every man a man's share in what goes on in life — we want a freeman's share, and that is to think and speak and act about what concerns us all, and see whether these fine gentlemen who undertake to govern us are doing the best they can for us.

FELIX HOLL.

JULY 3.

Frederica Sophia Wilhemina, 1709.

JULY 4.

Amey Dexter Sharpe. 1864.

JULY 5.

ANY great achievement in acting, or in music, grows with the growth. Whenever an artist has been able to say "I came, I saw, I conquered," it has been at the end of patient practice. Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.

DANIEL DERONDA.

JULY 6.

I 'd sooner ha' brewin' day and washin' day together than one o' these pleasin' days. There 's no work so tirin' as danglin' about an' starin' an' not rightly knowin' what you're goin' to do next; an' keepin' your face i' smilin' order like a grocer o' market-day, for fear people should na think you civil enough. An' you've nothing to show for 't when it's done, if it isn't a yallow face wi' eatin' things as disagreee.

ADAM BEDE.

JULY 5.  
Mrs. Siddons, 1755.

JULY 6.

JULY 7.

How should all the apparatus of heaven and earth, from the farthest firmament to the tender bosom of the mother who nourished us, make poetry for a mind that has no movements of awe and tenderness, no sense of fellowship which thrills from the near to the distant, and back again from the distant to the near?

DANIEL DERONDA.

JULY 8.

ONE long summer's day  
An angel entered at the rose-hung gate,  
With skirts pale blue, a brow to quench the pearl,  
Hair soft and blonde as infants', plenteous  
As hers who made the wavy lengths once speak  
The grateful worship of a rescued soul.

Yet her years were few,  
Her outward beauties all in budding-time,  
Her virtues the aroma of the plant  
That dwells in all its being, root, stem, leaf,  
And waits not ripeness.

AGATHA.

JULY 7.

JULY 8.

Maria White Lowell, 1821.

JULY 9.

THESE familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of a personality given to it by the capricious hedge rows — such things as these are the mother tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle, inextricable associations, the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

JULY 10.

THE angel was a lady, noble, young,  
Taught in all seemliness that fits a court,  
All love that shapes the mind to delicate use,  
Yet quiet, lowly as a meek white dove  
That with its presence teaches gentleness.

AGATHA.



JULY 9.

Ann Radcliff, 1764.

*Ellen D. Sharpe - 1861*

JULY 10.

Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More, and friend of Erasmus, 1503.

JULY 11.

To the far woods he wandered, listening,  
And heard the birds their little stories sing  
In notes whose rise and fall seem melted speech —  
Melted with tears, smiles, glances.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

JULY 12,

It is more needful that I should have a fibre of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen who weighs out my sugar in a vilely-assorted cravat and waistcoat, than with the handsomest rascal in red scarf and green feathers ; more need that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, than at the deeds of heroes I shall never know except by hearsay.

ADAM BEDE.

JULY 11.

JULY 12.

JULY 13.

THIS sort of passion had nested in the sweet-natured, strong Rex, and he had made up his mind to its companionship, as if it had been an object supremely dear, stricken dumb and helpless, and turning all the future of tenderness into a shadow of the past. But he had also made up his mind that his life was not to be pauperized because he had to renounce one sort of joy; rather he had begun life again with a new counting-up of the treasures that remained to him.

DANIEL DERONDA.

JULY 14.

FOR the first time, he felt that he was alone — that day after day, month after month, year after year, would have to be lived through without Milly's love. Spring would come, and she would not be there; summer, and she would not be there; and he would never have her again with him by the fire-side in the long evenings. The seasons all seemed irksome to his thoughts; and how dreary the sunshiny days that would be sure to come! She was gone from him; and he could never make up for omissions in the past by filling future days with tenderness.

AMOS BARTON.

JULY 13.

JULY 14.

Jane Welsh Carlyle, 1801.

JULY 15.

WHEN our indignation is borne in submissive silence, we are apt to feel twinges of doubt afterward as to our own generosity, if not justice; how much more when the object of our anger has gone into everlasting silence, and we have seen his face for the last time in the meekness of death.

ADAM BEDE.

JULY 16.

HIS sister was quite used to the peculiar absence of ceremony with which he marked his sense of blood-relationship. Indeed she, herself, was accustomed to think that entire freedom from the necessity of behaving agreeably was included in the Almighty's intentions about families.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JULY 15.

JULY 16.

JULY 17.

MRS. STELLING was not a loving, tender-hearted woman ; she was a woman whose skirt sat well, who adjusted her waist and patted her curls with a pre-occupied air when she inquired after your welfare. These things, doubtless, represent a great social power, but it is not the power of love.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

JULY 18.

THOUGH Death were King  
And cruelty his right-hand minister,  
Pity, insurgent in some human breasts,  
Makes spiritual empire, reigns supreme  
As persecuted faith in faithful hearts.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.



JULY 17.

JULY 18.

Miss Louisa W. King, of Georgia, 1848.

JULY 19.

WHEN he had something painful to tell, it was usually his way to introduce it among a number of disjointed particulars, as if it were a medicine that would get a milder flavor by mixing.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JULY 20.

It was the first sign within the poor child of that new sense which is the gift of sorrow — that susceptibility to the bare offices of humanity which raises them into a bond of loving fellowship.

MAGGIE could make no answer but a long, deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness, that is, one with pain.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

JULY 19.

JULY 20.

JULY 21.

FOR the sanctity of oaths  
Lies not in lightning that avenges them,  
But in the injury wrought by broken bonds  
And in the garnered good of human trust.

—❁—  
THE SPANISH GYPSY.

THE real tie lies in the feeling and expectations we have raised in other minds. Else all pledges might be broken, when there was no outward penalty. There would be no such thing as faithfulness.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

JULY 22.

SHE is one of those respectable witnesses who would testify to the exact moment of an apparition, because any desirable moment will be as exact as another to her remembrance; or who would be the most worthy to witness the actions of spirits on slates and tables, because the action of limbs would not probably arrest her attention.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCHI.

JULY 21.

*Handwritten notes, possibly "A. B. C."*

JULY 22.

JULY 23.

I AM not desecrating the life of the true artist. I am exalting it. I say it is out of the reach of any but choice organizations — natures framed to love perfection and to labor for it; ready like all true lovers, to endure, to wait, to say, I am not yet worthy, but she — Art, my mistress — is worthy, and I will live to merit her. An honorable life? Yes. But the honor comes from the inward vocation and the hard-won achievement; there is no honor in donning the life as a livery.

DANIEL DERONDA.

JULY 24.

WILL'S generous reliance on the intentions of the universe with regard to himself, he held to be a mark of genius; and certainly it is no mark to the contrary, genius consisting neither in self-conceit nor humility, but in a power to make, or do, not anything in general, but something in particular.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JULY 23.

Charlotte Cushman, 1816.

JULY 24.

JULY 25.

THE true cross of the Redeemer was the sin and sorrow of this world, — *that* was what lay heavy on his heart, — and that is the cross we shall share with him, if we would have any part in that Divine Love which is one with his sorrow.

ADAM BEDE.

JULY 26.

BETWEEN him and her indeed there was that total missing of each other's mental track, which is too evidently possible even between persons who are continually thinking of each other.

MIDDLEMARCH.



JULY 25.

*Martha M. Comb. 1867.*

JULY 26.

JULY 27.

“HEARING myself,” he said, “hems in my life,  
And I will get me to some far-off land  
Where higher mountains under heaven stand,  
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,  
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars  
The great, clear voices.”

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

JULY 28.

As if all the great poetic criminals were not women! I think the men  
are poor, cautious creatures.

DANIEL DERONDA.



SOOTHING, unspeakable charm of gentle womanhood! which supersedes  
all acquisitions, all accomplishments. You would never have asked, at any  
period of Mrs. Amos Barton's life, if she sketched or played the piano.  
You would even perhaps have been rather scandalized if she had  
descended from the serene dignity of *being*. to the assiduous unrest of  
*doing*.

AMOS BARTON.

JULY 27.

JULY 28.

Charlotte Corday, 1768.

*Bessie McCoub. 1864.*

JULY 29.

It is a pretty surprise when one visits an elderly couple, to see a little figure enter in a white frock, with a blonde head as smooth as satin, round blue eyes, and a cheek like an apple-blossom. A toddling little girl is a centre of common feeling which makes the most dissimilar people understand each other.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

JULY 30.

THE thirtieth of July was come. Nature seems to make a pause just then — all the loveliest flowers are gone ; the sweet time of early growth and vague hopes is past ; and yet the time of harvest and ingathering is not come, and we tremble at the possible storms that may ruin the precious fruit in the moment of its ripeness.

ADAM BEDE.

JULY 29.

JULY 30.

JULY 31.

Mrs. GARTH was not without her criticism on other women, being more accurately instructed than most matrons in Middlemarch, and — where is the blameless woman? — apt to be a little severe toward her own sex, which in her opinion was framed to be entirely subordinate. On the other hand, she was disproportionately indulgent towards the failings of men, and was often heard to say that these were natural.

MIDDLEMARCH.

JULY 31.

Mrs. Sarah Alden Ripley, 1793.

EVERY limit is a beginning as well as an ending. Who can quit young lives after being long in company with them, and not desire to know what befell them in after years? For the fragment of a life, however typical, is not the sample of an even web; promises may not be kept, and an ardent outset may be followed by declension; latent powers may find their long-awaited opportunity; a past error may urge a grand retrieval.

MIDDLEMARCH.



## August.

BUT now the Red Deeps had the charm for Maggie, which any broken ground, any mimic rock and ravine have for the eyes that rest habitually on the level ; especially in summer, when she could sit on a grassy hollow under the shadow of a branching ash, stooping aslant from the steep above her, and listen to the hum of insects, like tiniest bells on the garment of Silence, or see the sunlight piercing the distant boughs, as if to chase and drive home the truant heavenly blue of the wild hyacinths.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

AUGUST 1.

SOLITUDE in any wide scene impressed her with an undefined feeling of immeasurable existence aloof from her, in the midst of which she was helplessly incapable of asserting herself. The little astronomy taught her at school used sometimes to set her imagination at work in a way that made her tremble.

DANIEL DERONDA.

AUGUST 2.

PAINT us an angel if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light ; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory ; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands.

ADAM BEDE.

AUGUST 1.  
Maria Mitchel, 1818.

AUGUST 2.

AUGUST 3.

WE may not make this world a paradise  
By walking it together hand in hand  
With eyes that meeting feed a double strength,  
We must be only joined by pains divine  
Of spirits blent in mutual memories.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

AUGUST 4.

O, I am sick at heart. The eye of day,  
The insistent summer sun, seemed pitiless,  
Shining in all the barren crevices  
Of weary life, leaving no shade, no dark,  
Where I may dream that hidden waters lie.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

AUGUST 3.

Arabella Stuart, 1577.

Philip Richmond 1860

AUGUST 4.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon, 1802.

Louisa Deyter Sharpe

AUGUST 5.

THE inhabitants of Raveloe were not severely regular in their church-going, and perhaps there was not a person in the parish who would not have held that to go to church every Sunday in the calendar would have shown a greedy desire to stand well with Heaven, and get an undue advantage over their neighbors.

SILAS MARNER.

AUGUST 6.

WOMEN who are never bitter and resentful are often the most querulous ; and if Solomon was as wise as he is reputed to be, I feel sure that when he compared a contentious woman to a continual dropping on a very rainy day, he had not a vixen in his eye. Depend upon it, he meant a good creature, who had no joy but in the happiness of the loved ones whom she contributed to make uncomfortable, putting by all the tidbits for them, and spending nothing on herself.

ADAM BEDE.

AUGUST 5.

AUGUST 6.

AUGUST 7.

I SHOULD think his countenance *is* pleasant indeed ! And him a gentleman born an 's got a mother like a pieter. It's summat like to see such a man as that i' the desk of a Sunday ! As I say to Poyser, it's like looking at a full crop of wheat, or a pasture with a fine dairy of cows in it ; it makes you think the world's comfortable like.

ADAM BEDE.

AUGUST 8.

SHE was in all respects a woman of scrupulous conscience, so eager for duties, that life seemed to offer them too scantily unless she rose at half-past four, though this threw a scarcity of work over the more advanced hours of the morning, which it was a constant problem to remove.

SILAS MARNER.



AUGUST 7.

AUGUST 8.

AUGUST 9.

For high device is still the highest force ;  
And he who holds the secret of the wheel,  
May make the rivers do what work he would.  
With thoughts impalpable we clutch men's souls,  
Weaken the joints of armies, make them fly  
Like dust and leaves before the viewless winds.  
Tell me what's mirrored in the tiger's heart,  
I'll rule that too.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

AUGUST 10.

STRANGE, that some of us, with quick, alternate vision, see beyond our infatuations, and, even while we rave on the heights, behold the wide plane where our persistent self pauses and awaits us.

MIDDLEMARCH.

AUGUST 9.

AUGUST 10.

AUGUST 11.

My work is mine,  
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked,  
I should rob God — since he is fullest good.

—  
STRADIVARIUS.



BUT emotion, I fear, is irrational ; it insists on caring for individuals ; it absolutely refuses to adopt the quantitative view of human anguish, and to admit that thirteen happy lives are a set-off against twelve miserable lives, which leaves a clear balance on the side of satisfaction. This is the inherent imbecility of feeling.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

AUGUST 12.

SCOTCH tunes go on with the same thing over and over again, and never come to a reasonable end. Anybody 'ud think the Scotch tunes had always been asking a question of somebody as deaf as old Taft, and had never got an answer yet.

ADAM BEDE.

AUGUST 11.

Mrs. M. B. Piatt, 1836.

Jessie F. Powers. '65.

AUGUST 12.

AUGUST 13.

MIRAH'S was the sort of voice that gives the impression of being meant like a bird's wooing for an audience near and beloved.

Whose life was much checkered by resistance to her depreciation as a girl.

MIDDLEMARCH.

AUGUST 14.

HE is n't one o' them gentle folks as go to cry at waterin'-places when their wives die; he's got summat else to do. He looks fine and sharp after the parish — he does. He was *at* me to know what I did of a Sunday, as I didn't come to church. But I told him I was up' the travel three parts of the Sundays, an' then I'm so used to bein' on my legs, I can't sit on end; "an lors," says I, "a packman can do wi' small 'lowance o' church; it tastes strong," says I; "there's no call to lay it on thick."

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

AUGUST 13.  
Lucy Stone Blackwell, 1818.

AUGUST 14.

AUGUST 15.

MR. IRWINE had taken off his boots and put on slippers before he came up stairs. Whoever remembers how many things he declined to do even for himself, rather than have the trouble of putting on or taking off his boots, will not think this last detail insignificant.

ADAM BEDE.

AUGUST 16.

THE middle-aged, who have lived through their strongest emotions, but are yet in the time when memory is still half passionate and not merely contemplative, should surely be a sort of natural priesthood, whom life has disciplined and consecrated to be the refuge and rescue of early stumblers and victims of self-despair.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.



AUGUST 15.

AUGUST 16.

AUGUST 17.

THE dowry of my daughter is to be  
Chief woman of her people.

This sweetest virgin reared  
As garden flowers to give the sordid world  
Glimpses of perfection.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

AUGUST 18.

THE commonest man, who has his ounce of sense and feeling, is conscious of the difference between a lovely, delicate woman and a coarse one. Even a dog feels a difference in their presence. The man may be no better able than the dog to explain the influence the more refined beauty has on him, but he feels it.

ADAM BEDE.

AUGUST 17.

The Duchess of Kent, Mother of Queen Victoria, 1786.

AUGUST 18.

AUGUST 19.

A FACE, not seraphic any longer; thoroughly terrestrial and manly; but still of a kind to raise belief in human dignity which can afford to acknowledge poor relations. And often the grand meanings of faces, as well as of written words may lie chiefly in the impressions of those who look on them.

DANIEL DERONDA.

AUGUST 20.

SHE sung with a subdued but searching pathos, which had that essential of perfect singing, the making one oblivious of art and manner, and only possessing one with the song.

DANIEL DERONDA.

AUGUST 19.

AUGUST 20.

Christine Nilsson, 1843.

AUGUST 21.

HE is no longer in his spring-tide ; but having been always busy, he has been obliged to use his own impressions as if they were deliberate opinions, and to range himself on the corresponding side in ignorance of mind that he commits himself to.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

AUGUST 22.

WE must learn to accommodate ourselves to the discovery that some of these cunningly-fashioned instruments called human souls have only a very limited range of music, and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous rapture or quivering agony.

ADAM BEDE.

AUGUST 21.

AUGUST 22.

AUGUST 23.

THE instances are scattered but thinly over the galleries of Europe in which the fortune or selection even of the chief masters has given to art a face at once young, grand and beautiful, where, if there is any melancholy, it is no feeble passivity, but enters into the foreshadowed capability of heroism.

DANIEL DERONDA.

AUGUST 24.

THE growth of higher feeling within us is like the growth of faculty, bringing with it a sense of added strength; we can no more wish to return to a narrower sympathy, than a painter or a musician can wish to return to his cruder manner, or a philosopher to his less complete formula.

ADAM BEDE.



AUGUST 23.

AUGUST 24.

Countess of Huntington, 1707.

AUGUST 25.

MR. ELY never got into a warm discussion ; he suggested what might be thought, but rarely said what he thought himself ; he never let either men or women see that he was laughing at them, and he never gave anyone an opportunity of laughing at him. In one thing only he was injudicious. He parted his dark, wavy hair down the middle ; and as his head was rather flat, that style of coiffure was not advantageous to him.

AMOS BARTON.

AUGUST 26.

THE secret of our emotions never lies in the bare object, but in its subtle relations to our own past ; no wonder the secret escapes the unsympathizing observer, who might as well put on his spectacles to discern odors.

ADAM BEDE.

AUGUST 25.

AUGUST 26.

AUGUST 27.

No man believes that many-textured knowledge and skill can come late and of a sudden ; yet many will not stick at believing that happiness can come at any day and hour solely by a new disposition of events ; though there is nought less capable of a magical production than a mortal's happiness, which is mainly a complex of habitual relations and dispositions not to be wrought by news from foreign parts, or any whirling of fortune's wheel, for one on whose brow Time has written legibly.

FELIX HOLT.

AUGUST 28.

For her reliance, in her smallest words and deeds, on a divine guidance, always issued in that finest woman's tact. which proceeds from acute and ready sympathy.

ADAM BEDE.

AUGUST 27.

AUGUST 28.

Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes 1831.

AUGUST 29.

BESIDES, she objected with a sort of physical repulsion, to being directly made love to. With all her imaginative delight in being adored, there was a certain fierceness of maidenhood in her.

DANIEL DERONDA.



You daring modesty! You shrink no more  
From gazing men than from the gazing flowers  
That, dreaming sunshine, open as you pass.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

AUGUST 30.

BUT in Dorothea's mind there was a current into which all thought and feeling were apt, sooner or later, to flow — the reaching forward of the whole consciousness towards the fullest truth, the least partial good.

MIDDLEMARCH.



A FACE which had the look of habitual, meditative abstraction from objects of mere personal vanity or desire, which is the peculiar stamp of culture.

FELIX HOLT.

AUGUST 29.

Hypatia, about 385 A. D.

AUGUST 30.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, 1844.

AUGUST 31.

I SHOULD never have been happy in any profession that did not call forth the highest intellectual strain, and yet keep me in good warm contact with my neighbors. There is nothing like the medical profession for that: one can have the exclusive scientific life that touches the distance, and befriend the old fogies in the parish, too.

MIDDLEMARCH.



AUGUST 31.

Dr. Mary Jacobi.

*Handwritten signature or initials, possibly "M. J."*

It must be sad to outlive aught we love,  
So I shall grieve a little for these days  
Of poor, unwed Fedalma. Oh, they are sweet,  
And none will come just like them. Perhaps the wind  
Wails so in winter for the summer's dead,  
And all sad sounds are nature's funeral cries  
For what has been and is not.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

## September.

THE sunshine was on the fields ; the early autumn sunshine which we should know was not summer's, even if there were no touches of yellow on the lime and chestnut ; the Sunday sunshine, too, which has more than autumnal calmness for the working-man ; the morning sunshine, which still leaves the dew-crystals on the fine gossamer webs in the shadow of the bushy hedge rows.

SEPTEMBER 1.

INTERPRETING all things largely, like a mind prepossessed with high belief.

ROMOLA.



HER person suited diamonds, and made them look as if they were worth some of the money given for them.

DANIEL DERONDA.

SEPTEMBER 2.

WITH hand and arm that play upon the tool  
As willingly as any singing bird  
Sets him to sing his morning roundelay,  
Because he likes to sing, and likes the song.

STRADIVARIUS.

SEPTEMBER 1.

Lady Blessington, 1790; Lydia H. Sigourney, 1791.

SEPTEMBER 2.

Miss Anne Whitney.

SEPTEMBER 3.

HOWEVER, I am not denyin' that women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men.

IT'S the flesh and blood folks are made on as makes the difference. Some cheeses are made o' skimmed milk, and some o' new milk, and it's no matter what you call 'em, you may know which is which by the look and smell.

ADAM BEDE.

SEPTEMBER 4.

BUT the fuller nature desires to be an agent, to create and not merely to look on. Strong love hungers to bless, and not merely to behold blessing.

DANIEL DERONDA.



THE happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

SEPTEMBER 3.

SEPTEMBER 4.

Phoebe Cary, 1824.

SEPTEMBER 5.

THE bucolic character at Hayslope, you perceive, was not of the entirely genial, merry, broad-grinning sort apparently observed in most districts visited by artists. The mild radiance of a smile was a rare sight on a field-laborer's face, and there was seldom any gradation between bovine gravity and a laugh.

ADAM BEDE.

SEPTEMBER 6.

OVERWORKED Mrs. Dagley — a thin, worn woman, from whose life pleasure had so entirely vanished that she had not even any Sunday clothes which could give her satisfaction in preparing for church — had already had a misunderstanding with her husband since he had come home, and was in low spirits, expecting the worst.

MIDDLEMARCH.



SEPTEMBER 5.

SEPTEMBER 6.

SEPTEMBER 7.

I HAVE breathed my soul ;  
I lie here now the remnant of that whole,  
The embers of a life, a lonely pain ;  
As far off rivers to my thirst were vain,  
So of my mighty years nought comes to me again.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

SEPTEMBER 8.

FOR Adam, though you see him quite master of himself, working hard and delighting in his work after his inborn, inalienable nature, had not outlived his sorrow — had not felt it slip from him as a temporary burden, and leave him the same man again. Do any of us? God forbid.

ADAM BEDE.

SEPTEMBER 7.

Queen Elizabeth, of England, 1533.

SEPTEMBER 8.

SEPTEMBER 9.

I'LL tell you what's the greatest power under heaven, and that is public opinion — the ruling belief in society about what is right and what is wrong, what is honorable and what is shameful.

FELIX HOLT.

SEPTEMBER 10.

THERE is no compensation for the woman that feels that the chief relation of her life has been no more than a mistake. She has lost her crown. The deepest secret of human blessedness has half whispered itself to her, and then forever passed her by.

ROMOLA.



ON solitary souls, the universe  
Looks down inhospitable ; the human heart  
Finds nowhere shelter but in human kind.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

SEPTEMBER 9.

SEPTEMBER 10.

SEPTEMBER 11.

No life would have been possible to Dorothea which was not filled with emotion, and she had now a life filled also with beneficent activity which she had not the doubtful pains of discovering and marking out for herself.

MIDDLEMARCH.

SEPTEMBER 12.

THE Miss Linnets were in that temperate zone of old maidism, when a woman will not say but that if a man of suitable years and character were to offer himself, she might be induced to tread the remainder of life's vale in company with him.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

SEPTEMBER 11.

Sarah Franklin Bache, 1744.

SEPTEMBER 12.

SEPTEMBER 13.

HE was always prone to believe that he could make money by the purchase of a horse which turned out badly — though this, Mary observed, was of course the fault of the horse, not of Fred's judgment.

MIDDLEMARCH.



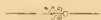
I HAVE a knack of hoping, which is as good as an estate in reversion, if one can keep from the temptation of turning it into certainty, which may spoil all.

DANIEL DERONDA.

SEPTEMBER 14.

MR. RAM dealt ably in books in the same way that he would have dealt in tins of meat and other commodities — without knowledge or responsibility as to the proportion of rottenness or nourishment they might contain.

DANIEL DERONDA.



OH, sir, the loftiest hopes on earth  
Draw lots with meaner hopes ; heroic breasts  
Breathing bad air, run risk of pestilence.

MIDDLEMARCH.



SEPTEMBER 13.

Maria Bowen Chapin 1864.

SEPTEMBER 14.

SEPTEMBER 15.

I SING for love of song and that renown  
Which is the spreading act, the world-wide share  
Of good that I was born with.

ARMGART.



HOWEVER slight the terrestrial intercourse between Dante and Beatrice, or Petrarch and Laura, time changes the proportion of things, and in later days it is preferable to have fewer sonnets and more conversation.

MIDDLEMARCH.

SEPTEMBER 16.

BUT that simplicity of hers, holding up an ideal for others in her believing conception of them, was one of the great powers of her womanhood. He felt that his brief words would only profit by their brevity when Dorothea had to interpret them. He felt that in her mind he had found his highest estimate.

MIDDLEMARCH.

SEPTEMBER 15.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, 1824.

SEPTEMBER 16.

SEPTEMBER 17.

BUT he also made up his mind that his life was not to be pauperized because he had had to renounce one sort of joy ; rather he had begun life again with a new counting-up of the treasures that remained to him, and he had even felt a release of power such as may come from ceasing to be afraid of your own neck.

DANIEL DERONDA.

SEPTEMBER 18.

HEV a dog, Miss — I can't give you Mumps, 'cause he'd break his heart to go away from me, but there 's a pup — if you didn't mind about it not bein' thoroughbred. She means more sense wi' her bark nor half the chaps can put into their talk from breakfast to sundown. There 's one chap carries pots — a poor, low trade as any on the road — he says, "Why Toby 's naught but a mongrel — there 's naught to look at in her." But I says to him, "Why what are you yoursen but a mongrel? There wasn't much pickin' o' *your* feyther and mother, to look at you." Not but what I like a bit o' breed myself, but I can't abide to see one cur grinnin' at another.

SEPTEMBER 17.

SEPTEMBER 18.

SEPTEMBER 19.

SHE 's sure to have a word to say as 'll help us to set things on their right end.

SHE saves a little pepper to sprinkle over her talk — that 's the reason why she never puts too much into her pies.

SILAS MARNER.

SEPTEMBER 20.

WITH some even admirable persons one is never quite sure of any particular being included under a general head. A provincial physician, it is said, once ordering a lady patient not to eat salad, was asked pleadingly by the affectionate husband whether she might eat lettuce, or cresses, or radishes.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

SEPTEMBER 19.

Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton), 1830.

SEPTEMBER 20.

SEPTEMBER 21.

I THINK there are stores laid up in our human nature, that our understandings can make no complete inventory of. Certain strains of music affect me strangely — I can never hear them without changing my whole attitude of mind for a time, and if the effect would last, I might be capable of heroisms.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

SEPTEMBER 22.

O, MY dear, when you have a clergyman in your family, you must accommodate your tastes; I did that very early. When I married Humphrey, I made up my mind to like sermons, and I set out by liking the end very much. That soon spread to the middle and to the beginning, because I couldn't have the end without them.

MIDDLEMARCH.



SEPTEMBER 21.

SEPTEMBER 22.

SEPTEMBER 23.

OH, pleasure has cramped dwelling in our souls,  
And when full Being comes must call on pain  
To lend it liberal space.

ARMGART.



SHE felt the intensity of life which seems to transcend both grief and joy -- in which the mind seems to itself akin to elder forces that wrought out existence before the birth of pleasure and pain.

ROMOLA.

SEPTEMBER 24.

I'VE known husbands who've laid plans for tormenting their wives when they're underground — tying up their money and hindering them from marrying again. Not that I should ever wish to marry again; I think one husband in one's life is enough in all conscience — but it's aggravating to be tied up in that way.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

SEPTEMBER 23.

SEPTEMBER 24.

SEPTEMBER 25.

SHE was not coldly clever, but adorably simple and full of feeling. She was an angel beguiled. It would be a unique delight to wait and watch for the melodious fragments in which her heart and soul came forth so directly and ingenuously. The Æolian harp again came to his mind.

MIDDLEMARCH.

SEPTEMBER 26.

By opinions you mean men's thoughts about great subjects, and by taste you mean their thoughts about small ones; dress, behavior, amusements, ornaments.

FELIX HOLT.



You thought to hide things from her — sat upon your secret and looked innocent, and all the while she knew by the corner of your eye that it was exactly five pounds ten you were sitting on! As well turn the key to keep out the damp.

DANIEL DERONDA.

SEPTEMBER 25.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans, 1794.

SEPTEMBER 26.

SEPTEMBER 27.

THAT was a time of color, when the sunlight fell on glancing steel and floating banners, a time of adventure and fierce struggle — nay, of living religious art and religious enthusiasm ; for were not cathedrals built in those days, and did not great emperors leave their western palaces to die beneath the infidel's strongholds in the sacred East? Therefore it is that these Rhine castles thrill me with a sense of poetry ; they belong to the grand historic life of humanity, and raise up for me the vision of an epoch.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

SEPTEMBER 28.

MAN thinks

Brutes have no wisdom, since they know not his ;  
Can he divine their world ?

O, THEY have long tradition and swift speech,  
Can tell with touches and sharp darting cries  
Whole histories of timid races taught  
To breathe in terror by red-handed man.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

SEPTEMBER 27.

SEPTEMBER 28.

Mrs. Caroline Earle White, 1833.

SEPTEMBER 29.

FOR what is love itself for the one we love best? — an infolding of immeasurable cares, which yet are better than any joys outside our love.

DANIEL DERONDA.



THE early months of marriage often are times of critical tumult — whether that of a shrimp-pool or of deeper waters — which afterwards subsides into cheerful peace.

MIDDLEMARCH.

SEPTEMBER 30.

YET these commonplace people — many of them — bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right ; they have their unspoken sorrows, and their sacred joys ; their hearts have perhaps gone out towards their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance — in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share.

AMOS BARTON.



SEPTEMBER 29.

SEPTEMBER 30.

IN the checkered area of human experience the seasons are all mingled as in the golden age ; fruit and blossom hang together ; in the same moment the sickle is reaping and the seed is sprinkled ; one tends the green cluster and another treads the wine-press. Nay, in each of our lives harvest and spring-time are continually one, until Death himself gathers us and sows us anew in his invisible fields.

DANIEL DERONDA.

## October.

How is it that the poets have said so many fine things about our first love, so few about our later love? Are their first poems the best? or are not those the best which come from their fuller thought, their larger experience, their deeper-rooted affections? The boy's flute-like voice has its own spring charm; but the man should yield a richer, deeper music.

ADAM BEDE.

OCTOBER 1.

It's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest — one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we can do arter all — the big things come and go wi' no striving o' our'n — they do — that they do.

SILAS MARNER.

OCTOBER 2.

“HAPPEN you'd like Mumps for company, Miss. He's rare company — Mumps is; he knows iverything, an' makes no bother about it. If I tell him, he'll lie before you an' watch you — as still — just as he watches my pack. You'd better let me leave him a bit; he'll get fond on you. Lors, it's a fine thing to hev a dumb brute fond on you; it'll stiek to you, an' make no jaw.”

“Yes, do leave him please,” said Maggie — “I think I should like to have Mumps for a friend.”

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

OCTOBER 1.

OCTOBER 2.

OCTOBER 3.

It may n't be good luck to be a woman, but one begins with it from a baby : one gets used to it. And I shouldn't like to be a man — to cough so loud, and stand straddling about on a wet day, and be so wasteful with meat and drink. They're a coarse lot, I think.

FELIX HOLT.

OCTOBER 4.

MISS PRATT was an old maid, but that is a no more definite description than if I had said she was in the autumn of life. Was it autumn when the orchards are fragrant with apples, or autumn when the last yellow leaves are fluttering in the chill breeze?

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

OCTOBER 3.

OCTOBER 4.

OCTOBER 5.

LOOKING at the mother, you might hope that the daughter would become like her, which is a prospective advantage equal to a dowry.

MIDDLEMARCH.



SHE was intensely of the feminine type, verging neither toward the saint nor the angel.

FELIX HOLT.

OCTOBER 6.

ARMGART.—

I was blind

With too much happiness ; true vision comes  
Only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there one  
This moment near me, suffering what I feel,  
And needing me for comfort in her pang —  
Then it were worth the while to live : not else.

WALPURGER.— One — near you — why, they throng ! You hardly stir  
But your act touches them. We touch afar.

ARMGART.



OCTOBER 5.

OCTOBER 6.

OCTOBER 7.

WE can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves ; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our soul sees it is good.

ROMOLA.

OCTOBER 8.

O THE anguish of the thought, that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given to us to know.

AMOS BARTON.

OCTOBER 7.

OCTOBER 8.

OCTOBER 9.

'Tis rare delight ; I would not change my skill  
To be the Emperor with bungling hands,  
And lose my work, which comes as natural  
As self at waking.

STRADIVARIUS.

OCTOBER 10.

“WELL,” said Craig, “I like a cleverish woman — a woman o’ sperrit — a managing woman.”

“You are out there, Craig,” said Bartle. “You don’t value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now, that’s the way you should choose women : their cleverness ’ll never come to much ; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong-flavored.”

ADAM BEDE.

OCTOBER 9.  
Harriet Hosmer, 1830.

OCTOBER 10.

OCTOBER 11.

WE are apt to be kinder to the brutes that love us than to the women that love us. Is it because the brutes are dumb?

ADAM BEDE.



IN many of our neighbors' lives there is much not only of error and lapse, but of a certain exquisite goodness which can never be spoken — only divined by each of us, according to the inward instruction of our own privacy.

OCTOBER 12.

WE must be patient with the inevitable make-shift of our human thinking, whether in its sum total or in the separate minds that have made the sum. Columbus had some impressions about himself which we call superstitions, and used some arguments which we disapprove ; but he had also some true physical conceptions, and he had the passionate patience of genius to make them tell on mankind.

DANIEL DERONDA.

OCTOBER 11.

OCTOBER 12.

OCTOBER 13.

THE fruit trees wore their studded coronal,  
Earth and her children were at festival,  
Glowing as with one heart and one consent,  
Thought, love, trees, rocks, in swift, warm radiance blent.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.



THERE is a fine presence about Mr. Harold. I remember you used to say there was some people you would always know were in the room, though they stood round a corner, and others you might never see till you were against them.

FELIX HOLT.

OCTOBER 14.

To rob words of half their meaning, while they retain their dignity as qualifications, is like allowing to men who have lost half their faculties, the same high and perilous command which they won in their time of vigor.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.



OCTOBER 13.

OCTOBER 14.

OCTOBER 15.

ONE of those benignant, lovely souls who, without astonishing the public and posterity, made a happy difference in the lives close around them, and in this way lift the average of earthly joy.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.



EVER in his soul

That larger justice which makes gratitude  
Triumphed above resentment. 'Tis the mark  
Of regal natures, with the wider life,  
And fuller capability of joy.

DANIEL DERONDA.

OCTOBER 16.

FRESHENING life's dusty road with babbling rills  
Of wit and song, living 'mid harnessed men  
With limbs ungalled by armor, ready so  
To soothe them weary and to cheer them sad.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

OCTOBER 15.  
Mrs. Inchbald, 1753.

OCTOBER 16.  
Helen Hunt Jackson.

OCTOBER 17.

WHEN a tender affection has been storing itself in us through many of our years, the idea that we could accept any exchange for it seems to be a cheapening of our lives. And we can set a watch over our affections and our constancy as we can over other treasures.

MIDDLEMARCH.

OCTOBER 18.

You can never imagine what it is to have a man's force of genius in you, and yet to suffer the slavery of being a girl. To have a pattern cut out, this is what you must be ; this is what you are wanted for. A woman's heart must be of such a size, and no larger, else it must be pressed small like Chinese feet. Her happiness is to be made as cakes are, by a fixed receipt.

DANIEL DERONDA.

OCTOBER 17

OCTOBER 18.

OCTOBER 19.

It would be a poor result of all our anguish and wrestling, if we won nothing but our old selves 'at the end of it— if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted lives, the same feeble sense of that unknown toward which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness.

ADAM BEDE.

OCTOBER 20.

EVEN much stronger mortals than Fred Viney hold half their rectitude in the mind of the being they love best. “The theatre of all my actions is fallen,” said an antique personage when his chief friend was dead; and they are fortunate who get a theatre where the audience demands their best.

MIDDLEMARCH.

OCTOBER 19.

OCTOBER 20.

OCTOBER 21.

YES, yes ; it's rather too bad when these great singers marry themselves into silence before they have a crack in their voices. And the husband is a public robber. I remember Leroux saying a man might as well take down a peal of church bells and carry them off to the steppes.

DANIEL DERONDA.

OCTOBER 22.

Is it no offence  
To wish the eagle may find repose  
As feebler wings do, in a quiet nest?  
Or, has the taste of fame already turned  
The woman to a Muse?

ARMGART.



It is very pleasant to see some people turn round ; pleasant as a sudden rush of warm air in winter, or the flash of firelight in the chill dusk.

ADAM BEDE.



OCTOBER 21.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, 1824.

OCTOBER 22.

Annie Louise Cary (Mrs. Raymond).

OCTOBER 23,

IN transactions between fellow-men it is well to consider a little what is fair and kind toward the person immediately concerned, before we spit and roast him on behalf of the next century but one. On the whole, and in the vast majority of instances, the action by which we can do the best for future ages is of the sort which has a certain beneficence and grace for contemporaries.

THEOPIHRASTUS SUCH.

OCTOBER 24.

BUT his endurance was mingled with a self-discontent which, if we know how to be candid, we shall confess to make more than half our bitterness under grievances, wife or husband included. It always remains true that if we had been greater circumstance would have been less strong against us.

MIDDLEMARCH.

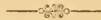
OCTOBER 23.

OCTOBER 24.

OCTOBER 25.

THE sadder illusion lay with Harold Transom, who was trusting in his own skill to shape the success of his own morrows, ignorant of what many yesterdays had determined for him beforehand.

FELIX HOLT.



1ST GENT. — Our deeds are fetters that we forge ourselves.

2D GENT. — Ay, truly : but I think it is the world  
That brings the iron.

MIDDLEMARCH.

OCTOBER 26.

FOR Mrs. Renfrew, the Colonel's widow, was not only unexceptionable in point of breeding, but also interesting on the ground of her complaint, which puzzled the doctors, and seemed clearly a case wherein the the fulness of professional knowledge might need the supplement of quackery.

MIDDLEMARCH.

OCTOBER 25.

OCTOBER 26.

OCTOBER 27.

INGENIOUS philosophers tell you that the great work of the steam-engine is to create leisure for mankind. Do not believe them; it only creates a vacuum for eager thought to rush in. Even idleness is eager now --eager for amusement, prone to excursion trains, art museums, periodical literature, and exciting novels; prone even to scientific theorizing and cursory peeps through microscopes.

ADAM BEDE.

OCTOBER 28.

I HAVE spoken to as rough, ignorant people as can be found in the villages about Snowfield -- men that look very hard and wild; but they never said an uncivil word to me, and often thanked me kindly as they made way for me to pass through the midst of them.

ADAM BEDE.

OCTOBER 27.

OCTOBER 28.  
Anna Dickinson, 1842.

OCTOBER 29.

AH yes! all preciousness  
To mortal hearts is guarded by a fear;  
All love fears loss, and most that loss supreme,  
Its own perfection,— seeing, feeling change  
From high to lower, dearer to less dear.

THE SPANISH GYPSY

OCTOBER 30.

I AM not glad with that mean vanity  
Which knows no good beyond its appetite  
Full feasting upon praise! I am only glad,  
Being praised for what I know is worth the praise;  
Glad of the proof that I myself have part  
In what I worship!

I accept the peril.  
I choose to walk high with sublimer dread  
Rather than crawl in safety. And besides,  
I am an artist as you are a noble;  
I ought to bear the burthen of my rank.

ARMGART.



OCTOBER 29.

OCTOBER 30.

Adelaide Anne Proctor, 1825; Angelica Kaufman, 1741.

Amen, ~~Dorance~~ Richmond Taylor '59.

OCTOBER 31.

OUR caresses, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets, or pillared vistas, or calm, majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty; our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence; our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery.

ADAM BEDE.

OCTOBER 31.

THE crane, with outspread wing, that heads the file,  
Pauses not, feels no backward impulses :  
Behind it summer was, and is no more ;  
Before it lies the summer it will reach  
Or fall in the mid-ocean. And you no less  
Must feel the force sublime of growing life.  
New thoughts are urgent as the growth of wings ;  
The widening vision is imperious.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

## November.

AND then the tiled roof of cottage and homestead, of the long cowshed where generations of the milky mothers have stood patiently, of the broad-shouldered barns where the old-fashioned flail once made resonant music, while the watch-dog barked at the timidly venturesome fowls making pecking raids on the outflying grain — the roofs that have looked out from among the elms and walnut trees, or beside the yearly group of hay and corn stacks, or below the square stone steeple, gathering their gray or ochre-tinted lichens, and their olive-green mosses under all ministries — let us praise the sober harmonies they give to our landscape.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

NOVEMBER 1.

FOR Mrs. Hackit regulated her costume by the calendar, and brought out her furs on the first of November, whatever might be the temperature. She was not a woman weakly to accommodate herself to shilly-shally proceedings. If the season didn't know what it ought to do, Mrs. Hackit did.

AMOS BARTON.

NOVEMBER 2.

LIFE is a various mother ; now she dons  
Her plumes and brilliants, climbs the marble stairs  
With head aloft, nor ever turns her eyes  
On lackeys who attend her ; now she dwells  
Grim-clad, up darksome alleys, breathes hot gin,  
And screams in pauper riot.

DANIEL DERONDA.



SHE 's cut out o' different stuff from most women ; I saw that long ago.  
She 's never easy but when she 's helping somebody.

ADAM BEDE.

NOVEMBER 1.

NOVEMBER 2.

Maria Antoinette, 1755; Harriet McEwen Kimball.

NOVEMBER 3.

It was as necessary to her mind to have an opinion on all topics, not exclusively masculine, that had come under her notice, as for her to have a precisely marked place for every article of her personal property ; and her opinions were always principles to be unwaveringly acted on. They were firm, not because of their basis, but because she held them with a tenacity inseparable from her mental action.

SILAS MARNER.

NOVEMBER 4.

THE best augury of a man's success in his profession is that he thinks it the finest in the world.

But I fancy it is so with most work when a man goes into it with a will. Brewitt, the blacksmith, said to me, the other day, that his 'prentice had no mind to his trade ; " and yet, sir," said Brewitt, " what would a young fellow have if he does'nt like the blacksmithing?"

DANIEL DERONDA.



NOVEMBER 3.

NOVEMBER 4.

NOVEMBER 5.

TITO and Romola never jarred, never remonstrated with each other. They were too hopelessly alienated in their inner life ever to have that contest which is an effort towards agreement. . . . In the first ardor of her self-conquest, Romola had made many timid efforts towards the return of a frank relation between them. But to her such a relation could only come by open speech about their differences.

ROMOLA.

NOVEMBER 6.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are a part of the divine power against evil — widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.

MIDDLEMARCH.

NOVEMBER 5.

NOVEMBER 6.

NOVEMBER 7.

I NEVER said a woman should make a black patch of herself against the background. It's a shame for a woman with your hair and shoulders to run into such nonsense — leave it to women who are not worth painting. What! the most holy Virgin herself has always been dressed well; that's the doctrine of the Church.

ROMOLA.

NOVEMBER 8.

FOR an enthusiastic spirit to meet continually the fixed indifference of men familiar with the object of his enthusiasm is the acceptance of a slow martyrdom, beside which the fate of a missionary tomahawked without any considerate rejection of his doctrines seems hardly worthy of compassion.

DANIEL DERONDA.

NOVEMBER 7.

NOVEMBER 8.

NOVEMBER 9.

WE in our wedded life shall know no loss,  
We shall new-date our years. What went before  
Will be the time of promise, shadows, dreams ;  
But this, full revelation of great love.  
For rivers blent take in a broader heaven,  
And we shall blend our souls.

THE SPANISH GYTSY.

NOVEMBER 10.

THE struggle of mind attending a conscious error had awakened something like a new soul, which had better, but also worse, possibilities than her former poise of crude self-confidence. Among the forces she had begun to dread was something within her which troubled satisfaction.

DANIEL DERONDA.

NOVEMBER 9.

NOVEMBER 10.

NOVEMBER 11.

WHAT greater thing is there for two human souls, than to feel that they are joined for life — to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?

ADAM BEDE.

NOVEMBER 12.

THE prevarications and white lies which a mind that keeps itself ambitiously pure is as uneasy under as a great artist under the false touches that no eye detects but his own, are worn as lightly as mere trimmings when once the actions have become a lie.

SILAS MARNER.



WHEN a woman feels purely and nobly, that order of hers which breaks through formulas too vigorously urged on her by daily practical needs, makes one of her most precious influences; she is the added impulse that shatters the stiffening crust of cautious experience.

FELIX HOLT.



NOVEMBER 11.

Mrs. Abigail Adams, 1744 (O. S).

NOVEMBER 12.

Mrs. Amelia Opie, 1767; Elizabeth Cady Stanton, 1816.

NOVEMBER 13.

IN the wonderful mixtures of our nature, there is a feeling distinct from that exclusive passionate love of which some men and women (by no means all) are capable, which yet is not the same with friendship, nor with a merely benevolent regard, whether admiring or compassionate.

DANIEL DERONDA.

NOVEMBER 14.

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by Father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience; and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut for her, she knew nothing of frowns and denials.

SILAS MARNER.

NOVEMBER 13.

Lady Caroline Lamb, 1785.

NOVEMBER 14.

NOVEMBER 15.

A WIDOW at fifty-five whose satisfaction had been largely drawn from what she thinks of her own person, and what she believes others think of it, requires a great fund of imagination to keep her spirits buoyant.

ROMOLA.

NOVEMBER 16.

MUCH of our lives is spent in marring our own influence and turning other's belief in us into a widely concluding unbelief, which they call knowledge of the world, while it is really disappointment in you or me.

DANIEL DERONDA.



LET the wise be warned against too great readiness at explanation ; it multiplies the sources of mistake. lengthening the sum for reckoners sure to go wrong.

MIDDLEMARCH.

NOVEMBER 15.

NOVEMBER 16.

NOVEMBER 17.

I HATE that talk o' people, as if there was a way o' making amends for everything. They'd more need be brought to see as the wrong they do can never be altered. When a man's spoiled his fellow-creature's life, he's no right to comfort himself with thinking good may come out of it.

ADAM BEDE.

NOVEMBER 18.

No man has too much talent to be a musician. Most men have too little. A creative artist is no more a mere musician than a great statesman is a mere politician. We help to rule the nations and make the age as much as any other public men. A man who speaks effectively through music is compelled to something more difficult than parliamentary eloquence.

DANIEL DERONDA.

NOVEMBER 17.

NOVEMBER 18.

NOVEMBER 19.

FOR the moment, Will's admiration was accompanied with a chill sense of remoteness. A man is seldom ashamed of feeling that he cannot love a woman so well when he sees a certain greatness in her, — Nature having intended greatness for men. But Nature has sometimes made sad oversights in carrying out her intentions.

MIDDLEMARCH.

NOVEMBER 20.

OF natures you call royal, who can live  
In mere mock knowledge of their fellows' woe,  
Thinking their smiles may heal it.

ARMGART.



AND it is of the nature of vanity and arrogance, if unchecked, to become cruel and self-justifying. There are fierce beasts within.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.



NOVEMBER 19.

NOVEMBER 20.  
Catherine de Medicis, 1519.

NOVEMBER 21.

SAY, why, I say as some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there 's summat wrong i' their own inside.

ADAM BEDE.

NOVEMBER 22.

How will you know the pitch of that great bell  
Too large for you to stir? Let but a flute  
Play 'neath the fine-mixed metal; listen close  
Till the right note flows forth a silvery rill,  
Then shall the huge bell tremble—then the mass  
With myriad waves concurrent shall respond  
In low, soft unison.

MIDDLEMARCH.



FOR what is fame  
But the benignant strength of One, transformed  
To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come  
As necessary breathing of such joy.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

NOVEMBER 21.

NOVEMBER 22.

George Eliot, 1820.

NOVEMBER 23.

WHAT he felt was a profound sensibility to a cry from the depths of another soul; and accompanying that, the summons to be receptive instead of superciliously prejudging. Receptiveness is a rare and massive power, like fortitude; and this state of mind gave Deronda's face its utmost expression of calm, benignant force.

DANIEL DERONDA.

NOVEMBER 24.

LIFE never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous, self-risking deed. We feel no doubt, then, what is the highest prize the soul can win.

ROMOLA.

NOVEMBER 23.

NOVEMBER 24.

Grace Darling, 1815.

NOVEMBER 25.

WE perhaps never detect how much of our social demeanor is made up of artificial airs, until we see a person who is at once beautiful and simple ; without the beauty, we are apt to call simplicity awkwardness.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

NOVEMBER 26.

It is hard to say how much we could forgive ourselves if we were secure from judgment by another whose opinion is the breathing-medium of all our joy ; who brings to us with close pressure and immediate sequence that judgment of the Invisible and Universal which self-flattery and the world's tolerance would easily melt and disperse.

DANIEL DERONDA.

NOVEMBER 25.

NOVEMBER 26.

NOVEMBER 27.

I AM an artist by my birth,  
By the same warrant that I am a woman ;  
Nay, in the added rarer gift I see  
Supreme vocation : If a conflict comes,  
Perish — no, not the woman, but the joys  
Which men make narrow by their narrowness.

ARMGART.

NOVEMBER 28.

SORROW and joy have each their peculiar narrowness ; and a religious enthusiasm like Savonarola's, which ultimately blesses mankind by giving the soul a strong propulsion towards sympathy with pain, indignation against wrong, and the subjugation of sensual desire, must always incur the reproach of a great negation.

ROMOLA.



NOVEMBER 27.

Frances Ann Kemble, 1809.

NOVEMBER 28.

NOVEMBER 29.

It is really surprising that young ladies should not be thought competent to the same curriculum as young gentlemen — I observe that their powers of sarcasm are quite equal.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.



So that if she came into the room on a rainy day when everyone else was flaccid, and the use of things in general was not apparent to them, there seemed to be a sudden, sufficient reason for keeping up the forms of life.

DANIEL DERONDA.

NOVEMBER 30.

THE pathos of his country's lot pierced the youthful soul of Massini, because, like Dante's, his blood was fraught with the kinship of Italian greatness, his imagination filled with a majestic past that wrought itself into a majestic future.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

NOVEMBER 29.

Louisa May Alcott, 1832.

*E. J. Richmond*

NOVEMBER 30.

FOR if it be true that Nature at certain moments seems charged with a presentiment of one individual lot, must it not also be true that she seems unmindful, unconscious of another? For there is no hour that has not its births of gladness and despair, no morning brightness that does not bring new sickness to desolation, as well as new forces to genius and love. There are so many of us, and our lots are so different, what wonder that Nature's mood is often in harsh contrast with the great crisis of our lives? We are children of a large family and must learn, as such children do, not to expect that our hurts will be made much of — to be content with little nurture and caressing, and help each other the more.

ADAM BEDE.





## December.

BUT old Christmas smiled as he laid this cruel-seeming spell on the out-door world, for he meant to light up home with new brightness, to deepen all the richness of in-door color, and give a keener edge of delight to the warm fragranee of food ; he meant to prepare a sweet imprisonment that would strengthen the primitive fellowship of kindred. His kindness fell but hardly on the homeless — fell but hardly on the homes where the hearth was not very warm, and where the food had little fragrance. But the fine old season meant well ; and if he has not learnt the secret how to bless men impartially, it is because his father, Time, with ever-unrelenting purpose, still hides that secret in his own mighty, slow-beating heart.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

DECEMBER 1.

You will make rank seem natural, as kind  
As eagles' plumage, or the lion's might —  
A crown upon your brow would seem God-made.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

DECEMBER 2.

I SHARE with you this sense of oppressive narrowness, but it is necessary that we should feel it, if we care to understand how it has acted on young natures in many generations, that in the onward tendency of human things have risen above the mental level of the generation before them, to which they have nevertheless been tied by the strongest fibres of their hearts. The suffering, whether of martyr or victim, which belongs to every historical advance of mankind, is represented in this way in every town, and by hundreds of obscure hearths.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.



DECEMBER 1.  
Alexandra, Princess of Wales, 1844.

DECEMBER 2.

DECEMBER 3.

THAT childish world where our two spirits mingled  
Like scents from varying roses that remain  
One sweetness, nor can evermore be singled.  
Yet the twin habit of that early time  
Lingered for long about the heart and tongue ;  
We had been natives of one happy clime,  
And its dear accent to our utterance clung.

. . . . .

But were another childhood world my share  
I would be born a little sister there.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

DECEMBER 4.

Is it any weakness, pray, to be wrought on by exquisite music? to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul? If not, then neither is it a weakness to be so wrought upon by the exquisite curves of a woman's cheek and neck and arms, by the liquid depths of her searching eyes, or the sweet, childish pout of her lips.

ADAM BEDE.

DECEMBER 3.  
Mary Lamb, 1767.

DECEMBER 4.  
Madame Recamier, 1777.

DECEMBER 5.

THERE'S no pleasure i' living, if you're to be corked up for iver, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel. I shan't repent saying what I think, if I live to be as old as th' old squire; and there's little likelihoods — for it seems as if them as aren't wanted here are the only folks as are n't wanted i' the other world.

ADAM BEDE.

DECEMBER 6.

So, if I live or die to serve my friend  
'T is for my love — 't is for my friend alone,  
And not for any rate that friendship bears  
In heaven or on earth.

DANIEL DERONDA.



For effective magic is transcendant nature; and who shall measure the subtlety of those touches which convey the quality of soul as well as body.

MIDDLEMARCH.

DECEMBER 5.

DECEMBER 6.  
Caroline Bowles Southey, 1786.

DECEMBER 7.

THE most powerful movement of feeling with a liturgy is the prayer which seeks for nothing special, but is a yearning to escape from the limitations of our own weakness, and an invocation of all good to enter and abide with us ; or else a self-oblivious lifting up of gladness that such good exists.

DANIEL DERONDA.

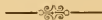
DECEMBER 8.

WAS she beautiful or not beautiful? and what was the form and expression which gave the dynamic quality to her glance? Was the good or the evil genius dominant in those beams? Probably the evil ; else why was the effect that of unrest rather than of undisturbed charm?



DANIEL DERONDA.

OUR daily familiar life is but a hiding of ourselves from each other behind a screen of trivial words and deeds, and those who sit with us at the same hearth are often the farthest off from the deep human soul within us, full of unspoken evil and unacted good. JANET'S REPENTANCE.



HER finely touched spirit had still its fine issues, though they were not widely visible.

MIDDLEMARCH.

DECEMBER 7.

*Elizabetta Richardson Atwood '96*

DECEMBER 8.

Lady Ann Barnard, 1750; Mary, Queen of Scots, 1542.

DECEMBER 9.

THE refuge you are needing from personal trouble is the higher, the religious life, which holds an enthusiasm for something more than our own appetites and vanities. The few may find themselves in it by an elevation of feeling ; but for us who have to struggle for our wisdom, the higher life must be a region in which the affections are clad with knowledge.

DANIEL DERONDA.

DECEMBER 10.

I HAVE usually found that it is the rather dull person who appears to be disgusted with his contemporaries because they are not always strikingly original, and to satisfy whom the party at a country house should have included the prophet Isaiah, Plato, Francis Bacon, and Voltaire.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.



DECEMBER 9.

DECEMBER 10.

DECEMBER 11.

It is right and meet that there should be an abundant utterance of good, sound common places. Part of an agreeable talker's charm is that he lets them fall continually with no more than due emphasis. Giving a pleasant voice to what we are all well assured of, makes a sort of wholesome air for more special and dubious remark to move in.

THEOPHRASTUS SUCH.

DECEMBER 12.

“ AH! I often think it's wi' th' old folks as it is wi' the babbies,” said Mrs. Poyser; “ they are satisfied wi' looking, no matter what they're looking at. It's God A'mighty's way o' quietening 'em, I reckon, afore they go to sleep.

ADAM BEDE.

DECEMBER 11.

DECEMBER 12.

DECEMBER 13.

THEN Memory disclosed her face divine  
That like the calm nocturnal lights doth shine  
Within the soul, and shows the sacred graves,  
And shows the presence that no sunlight craves,  
No space, no warmth, but moves among their all.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

DECEMBER 14.

OUR dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them ; they can be injured by us, they can be wounded ; they know all our penitence, all our aching sense that their place is empty ; all the kisses we bestow on the smallest relic of their presence.

ADAM BEDE.

DECEMBER 13.

DECEMBER 14.

DECEMBER 15.

The doctor's estimate was apt to rise and fall with entries in the day-book ; and I have known Mr. Pilgrim discover the most unexpected virtues in a patient seized with a promising illness. Gradually, however, as his patients became convalescent, his view of their characters became more dispassionate ; when they could relish mutton-chops, he began to admit they had foibles, and by the time they had swallowed their last dose of tonic, he was alive to their most inexcusable faults.

JANET'S REPENTANCE.

DECEMBER 16.

PEACEFUL authorship ! living in the air of fields and downs, and not in the thrice-breathed breath of criticism—bringing no Dantesque leanness ; rather, assisting nutrition by complacency, and perhaps giving a more suffusive sense of achievement than the production of a whole *Divina Commedia*.

DANIEL DERONDA.



AND what is a portrait of a woman ? Your painting and plastic are poor stuff, after all. They perturb and dull conceptions instead of raising them. Language is a finer medium, gives a fuller image. After all, the true seeing is within ; and painting stares at you with an insistent imperfection. This woman whom you have just seen, for example : How would you print her voice, pray ? But her voice is much diviner than anything you have seen of her.

MIDDLEMARCH.

DECEMBER 15.

DECEMBER 16.

Mary Russell Mitford, 1750; Jane Austen, 1775.

DECEMBER 17.

WE do not expect people to be deeply moved by what is not unusual. That element of tragedy which lies in the very fact of frequency has not yet wrought itself into the coarse emotion of mankind, and perhaps our frames could hardly bear much of it. If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of the roar which lies on the other side of silence.

MIDDLEMARCH.

DECEMBER 18.

THE worst of miseries  
Is when a nature framed for noblest things  
Condemns itself in youth to petty joys  
And, sore athirst for air, breathes scanty life  
Gasping from out the shallows.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.



DECEMBER 17.

DECEMBER 18.

Queen Christina, of Sweden, 1626.

*J. E. Richmond.*

DECEMBER 19.

I, too, rest in faith  
That man's perfection is the crowning flower,  
Toward which the urgent sap in life's great tree  
Is pressing — seen in puny blossoms now,  
But in the world's great morrows to expand  
With broadest petal and with deepest glow.

A MINOR PROPHET.



SINGS God-taught such marrow-thrilling tales  
As seem the very voice of dying Spring,  
A flute-like wail that mourns the blossoms  
And sinks, and is not, like their fragrant breath,  
With fine transition on the trembling air.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

DECEMBER 20.

How long is it? — only two centuries since a vessel carried over the ocean the beginning of the great North American nation. The people grew like meeting waters. They were various in habit and sect. There came a time, a century ago, when they needed a polity, and there were heroes of peace among them. What had they to form a polity with, but memories of Europe, corrected by the vision of a better?

DANIEL DERONDA.

DECEMBER 19.

Mary A. Livermore, 1821; Emily Brontë, 1819

DECEMBER 20.

DECEMBER 21.

MUCH quotation of any sort, even in English, is bad. It tends to choke ordinary remark. One couldn't carry on life comfortably without a little blindness to the fact that everything has been said better than we can put it ourselves.

DANIEL DERONDA.

DECEMBER 22.

A MIND consciously, energetically moving with the larger march of human destinies, but not the less full of conscience and tender heart for the footsteps that tread near and need a leaning place.

DANIEL DERONDA.



WHEN my Father comes,  
He breathes into my soul his generous hope,—  
By his own greatness making life seem great.  
THE life we choose  
Breathes high, and sees a full-arched firmament.  
Our deeds shall speak like rock-hewn messages,  
Teaching great purpose to the distant time.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

DECEMBER 21.

DECEMBER 22.

Frances Power Cobb, 1822; Sara Colridge, 1892; Anna H. Judson, 1787.

DECEMBER 23.

AND poor, aged, fretful Lisbeth, without grasping any distinct idea, without going through any course of religious emotions, felt a vague sense of goodness and love, and of something right lying underneath and beyond all this sorrowing life.

ADAM BEDE.

DECEMBER 24.

I NEVER cheat anybody as doesn't want to cheat me, Miss — lors, I'm a honest chap, I am ; only I must hev a bit o' sport, an' now I don't go wi' the ferrets, I've got no varmint to come over but them haggling women. But I'll leave off that trick wi' my big thumb if you don't think well on me for it, Miss — but it 'ud be a pity, it would — I couldn't find another trick so good — and what 'ud be the use having a big thumb ?

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

DECEMBER 23.

DECEMBER 24.

DECEMBER 25.

THOSE green boughs, the hymn and anthem never heard but at Christmas — even the Athenasian Creed, which was discriminated from the others only as being larger and of exceptional virtue, since it was only had on rare occasions — brought a vague, exulting sense, for which the grown men could as little have found words as the children, that something great and mysterious had been done for them in heaven above, and in earth below.

SILAS MARNER.

DECEMBER 26.

How the great planet glows, and looks at me,  
And seems to pierce me with his effluence!  
Were he a living God, these rays that stir  
In me the pulse of wonder were in him  
Fulness of knowledge.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.



DECEMBER 25.

DECEMBER 26.

Mrs. Mary Somerville, 1780.

DECEMBER 27.

FOR the men are mostly so slow, that their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man 's getting ready ; an' when he 's out with his speech at last, there 's little broth to be made on 't. Howiver, I 'm not denyin' the women are foolish ; God Almighty made 'em to match the men.

. ADAM BEDE.

DECEMBER 28.

A yearning for some hidden soul of things.  
Some outward touch complete on inner springs  
That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,  
A want that did but stronger grow with gain  
Of all good else, as spirits might be sad  
For lack of speech to tell us they are glad.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

DECEMBER 27.

DECEMBER 28.

DECEMBER 29.

HER full nature, like that river of which Alexander broke the strength, spent itself in channels which had no great name on earth. But the effect of her being on those around her was incalculably diffusive.

MIDDLEMARCH.

DECEMBER 30.

WHY could he not make up his mind to the absence of children from his hearth brightened by such a wife? I suppose it is the way with all men and women who reach middle life without the clear perception that life never *can* be thoroughly joyous; under the vague dulness of the gray hours, dissatisfaction seeks a definite object, and finds it in the privation of an untried good.

SILAS MARNER.

DECEMBER 29.  
Susannah Wesley, 1670.

DECEMBER 30.

DECEMBER 31.

THE fields are hoary with December's frost,  
I, too, am hoary with the chills of age.  
But through the fields and through the untrodden woods  
Is rest and stillness.

FELIX HOLT.



FOR the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.

MIDDLEMARCH.

DECEMBER 31.

O MAY I join the choir invisible  
Of these immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence ; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
To vaster issues.

GEORGE ELIOT.



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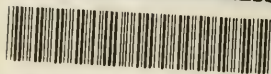








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