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SAMUEL BUTLER

AUTHOR OF ERFWHON

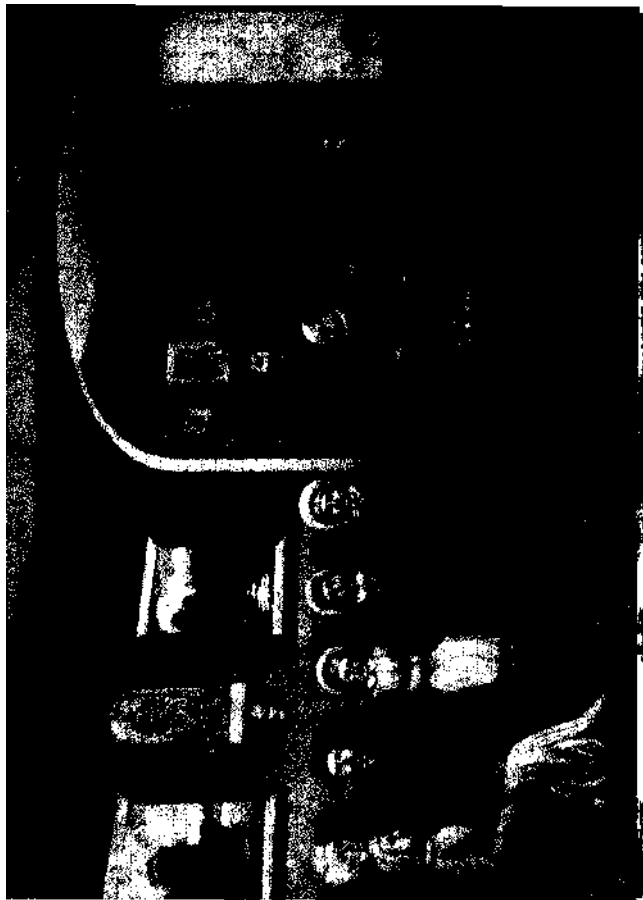


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Family Prayers

I did this in 1864 and if I had gone on doing things out of my eye in head instead of making studies I should have been all right. S.B.

Canvas 20 in. by 16 in.

at Boston, Mass.

SAMUEL BUTLER

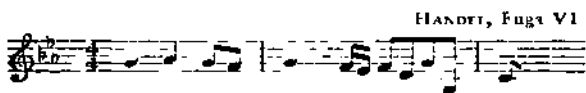
AUTHOR OF EREWHON

(1835-1902)

A MEMOIR

BY

HENRY FESTING JONES



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL II FROM 1885 TO 1916

MACMILLAN AND CO, LIMITED
ST MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1919

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CHAPTER XXIV

THE WAT OF ALL FLESH

THE Way of All Flesh was, as the reader will have observed, altered and re-written in accordance with Miss Savage's criticisms and suggestions, and so intimately was it connected with her that, after her death, Butler could not bring himself to work on it any more, nevertheless, until the end of his life, he always intended to do so. Begun in 1873 and not touched after 1885 it is one of the books—perhaps the principal book—he had in mind when, in 1898, he wrote this sentence in the account of the relations between himself and Pauli

If in my books, from *Erewhon* [1872] to *Luck or Cunning* ? [1887] there is a something behind the written words which the reader can feel but not grasp—and I fancy that this must be so—it is due, I believe, to the sense of wrong which was omnipresent with me, not only in regard to Pauli, the Darwins, and my father, but also in regard to my ever-present anxiety about money

In the Appendix is given a chronology of the novel and also a list of addenda. The chronology was made in the course of re-writing the book because he found he was liable to forget the dates, and so, to avoid contradicting himself, he made a statement for reference, to which perhaps he did not strictly adhere. In the addenda he put notes of things to be inserted, which were perhaps not all inserted when the time came.

In form the story is, like the Book of Job and the *Odyssey*, that of the good man passing through trials and coming out triumphant in the end. Ernest is sustained by faith in "a something as yet but darkly known which

ALETHEA AND MISS SAVAGE

makes right right and wrong wrong" (chap lxviii) If there is but little love-interest in the book, the *Odyssey* does not contain more and the Book of Job contains less Had he wished to write a love story, no doubt he could have done it , and the relations between Edward Overton and Alethea, supposed to be in love and yet never marrying, would have provided material for an account of a sentimental attachment The parties might even have been allowed to marry when they were both past seventy I hey never marry and Butler thought that the reader was entitled to some explanation All the explanation he gets, however, is contained in ch xviii when they meet at Ernest's christening

It is impossible for me to explain how it wis that she and I never married We two knew exceedingly well, and that must suffice for the reader There was the most perfect sympathy and understanding between us , we knew that neither of us would marry anyone else I had asked her to mirry me a dozen times over , having said this much I will say no more upon a point which is in no way necessary for the development of my story

These words represent the fact about as accurately as Theobald's letter represents the fact when, in proposing to Christina, he tries to blind her to any lack of fervour there may be in his subsequent conduct by throwing into her eyes the dust of an imaginary dead love Butler's difficulty arose partly from his having made Alethea so beautiful If Miss Sivage had been beautiful he might have wanted to marry her, and then he would hive had a precedent in real life from which to draw the relations between Edward Overton and Alethea As it was he had no precedent for the situation he had created in the book , the relations between himself and Isabella might have supplied hints, but Isabella could not have written Miss Savage's letters, while Alethea could In other respects also Isabella was too different from an educated English-woman of his own class to afford much help , and, after all, Ernest was the hero, not Edward Oveiton So he wrote the mysterious passage I have quoted, and left **the** reader to make what he could of it

He knew that the first few chapters, dealing with

Ernest's ancestry, were a little long, but he wished to emphasise Ernest's pre-natal experiences and wrote the opening and left it as it stands intentionally, meaning it to be illustrative of the theory of *Life and Habit*. The climax is the spiritual and physical emancipation of a human being from the unnatural restraints imposed upon him by the stupidity, folly, and ignorance of those who had controlled his early life.

Returning with a cold from a Christmas outing he wrote to one of his sisters (29th December 1885)

Curiously enough, like ill unimagined people, I have a fancy that everyone else has as cold as soon as I get one myself, whereis, until I had caught one, I thought that really no one was at all likely to have one. I hope this fancy is groundless so far as you all are concerned.

He often spoke of his unimaginedness, but I think he knew that like Nausicaa (*The Authoress of the Odyssey*, p. 202) he was endowed with that other and "highest kind of imagination which consists in wise selection and judicious application of material derived from life." He used to say "Appropriate passages are intended to be appropriated", he was always on the look-out for appropriate phrases and incidents, and acquired great skill in fitting them in. The incidents may in his pages be sometimes presented not as other people saw them, but they appear as he himself saw them, except for occasional twists which he thought necessary for artistic reasons. Instances of appropriation occur on nearly every page. The shepherd (chap. xiv) who was covered with confusion when they came to the words "Shepherds with your flocks abiding" is taken from a boy at school with me who, it was said, always blushed when the choir practised "He saw the lovely youth," in *Theodora*, and Butler's old uncle, Philip Worsley, said, as George Pontifex says (chap. xviii), "You forget you have to deal with a stomach that is totally disorganised."

I do not know whether any one ever actually preached the sermon introducing the delicate blossom unfolding and promising autumn fruit on the barren fig-tree, but it

was a story current at Cambridge about Butler's time Linest's sermon (chap lxi) about the little cake of the widow of Zartphath was invented, and contains an echo of part of this note

MEAD

Mead is the lowest of the intoxicants, just is Church is the lowest of the dissipations, and carraway seed the lowest of the condiments

Ernest was thinking of how in his boyhood on Sunday mornings on the way home from church, he used sometimes to accompany his elders to call on a kind old lady with broad ribbons to her cap who would bung out of the sideboard a glass of mead (in my Ovn case it was raisin wine) and a silet of seed cake wherewith to regale her young visitor Ernest assumed that among his congregation there must be some in whose memories the peculiar odoun emanating from that sideboard cupboard was still lingering

I am afraid I must confess to being the culput who provided Ernest with his pseudo-death-bed regret that he had been much too good to his parents (chap lxxx) It was while I was recovering from scarlet fever in Barnaul's Inn in the winter of 1881-1882 I was very weak, and Butler had to stoop down to hear what I said When I had said it he burst out laughing, and exclaimed, " Oh, you're all right," just as the nurse claps her hands when Finest is recovering in prison

Christina's death-bed (chap lxxxiii) is drawn partly from Mrs Butler's death-bed at Mentone in 1873

"She his been the comfort and mainstiy of my life for more than thirty years," said I heobald, is soon is all wis over, "but one could not wish it prolonged," and he burreed his face in his handled chief to conceal his want of emotion

Part of this speech is slightly altered from the words of a letter Canon Butler wrote from Mentone, 21st March 1873 , and as for the rest of it, Butler often told me how his father wandered about the house as the end approached repeating that one could not wish it prolonged I suppose

that Christina's cry, "Oh, I knew he would come, I knew, I knew he would come," and Ernest's breaking down and weeping at her bed-side, are taken from what happened when Butler approached his dying mother at Mentone, but he never told me so. It was Miss Budge who made the muddle about putting the letters into the wrong envelopes. The incident occurred during Canon Butlei's illness in 1883, and one of the letters was to Langar asking for the prayers of the congregation, naturally they went wrong, for which she abused Butler who had been told to post them.

When he went to stay with his people there really was in his bedroom a card with the words

Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At last it ringeth to Evensong

It will be remembered that Ernest at family prayers (chap lxxxiii) knelt next Charlotte and said the responses perfunctorily. This also is founded on fact as will appear from this note made in 1883.

When I was last at Shtewsbury I noted that the prayer began, "O God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray." Is it not rather impertinent to tell God this?

I knelt next my elder sister and repeated the responses to the Lord's Prayer, but perfunctorily—not enough for her to be able to lay hold of, but perfunctorily as one who meant to do the lot, and then forgot a bit, and then woke up a bit. I don't know whether she noticed, and I took care she should not be able to think it was intentional.

Here is a chain of notes about Butler's two sisters of whom Charlotte Pontifex is but a faint sketch.

JONES AND I AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

We went at the beginning of this month to hear a lecture on evolution by a man named Weldon. It was very dull, we thought it would be, but I thought I rather ought to go. I sat just below James Martineau, he looked very old, I think he knew me but am not sure. Jones and I arrived some half-an-hour before the lecture began, so we brought out *The Bird of Freedom* and *The Sporting Times*, perhaps the two most uncultured papers in London, and read them while waiting. [1885]

MRS BRIDGES AND MRS WELDON

On the afternoon of this same day my sister Harne had called on me by arrangement for a cup of tea and to meet Jones. She was highly charged with electricity, but she wanted to make an impression on Jones, and more particularly to outshine May, who had had a similar interview with Jones a year before. This, however, was not to bar her right to scratch me should occasion offer, and in the course of time the occasion was induced to offer itself in this wise. I said that we were going to hear the lecture referred to in the preceding note, and added that Mr Weldon, the lecturer, might be a far away cousin of ours as we had Weldon ancestors who had lived at Naseby during the civil wars. Harne said she knew nothing of this, but hoped we were not related to Mrs Weldon.

"O h no," said I, "I hope not, she's horrid."

I could see that Harne had been getting more and more highly charged with electricity, and my words were the occasion of an immediate flash.

"I must say, Sim," she and, "that I think you know a greit many very horrid women."

I said I did not know Mrs Weldon, and had never even seen her.

Harne said "Perhaps not, but I think you are apt to take extreme views of people."

I laughed it off, and changed the subject, but Harne flushed up and, I hope, felt better inasmuch as she had had her scratch. As for Mrs Weldon she must be rather disagreeable, at least one would think so, for she is at this moment undergoing a sentence of six months' imprisonment for libel.

I saw Harne look up at the sketches which hang over my mantelpiece, she said nothing, and I said (the) were most of them my own.

Harne said "Yes, I see they——," and then stopped.

She meant to say she could see they were by me as they were so bad, but stopped before she got to the word "are" which, however, she knew very well would go without saying. [1885]

Miss BUTLER'S CAROL

Good news' good news for all the world
 Peals out from every steeple,
 A tale of joy without alloy
 To us and all the people

Homeward we flock from East and West,
 Home to our yearly meeting,
 A sense of rest in every breast,
 On every lip a greeting
 Old friends clasp hands, old foes make peace,
 Old sorrows fade away ,
 For Christ was born in Bethlehem,
 And this is Christmas Day

All through the night the silent stars
 Looked forth from cloudless skies,
 Trembling for very joy until
 The morning star should rise ,
 All heaven seemed bursting into song,
 All nature listening,
 The expectant world ¹ on bended knee
 Was waiting for the King
 Now dawn is come, the angels, sing,
 And we are glad as they ,
 For Christ was born in Bethlehem,
 And this is Christmas Day

OUR GAVOTTE ALBUM

The day after I had read the foregoing (May's Carol) I took Jones's and my Gavottes to Novello's for engraving I did not notice that the stars had been particularly noisy on the preceding evening , the buses were going about the streets much as usual and, only that the pavement was greasy by reason of the thaw, there was not much evidence of sympathy on the part of inanimate nature True, there had been an explosion on the underground railway a few days previously, and also Mr Gladstone was indisposed, but neither of these events was distinctly connected with the Gavottes, so I just took them to Novtlllo's and came home to dinner [1885]

NARCISSUS

Or rather my part of it I played " Ah, cruel Fortune " to May She did not say anything except
 " I should like to see how the words go "
 I gave her the music, and she said no more Then I played the choruses She said
 " And have you brought down ill that you have done ? "
 I said I had, and there the matter ended
 Harne went on writing letters and said nothing whatever [1884]

¹ May wrote " All Christendom, but the Editor [of *The Albany Magazine*, in which the carol appeared, January 1885] reflected that Christendom was **not yet** in existence and changed the reading—S B

TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE

I heard some one say this and replied

"Yes, but the man who said that did not know my sisters."

I his proverb is the help-meet for The Half is Greater than the Whole of Hesiod [1893]

And Butler thought he was letting Ernest off easily by giving him only one sister when he had two himself

Towneley is intended as a contrast to Ernest He crowded into Towneley all the good things he had observed in those of his friends whom he most admired There had been nothing wrong in Towneley's bringing up With a great price Ernest obtained his freedom, but Towneley was born free His parents died when he was very young in order that he might not be bullied in childhood, and they were drowned by the overturning of a boat in order that there might be no suspicion of either of them having died of any disease which Towneley might have inherited

After the book was published, Canon M'Cormick said to me

" Well, I've got *The Way of All Flesh*, and I must say I find it very painful reading "

I said, " I told you not to read it "

He replied, " Yes, I know you did , but I was obliged to get it Of course, I see he has put me in—of course I am Towneley, and he says a great many very kind things about me , but I am glad you called, because I particularly want you to understand that the incident of Towneley's visit to Miss Snow is not drawn from life "

I did not tell the old gentleman that Towneley was drawn more from Pauli, or rather from what Butler had persuaded himself that Pauli was, than from any one else, for this would have been to tell him that the " kind things" were not all about him But the particular incident of Towneley's visit to Miss Snow was drawn from Butler himself, not from Pauli Butler never was on sufficiently intimate terms with Pauli to be able to take any such incident from him

Other people thought the book " very painful leading "

Some years after Butler's death I met a lady at dinner who told me she had been leading *The Old Wives' Tale* by Arnold Bennett, and asked me to recommend her some other book I recommended *The Way of All Flesh*. She was up in arms in a moment. The book had been mentioned to her by a Quaker friend, and she had got it and begun it. It had disgusted and shocked and horrified her so much that she had burnt it in the fire in her drawing-room grate.

I was never quick, as Butler was, to recognise and appropriate appropriate passages, but next time I met this lady, having had time to think over her words, I said

"Would you mind my introducing your burning *The Way of All Flesh* into the Life of Butler which I am writing?"

She remembered all about it, but was coy because, as she said, burning is not very polite treatment. I replied

"Never mind about the rudeness. Haven't you noticed that authors do not object to abuse? The only thing that really irritates them is indifference."

"Oh, there was none of that," she exclaimed, and graciously gave her consent.

Both Ernest and Edward Overton are pieces of self-portraiture and give a far better idea of Butler than could ever be given by any one else except that, no doubt from considerations of modesty, he suppresses many of his own good points. Any one who knew him can recognise many passages wherein he is laughing at himself and at his own little failings, oddities, and quixotisms.

When Edward Overton doubts whether Ernest ever will be as wary as he ought to be about trusting my one who is kind to him—this is a dig at himself. He was always thinking, as he says of Ernest (chap Ixxvii), that people had a claim upon him for some inestimable service they had rendered him or some irreparable mischief done to them by himself, so much so that I used to say of him that he must always pay double and other people might only pay him half.

Again (chap lxxiii) when Ernest finds that no absolutely incontrovertible first principle is possible, and is just as well pleased as though he had found the most perfect system imaginable—all he wanted was to know which way it was to be—this is exactly like himself And so it is when (chap lxxx) " having found a theory on which to justify himself, he slept in peace " As with Butler so with Ernest, when anything puzzled him there must be a theory, only a working hypothesis if you like, but final, *pro tern* This was part of the tidiness of Butler's nature which Ernest inherited from the author

Again, any statement involving a contradiction, not realised as such by the person making it, outraged his sense of tidiness No one felt more acutely than he did that life depends upon the equilibrium resulting from the clash of opposites, and this involves the existence of contradictions But these are not untidy contradictions springing from muddle-headedness and carelessness , there is no untidiness in intentional contradictions which are pigeon-holed as such from the first

The episode (chap xlv) of the old gentleman, who turned out to be the police magistrate, watching Ernest in the train, is taken from something that happened to Butler He was going in the Underground from the Temple to High Street, Kensington, i. e from Clifford's Inn to the Albert Hall, to hear the *Messiah* and had the music with him , during the journey he was thinking of his troubles with Pauli and his father and of his money difficulties, just as Ernest going home from school was thinking of his own troubles, and smiled resignedly as it occurred to him that after all perhaps it did not matter Just then he noticed that a passenger opposite was watching him, and amused himself, in a kind of burlesque Christina reverie, by wondering whether or no his smile of resignation would be attributed to religious exaltation because he was cuddling the *Messiah*

Ernest's landlady, Mrs Jupp, was in real life Mrs Boss who used to wait on Reginald Worsley, as has been said earlier But Mrs Jupp had to be edited into a far

more respectable person than ever poor old Boss was. Here is a note about the original

Boss

Boss's son, Tom, is illegitimate, but he has himself committed bigamy, first with Topby and now with Phoebe—or "Phoeb," as Boss calls her without sounding the final "e" Boss was not married quite enough, Tom is married a little too much She was saying one day that illegitimacy did not matter, and was pleased when my cousin explained to her that all the animals were illegitimate [1887]

Ernest's life in Ashpit Place is drawn from Butler's life in Heddon Street after he had come down from Cambridge and was intending to take orders The lodgers in Ernest's house are the lodgers in his own house Pryer is not drawn from any one, he was wanted so that Ernest might lose his money, the account of Ernest's shares going up and down with Pryer (chap lv et seq) is, however, taken from what Butler experienced with Henry Hoare.

Ernest did not go to New Zealand and Butler never went to prison, winch he used to regret when he was approaching this part of the book, for he did not see how he was ever going to make it plausible In the end he paid a visit to Coldbath Fields, was most politely received, stated his difficulty and obtained all the information he required

I do not know of any original for the episode of Ellen's leaving Battersby, he perhaps took her previous marriage with John from the disclosure towards the end of *Pendennts* of Amory's bigamy I do not mean that the disclosure of bigamy is not used to get rid of inconvenient spouses and bring the story to an end in other novels, but Butler was familiar with Thackeray's books and early in life admired them (Cf *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, p 188)

The meeting and subsequent marriage of Ernest and Ellen was founded on what happened to Butler's friend E whose umbrella caught in a woman's dress in Holborn,

which led to a conversation, which led to something further, which led to their marriage when E attained twenty-one E and his wife, however, were strangers when they met in the street, and never kept an old-clothes shop, but she did take to drinking and evil courses, and E acted on his discoveries and divorced her Ernest and Ellen have two children, a girl and a boy, because only two, a girl and a boy, survived of the children which E's wife bore to him Butler has it in his notes that I was telling the story of E's married life to Mr Forster, the father of a college friend of mine, and told him further that E's son once said to his father

"Do you know, papa, I don't think I shall marry when I grow up "

"Oh, why not, my boy? " said E

"Well, you see, you did make such an awful mess of it "

Mr Forster was much scandalised and supposed that E reprieved his son

I said, "No, he did not He knew very well he had made an awful mess of it, that his wife was a bad woman, and he was very thankful to have got rid of her "

Mr Forster said, "Well, but after all she was the mother of his children "

"Yes," I said, "there was never any doubt about that , the question was whether he was their father "

The account of Ernest's coming home, finding Ellen drunk and being humbugged into believing that it was the result of her being in an interesting condition, the neglect of the house, and all the rest of the misery, was taken from what F told Butler about his own married life Butler used to say there was no occasion for him ever to get married , he had learnt all there was to know from E After the novel was published I was talking about it to E , who said that all this part was wonderfully well done I said

"Of course you think so , it is all reproduced from what you told him of your own experiences "

E had forgotten having told Butler anything about his own married life

QUOTING FROM MEMORY

The place where Ernest puts his children is the Long Reach Tavern down the river opposite Purfleet. We often lunched there on our Sunday walks, and sometimes brought back mushroom ketchup made by the landlady from mushrooms gathered by her children. This matter of Ernest's children is another point of difference between Butler and Ernest, so far as mere facts are concerned. Butler was never married—not even bigamously, and never had any children—so far as he knew, but he made Ernest behave to Alice and Georgie as he believed that he would himself have tried to behave to any children he might have had, instead of treating them as I heobald treated Ernest. I think it possible that parts of the scheme might in practice have been subjected to modification.

Several unimportant misprints occurred in the first edition of the book and one important one, which was conected in the edition of 1908. What Edward Overton (chap lxxvii) really said was, "'Tis better to have loved md lost than never to have lost at all," and it was right in the proofs, but some cultured printer's reader, who had too seriously taken to heart Lord Salisbury's recommendation to verify your references, "corrected" it after the last revise had been passed. Edward Overton was "quoting from memory," and this particular piece of wickedness was hit upon as a pendant to that other in chap iv of *Alps and Sanctuaries*.

Mr Tennyson has well said, "There lives more doubt"—I quote from memory—"in honest faith, believe me, thin in halt the systems of philosophy," or words to that effect.

Butler could not for a long time make up his mind how to use the one about loving and losing because, if applied to any one who was dead, it was difficult to manage without giving offence, ultimately this conversation was built up to meet the case.

He often said that any one who had become a widower, or had divorced his wife, had been inoculated for marriage and had recovered.

When I was at Cambridge there was an undergraduate, a good deal older than the rest of us and a blackguard,

who lodged in the same house with one of my friends I asked my friend how he got on with the older man and he replied

" Oh, he's all very well—when he's sober "

And the lady students at Heatherley's used to call Butler " the incarnate bachelor " Here, at the opening of chap lxxvii , in less than seven lines, are four passages which had been floating in his head for years until at last he worked them together, like bits of mosaic, into this conversation , and yet the passage reads perfectly smoothly and has no feeling of mosaic about it

There was anothei mistake in chap IX , but the printer was not responsible for this " It was the Bible given him at his christening by his affectionate godmother and aunt, Elizabeth Allaby " Alethea was Ernest's god-mother But Butler had a christening Bible of his own with this inscription

" Samuel Butler, from his affectionate godmother and aunt, Anna Worsley September 13th, 1836 "

In appropriating this inscription for Ernest he substituted for the name of his own maternal aunt that of Ernest's, whereas he should have written that of Ernest's paternal aunt, but he was not going to allow Ernest to ill-treat anything given him by Alethea It may be he forgot that Ernest, like most boys, had only one god-mother , it is however just as likely that he knew what he was doing, and thought that to let such a consideration weigh with him would have been to pay too much attention to a detail concerning an unimportant formality of the Church Just as he told Miss Savage that it was as well not to know how a saint's name should be spelt when she pointed out that he had written " St Lewis " for " St Louis " in *life and Habit* (ante, I 263) Whatever the explanation may be, Streatfeild and I both overlooked the point when we were reading the proofs

The text from the Epistle to the Romans quoted on the title-page, " We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," was a favourite one with him it is referred to again in chap lxxviii , where it is followed by an allusion to " that noble air of Handel's,

' Great God, Who yet but darkly known '" He was continually quoting it in all sorts of connections

Many years after the novel was written we were in Palermo and went to the Palazzo Reale to see the mosaics in the Cappella Palatina Butler paid at the door and the custode gave him a bad lira among his change, he noticed it at once and they had words about it, but it was of no use The custode was a lordly old gentleman, voluble in his speech and overwhelming in his gestures and manners, he carried too many guns and deafened us with his protestations—first, that it was a good lira, secondly, that it was not the one he had given us, and so on, and so on We could not have felt more ashamed of ourselves if we had been foiled in an attempt to convict the Cardinal-Archbishop himself of uttering counterfeit coin So we gave it up and passed in defeated When we came out we had recovered a little, and the custode, who had forgotten all about so usual an occurrence, returned our umbrellas to us with an obsequiousness capable of but one interpretation

" I shall not give him anything," said Butler severely to me " Oh yes, I will though," he added, and his eyes twinkled as he fumbled in his pocket Then, with a very fair approach to Sicilian politeness, he handed the bad lira back to the old gentleman

The custode's face changed and changed again like a field of corn on a breezy morning In spite of his archiepiscopal appearance he would have been contented with a few soldi, seeing a whole lira he beamed with delight, then, detecting its badness, his countenance fell and he began to object, almost immediately he identified it as his own coin and was on the point of bursting with rage but, suddenly realising that he could have nothing to say, he laughed heartily, shook hands with both of us, and apologised for not being able to leave his post as he would so much have liked to drink a glass of wine with us

" There, now we have made another friend for life," said Butler as we drove away " I his comes of doing the right thing We must really be more careful It is another illustration of what I am so constantly telling you .

this is the sort of thing that must have been in the Apostle's mind when he said that about all things working together for good to them that love God "

All through his life, whatever he was engaged upon, whether it was in apparently trivial matter or one apparently of the first importance—whether at Palemo he was paying back the custode in his own coin, or in *The Fair Haven* paying back the cashiers of the musical banks in an ironical imitation of their own coin—nothing ever shook his belief that if a man loves God he cannot come to much harm. We may not always know very clearly what is meant by God, and things may not always work together for the particular kind of good that we deserve; but there is "a something as yet but dimly known which makes right right and wrong wrong," and no man can ultimately fail who obeys the dictates of that voice which we can ill hear within us if we will but listen. But he must obey without regard to theological dogmas or social conventions, he must never allow mistakes to dishearten him—mistakes made in good faith will teach him more than anything else, and he must never grow weary of taking pains. Then each difficulty will vanish like a morning mist, and his next step will be made clear.

Alethea realised that Ernest had this faith and that he was the sort of boy who would act steadfastly upon it, therefore she left him her money, and this led to Ernest's experiencing the trial of wealth, as well as that of poverty, and affected the particular form of his final success. But if he had had no Aunt Alethea, or if Edward Overton had lost the money, that would only have given rise to different incidents and, after some other trials, some other kind of happiness would have been reached in the end.

Had Butler re-written the book he might have thought it worth while to emphasise Ernest's final success and happiness which, it may be, is presented in a form that may strike some readers as not unlike failure. But I do not think he would have altered it, for we all know that happiness consists in doing what a man likes and not in doing what other people think he ought to like. Writing about his own literary position in 1893 he said

I should have liked notoriety and financial success well enough if they could have been had for the asking, but I was not going to take any trouble about them and, as a natural consequence, I did not get them. If I had wanted them with the same passionate longing that has led me to pursue every inquiry that I have pursued, I should have got them fast enough. It is very rarely that I have failed to get what I have really tried for and, as a matter of fact, I believe I have been a great deal happier for not trying than I should have been if I had had notoriety thrust upon me.

And so, having made Ernest as like himself as he could, he left him in the happy position of being free, like himself, to do and say the things he considered best worth doing and saying.

CHAPTER XXV

1885—PART II 1886

LUCK OR CUNNING?

885 Ir must have been in June 1885 that some one sent
et 49 Butler a copy of *11 Dovere* (a licinese newspaper) for
29th May, in which there was a reference to *Alps and Sanctuaries*, speaking of the author as a "ricco milionano"
Butler made a note about how he brought this up to my chambers one morning, as he was on his way to the Museum, and began reading it to me On arriving at the "rich millionaire" he stopped, and this is how his note proceeds

At this point I could read no more Fancy the growth of myth investing me with money ' I was in Jones's sitting-room Jones wis in his bedroom finishing dressing Ann [Jones's laundress] wis preparing his breakfast in the pantry I laughed rather diyly and sud

"The gentleman who wrote tint does not do my wishing"

Ann heard this in the pintry and laughed, for she does my washing and knew what I meant

"But," I continued, "my clothes are not worn out, they are only tired—they are only inexpressibly weary"

ANN AND MY CLOTHES

Ann, Jones's laundress, now does my washing I could not get my things properly mended, and for want of this they got more and more ragged Then Mrs Doneaster took to washing for me, and this meant that she did not wash, but stuffed all my clothes into the dirty-clothes big and let them he there till, at the latest possible moment, she took from the top what would just do for Sunday and left the rest where they were I remonstiated,

but the poor woman had more than she could do, and at last I struck and insisted that Ann should run my washing and mending. Ann told Jones she found my things so ragged that she was ashamed to send them to her own mangier, but sent the boy with them to a mangier who did not know her name and address. She told Jones not to tell me, but he told me. It is all the fault of my books and of their reviewers that I put off getting new things until the last possible moment. [1885.]

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In reply to a general invitation from Mr. Edward Clodd, Butler proposed to go and see him on a Sunday evening at the end of June. Clodd replied accepting the proposal, and telling Butler that he would meet Grant Allen, who was to call on Holman Hunt in the afternoon but would be at Clodd's in the evening. Butler, thinking it better to prepare Clodd for the possibility of the meeting between himself and Grant Allen not being very cordial, wrote a letter of which he kept a copy that has no date. Here is the letter, followed by a letter to Miss Butler, and two notes arising out of or connected with the episode.

Butler to Mr. Edward Clodd.

DEAR CLODD—Grant Allen and I are both very good sort of people in our different ways, but the world is wide enough to let us, perhaps, do wisely in keeping out of each other's reach. We have each given the other cause to complain, I in saying that Grant Allen wrote an article which he did not sign, and he in writing the article in question. I consider myself justified—so, doubtless, and very likely with more reason, does he ; but I am afraid of him, and don't want to meet him ; besides he will have been to see Holman Hunt, and what good can I expect from a person who goes to see Holman Hunt ?

I went by the *Glen Rosa* to Clacton-on-Sea yesterday and did not get back till 10 o'clock, so had no means of communicating with you sooner or I would have done so.—Believe me, yours truly,

S. BUTLER.

Butler to Miss Butler.

30 June 1885—I went to an old acquaintance's on Sunday evening, or should have written then. He [Mr. Edward Clodd] is secretary to the Joint Stock Bank of London and writes mildly broad-church books. He had made what I am sure was a plant

1885 to bring me and one of my particular foes, Grant Allen, together,
 er. 49i I had said I would go "and late on Saturday night—too late for me
 to get out of it—Grant Allen was sprung upon me as to be of
 the company, so I must either make a good deal of fuss or go and
 be civil. Of course the second alternative was the proper one ; at
 the same time I did not like it, for Grant Allen had behaved
 badly by me and I had given it to him pretty hot in one of my
 books. However, I went and did the thing handsomely, assuring
 him how glad I was to have the pleasure of meeting him and
 behaving as though there never had been the smallest row of any
 kind between us. This is literary etiquette and, to do him
 justice, he behaved very well too, so it all went off smoothly.
 There were a lot of other literary (and scientific) people there, and
 I derived more of an impression that last year's *Athenaeum* row
 had been working than I have done on any occasion since the
 row ;¹ but it disgusted me to hear Grant Allen praise *Evolution
 Old and New* so warmly, and sav of what great use he had found
 it and all the rest of it -which indeed is true, for it has appeared
 clearly enough in his books—and to remember that, when it came
 out, he laughed at it and sneered at it as "leaving the reader
 without a single clear idea upon any subject whatever" and did
 it more mischief than anyone else I know ; and all the time I had
 had his first book, his *dolour Sense*, submitted to me by Trubner in
 its sketch state, ami did all I could to induce Triibner to take it,
 which he did. However, what it comes to virtually is that
 Grant Allen wanted to make peace and I let him, and I daresay it
 is as well.

GRANT ALLEN

When I met him at Clodd's a year ago, Bates the naturalist
 was there ; he ² would hardly speak to me, marking displeasure in
 ways I could not misunderstand ; and when I tried to say good-
 night to him along with the others he would not let me. It was
 all done very quietly, but I do not doubt my interpretation of his
 manner. He repeatedly spoke of Darwin's brilliant discovery of
 natural selection, and if he knew no better than what he said, he
 was simply an old fool. His displeasure with me was doubtless
 for my attack on Darwin.

Grant Allen said innocently :

"I wonder whether Darwin was in any way influenced by
 the works of his grandfather."

¹ By the "row" he means the correspondence that followed the *Athenaeum* review
 of Romanes's *Mental Evolution in Animals*, ante, I. 409, 410.

² This is the note as Butler left it; it is not clear whether "he" means Grant
 Allen or Bates ; I think it means Bates.

This was to draw me, and I at once replied, "I can only ¹⁸⁸⁵ speak from my own experience To me it stems inconceivable ^{Act 49} that anyone should pay the smallest attention to anything that had been written by his grandfather "

I blurted this out with more or less of a wrv face, and they laughed, whereon the subject dropped [May 1886]

HOLMAN HUNT AGAIN

I have unintentionally run up against this gentleman, I me in the spirit, more thin once lately Last night I dined at Mrs Tylor's, and she told us how Holman Hunt hid called on them one winter's afternoon, and had been talking of his picture, "The Light of the World," and the house in which it was painted

"How I should like," he exclaimed, "to see that house again "

I hen they asked him where it was, and when he told them they found it belonged to them and was now untenanted

"So oft we all went," said Mrs Tylor in her most reginal manner, "then and there, and got to Chclsei" (I suppose horn Queen Anne's Gate) "soon after dark And then we could not get the keys, and we remembered that they were at Mr Morse's and they had to be fetched , and then, when at last they came, we could not unlock the door , so we caught a little street boy and put him over the wall and he got into the house and let us in , and then Holman Hunt led the way holding a lanthorn in his hand, looking—oh so like 'l he Light of the World,' you know—his own picture" ("Just as though," I thought to myself, "Holman Hunt would miss 1 point like th it Doubtless he said to himself, ' Now they are thinking I am so like " I he Light of the World"'"") "And he led the way upstaus and brought us to the room in which he had painted his great picture, and there, in that very room, he *gave* us the history of his whole past career as an artist "

"And were there my chairs in the room?" I thought irreverently , but of course I said how interesting it must have been [July 1885]

The epithet "reginal" covers an allusion to the fact that Mrs Tylor was an intimite personal friend of Queen Victona Mr Sydney Morse, Mrs Tylor's son-in-law, being a solicitor, the keys of the house were, I suppose, with him in the course of business

About this time Thomas Butler's effects were arriving from Corsica

Butler to Mrs. Thomas Butler.

1885
Act. 49 2 July 1885—Fancy a library consisting of a Bible, a botany book, and an *Ercwhon!* [These were all the books in my brother's possession at the time of his death.—S. B., Feb. lith, 1902.] Three more respectable volumes it would be hard to find. The botany book is the only one against which a shadow of complaint can be raised, and I should fear Tom studied it more than either of the other two ; but even a botany book is only bizarre, it is not defendu.

Butler to Miss Butler.

24 July 1885 . . . You will gather from this that I am having my great annual tidying and cleaning up. I generally do this on my return from abroad, but tin's year have taken it into my head that I shall enjoy my outing better if I feel that I have left everything very trim and shipshape. You know it was said that no one could *be* as wise as Lord Thurlow looked. I want it to be that no rooms can look as tidy as mine *are*. Among other things I am arranging in proper order and dating poor Miss Savage's letters and as many of mine to her as have reached me. Tin's is a very painful business, but no one can do it except me, and the letters must have all the care that I can bestow upon them. I should burn mine to her but they explain hers so much—when there are any—that I cannot do this.

After his tidying up he went abroad. He crossed the S. Bernardino to Bellinzona and wrote to his sister (23rd August 1885) that he had lunched in company with the monk who was parroco of Soazza :

I knew him and laughingly reminded him of how he would not let me finish a sketch on a testa and I had to go away without finishing it. He had heard of *Alps and Sanctuaries* and wanted me to semi a copy to Soazza. I again laughed and said I would only send one on condition that he would let me make a sketch on a Sunday. He saw he was caught and gave me a pinch of snuff at once.

"Io dico niente," he said laughing, "ma siamo intesi."
So I suppose I must send him a copy.

From Bellinzona Butler went to Arona, but the family who used to keep the hotel there had removed to Florence, so he could not salute Isabella. Thence he went to Varallo-Sesia.

"THE PENCIL OF HARBLOT"

Butler to H F Jones.

CROCE BIANCA, VARALIO SFSIA 1885
Act 49

15 "July 1885—I think you saw the passage from which the following is translated, I have had the piece of newspaper in my pocket these three years and only translated it yesterday, the translation runs

"Mr Harblot Browne has died in London at the age of 60 after having enjoyed twenty years of exceptional popularity throughout the whole of England. This admirable artist achieved his first successes under the pseudonym of Fix which he adopted while illustrating the works of Dickens when the author of *David Copperfield* was still writing under the name of Box

"The pencil of Harblot was of the greatest assistance to Box, those who have observed it in *Pikwik*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *David Copperfield* and in many another work, will be of one mind as to the artistic taste and, above all, the fidelity to nature with which Harblot portrayed the characters of the great novelist"

To this I have added the commentary

"One feels as though some book on evolution was being reviewed by Mr Grant Allen, Mr. G J Romanes, Professor Huxley, Miss Julia Wedgwood, Miss Edith Simcox, or indeed by any of our more prolific and thoughtful magazine writers"

I will put this into my next Italian book

Miss Bertha Thomas and Miss Helen Zimmern were at Varallo, and they and Butler were the only foreigners present at the festa in honour of the fourth centenary of the birth of Gaudenzio Ferrari. I here were processions, bands, flags, illuminations, and fireworks, and Miss Thomas sent to *The Times* a short notice of the proceedings, which gave great pleasure in the town, and was for years afterwards, and perhaps is still, referred to as "lo stupendo articolo"

Butler to H F Jones

Horn. CROCE BIANCA, VARALLO-SESIA

26 Aug 1885—I went up to the Sacro Monte and heard the requiem in the church there. I went under compulsion and expected the usual thing, I was, however, surprised to find how good the music was. The orchestra played very well, there was nothing harsh about it, all went excellently, there was not a

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Aet 49 trace of modern opera and, though there were no set choruses or
airs developed to Any length, yet he [the composer] was all along
exposing fugues at every touch and turn and giving one the
impression that his sympathies were with the old school I was
astounded and very much interested 7 he composer, a certain
Antonio Cagnoni of Novara, conducted, so did the first violin
Cagnoni heed the audience and, though beating time—much
more beautifully than I ever saw time beaten before—rarely even
looked at the orchestra The first violin beat with his bow,
whenever not actually playing, and was all the time running the
orchestra Cagnoni moved very little and never changed his
expression while conducting He did everything with his hands
and nothing with face or body, but I never saw anyone get so
much out of his hands before The music did not anywhere
bore me and, in fact, I was surprised and interested throughout
He used what I thought was a piece of common deal a foot long,
two and a half inches broad, and half an inch thick, to conduct
with I had myself introduced to him and requested him to
present me with his baton, having endeavoured first to enquire
whether he had any special regard for it He did not understand
this and could not see my drift, at my rate he was very much
pleased when he came to see that I wanted his baton as a token
of respect, of course I chiefly wanted it to show you, but that
was not how I put it I find it is some old newspapers folded up
pretty tight and wrapped round with silk It looked exactly like
a piece of common rough deal I sent him our *Gavottes* at once

I hear that the Pope has just lately issued an edict absolutely
forbidding masses to be written in the operative style Miss
Zimmern saw this in the *Corriere della Sera*, but I should think
this mass was written before the edict The Pope's edict, how-
ever, ought to have rather interesting results

Butler to H F Jones

CROCE BIANCA, VARALLO SESIA

31 Aug 1885—I think I told you about the requiem and
how I ripped Cignoni's baton The sindaco wrote a letter to the
Pal-Sesta about it and informed them that after the mass the
English "giornalista S Buttler," wishing to show his appreciation
of Cagnoni's music, asked him for the solfa he had used in
conducting, and that the maestro communicated the request at
once to the cathedral chapter of Novara, to whom the solfa
belonged, and they, signifying their consent, he gave the solfa
"di buon grado" So it was a great success, Cagnoni and
everyone was very much pleased and I have got the baton, which

I like all the better for being the cathedral one I take it to be 1885
 two old newspapers wrapped round in linen and silk It is very Aet 45
 dirty

By the way, Cagnoni sent a note acknowledging receipt of our *Gavottes*, he had not yet had time to examine them but, on the cursory inspection he had alone been able to give them before writing, he thought them excellent—which is much what people say of our music in England, only more politely put

Antonio Cagnoni (1828-1896) made his first success as a writer of comic opera Grove's *Dictionary* gives a list of 17 operas composed by him of which one, *Papa Martin*, was performed by Carl Rosa at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in 1875 as *The Porter of Havre*. After becoming maestro di cappella in the cathedral and director of the Istituto Musicale at Novara he wrote nothing but sacred music. He went from Novara to Bergamo where he died

Butler to H F Jones

Horn, RIPOSO, SALRO MONIF, VARFSE

8 Sept 1885—I got to Varese town on Sunday night and on here next morning As usual it is a festa I bought three little watch-glass things, like those we broke, one for me, one for you, and one in case we break one I got one down below and the other two from our fair friend up it the top, she knew me and made such a fuss, and immediately asked after you, and she charged me 1 fr 25 e apiece for what were belling down below for 1 fr, but she did it all so beautifully that it was well worth the 25 centimes

"Our fair friend" was a beautiful woman, one of those who sell religious knickknacks just outside the town on the top of the Sacro Monte, and the "little watch-glass things" were among her stock—a pair of watch-glasses fastened together like oyster-shells with a strip of gilded paper round the edges, the oyster being a representation of the Madonna among coloured flowers. This lady was so extremely innocent that she frequently made mistakes about the change, hardly knowing one coin from mother, but the mistakes usually happened to be in her own favour. One year Butler told her that she

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Act 49 had lost none of her beauty, and she rejoined that there were few "tmtto buoni e carini e gentih come Lei "

She and Butler onee had a theological discussion. She thought that every one, sensible or otherwise, was of the same religion. Butler objected that this was not so, that some, for instance, were Turks.

" E luico Lei ?" (Are you a Turk ?) inquired our fair friend with a look as though—well, anyhow there could be no harm in asking. But he was not thinking of making any addition to his harem at the time, so he excused himself and brought the interview to a close.

His lady was to have been introduced into the second Italian book. He also intended to fall asleep and have a dream in front of the chapel that contains the figures representing Christ disputing with the Doctors. We had often wondered what the dispute was all about, in his dream the Doctors were to propound this question:

" Which is best— prose or poetry ? "

And Chiibt, ticking off the alternatives on his fingers, as Italians do, was to be heird giving His decision.

" Poetry, because there is less of it on a page "

Early in September I joined Butler on the Sacro Monte, and we went down to Milan where we spent some hours in the Biera trying to settle a point which interested him intensely. He thought he had discovered portraits of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini among the heids of onlookers in various pictures, and had promised the editor of *The Athenaeum* to write about it in his paper.

Butler to Mrs Bridges

19 Sept 1885—I thought m matters were is I supposed, but did not like to write [to *The Athenaeum*] without miking notes on the spot with the pictures before me, for though I believe I may say no one his done much more to glorify memory than I hive, I find my own memory most unglonfiible, and to stand in need of continuil verification and correction. However, I am ill light tins time, and how the poitraits in question can have escaped notice so long I cannot conceive. I spotted them it once fourteen years ago and thought everyone else must have done so. I have repeatedly seen them since and this time, approaching them

very sceptically, still can see no escape from the conclusion I arrived at in the first instance, namely that the two adjacent heads in the two separate pictures in the Breri are the same as the two in the Louvie picture of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini

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After Milan we joined my mother and sistets at Vicenza and with them went to Venice, where Butler spent much time starching the pictures for more examples of the heads of the Bellini. He returned by way of Basel where he made some progress with the copy he had begun of the Holbein water-colour, "La Danse," and convinced the director from material evidence of the manner in which the folds of drapery were drawn that it was an original Holbein and not a copy. He wrote to me "So I have given the Basel Museum a Holbein as I mean to give the Louvie a Titian to-morrow." In his next letter, however (3rd October 1885), he wrote "I could not give the Louvre a Titian, because as soon as I saw the picture I saw it was not by him." It was a picture of two heads which he thought represented the Bellini, and he interested the keeper in the subject. "We both think the picture rightly ascribed to Gentile Bellini."

Butler to Miss Butler

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, F.C.

21 Oct 1885—No, I will not have any Persian cat, it is undertaking too much responsibility. I must have a cat whom I find homeless, wandering about the court, and to whom, therefore, I am under no obligation. I here is a Clifford's Inn euphemism about cats which the laundresses use quite gravely: they say people come to this place "to lose their cats." I remember that, when they have a cat they don't want to kill and don't know how to get rid of, they bring it here, drop it inside the lullings of our griss-plot, and go away under the impression that they have been "losing" their cat. Well, this happens very frequently and I have already selected a dirty little drunken wretch of a kitten to be successor to my poor old cat. I don't suppose it drinks anything stronger than milk and water but then, you know, so much milk and water must be bad for a kitten that age: my rate it looks as if it drink, but it gives me the impression of being affectionate, intelligent, and fond of mice, and I believe, if it had a home, it would become more respectable, at any rate I will see how it works.

1885 Grant Allen has brought out his *Darwin* and has made a
 Act 49 handsome acknowledgment of *Evolution Old and New* in his
 preface

Last night Jones and I both went to dine with Miss Bertha Thomas, a pranzo sociale, to meet Miss Zimmern, play *Narcissus*, and talk Italy It was very pleasant

Also I have at last done what I have threatened for some time past, and bought one of these new and cheaper Columbia typewriters I cannot yet write as fast with it as with the pen but, even now, it is a great comfort It saves all fatigue of eye and then one can see so well what one has got I have only had it a week, but I already feel I should be lost without it, 'and it will save its cost twice over in a single book, for I can see my book in type before sending it to the press and correct it so much better that I ought to have very little correction in future to pay for

But he did not use the typewriter for writing his books in the first instance, it would have been impossible to use it in the British Museum Reading Room, it was kept for copying This development of the machinery of writing reminds me of a note Butler made in 1883

SIFFI AND QUILL PENS

It is only during the last ten years or so that quill pens have quite gone out I wrote *Erewhon* and *The hair Haven* with quill pens, but no book since

GRANI AILEN'S CHAMPS DARWIN

In October 1885 Mr Chulcs Archer Cook, who was editing *Tin Athnatum* dining MacColl's absence, asked me to review Giant Allen's *Charles Darwin* I have no doubt MacColl had told him to offer it to me I immediately declined on the ground that there was too strong a personal hostility between myself and both Darwin and Grant Allen to make it possible for me to review the book without a bias against it Besides I do not review books I belong to the reviewed classes, not to the reviewers I am pleased to observe that, is I would not review the book, *The Athenaeum* has not reviewed it at all, unless of course a review has escaped me

At the end of this year appeared *Charles Darwin* by Di Ernst Krause (Leipzig, 1885) It contains on pp 185-186 Di Krause's account of the dispute which led to

the writing of chapter IV of *Unconscious Memory* A translation by Butler of this passage in Dr Krause's book, followed by his comment on it, is given in an Appendix post 1885
Aet 50

Butler to Miss Butler

29 Dec 1885—Please ask my father if he remembers a line in Horace, "Nee mihi res, sed me rebus componere" Does he remember the last word? It sounds as if it ought to be "conor", but I have a half fancy that the "o" in "conor" may be short, if he remembers, ask him to supply the missing word, if he doesn't, I will look through the Epistles and Satires of Horace I want the passage as summing up the Lamarckian system, according to which modification is effected by animals and plants adapting themselves to their surroundings as well as they can and, as the surroundings gradually change, changing too

Butler to his Father

31 Dec 1885—I thank you for your kindness in trying to find my line I thought the "o" in "conor" was long, but have generally found that when I feel pretty sure a vowel is long it turns out short, and I could not remember a passage with the word in it On receipt of yours I took out my small Horace, intending to look through the Epistles and find the line, which had been kind enough to place itself within the first 25 lines of the first Epistle of the First Book I had it all wrong—the passage runs

Nunc in Anstippi furtim praecepta relabor,
Ft mihi res, non me rebus subiungere conor

So he does the exact opposite of what I want him to do However, he evidently disapproves of what he is doing, and acknowledges the normal and proper thing to be the trying to adapt self to circumstances, rather than circumstances to self, and this is what I want Of course in real life we do both as much as we can and bear with what we cannot change, still I think there is a decided balance in favour of adaptation of self to things rather than of things to self, this, if Lamarck's view is right, pervades the whole animal kingdom and underlies all modification

Butler to Miss Butler

18 Jan 1886—We were much shocked yesterday to find that a poor old man who keeps a public-house near Dartford,

1886 where we generally take our beer with our sandwiches when we
 Aet 50 are in th it neighbourhood, had been horribly murdered by a
 discharged soldier about ten days ago I he soldier murdered a
 customer, who wis sitting before the fire, and then murdered the
 landlord apparently without any reason He was apprehended
 immedeately

A man named Vianna de Lima his been writing i book in
 French, *Les Theories Transfoimistes de Lamarik, Darwin, et
 Haeckel* It is onyv just out, but the Museum had received it and
 got it for me before it has appered in the catalogue I was
 pie ised to find a perfectly sitisfactory and unsnubbing reference
 to *Life and Habit* as though to quite a standard book—so I set
 this off against *The Athenaeum* and Dr Kriuse

I am getting on fast with my book which I shill cill *Luck*
 0) *Cunning as tin most important means of Organic Modification ?*
 The short title will be *Luck or Cunning ?* which I think will do
 very well

Butler to fas Fathrr

5 Feb 1886 —I send i few lines to say thatI am trying for
 the Slide Profeessoishop of Art it Cimbridge, vacant by the
 resignation of Mr Sidney Colvin The post would exactly suit
 me, is residence is not required ind 12 lectures a years is all that I
 should have to give I don't see why I should not try for this ,
 so I went down [to Cimbndgo] yesterday md interviewed
 Kennedy and one or two more I must not canivass, so I could
 not sec any of the electors I don't suppose I shall get it, but I
 am doing all I can

I went to *The Athenatum* and said they had had my letter
 [about the Bellini heads] long enough, that I was trying for this
 Piofessoishop, that it would be in advantage to me to have my
 letter published somewhere it once, and tint if the) could not
 print it I should be glad if they would return it so that I could
 bring it before the public elsewhere

Butler's letter or article about the Bellini heads
 appeared in *The Althenatum*, 20th February 1886 His
 points were shortly as follows

There is in the Louvre a picture of two heads of
 young men which, on the authority of a passage in
 Felihien, written in 1666 and quoted in the 1865
 catalogue of the Louvre, was stated to be the work of
 Gentile Bellini and to represent the painter and his
 brother Giovanni Crowe and Cavaleaselle, in their

History of Painting in North Italy (ed 1871, vol I p. 134), incline to the opinion that the picture is by Canani

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Gentile Bellini died in 1501, aged 80, and Giovanni Bellini died in 1516, aged 90 ¹ Canani was born between these two dates, viz in 1510, and it is unlikely that he should have painted Giovanni and Gentile Bellini as young men

Fehbien was born in 1619 when there were still living many who had known Titian, for Titian had died only forty-three years before, viz in 1576 Titian, who was 99 when he died, had been a pupil of Giovanni Pelibien makes his statement as though it were an ascertained fact, and he would be likely to hear anything that was known about the picture

Butler thought that Felibien was right, that the picture was painted by Gentile Bellini, and that it represented Gentile and his brother Giovanni

He searched for other contemporary portraits of the two brothers Gentile Bellini bequeathed to his younger brother, Giovanni, the sketch-book of their father, Jacopo, on condition that he should finish his great picture of " St Mark preaching at Alexandria " Giovanni finished his brother's picture and it hangs in the Brera at Milan To the extreme left among the spectators Butler found two figures, one with the auburn-haired head of the elder of the two portraits in the Louvre, and next him—the head alone being shown—the black-haired man of the Louvre picture The likenesses are strong and unmistakeable It is probable that the portraits of the two brothers should appear among the portraits of men of the time with which the picture is crowded, and that they should appear as the two figures to the extreme left

Butler found the same two heads in Carpaccio's " Dispute of St Stephen," also in the Brera, they are the two penultimate bystanders to the right of the picture, and immediately to the right of a head something like Mr Gladstone's

In the first fresco by Titian, as one enters the Scuola

¹ Some of the dates here quoted are given differently in some of the authorities, but the differences are not great enough to affect Butler's argument

1886 di S Antonio at Padua on the right, are two heads—a
Aet 50 yellow-red-haired man and a black-haired man—which
might be portraits of the Bellini, but they are not distinct
enough for one to feel very sure about them

Butler's friend and fellow art-student, Thomas Ballard, afterwards pointed out that two heads in "The Circumcision," dated 1500, by Marco Marziale, in our National Gallery are also strongly suggestive of the two heads in the Louvre. They are the two heads on the right of the central group, one of them partly hidden by the hood of the priest. One is that of a yellow-red-haired, fair-complexioned, square-faced man with a rather straight nose, the other is an oval-faced, black-haired, dark-complexioned man with a nose the bridge of which is convex. They are badly painted, but the onerous conditions, on the combined fulfilment of which we may suspect that the portraits of the Bellini are intended, are all complied with, namely the picture is Venetian, painted between 1460 and 1520, and gives us two men side by side with all the characteristics which we have reason to believe were those of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini.

Butler had searched all the possible pictures in Venice, and in every likely place, for further examples of these two heads but had found no more. He considered, however, that what he had found was in support of the old belief held by Feelibien, and against the view of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, of whom an eminent French authority said to him "Ils ont débaptisé la moitié des tableaux d'Europe." The authorities at the Louvre, in their catalogue of 1887, gave the picture to Gentile Bellini as painter, and on the frame it is still attributed to him, but it is not said to be portraits of the two brothers, it is called "Portraits d'hommes," at least it was so when last I was in the Louvre, that is in May 1914.

No one said anything in reply to his letter in *The Athenaeum*. He sent a copy of the paper to the director of the Louvre. One result of the delay in publishing the letter was that it appeared just in time for him to send a copy of the paper to the electors for the Slade Professor-

ship The testimonials he sent were from Eyre Crowe, Esq , A R A , G K Fortescue, Esq , Superintendent of the Reading Room, British Museum , Richard Garnett, Esq , LL D , late Superintendent of the Reading Room, British Museum , A C Gow, Esq, A R A , T Heatherley, Esq , of the School of Art, 79 Newman Street, Oxford Street, the Rev B H Kennedy, D D , Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Cambridge , H S Marks, Esq , RA , and the Right Honourable W T Marriott, M P They were all of the usual kind, speaking highly of his artistic and literary attainments, saying the writers had known him some time and considered him eminently fitted for the post With the testimonials he sent a list of his published works

1886
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Butler to his bather

10 March 1886—You will doubtless have seen in this morning's papers that Middleton has got the Professorship Practically he was, so far as I have been able to make out, in the field before the late Professor resigned, and was his candidate, so to speak I am glad I stood and, having stood, am, of course, sorry not to have got the post, still there are considerations which are not without healing value, and I had so fully discounted not getting it, after what I heard the Editor of *The Athenaeum* had said and what Garnett said, that I am not put much out of my reckoning and, indeed, should have been very much surprised if anyone but Middleton had been appointed Nevertheless, I feel sure that I shall gain by having stood

One cannot help wondering how it would have worked if Butler had been elected Slade Professor His lectures would have been delightful to attend and to read afterwards, and, with his immense knowledge and critical insight, full of instruction, good sense, and amusement. But I doubt whether he would have given complete satisfaction to the authorities A University is hardly the most favourable soil in which to sow those seeds which, when writing about art, he scattered freely in his Note-Books, in *Alps and Sanctuaries*, in *Ex Voto*, and up and down others of his books

Butler to Mr s Bridges

1886 15 March 1886—I have had many very kind letters about my
Act 50 failure and really believe a good many people think I ought to have had it I am afraid I believe that the whole thing was cut and dried before Colvin resigned

I thought it would be well to come up smiling, so I got *The Athenæum* last week to announce my new book *Luck on Cunning?* which they did I was pleased to see that they put it well up among their Science news, not among the Literary events This, as I have no doubt the editor knows, will be displeasing to Romanes & Co The book is well advanced and is, I believe, among the very best I have done

I have found a new amusement My poor old laundress and her husband are so deplorably bronchitic and ill that they cannot do what ought to be done to my rooms, so I have shifted piano, table and everything, cleaned my windows, swept every corner of every room with tea-leaves, and done the thing as it ought to be done I found it hard work, it made me perspire freely, notwithstanding the cold, and did me a great deal of good, besides I am now really clean and tidy instead of being a good deal off clean—to put it mildly I think I shall do it again

Butler to Miss Bullet

24 March 1886 My kittens came and alas, went ' One after another died for want of sufficient nourishment This being their poor mother's first confinement, she had forgotten to make the milk necessary to feed her offspring, and so one after another starved in spite of all I could do I had found homes for three out of the four and was very sorry to lose them They were exceedingly pretty while they lasted, but none of them lived as long as four days The cat frequently came and told me that things were not going right, and I soon found out what the matter was, but I could not do anything

Butler to Mrs Bridges

2 April 1886—I congratulate May [Miss Butler] on making to herself friends of the Mammon of Righteousness, is poor Miss Savage once said to me when I had been in a short correspondence with the Bishop of Caisle By the way, who was it said of Mr Gladstone that he was "a good man in the very worst sense of the words"? . . .

Glad Uncle John is better Did you ever read *Philip Van Artevelde*? And now I see Robert Bridges has been bringing out some poems The extiacts they give in the papers seem ill right—quite as good as other poetry, but I cannot read poetry md, indeed, read as little of anything as I can

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Uncle John was John Woislty, the younger brother of Butler's mother He was an eminent conveyancer and practised locally at Clifton Although "better" early in April he only survived for a few weeks, and, like the aunt and godmother of Narcissus, "died richer than was thought/' for he was of a saving nature According to a note made by Butler, he never would wear a night-shirt, he said it was an unnecessary expense, and slept naked I met him one afternoon at tea at Reginald Worsley's He remembered Mendelssohn, whom he had seen, probably at the Taylors', and who, he said, was "a dapper little man" He sang us an absurd, old-fashioned song with a refrain, "Vastly proper, vastly proper," or vastly something different at the end of each of its numerous verses We all thought it vastly funny and laughed very much at it I am afraid we also laughed a little at Uncle John

At the beginning of May, Butler went to Clifton to attend Uncle John's funeral This was one of the occasions for wearing the high hat which appears in the corner in the picture of his room (ante, I p 246) While at Clifton, he took the opportunity of calling on his Aunt Sarah Worsley, Uncle John's sister, and reported to Wilderhope that he had done so, hoping he might have succeeded in pleasing his father and sisters, especially as at the funeral he was representing his father, who paid the expenses of his journey to Clifton and back, being too feeble to go in person Elis report was, however, received in silence, and he wrote that he was beginning to fear that any credit he might have won by attending the funeral was not of a lasting nature

Butler to Mrs Bridges

13 May 1886—Perhaps I should not have begun to fear this if I did not find that in whatever quarter I may win a leaf of

1886 two of laurels they are of a kind that tarnishes with deplorable
Aet. 50 rapidity. If I were to compare myself to a stock or railway share, I should say I was a security of a very fluctuating character, never more likely to enter upon a period of prolonged flatness than immediately after being buoyant ; but this, I suppose, is the common experience of mankind and, in depression, I must console myself by reflecting that, for aught I know, I may be again upon the verge of inflation.

Aunt Sarah, for example ; she had a sudden and disastrous fall in my market during the ten minutes or so that I was with her. She was warm in her praises of Mr. Gladstone and abused " that wretched *Times* " for saying he did what he did merely from a wish to remain in office, etc. etc. " Why, it is contrary to the whole spirit and tenour of his life : a more *upright, honourable, conscientious, truly high-minded* statesman never existed, and to suppose " etc. etc.

If Aunt Sarahs at par are 100, they had stood at about 75 when I began my visit ; when I ended it they had dropped to 15 or 14½. Besides, she took occasion to impart to me her reminiscences of my childhood of which, it seems, my conceit had been the feature that had made the deepest impression upon her. I gathered moreover that she shared the common, but absurd, opinion according to which " the child is father of the man " (just as if everyone did not know that it is the other way on) and, altogether, I was not so glad that I had had " a little sight of Aunt Sarah " as you say you are on my behalf. Do you know, if anything were to happen to Uncle Sam (which I hope may not be the case for many years) I think I should have such a severe cold as to be unable to venture on a railway journey. But enough of this nonsense.

What do you mean by saying my father is " about as well as usual again " ? I have not heard of his being unwell, nor did I gather from his letters that he had been in any way more amiss than usual. What is he thinking of doing about his summer outing ? . . .

When you say you think Aunt Sarah " *will have been* " glad I called on her, do you mean that, though not glad at present, there will come a time, etc. etc. ? I greatly doubt whether she will ever be more glad than she is at present.

Butler made a note on the not very successfully pressed copy of the above : " This stupid letter can be read quite easily by being held up to the light. " I do not think it is a " stupid letter, " but I do think it was an injudicious letter. Many of his letters to his sisters at this time

contain passages complaining that they did not keep him properly informed as to his father's health. This letter, and especially the part about Mr Gladstone, was his way of saying to his sister, "If you won't tell me what I want to know, then I shall only tell you things you don't want to hear." For his father and sisters though they approved of Aunt Sarah yet, being Conservative, disapproved of her politics. There was no stopping him from writing such letters when he was in the mood, and he excused himself by saying that his sisters must see they were written in fun. I do not think it likely that his sisters saw anything in them beyond dtplorable flippancy and irreverence.

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The letter contains so much about stocks and shires partly because his mind was full of *Narcissus*. We had made sufficient progress to have a rehearsal of some of it on the 18th of May in Gogin's studio in King Henry's Road, followed by supper in the studio of another painter, Joseph Benwell Clark, on the floor below. Butler's cousin, Reginald Worsley, who knew many violinists and other players, got the band together for us and helped us in copying the parts. He and Gogin rigged up the desks and lights. We had three first violins, two second, one tenor, one 'cello, and one double bass, one oboe, one bassoon, one horn, and a pair of kettle-drums. Mr Henry Ellis Wooldndge kindly sang some of the songs for us, and I conducted. Everything went off quite smoothly, the pet formers expressed themselves as much pleased with the music and so did the few friends we had invited to come and listen. We learnt a great deal from hearing our music and should have liked to have more rehearsals. Butler wrote to Miss Butler "A tame oratorio is a delightful pet, but he is something like a tame elephant and would eat Jones and me out of house and home if we did not keep him in his proper place."

Butler to Miss Butler

3 June 1886- Jones and I went to a Philharmonic concert last night [of *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, p 132] We

1886 went to the shilling places behind the orcheſti and ſat cloſe to
 Act 50 the drums, ſo we could ſee each inſtrument and hear what it wiſ
 about I do wiſ people would not make their movements ſo
 long We have reſolved that all our movements ſhall be of
 reaſonable length I am afraid I bleed our own muſic a great
 deal better than Beethoven's , but then, of courſe, if we had been
 devoted admireis of Beethoven we ſhould have founded ourſelves
 on him and aminted him *Narciffus's* ſucceſſor is to be called
Ulyſſes and is this time a ſerious work, dealing with the wanderings
 of the red Ulyſſes and treating the ſubject much as *Hercules* or
Se?nele were treated We think we could get ſome ſarlor choruſes
 and ſome Circe and pig choruſes and the Sirens, and then
 Penelope and her loom all afford ſcope I made up my mind
 about it when I read Chirks Limb's tranſlation of puts of the
Odyssey in Ainger's book, but pleaſe don't ſay anything about it

In ſpite of this, however, when, one day in the
 Bntiſh Muſeum, Mi Gainett aſked him what we thought
 of doing when we had finiſhed *Narciffus*, Butler replied
 that we might, perhaps, next write an oratorio on ſome
 ſacred ſubject The urbane and ſcholarly Mr Garnett
 looked proper and aſked whether we had any particular
 ſubject in view Butler leplied, demurely, that we were
 thinking of " The Woman Taken in Adultery " His
 note concludes with theſe words " Garnett did not quite
 like this "

I find among Butler's letters one from Lyre Crowe,
 A R A , dated 3rd June 1886, thanking him for having
 written in reply to a requeſt for any reminiscences he
 might have of F S Cary, in whoſe School of Art he
 had ſtudied At firſt I thought Lyre Crowe might have
 wanted Butler's reminiscences for ſome book of Memoirs
 he was writing, but he does not appear to have publiſhed
 one It may be that he wanted it for a book by ſome one
 elſe and, if ſo, Butler's letter may have been publiſhed
 therein He kept no copy, and if any reader of this book
 ſhould know of its publiſcation I ſhould be glad to hear
 of it

I do not think that Butler had hitherto attended any
 of the Shrewsbury School dinners, but he went this year
 and made this note about it

THE SHRFWSBURY DINNER

I his came off the week before last, and i was there , the 1886
 Archbishop of York was in the chair, next to whom sat Lord Aet 50
 Cranbrook on the one hand and Kennedy on the other I spoke
 to Kennedy before dinner, and found him surly, and, as it
 appeared to me, anxious to avoid me—which I no sooner per-
 ceived than I avoided him I thanked him genially for the
 testimonial he had given me when I was trying for the Slade
 Professorship (which however seemed to me to say " I have been
 asked to give this man a testimonial and have had to do it, but I
 will say no more than I can help") and laughingly said that my
 candidature had not come to very much " No," said he, drily,
 and with the intake and outmake of breath which used to
 characterise him when I knew him years ago So I left him, I
 hope without showing that I did not think his manner over civil

I liked the Archbishop of York , Lord Cranbrook seemed a
 good fellow , Moss was civil to me , Sir Henry Dryden made
 the best speech and the one which his audience evidently liked
 best Cinon Hornby looked good , so did Aichdeacon Hamilton
 There was a good old clergyman opposite me, a pupil of my
 grandfather's, who said, " Butler (meaning my grandfather) was as
 good a man as ever lived," and evidently meant whit he said

Why should I, knowing that I do not particularly like these
 people nor they me, why should I, who never liked my school
 nor got much good from it, go and pay a guinea for a bad dinner,
 and eat and drink what it takes me a whole day to recover from ?
 It does not seem a very sensible thing to do, and yet people tell
 me I ought to go I wish I knew whether they are right or I,
 who think the whole thing a nuisance I think that, considering
 the Ishmaelitish line which I have been led and driven to take in
 literature, the less I venture into the enemy's camp the better
 They say that the more I take the Ishmaelitish line the more
 incumbent it is upon me to do the correctest of correct things
 occasionally, when time and the occasion serve I believe they
 arc right, and this is why I went, and shall hope to go upon a
 future occasion, but like it I do not [July 31, 1886]

P S—I have never missed 1 single one of these functions
 since writing the above [Peb 1, 1898]

Butler to Mrs Bridges

12 August 1886—I am to go presently to poor Robert's
 funeral at the Tower Hamlets Mrs Doncaster is in a deplorable
 and most depressing state with an awful cough and only fit for

1886 bed, but she will insist on coming out Happily Robert *had*
 Aet 50 insured his life (in one of those infamous companies which—well,
 he had insured his life) and, having paid 4d a week punctually for
 fourteen years (or about £12 15 0 without counting interest),
 was entitled to receive £9 4 0 on his death, which Mrs
 Doncisicr has got and is not theifore in difficulties about funeral
 expenses md mourning Mrs Doncaster had insured her life albo
 in the same way, but about five years ago I stopped her from
 continuing it, is they would not return a halfpenny if the policy
 wis allowed to go thirteen weeks in urear I shall now see that
 she puts bv sixpence a week in the post office savings bank

Robert's funeral piovided another occasion for Butler
 to wear his high hat

A few days later he started for the Canton Ticino
 This was the occasion when, at Faido, he met the Bishop
 of Chichester and one of the prebends and showed them
 where to find Woodsia and Alternifohum, as is related in
The Note-Books of Samuel Butler, 1912, p 271 He
 moved to the Sacro Monte, Varese, where I joined him in
 September We went to Castighone d' Olona to see the
 frescoes and, while staying at Mendnsio, went over to
 Ligornccto, where we had *been* to spend the day with
 Signor Vda (*slips and Sanctuaries* " A Day at the
 Can tine ") We were only about a week together, because
 I hid to spend some of my holiday with my mother at
 Baden Baden and return to the office On his return
 Butler wrote to his sister

Butler to Miss Butler

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, F C

2 Oct 1886 think you for yours received this morning
 I IIII so glad vou had a fine afternoon for your foundation-laying,
 and that the bishop was nice I think bishops generally are
 rithei nice I know I am terribly afraid of an archdeacon or, I
 miv say, of a dem, but am generally set quite at my ease by a
 bishop—when I have anything to do with one, which is not
 often I stuck to my plan, spent Tuesday and Wednesday
 copying Holbein in Basel and, leaving Wednesday night, got
 here on Thursday evening I found my kittens well and strong
 but is wild as little timers through not having been habitually
 caessed I hey spat and swore and altogether behaved abomin-

ably Now, though only 48 hours have gone by, they are quite tame and very pretty 1886
Act 50

I am to lecture at the Working Men's College in December on The Principle Underlying the Subdivision of the Organic World into Animal and Vegetable I do not like it, but it is good for me to learn the use of my tongue I shall do as I did before and speak my lecture, not read it

I am much better but have never been free of my book [*Luck or Cunning ?*] which is now nearly printed I have still to write the last chapter, some fourteen or fifteen pages, this I hope to do next week, and then nothing remains but the index

The lecture was postponed and delivered in March 1887

Luck or Cunning ? was to be dedicated to the memory of Alfred Tylor, Butler therefore sent to Mrs Tylor his proposed preface and other preliminary matter of the book for her to consider it and show it to any one she might wish to consult

Butler to Mrs Tylor

17 Oct 1886—When I said it [*Luck or Cunning?*] was polemical I only referred to Mr Dirwin, Professor Huxley, Mr Romanes and others There is not the slightest fear of any religious controversy in connection with the book, any more than with *Life and Habit* or *Evolution Old and New*, on the contrary its very essence is to insist on the omnipresence of a mind and intelligence throughout the universe to which no name can be so fittingly applied as God Orthodox the book is not, religious I do verily believe and hope it is, its whole scope is directed against the present mindless, mechanistic, materialistic view of nature and, though I know very well that euhichmen will not like it, I am sure they will like it much better than they like the opinions now most generally accepted, and that they will like it much better than men of science will

However I send what I propose to say, and will call on you at Caishalton either Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday as you may appoint, say at about 330 and return by the 449 train from Carshdton I can then hear your views by word of mouth and answer any further questions you may want to ask

Butley to Mrs Bridges

25 Oct 1886—I heard a story of poor Mr Tylor himself the other day He was one of the gentlest and kindest of men but

1886 he dearly loved a joke Some doctor was dining with him just
 Aet 50 before starting for the West of Africa and, as the gentlemen were
 leaving the dining-room, Mr Tylor went up to this man, took
 him aside confidentially and said " I f you happen, out there, to
 come across a black man with any white spots on his body, *kill*
htm and send him to me I'll give any money for him," and
 then retired chuckling

On the 10th November 1886, Butler received the first copy of *Luck or Cunning as the Main Means of Modification ? An attempt to throw additional light upon the late Mr Charles Darwin s theory of natural selection* The dedication runs thus

To the Memory of the late Alfred Tylor, Esq , F G S etc , whose expenments it Carshalton in the years 1883 and 1884 established that plants also are endowed with intelligential and volition ll faaulties, this Hook begun at his instigation is gratefully and afeectionately inscribed

In *luck or Cunning S* Butler continued to insist first upon the substantial identity between heredity and memory, and secondly upon the importance of design as a factor of organic development

Chapter is introductory and contains remarks about *life and Habit, Evolution Old and New, and Unconscious Memory*

Chapters 11 and 111 contain a reply to Mr Herbert Spencer, who had written in *The Athenaeum* (ante, I p 410), claiming to hive been among the forestallers of *life and Habit*, a claim which Butler saw no reason to admit

Chapter iv is taken almost entirely from his " Remarks on Mr. G J Romanes' *Mental hvolution in Animals*" which formed part of his book of *Selections* (1884) It deals also with *Illustrations of Unconscious Memory in Disease including a Theory of Alternatives*, by Charles Creighton, M D (London H K Lewis, 1886), a book based avowedly on Henng's Lssay on Memory, Dr Cieighton not knowing of *L ife and Habit* at the time he wrote his book

Chapters v and vi discuss whether Luck or Cunning is the fitter to be insisted on

Mi Charles Darwin, Mi A R Wallace, and then 1886
 supporters are the apostles of luck, while Erasmus Darwin <u>d 'Aet 50
 Lamarck, followed, more or less timidly, by the Geoffroys and by
 Mr Herbert Spencer, and, very timidly indeed, by the Duke of
 Argyll, preach cunning as the most important means of organic
 modification

Chapter vn is about Mr Herbert Spencer's articles
 "The Factors of Organic Evolution " Chapters viii and
 IX are headed "Property, Common Sense, and Protoplasm "
 Chapter x " The Attempt to Eliminate Mind " Chapter
 xi " The Way of Escape " In this chapter, as in others of
 the book, will be found passages elaborated from Butler's
 letter to my brother Edward (Nov 1884) , he used this
 letter for *Luck or Cunning* ? much as he had used his letter
 to T W G Butler for *Life and Habit*

Chapter xn "Why Darwin's Variations were Acci-
 dental "

Chapters xni to xvn deal with Charles Darwin's claim
 to be the originator of the theory of descent with modifica-
 tion , also with Grant Allen's *Charles Darwin* and with
 Professor Ray Lankester and Lamarck

Chapter xviii contains what can be said in favour of
 Charles Darwin Here are a few quotations

[Though], however, it is not likely that postenty will consider
 him as a man of transcendant intellectual power, he must be
 admitted to have been richly endowed with a much more valuable
 quality than either originality or literary ability— I mean with
 savoir faire

Greatness, indeed, of the highest kind—thit of one who is
 without fear and without reproach- will not ultimately be allowed
 him, but greatness of a rare kind can only be denied him by those
 whose judgement is perverted by temper or personal ill-will

Button planted, Erasmus Darwin and Lamirck watered, but
 it was Mr Darwin who said " I hat fruit is ripe" and shook it
 into his lap

Mr Darwin will have a crown sufficient for any ordinary
 brow remaining in the achievement of having done more than
 any other writer, living or dead, to popularise evolution

The concluding chapter contains a resume of Alfred
 Tylor's paper, part of which was read at the Linnean
 Society in December 1884

1886
Aet 51

In chapter xiii of *Alps and Sanctuaries* Butler had touched on the division of the world of life into animal and vegetable, the first represents the idea that it is better to go about in search of what can be found, and the second the idea that it is better to sit still and take what comes. He restates this view and is thus led to another

I refer to the origin *dnd* nature of the feelings, which those who iccpt volition as hiving had i large shire in organic modification must admit to have had a no less large share in the formation of volition. Volition grows out of ideas, ideas from feelings. Whit, then, is feeling, and the subsequent mental images or ideis?

The consideration of this leads to a few words about Newlands' (or Mendclejeft's) law

The book concludes with an eloquent peroration about Death—"the most inexorable of all conventions", and about dod--"the ineffable contradiction in terms whose presence none can either enter or escape"

But I er to Mrs Bridges

16 Dec 1886—To-morrow (the Editor of *The Atadeiny* tells me) there is to be i very hostile review of *Luck or Cunning?* in *The Academy*. I he Editor apologised a good ded and hum'd and ha'd, but I told him I had survived a good many hostile articles in *'The Acade ny already*, and he need not distress himself. The review is to be by Grant Allen who, doubtless, asked for the job. Grunt Allen is the mm whose book I declined to review in *The Athenaeum* on grounds which ought to have deterred him from reviewing myself, and that they have not done so confirms the opinion which I have long formed concerning him.

In October Canon Butler caught a severe cold from which he never recovered. Butler went down to Shrewsbury more thin once during the weeks that followed, and was theie when the end came.

MY FAIHTR'S DEATH

My father died in the evening—about half-pist five—of Wednesday December 29th. I md Rogers (his servant) and the nurse were alone present. I was supporting his head between my hinds is he died, which he did almost without my kind of fight with death, but Rogers told me that shortly before I was called

into the room he had fought hard for life He never knew me since I saw him early in December Noi did he know anyone Once my cousin, Archdeacon Lloyd, begin in a loud professional to'ie to repeat some prayers for the dying On this my father, for a few seconds—not more -opened his eyes and obviously regained consciousness , but is he did so, there came an expression over his face as though he were saying to himself " Oh, no, it is not the Day of Judgement, it is only Tom Lloyd," and he became comatose again at once

1886
Aet 51

Butler used to say that it takes a lot of money to die in comfort, and, when he saw how carefully his father was nursed, how absolutely free he was from mental pain, and how in all ways quietly he was ending his life, he turned to Archdeacon Lloyd and said , " How gently do they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven ' "n

He was asked to write a notice of his father for the local papers and did so The Dr Burd mentioned in the following note was the doctor at Shrewsbury who attended Canon Butler

MY FATHER AND MYSELF

Dr Burd, soon after my fither died, was holding forth and suggesting things for me to mention in the obituary notice I had to write for the Shrewsbury pipers I said, to tease him

" You see, Dr Burd, one of the greatest feathers in my father's cap was one that I cannot refer to "

Dr Burd was surprised and asked my meaning

" I mein," said I, somewhat freezingly, " that he was my father "

Dr Burd did not like this and slid he had not looked at the matter in that light hitherto Whether or not he suspected that I was only wanting to tease him I neither know nor care

CHAPTER XXVI

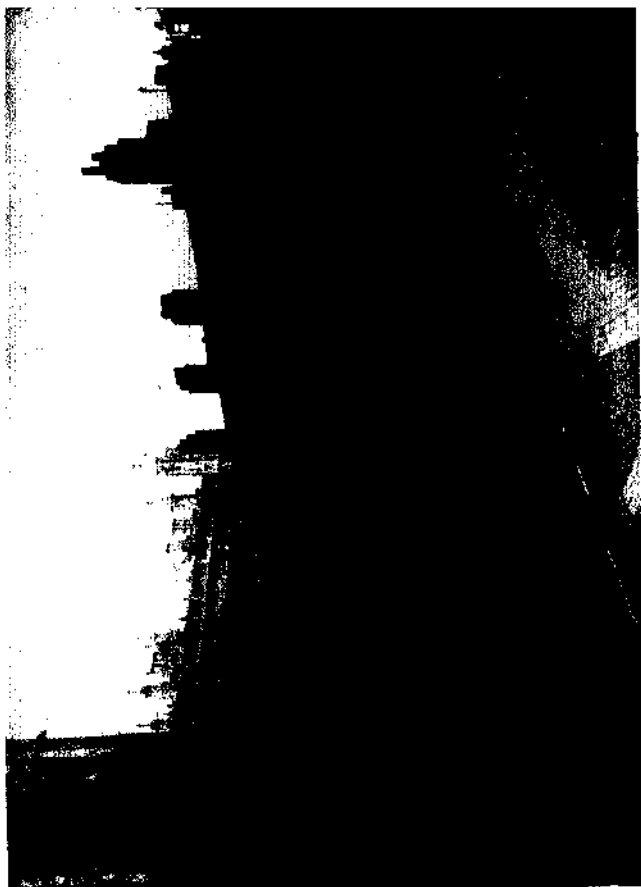
1887 1888—PART I

EX VOTO

1887
Act 51 CANON BUILIR by his will did as he had threatened and tied up the greater part of what he left his son , but, except that this prevented Butler from dealing with the principal so tied up, it did not inflict on him any other injury and, as regards income, he found himself comfortably off once more He repaid all the money he had borrowed during his financial difficulties of the preceding ten years, and was now able to continue the allowance to Pauli without feeling it anything of a drag He also began to look round for some one to come and help in his rooms

Mrs Doneaster, his laundress, had a friend, Mrs Cathie, whose nephew, Alfred Emery Cathie, a young man just over twenty-two, was in want of a job Butler took him on for a time to see how it worked His business was partly to replace Robert, and partly to act as clerk, valet, and general attendant, he was also, as a live young thing about the place, a cheerful addition to Clifford's Inn They got on so well together that Alfred remained permanently

I had returned to the office of Sir Thomas Paine and was working there as managing clerk Butler proposed that I should give up trying to succeed as a solicitor, in which profession my relations and friends had frequently given me to understand that I was not doing remarkably well, and that I should devote myself to helping him with his music and his writing, he giving me the amount I was



Cliffords Inn
Alfred in Paulson's window

receiving from the office, viz £200 a year I accepted his proposal and gave up the law We hoped that my mother would not be so much displeased with me as to discontinue the ¹⁸⁸⁷ ^{Aet 51} £200 a year she had been allowing me She, however, was very much displeased and did discontinue the allowance For it now appeared that I had been doing remarkably well at the law, and it was such a pity to throw it all up In time, however, she relented as to the allowance, though whether she returned to the view that nature had not intended me for business I never ascertained From this time, therefore, until the death of my mother in 1900, I received £200 a year from Butler, no other alteration took place in the relations between us except that, as I was now free, we were more together.

The payments he made to Alfred and to me were the only extra expenses he undertook upon the death of his father, unless his payments to Pauli can be considered extra expenses, and the increase in his income was in his opinion sufficient to justify them He bought himself a new wash-hand basin, but made no other change in his way of living except that, as we shall see presently, he also bought himself a new pair of hair-brushes He wore out his hair-brushes rather quickly, because he had the habit of brushing his hair every night one hundred strokes, fifty each side

Butler to Miss Butler

27 March 1887—I have got the lecture over I believe it was a great success, and Jones and Gogin who were there were very much pleased with its reception I, of course, could not form much of an opinion for I read my lecture and was unable to look the people in the face as I did when speaking I think I shall speak in future, but was afraid of overlooking points and so wrote it out I am to deliver it again in the autumn at another similar institution and shall then, I think, speak it

This was the lecture to the Working Men's College, on the subdivision of the organic world into animal and vegetable, the delivery of which was postponed from December 1886

1887
Act 51 In April he found a picture in a second-hand shop, "Joseph being Robed by Order of Pharaoh," which he thought looked like an early Rembrandt (*The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, p 151) It was marked only 40s, so he got Gogin to look at it and, on having his opinion supported, bought it, and always derived much pleasure from thinking that he possessed a Rembrandt in addition to his portrait of the Countess of Egremont by Sir Joshua He also had a portrait of a woman by Jacob Gerntse Cuyp, the father of Albert Cuyp, the animal painter This, and the Reynolds, were given to his solicitor, Russell Cooke After his death I was staying with my friend Dr King Martyn at Bath, and observed in his dining-room a pair of pictures, a man and a woman, at first I took the portrait of the woman to be Butler's Cuyp Either Dr Martyn's or Butler's was a copy or a replica Each of Dr Martyn's pictures had a piper on it at the back stating that they were painted by J G Cuyp and represented Reims of Overstrand, act thirty, 1637, and his wife The wife was a Bullen of the family of Anne Bullen, and Dr Martyn had the pictures because the Bullens come into his pedigree

Later in 1887 Butler added to his collection two sketches by Frank Huddlestone Pottet (1845-1887), whom he had known at Heathcote's and whose work he admired Pottet had recently died, and in the winter an exhibition of his pictures was held at which Butler bought the sketches There are two pictures by Potter in the Tate Gallery

For Easter he went abroad with Gogin, visiting, among other places, Ypres, where occurred the meeting with the two English barristers and the Italian gentleman described in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, P 255

Butler had approached the Editor of *The Athenaeum* (MacColl) about the Bellini heads, he now wrote to him about Holbein's drawing "La Danse" at Basel To this letter MacColl, on the advice of his art critic, made objections Butler replied, complaining that he had been treated with much discourtesy, which he should allow to

"VERY INJUDICIOUS "

pass as on previous occasions , but when it came to burking matter which afforded even a hope of adding to our knowledge of such men as Holbein and Bellini, he was not disposed to submit Here is the conclusion of his letter, and a note he added to the copy he kept

1887
Aet 51

*Butler to the Editor of" The Athenaeum "**

13 April 1887—*The Athenaeum* attacked *Erewhon* savagely (Ap 20th 1872), it sneered at *Life and Habit* (Jan 26th 1878) which it said WAS "too flighty to be of much real value," yet by July 26 1879 these books had become " good leading," and it was only in the then new one that there were signs of declining power or "bad workmanship" Now (Jan 1887) *The Athenaeum* is inxious to pretend that it was among the first to il;ive me encoungement I have left the facts sufficiently on record in my commonplace book, and have no wish to go into them here , but I may be allowed to conclude that *The Athenaeum* is not infallible

[This is a very injudicious letter but I have no wish to pose as a monster of sound judgement I do not think MaeColl disliked or dislikes me, but he was not a pleasant person to deal with, and often gave my books to revieweis who, he perfectly well knew, would slate them of set purpose —S B , Feb 21st 1902]

Butler to Mrs Heather ley

19 April 1887—I am too heavily weighted already to be able to be of much service to your friend—or rather to Di Allbutt I am exceedingly sorry for him and, though I had not heird of his book, have little doubt that it says a great deal that ought to be said and which people are afraid to say

I am aware that the sexual question is of more practical importance than any such as Christimity can be , at the same time till Christianity is dead and buried we shall never get the binning questions that he beyond appioached in a spirit of sobriety and commonsense It is therefore against superstition, and more especially the Christian superstition, that I have fought to the best of my ability

But I have got to take the world as I find it and must not make myself impossible At present I have the religious world bitterly hostile, the scientific and literary world are even more hostile thin the religious, if to this hostility I am to add that of the respectable world, I may as well shut up shop it once for all the use I shall be to myself or anyone else Let me get a really

1887 strong position like that of Ruskin, Cirlyle, or even Matthew
 Act 51 Arnold, and I may be relied upon to give the public to the full
 as much as they will endure without rebellion, but I will not
 jeopardise what I believe to be a fair chance of future usefulness
 by trying to do more than I can

I have spoken with great plainness, but plain speaking saves
 trouble all round I do not know whether it is possible for Dr
 Allbutt to do as I should suggest, but, if I were his adviser, I
 should advise him to apologise at once, say the thing was done
 without full privity on his part, promise not to offend again and
 be careful not to sail so near the wind in future I will mention
 Dr Allbutt's case to my own doctor, Dr Dudgeon, who, as i
 homocopathist, is naturally more or less of a malcontent, but there
 I am afiaid I must stop I am sorry I cannot be of more use

Dr Butler, having need of a good geography and
 atlas for use at Shrewsbury school and finding none, had,
 like a sensible man, supplied his own want For many
 years the work brought in a handsome income to the
 author and to his son On Canon Butlers death, the
 publishers wrote to Butler for his opinion as to whether
 the book, the sales of which had recently declined, should
 be re-issued or not

Butler to Messrs Iongmans, Green & Co

8 June 1887—I cannot see my way to setting the book to
 music, nor yet painting it, nor connecting it in any way with
 evolution, nor making any fun out of it all, should an idea
 cross my mind within the next few days I will let you know,
 but I think this so improbable that if you do not hear from me
 within a week I will ask you to consider me as agreeing with
 yourselves that the best thing to do is to let the stock sell out
 and not reproduce the work

When Dr Butler left Shrewsbury to become Bishop of
 Lichfield he was presented with a service of silver plate
 made by Storr & Mortimer of Bond Street Canon
 Butler by his will left this to Butler

MY GRANDFATHER'S PIAIF

It cost altogether nearly a thousand pounds, but I did not want
 it and, though I could only get old silver price for it, I determined

to sell it I took it to \ silversmith's in the Strand, or rather got them to bend some one to see it, he said it was very good, but of a period (1836) now out of fashion 1887
Act 51

" There is one especial test of respectability in plate," he remarked , " we seldom find it but, when we do, we consider it the most correct thing and the best guarantee of solid prosperity that anything in plate can give When there is a silver venison dish we know that the plate comes from an owner of the very highest respectability "

My grandfather had a silver venison dish

On the night the plate came to Clifford's Inn, the porter and I unpacked it in the cellar where we put it for safety The cellar was dark and, as we only had one candle, we must have looked like a couple of burglars counting our swag I, particularly, had a guilty feeling because a good many people told me I ought not to sell the plate at all—they said I ought to keep it, out of respect for my grandfather's memory People will talk like this and it made me uncomfortable, though I did not mean paying any attention to what they said

While we were unpacking it, or repacking it, I forget which, I saw a dilapidated old book lying on the knifeboard with a blacking bottle on it and an old tin tallow candlestick I knew there was something in the book that made it go in counterpoint with the surroundings, so I took the blacking bottle off it and opened it It was an early copy of my grandfather's *Atlas of Ancient and Modern Geography* I dare say it may be thought that I invented this , I can only say that I did not, and indeed could not invent anything so perfectly in keeping with itself But it frightened me

P S [Added after the publication of *The Life and Letters of Dr Samuel Butler*] When I wrote the above, I knew nothing about my grandfather except that he had been a great schoolmaster—and I did not like schoolmasters , and then a bishop—and I did not like bishops, and that he was supposed to be like my father Of course when I got hold of his papers, I saw what he was and fell head over ears in love with him Had I known then what I know now, I do not think I could have sold the plate , but it was much better that I should, and I have raised a far better monument to his memory than ever the plate was

Under his father's will Butler became entitled for life to a farm at Harnage near Shrewsbury, and the looking after this provided him with much employment of a new and interesting nature At Harnage Dr Butler used to raise meat and vegetables for the boys at Shrewsbury

1887 School, and by good management this was one of the
Act 51 sources of the fortune he made

By the joint operation of his grandfather's will and the subsequent dealings with the property Butler, on the death of his father, became absolutely entitled in possession, subject to the mortgage he had made, to the Whitehall fields which, as pasture, had been bringing in only a nominal rent, but were now ripe for building. Much of his time was taken up in consulting with surveyors and solicitors as to the best way of developing the property. He paid off the mortgage, and a scheme for development which should interfere as little as possible with the mansion house, in which his cousin Archdeacon Lloyd lived, was agreed upon. Roads were made and the land was divided into plots which were gradually sold.

In June we stayed for a few days at Church Stretton and went over to Shrewsbury, partly to see about the sale of this land and partly to be present at the School concert, where, by the kindness of the headmaster and Mr Hay, the music master, some of the music of *Narcissus* was performed by the boys. It appears from the letter to Mr Hay of 14th July 1887 (post) that we must have left some of our music behind.

Not long afterwards we had another opportunity of hearing our music, when most of the choruses of *Narcissus* were sung through at the house of Mr and Mrs Thomas Layton by friends of theirs with a piano accompaniment. Mr Thomas Layton was a partner of Sir Thomas Paine to whom I had been articled.

On our way back from Shrewsbury we spent a day at Kenilworth, and Butler took me into the church and showed me the family monuments with their epitaphs in the "Butlers' Pantry". He also introduced me to Mrs. Heniy Butler, the widow of Dr Butler's cousin, William Henry Butler (ante, I p 4). She was still living in the Stone House and we lunched with her.

At Shrewsbury we had seen Mr Blunt, a chemist on the Wyle Cop, who was much interested in *Life and Habit*. A correspondence ensued of which I only find this letter

Butler to My Blunt

5 July 1887—Do you—does any man of science—believe that the present orthodox faith can descend many generations longer without modification ? Do I—does any free-thinker who has the ordinary feelings of an Englishman—doubt that the main idea underlying and running through the ordinary orthodox faith is substantially sound ? 1887 Aet 51

That there is an unseen life and unseen kingdom which is not of this world, and that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God , that the life we live here is much but, at the same time, small as compared with another larger life in which we all share though, while here, we can know little if anything about it, that there is an omnipresent Being into whose presence none can enter and from whose presence none can escape—an ineffable contradiction in terms (as I have said in *Luck or Cunning* ?), that the best are still unprofitable servants and that the wisest are still children—who that is in his senses can doubt these things ? And surely they are more the essence of Christianity than a belief that Jesus Christ died, rose from the dead, and ascended visibly into heaven

Technically and according to the letter of course they are not According to the spirit I firmly believe they are Tell me thit Jesus Christ died upon the Cross, and I find not one tittle of evidence worthy of the name to support the assertion Tell me that therefore we are to pull down the Church and turn everyone to his own way, and I reject this as fully as I reject the other I want the Church as much as I want free-thought, but I want the Church to pull her letter more up to date or else to avow more frankly that her letter is a letter only If she would do this I, for one, would not quarrel with her Unfortunately, things do not seem moving in the direction in which I would gladly see them go and do ill in my power to help them go

Butler to Mr Hay

14 July 1887—It's all right about the parts—we ought to have seized them and shall know better another time I hey are easily re-written as we have the score

I am, and so is Jones, exceedingly sorry that we have got you into being attacked by Mr Moss He is a very good fellow, but we cannot expect a University swell to know anything about art or music

I am sure *Athaliah* is quite as comic as *Narcissus* is Besides I have heard your good uncle play "L a ci darem" in St Mary's

1887 Church as a voluntary in the middle of the service I remember
Aet 51 it exceedingly well and no one in those days gave him or herself
any bally airs about it I don't suppose they would mind playing
the people out with the Wedding March from the *Midsummer
Night's Dream* even now—at any rate your uncle often did it

However, we are exceedingly sorry we are always getting
ourselves and our friends into some scrape—at least when we deal
with dons and uneducated people of that description

Alps and Sanctuaries was known in Varallo, and especially the sentence in the preface apologising for publishing a work professing to deal with the sanctuaries of Piedmont and saying so little about the most important of them all—"Varallo requires a work to itself, I must therefore hope to return to it on another occasion" We were at Varallo in August 1887, and Dionigi Negri did all he could to force Butlei to carry out his intention of writing a book about the sacro Monte

H F Jones to Chat les Gogin

AIBEREO CROCF BIANCA, VARALLO SFSIA
30 Aug, 1887

DEAR GOGIN—Butler told me yesterday that I might write to you so I am doing it He is up the Sacro Monte writing He calls it talcing a holiday, but really he has been making great progress with a new Italian book which is to run this place and Gaudenzio Ferrari He has got some lovely things in the book There is another man who did statues up here, Tabachetti, who is also to be tun On the other hand Varallo is running Butler, for we are to go to a banquet given in his honour on Thursday at the Albergo on top of the mountain, and he says we shall probably be kissed To-morrow we are going with Dionigi Negri to the vineyards, and it will be like the day at the Cantine in *Alps and Sanctuaries*—at least we think so I am enjoying myself very much and doing as nearly nothing as possible

On Sunday we went to Civiasco, a village in the mountains, and it was a festa, San Gottardo the Saint of the Church, and the people had brought offerings or butter (large round lumps), eggs, cheeses, cakes (great round flat ones with patterns on their backs), wine, nuts, biscuits, bacon, etc These were to be sold after Vespers by auction and the money given to the Church—or rather taken by the priests, we could not stay to see the sale, but we saw the procession and helped to carry the Madonna out of the church all down the village to a chapel where they reposed

her She also rested four times by the way on tables put for her reception covered with cloths, and on the cloths flowers were strewn There was a band also, brass and two clarinets and a flute, and it might have played better—it was buggy ¹, it might also have chosen less frivolous music, but the Madonna's taste in music is rudimentary, she likes waltzes and such things The same band played in the church to accompany the Mass and Vespers We lunched at the inn of La Martina, a large, jolly, middle-aged person Dionigi Negri told us that in her youth she was "generosa" It has done her a great deal of good, and she is an example of its being more blessed to give than to receive (she has received a good deal, however) When we were at Fusio it was the festa of San Rocco, and we helped to carry him down the road and back to his place in church We think it is good for our morals to carry saints now and then Butler says it is the great principle of change, and the change is certainly complete

The new book is also to contain other things besides Varallo There is a lovely votive picture at Civiasco of a man who was passing the Albergo del Falcone at Barcelona, in Spain, when a cannon ball from the battery across the river came and made his nose bleed To prove the truth of the statement a piece of the cannon ball is hung beside the picture San Gottardo prevented its doing further damage

Do not trouble to write, but if you have anything you want to say we should receive a letter sent to Hotel Mont Blanc, Aosta, Italy We go there on Friday and shall take two days to get there and shall stay there two days, so far as we can tell, if you do not write there well within a week, the next place to be sure of catching us is Hotel Grotta Crimea, Chnvenna, Italy We should like to know how you are, and we hope you are better We hope your mother is going on all right We do not know when we shall get to Chiavenna nor how long we shall stay there Russell Cooke is to join us there and I am to come home from there I am to be home by 22 Sept Butler will stay longer Tabachetti did some things at Crea, somewhere down near Alessandria, and he wants to go and inspect them

We are a little nervous about our vineyards to-morrow In the first place, we have to start by the train leaving here at 4 58 A M, and that is early In the next place it is certain they will try, and almost certain they will succeed in making us drunk and then—well, you never can be certain what you may do when you are drunk, besides Butler siys he can't write unless he keeps sober, which seems leasonable, but I daresay we shall pull through somehow Butler is very good and behaves like an angel All

¹ Gogia lived opposite St Piner is Church in the Fmton Road One of the bells was out of tune ind he used to s • like the smell of a bug

1887 the people are so pleased to see him *and* compliment him on his
 Aet 51 good looks and on keeping so young Then he puts on an air of
 great sadness, lowers his voice, and tells them he has had the
 misfortune to lose his father He sends you his love Yours
 always, HENRY FESTING JONES

// *F Jones to Charles Gogin*

Hon L CAVOUR, MILANO, 10 Sept 1887

DFAR GOGIN—There were no letters or papers at Aosta and, as it is pretty certain some were sent there, we have concluded there is something wrong with the Aosta post-office, it is like the telephone in the hotel at Cialc—not in activity Consequently if you wrote to us there we did not get your letter Our day at the vineyards went off without intoxication Dionigi's unck came with us and we both fell in love with him, he is a delightful old man He brought a basket containing some bicad and the remainder of half a bottle of sherry, but he left it in the train and it went on to Novara and he had it on his mind all day, it wis not the bread nor the sherry, he said, but the bisket We told him we had drunk the sherry while he was asleep in the train, and the way he said "Chow" would have won youi heart He did nearly everything Diomgi told him, took the wrong turnings, drove the carriage, cut up the chicken etc, but once or twice (as when the turning was too wrong) he put his foot down and wouldn't, and then Diomgi dried up at once

'The binquet was a tremendous affair, altogether there were 26 people including the Procuratore del Re, the Sotto Prefetto, the Direttore del Sicro Monte, the Muniupio and all the swells Butler was put it the head of the table and we Ind 1 very good dinner Afterwuds there were speeches 1 he Director of the Sicrd Mountian proposed Butler's health in florid teims, and Butler replied in Italain I forget how the speeches went, there were not many, but some villain proposed the health of England and mentioned me, and it was considered proper for me to reply which I did in about five words of what I intended to be French Butler made two speeches *dnd* spoke beautifully I asked fuiscilli (*an* Itilian who has been in America and who sat next me) how Butler spoke, and he said " he finds his words as easily as we do "

Before dinner we went to look at one of the figures in the Deposition Chapel, *an* old man Butler has discovered [the Vecchietto] and about whom he will tell you—very interesting The custode brought the keys and we all got into the chapel and examined him

We had been told that two of the soldiers, in the chapel where Christ is taken in the garden, were made out of the old statues of Adam and Eve when the present Adam and Eve in the first chapel were made, and we had examined the chapel in the morning and made up our minds that the soldier with a moustache and real drapery was Adam and the other soldier with long hair and armour was Eve. Eve was bigger than Adam which was wrong, and she had no breasts to speak of, but that might have been because neither Cain nor Abel was yet born. Her breast had been painted to represent armour in silver scales, which stopped short of her girdle, her intervening belly being painted blue, like an ancient Briton. As we were going into chapels before dinner, we thought we might as well settle the Adam and Eve question for certain, so we went in and Dionigi investigated, I also pulled up their clothes and we found we had been quite wrong in the morning. It is Eve who has the moustache and the drapery hides her breasts, and it is Adam's stomach that is painted blue.

1887
Aet 51

On Friday (2 Sept) we went to Alagna in the post and here we had to put up with a double-bedded room which we never like. He is afraid his snoring will disturb me and says I am to wake him if he snores. The consequence is we neither of us go to sleep, he is afraid if he does he shall snore and disturb me, and I am afraid if I do he will snore and I shall not be able to wake him, and he won't like that. In the morning occurred the toothbrush riots. He accused me of using his toothbrush—said he could see the marks of my teeth upon it. [I have not the faintest recollection of all this—S. B., Feb 22, 1902] It was only with the greatest difficulty I got him to believe he was mistaken by assuring him that I had not cleaned my teeth for a fortnight.

On Saturday 3 Sept we walked over the Col d'Olen to Gressoney La Trinité, on the 4th down the Valley to Issime, on the 5th further down to Pont Saint Martin, where we took the train to Aosta. Daniele was our guide the last 2 days, a charming young man who hates his sister. He can stand home on work days when he can get out, but the Sundays and the fests are killing him. On the 7th to Ivrea, and on the 8th to Casale.

On the 9th we took train to Serra Lunga, and then drove to Ciei where there is a Sanctuary containing figures by 'I abachetti. Many of the chapels are empty and some only half full, being restored, some have been restored. He will tell you about it when we get back. One chapel had been turned into a studio by an old Jew sculptor, the image of Shylock with a port-wine mark on his face. We found him suitably engaged

1887 in modelling Chi ist on a wooden cross for the Crucifixion Chapel
 Aet 51 It was the most rapid Ciucifixion on lecord He assured us that he only began at 9 that morning and when we saw it a few hours later one could almost say that it was finished We settled that he could give any man down to the wound in the side and beat him To-day we came here The hotel is kept by a married daughter of the people who keep the hotel at Faïdo, but it is an alarmingly swell place and we are going away as soon as we can as it makes us nervous We hope you arc all right, and your mother Butler sends his love —Yours always,

HENRY FESTING JONES

PS — I he banquet is reported in the Varallo paper

The word "Chow" uttered by Dionigi's uncle is really "Gao," but I have preserved the other spelling because Butler so writes it in *Alps and Sanctuaries*

The municipal banquet took place in the loggia of the Albergo on the Sacro Monte which Butler always spoke of as the most beautiful dining-room he knew As we came down the slippery mountain path when it was all over, he said to me

"Well, after this you know, the next thing I do must be my book about the Sacro Monte "

He refers to this dinner on p 25 of *Ex Voto*, where he says, speaking of the people of Varallo

Personally I owe them the greatest honour that has ever been conferred upon me—an honour far greater than any I have ever received among those who know me better and are probably better judges of my deserts

A reproduction of the figure in the Deposition chapel, the Vecchietto, is given as the frontispiece of *Ex l'oto*

The chapel that the old Jew sculptor was using as a studio at Crea was littered with limbs half-formed and coming into being, and Butler said it was a topsy-turvy Golgotha

At Milan, Butler had photographs taken of the Bellini heads in Gentile's great picture of "St Mark Preaching at Alexandria," and of those in Carpaccio's "Preaching of St Stephen " We went to Bergamo and from there by the Lago d' Iseo to Lovere, Ponte della

Selva, and back to Bergamo, and, by Lecco and Colico, ¹⁸⁸⁷ to Chiavenna, where we stayed at the Albergo Grotti ^{Act 51} Crimea This albergo is mentioned in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912)

ALFRED AND THE I RIAD ON G

Some years ago I tried to teach Alfred music, but by mutual consent we dropped the lessons after a few months, I asked him once what position the common chord of G was in, and played it for him thus  meaning him to say that it was in its original position The dear fellow looked at it for some time and answered

"I should say, sir, it was about the middle "

Butler to Mrs Bridges

2 Nov 1887—His [Alfred's] music lessons had been interrupted by my going abroad but I have lately resumed them He kicks hard at the scales, but I am obdurate He is very good, but is evidently under the impression that I am an old, decrepit person with one foot in the grave I got a new pair of hair-brushes the other day—a good pair—the others having been long on their very last legs I said to him that they would last my time

"Yes, sir," said he promptly

I was a little piqued and determined to give him a locus paenitentiae, so I said

"Of course, I can never hope to see them out "

"No, sir," he replied with equal promptitude

I was exceedingly amused Of course one never can tell from week to week, but I am not going to settle the matter out of hand that I am not to survive my hair-brushes

In 1887 Francis Darwin published the *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin* On p 220 of vol III occurs a passage referring to the publication of *Erasmus Darwin* and to Butler's accusations which followed, the passage will be found in an Appendix (post) quoted by Butler in his letter to *The Athenaeum*, 26th November 1887 It concludes

The affair gave my father much pain, but the warm sympathy of those whose opinion he respected soon helped him to let it pass into a well-merited contempt

1887
Act 52 In 1887 Francis Darwin also issued a new edition of Charles Darwin's *Erasmus Darwin*, and fulfilled his father's promise to Butler by adding to the original preface this footnote

Mr Darwin accidentally omitted to mention that DR Krause revised, and made certain additions to, his essay before it was translated. Among these additions is an allusion to Mr Butler's *Evolution Old and Neiv*

Butler saw that this third foot-note changed the sense which the other two foot-notes had borne when they stood alone in the preface to the first edition, and wrote to *The Academy* a letter which is reproduced in an Appendix (post) dated 17th December 1887. "Mr Francis Darwin has now stultified his father's preface." In so writing he did not know, and he had no means of knowing, that the third foot-note had restored to the preface the meaning which Chailes Darwin had originally intended it to bear.

In his early days Butler had dabbled in photography, he now bought two cameras, one for snap-shots and one for time-exposures, and took a few lessons so that he might photograph the statues in the chapels at Varallo-Sesia.

A WINIER JOURNEY

Gogin and I spent Xmas at Boulogne and on the afternoon of Dec 28, 1887 I left for Varallo—travelling all night to Basel.

It was bitterly cold and, between Chlions and the Swiss frontier, the snow drifted in from each window and piled itself up on the sills near the windows, so that I could only sit in the very middle of the carriage. Fortunately I was the only occupant.

I was very thickly clad, but was wearing a sling bag outside my greatcoat, so that the warmth of my body would hardly affect the thermometer that I had within it—still no doubt the temperature inside the bag would be warmer than that outside. About 2 A.M. I took the thermometer out and found it at 26°.

At Basel everything was warm. I crossed Switzerland to Luino on a brilliant cloudless day—everything was deep in snow. I never saw Switzerland look more beautiful, but I suppose it was chiefly the strangeness that made it fascinate me so strongly. After Luino there was very little snow, but all the little waterfalls were locked in frost. The carriages were now no longer

warmed and I was half starved when I reached Varallo about
10 P M

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Aet 52

It was bitterly cold all the time I was at Varallo—about 4 weeks—but it was quite clear, all day long great masses of ice were being brought in from the Mastallone to store in the ice-houses, and I did not see a waterfall that was not locked and turned to icy stalagmites. Once or twice I went down to Milan for a day, but always from about Sizzano onward there was thick fog—the hoar frost hanging an inch long on every twig, and the sun looking as white as a white plate. I never felt the cold much more than I did in January 1888 at Varallo, but it was colder on the plains —[S B, Feb 23, 1902]

Dionigi Negri made the necessary arrangements so that Butler could go inside the chapels and take his photographs from any point of view. The chapels were dark and, though he helped himself with magnesium wire, he often had to expose a plate for half an hour, or more, during which time he was forced to contemplate and meditate upon the statues. In this way he came to have a very intimate knowledge of them.

Sometimes he passed his evenings with the landlord, Carlo Topini, in the Albergo della Posta. Dionigi Negri would come, and they sat on the settles before the fire of peat and wood. Sometimes Dionigi Negri would take him to the house of his uncle Zio Paolo, who was a baker in the Piazza. Then they sat in the kitchen, Butler in front of the fire in the middle with Dionigi next him on one side, and Signor Cesare, who had married Zio Paolo's daughter, on the other, the semicircle being completed by Zio Paolo and his young man-servant and factotum, Leonardo, one on each side of the fire. Leonardo's pretty little sister sat in the background with the other woman servant, sewing or darning stockings, and the two bakers who made Zio Paolo's bread used always to come in and say "good-night" at half-past nine and then go off at once to bed, for they had to begin work by two in the morning.

Of course they referred to the loss of the Xeres, and Zio Paolo held up his hands and said

"Chow!"

Dionigi would profess to take no interest in the matter,

1888 and would declare that the basket must have gone on to
 Aet 52 Naples where all lost luggage goes Zio Paolo said
 " Chow » "

It became a standard joke, and whenever we returned to Varallo we always asked if he had found the basket with the Xeres, and he always held up his hands and said

" Chow i "

Sometimes Leonardo, if he thought proper, would fetch out his photograph album, which had a musical box in the binding, and set it to play its tunes to them, and they would all exclaim

" Oh bel i "

Which is what the people say when they look into the chapels on the Mountain And sometimes, in honour of Butler's presence, Leonardo would tell them about England He wished he could introduce into Italy that very small breed of pigs which we have and which is so much better than any Italian pig He had seen rows and rows of these little pigs hanging outside the butchers' shops in London , they were ever so small, and any one who would introduce them into Italy might make a fortune It turned out that he meant sucknig-pigs He could not conceive why the Italians should not eat sucking-pigs if they could get them, so he concluded they must be a kind peculiar to England

On the 17th May 1888, we received the first copy of *Exfro to an Account of the Sacro Monte or New Jerusalem at Varallo-Sesta, with some Notice of Tabachettis remaining Work at Crea* The motto on the title-page is " I I n'y a que deux ennemis de Ia religion—le trop peu et le trop , et des deux, le trop est mille fois le plus dangereux" (I/Abbe Mabillon, 1698) The dedication runs thus
 " Ai Varallesi e Valsesiani V Autore Riconoscente "

Before Butler wrote *Ex Voto* the chapels were not very well cared for , after the publication of his book Tabachettf s great " Journey to Calvary " was admirably restored by Signoi Anenta, and any one at all in the habit of judging art could then at once see that it is a work of the first quality , but this was not so easy in 1888 It

must still be difficult for any one to discover at first sight that the "Massacre of the Innocents," by Paracca, is better than many of the inferior chapels. It takes a long time for a person to learn to recognise fine work in a form of art with which he is unfamiliar, and many wigs, pink noses, shiny cheeks, broken fingers, and hands swollen with repeated coats of paint are no help. The fact that these defects were much more obvious before Butler wrote *Ex Voto* than they are now added enormously to the difficulty of his work, for he was practically discovering the Sacro Monte under very unfavourable conditions. Some day, perhaps, all the chapels will have been as well restored as the "Journey to Calvary," and then the casual visitor will find it easier to do justice to the best of them.

One of the illustrations in *Ex Voto* (p. 189) represents Butler standing by the side of Gaudenzio's statue of Stefano Scotto. He had this done to show how real this statue looks even when compared with a living figure. It looked so real in the photograph that Mrs. Doncaster, mistaking Scotto's gaberline for a petticoat, asked Mrs. Cathie whether that was the lady Mr. Butler was going to marry.

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CHAPTER XXVII

1888—PART II 1889

NARCISSUS, THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW, AND PREPARING FOR THE LIFE OF DR BUTLER

1888 IN June 1888 we published *Narcissus*, the words written
Aet 52 and the music composed by Samuel Butler and Henry Festing Jones. Although we were trying to imitate Handel we did not dare to call our work an Oratorio, still less did we dare to call it an Oratorio Buffo, which is what it really is, so we called it a Dramatic Cantata, meaning by dramatic no more than that the singeis are named, as in *Saul*. This is the Argument.

Part I *Narcissus*, a simple shepherd, and *Amaryllis*, a prudent shepherdess, with companions who form the chorus, have abandoned pastoral pursuits and embarked on a course of speculation upon the Stock Exchange. This results in the loss of the hundred pounds upon which *Narcissus* and *Amaryllis* had intended to marry. Their engagement is broken off and the condolences of the chorus end Part I.

Part II In the interval between the parts the aunt and god-mother of *Narcissus* has died at an advanced age and is discovered to have been worth one hundred thousand pounds, all of which she has bequeathed to her nephew and godson. This removes the obstacle to his union with *Amaryllis*, but the question arises as to what securities the money is to be invested in. At first he is inclined to resume his speculations and to buy Egyptian bonds, American railways, mines, etc., but, yielding to the advice of *Amaryllis*, he resolves to place the whole of it in the Three per cent Consolidated Bank Annuities, to marry at once, and to live comfortably upon the income. With the congratulations and approbation of the chorus the work is brought to a conclusion.

There was a good deal of discussion going on at the



Pizzetta, photo. Curcio, 1880

Proctor, photo. Curcio, 1880

J. Butler.

time in musical circles about additional accompaniments to the *Messiah*, and Butler wrote a few lines to record our wishes as to any performance of *Narcissus* that might possibly have been contemplated

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May he be cursed for evermore
Who tampers with *Narcissus'* score ,
May he by poisonous snakes be bitten
Who writes more parts than what we've written.
We tried to make our music clear
For those who sing and those who hear,
Not lost and muddled up and drowned
In overdone orchestral sound ,
So kindly leave the work .done
Or do it as we want it done

Hitherto the musical societies of the country have adopted the former of the alternatives proposed in the concluding couplet

Butler was not satisfied with having only written half of *Narcissus*, and was glad to get it published and off his mind, so that he could turn his attention to *Ulysses* which, as he wrote to his sister 3rd June 1886 (ante, II p 38), was to be its successor. He was only to write half of *Ulysses*, but by adding these two halves together he would be able to say that he had written and composed the equivalent of a whole Handelian oratorio. For the present, however, he was not able to do much with *Ulysses*, because he was too closely occupied with other work, but it began gradually to shape itself

When he returned from photographing the statues at Varallo he was disgusted to find that the authorities of the British Museum had removed Frost's *Lives of Eminent Christians* from its accustomed shelf in the Reading Room of the British Museum. He had been in the habit of using the book to prop up his blotting-pad in order to make for himself a sloping desk, and the loss of it made him feel "as Wordsworth is generally supposed to have felt when he became aware that Lucy was in her grave, and exclaimed so emphatically that this would make a considerable difference to him, or words to that effect." About this time Harry Quilter, who knew Butler slightly, started *The Universal Review*, and asked Butler to write

1888 for it Butler, without his *Eminent Christians*, was at a
 Aet 52 loss, he did his best however, and wrote for the July
 number of the review, " Quis desideno [?]" wherein
 he compared himself to Wordsworth and, for this purpose,
 brought both Lucy and Moore's " young lady who never
 loved the dear gazelle—and I don't believe she did " out
 of their pigeon-hole at last At the end of the article
 was this

Note by Professor Garnett? British Museum

The frost has broken up Mr Butler is restored to literature
 Mr Mudie may make himself easy England will still boast a
 humourist, and the late Mr Darwin (to whose posthumous
 machinations the removal of the book was owing) will continue
 to be confounded

This meant that Frost's *Lives of Eminent Christians*
 had been restored to its shelf Butler was in consequence
 able to contribute nine more articles to *The Universal
 Review*

This autumn I did not accompany him when he went
 abroad, because my brother Edward was coming home
 from India for a holiday, and I did not want to be out of
 reach Butler went first to Dinant on the Meuse, Cavaliere
 Alessandro Godio having shown that Tabachetti, the
 sculptor of the great " Journey to Calvary " chapel at
 Varallo, came from there and that his name was Jean
 With the assistance of Monsieur Remacle, Butler succeeded
 in identifying Tabachetti of Varallo with Jean de Wespign
 of Dinant He also went to Namur, where he saw
 deeds relating to the de Wespign family, and collected
 information

Butler to H F Jones

DINANT 7 Aug 1888—I have found a lot about Tabachetti's
 family and "hope" to find at Namur a notice in the archives of
 the state of our man, so I go there at once There is 1 John
 Tabaguet figuring there in the year 1587 which is one of our
 missing years The family name was De Wespign, they were
 the leading people in Dinant, but became so numerous that their

scions adopted new names among which were Tabaguet, Grossir, Bovir and others 1888
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VARAÏLO 12 Aug 1888—I found our Tabachetti at Namur He was still expatne" and the court wis appointing him a tuteur or gardien to receive some property that had devolved upon him They are immensely excited at Dinint and Namur I felt almost as though I were Tabachetti coming back after an absence of 300 years

VARALLO 26 Aug 1888—To-day is the festa at Civiasco which we attended last year It is spoiled by the rain By the way, they have two passen solitaru at the hotel One of them knows me perfectly well and sings very conversationally The other is not so easy to get on with and is more uncertain in his temper, still he is not a bad bird

The people at Varallo were so pleased with *Ex Voto* that Cavahere Angelo Rizzetti translated it into Italian, and Butler was asked to look over the MS, criticise and make suggestions He found it, however, so crude and "illegible that I have determined to chuck it and have struck It would, I think, about settle my hash They must get some one to revise it and pay him if they want it done "

Butler to H F Jones

VARALLO lues day morning, Aug 1888—I went up to La Rese yebterdav and was not tired I hid a very good view and, coming down, joined a party of about 50 Varallesi who were having a picnic I need hardly say they were a little uproarious The Sotto Prefetto, the Procuratore del Re and every one else wore the ladies' hats, so did I You should have seen me in a lady's hat turning the hurdy-gurdy while they danced on the grass under the chestnuts By the way, we must get in the winds and Aeolus somehow [into *Ulysses*] if only in allusion, is I want the bagpipes to do the fizzing and hissing of the escaping winds as they tear the bag in twain and rouse the sympathetic main

The seats of the stalls in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Bergamo are ornamented with intarsia work executed by Bergamasque artists and designed in part by Lorenzo Lotto Butler had admired this work for years and, having now a camera, wrote to Cagnoni, who had become maestro di cappella at Bergamo, asking if he

1888
Act 52 could get him leave to photograph it Cagnoni replying in the affirmative, Butler went to Bergamo, where he took eight negatives, but the light was bad and the results were useless

Butler to H F Jones

BERGAMO 4 Sept 1888—I heard Cagnoni's Vespers on Sundi The music was very good and did not bore me at all, but there was one very comic climax, led up to with much pomp and circumstance, and then, when all was hushed and you could hear a pin drop, the harp gave out the following melody and developed it with very pretty variations



I can't be certain that I have got more than the two first bars right, but I will swear to them and to the spirit of the others

He went from Bergamo to Verona, Padua, Venice, Bologna, Parma, Milan and back to Varallo On the way he was stopped at Verona by floods, but not so seriously as in 1882

You could see the river rushing by, past their open kitchen window, and the people inside were working on, just as though nothing had happened or were going to happen So, if a star were seen approaching and must hit the earth at 7 PM on Friday, *The Times* would be published as usual on Friday morning

Butler to H F Jones

VARALLO 28 Sept 1888—To-day in the "Ecce Homo" chapel, satisfied that I abachetti worked in it, I wondered whether I could find his portrait Leonardo is in the chapel, next but one to Scotto, and I said to myself, "If Tabachetti is in the chapel he will be next to Leonardo" There is a very beautiful figure in that position which you don't know and I said, "Fhith *ought* to be Fabachetti" I went up to see if I could find anything written, and found V cut deep in the hat, before baking, on the oft-side of the figure, invisible from the front V, as the Italians

have no W, would do very well for Wespín I have a photo of the head There is no writing on any other figure 1888
Act. 52

After leaving Varallo he made a wild-geese chase of an excursion to Crevacuore to see another sanctuary which might have contained work by Tabachetti, but did not, and then returned to London

The first shop I saw was Byle's eating house, the young man in the seat opposite me began reading *John Inglesant* and, outside, the Salvation Army began singing about "'eav'nly, 'eav'nly music floating through the hair "

Alfred to H F Jones

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, Oct 13/88

DEAR SIR—Will you please be so kind as to take Mr Butler to a theatre one evening next week, as I think the change would do him good He is having rather a harassing time just now If you will do so I shall be very pleased—Yours very truly,

ALFRED CATHIE

This autumn, Mrs Doncaster having become too old and infirm to be of much use, Butler dismissed her with a pension, and for the future Alfred's aunt, Mrs Cathie, attended to him in his rooms The pension kept Mrs Doncaster out of the workhouse till 1898, when a paralytic stroke sent her to the infirmary, where she soon afterwards died, and Butler did as he had promised when he induced her to drop the insurance on her life, and had her suitably buried

In "A Sculptor and a Shrine" published in *The Universal Review* for November 1888 Butler gives all the information he had collected since the publication of *Ex Voto* relating to Tabachetti, and also a description of the figures at Montngone down the Val Sesia In this article he also shows reason for believing the figure with the V on it in the "Ecce Homo" chapel at Varallo to be a portrait of Tabachetti by himself It stands with one he supposes to be D' Enrico (another sculptor on the mountain) and also with statues representing Leonardo da Vinci and Stefano Scotto—replicas of those which are in Gaudenzio's "Crucifixion" chapel He thought at first that the

1889
Aet 53 statue called Il Vecchietto, the most beautiful on the mountain, was a portrait of Tabachetti by himself, but subsequent discoveries made by the Avvocato Negri of Casale-Monferrato have shown that Tabachetti died in 1615, aged about fifty-five, and the Vecchietto, being the portrait of a very old man, cannot be intended for him, though it may be, and probably is, his work. These discoveries were communicated verbally to Butler by the Avvocato, who used them afterwards in his own pamphlet, *Il Santuario di Crea* (Alessandria, 1902).

Butler prepared a leaflet (4 pp.) of "Additions and Corrections" for *Ex Voto* containing the substance of "A Sculptor and a Shrine," to be given to any readers of *Ex Voto* who wrote to the publishers for it. He also prepared "a revised, enlarged and annotated copy of the book" of which two copies only were printed (1890).

Butler to Alfred Marks,

Feb 14, 1889

DEAR MARKS—I am afraid the little book you have referred to in yours of Feb 13 [*A first Tear in Canterbury Settlement*] was written by me. My people edited my letters home. I did not write freely to them, of course, because they were my people, if I was it all freer anywhere they cut it out before printing it—besides I had not yet shed my Cambridge skin, and its trail is everywhere. I am afraid perceptible. I have never read the book myself. I dipped into a few pages when they sent it to me in New Zealand, but saw "prig" written upon them so plainly that I read no more and never have and never mean to. I am told the book sells for £1 a copy in New Zealand—in fact, last Autumn I know Sir W. Buller gave that for a copy in England, so as a speculation it is worth 2/6 or 3'.

I stole a passage or two from it for *Erewhon*—meaning to let it go and never be reprinted at any rate during my lifetime.

I will get Mrs. Marks's book from Mudie's, that it is excellent goes without saying, but you know very well that I never read unless under some compulsion. Believe me, yours truly,

S. BUTLER

Alfred Marks was a brother of the artist, Henry Stacy Marks. Evidently he had picked up a copy of the book cheap, and wrote to ask Butler if he was the author. Butler did not keep Marks's letter, nor a copy of his

reply, but Marks pasted the reply into his copy of the book, which after his death was bought by Mr Alexander H Turnbull of Wellington, New Zealand (ante, I p 102) Mr Turnbull sent me a copy of Butler's letter, with a letter from himself, 23rd August 1913, in which he says

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The Sir W Buller referred to in the letter was Sir Walter Lawry Buller—author of a large work on the Birds of New Zealand I knew him quite well, he was collecting New Zealand books in 1889 and it is quite likely he told me the price he paid for *A First year* and I may have passed on the information to H E Claike and so it may have reached Butler's ears

On reading these letters I remembered that Herbert Edwin Clarke had met a rich New Zealander in Elder's office, where he was working Clarke, hearing that the New Zealander was collecting books about the colony, showed him a copy of *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*, and told him he had bought it at some second-hand shop for a few shillings The New Zealander offered him a pound for the book, and Clarke handed it over It was either Clarke or I who told Butler about the transaction

During 1887 Butler had been much at Shrewsbury on business, and early in 1888 the leading members of the Shrewsbury Archaeological Society had expressed a wish, through Mr William Phillips of Canonbury, Shrewsbury, that he should write a memoir of his grandfather and father for their Quarterly Journal This he had agreed to do after he should have finished *Ex Voto* The memoir of Dr Butler was to be about 40 or 80 pages, but "Let no man say 'Come, I will write a duodecimo In December 1888 his sisters, with the idea of helping him to write the memoir, gave him his grandfather's correspondence extending from 1790 to 1839, and this correspondence was a revelation

Butler to William Phillips

17 Dec 1888—Everything from first to last, beginning (as yet, so far as I have dipped into earlier correspondence) with a correspondence in 1804 which would melt the heart of a stone, is good, straightforward, generous, forbearing and all that an anxious grandson would desire his grandfather to be More I

1889
Aet 53 cannot say, less would wholly fail to convey an idea of the respect and admiration with which the character now first known to me impresses me But—I must make my work into a full-sized book and publish it as my next volume Of course it won't sell, but that is part of the game I have got to do it

And so the paper for the Shrewsbury Archaeological Journal had to be given up, and Butler set to work upon *The Life and Letters of Br Samuel Butler*, which was not published till 1896

The Rev F F Gretton and the Rev Canon Evans of Durham, to whom the next two letters are addressed, had been pupils of Dr Butler

Butler to the Rev F E Gretton

12 March 1889—I he conception I form of my grandfather's character is briefly as follows I imagine that his strength lay in his combinations rather than in abnormal development in any single direction He loved a joke dearly, but his own humour is only very average He could, and did at times, write admirably—sometimes, indeed, incomparably, as in his inscription on his father and mother's monument—but he cannot be called a great writer¹ His judgements on other writers are not to be relied on -- witness his enthusiasm for Lucien Bonaparte's *Charlemagne*, and his Treatise on the Art of English Composition (MS) which would ruin my m m's style who paid the slightest heed to it He was not a seer of visions and a dreimer of dreams To genius he can hardly, as it seems to me, lay claim But, on the other hand, indomitable perseveiance, quick perception of the main point in any question, patience under provocation—almost unbelievable by anyone who has not the letters before him, some of which I shall print and which have done more than anything else to make me so enamoured of his character Placable almost to a fault, generous not less so, straightforwardness, sincerity, and hatred of anything mean or unworthy, absolutely unsurpassable Ever ready to help a friend or even an enemy if down on his luck, no labour was too much for him, the evidence of this which I shall bring forward (of course unobtrusively) will need no comment, a very considerable talent for a very large range of things, the ensemble of these qualities, and I have omitted much else, seems to me

¹ "An inscription to the schools of those days was like the sound of the bugle to a war horse I have heard my father tell how Dr Parr once said to my grandfather, 'It's all very well Simmy, to say that So and so is a good scholar, but can he write an inscription?'"—*Life and Letters of Dr Butler*, I 255

both far more rare and far more admirable than brilliancy in one or two directions with marked deficiency in others

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Again, his courtliness of manner which appears in nearly every one of the countless letters by him in my possession, and his marvellous meekness, this last appears more especially in the diary he kept during his last illness which was full of misgivings that he had not been good enough

Butler to the Rev Canon Evans of Durham

21 Match 1889—I take it he was not a poet, not a humourist (though he dearly loved a joke), not a good judge of literature (though he could write, and did sometimes write, admirably) I doubt his having been a man of what is commonly called genius—whatever that may mean. Whether he was passionate or not I do not know and should particularly wish for information. In his letters his command of his temper is beyond all praise—simply admirable—but I have always, rightly or wrongly, imagined him as a little hasty and choleric, though only superficially. On the other hand his straightforwardness, robustness, generous placability, kindness of heart, labonousness, and a hundred other good qualities, have made me fairly lose my heart to him

Reading his grandfather's papers and correspondence had inspired Butler with an almost Chinese reverence for his ancestor, and showed him that his previous opinion about him had been wrong. This meant that consequently George Pontifex in *The Way of All hlesh* was a libel. I did my best, and so did others, to persuade him that it could not nutter, that he had presented a very lifelike and amusing old gentleman, and that the more it differed from his grandfather, the less any one could accuse him of being disrespectful to the real man, but we did not succeed. He was as scrupulous and punctilious as his own Ernest, and intended to ease his conscience by altering that part of his book, but other things occupied him, and he never did it.

He used to think he resembled his grandfather, and in some respects he did. let us consider how far the foregoing estimate applies to himself

"Dr Butler dearly loved a joke, but did not often say a good thing." This is from Butler's MS Note-Book.

TWINS

1889
Act 53 Old Mrs Freer, Dr Butler's first cousin, told me that a silly woman once brought two boys to Shrewsbury, and said to Dr Butler that she hoped he would put them in the same form and in the same bed-room

" I hey have never," she said, " been separated, they are like twins , and indeed I may say they are twins, for there is only 17 months between them

To which Mrs freer told me that Dr Butler replied with a grave face, " Good heavens, Madam, what a labour ! "

Another example of Dr Butler's humour is quoted in the Introduction to Butler's Life of his grandfather As the doctor was entering the schoolroom one day, a writing on the wall by some boy of the lower school caught his eye " Butler is an old fool "

" Ah," said Dr Butler, " the melancholy truth stares me in the face "

I have nothing to say against these as examples of humour, but they were exceptional efforts, whereas humour was one of the grandson's most distinguishing characteristics It was not that one could say he had the gift of humour, in the sense that he was complete without it, and it had happened to be added, as a man may happen to wear a ring which has been given him , his whole nature was penetrated with it But at the same time his whole nature was not less penetrated with reverence, and the combination gave to his conversation and to his writing a peculiar richness

Here is a note made by Butler

There will be no comfortable and safe development of our social arrangements—I mean in we shall not get infanticide, and the permission of suicide, nor cheap and easy divorce—till Jesus Chust's ghost has been laid , and the best way to Jay it is to be a moderate churchman

Assuming for a moment that Dr Butler would have agreed with the substance of this note, it would certainly never have occurred to him to state it in such a form

At the Erewhon Dinner in 1914, Mr Desmond MacCarthy spoke very felicitously of the exploring quality

of Butler's humour, saying that he would send it forth as Noah sent the dove out of the ark to search and find if perhaps there might be any solid ground in the neighbourhood, and it seldom returned without having made some interesting discovery 1889
et 53

In *Alps and Sanctuaries* Butler was thinking of himself when he wrote thus of Lord Beaconsfield

Earnestness was his greatest danger, but if he did not quite overcome it (as, indeed, who can? it is the last enemy that shall be subdued), he managed to veil it with a fair amount of success.

To veil his own earnestness he turned most naturally to humour, qualifying it with its opposite, as all the great humorists have done, to express his deepest and most solemn convictions. I suppose that those who have once got the double flavour of this kind of humour well into their heads, as Butler got the flavour of Chateau Lafitte into his, will find the ordinary growths unpalatable in comparison. He knew that, as he says somewhere, "A little levity will save many a good heavy thing from sinking." Sometimes, of course, he risked being misunderstood, but he was writing neither for those who do not think over what they read, nor for those who are easily thrown off their balance, nor for those whose sight, blinded by the brilliance of the surface, cannot pierce through and discern the solid ground beneath—he was writing, as Mozart wrote, for himself and a few intimate friends.

In the matter of Dr Krause's *Kosmos* article Mr Darwin by his silence appeared to admit that he had no defence to make, and thereafter nothing was bad enough for Mr Darwin. Butler made the following note, and if the bitterness of the opening appears unjustified, we must remember that he knew nothing about the letters sent to me in 1910 by Mr Darwin's son.

I do not see how I can well call Mr Darwin the Pecksniff of Science, though this is exactly what he is, but I think I may call Lord Bacon the Pecksniff of his age and then, a little later, say that Mr Darwin is the Bacon of the Victorian era. This will be like passing one item through two different accounts, as though I had made Pecksniff debtor to Bacon and Bacon debtor to Darwin, instead of entering Pecksniff debtor to Darwin at once.

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Apropos of this there is a further note reminding himself to call Tennyson the Darwin of Poetry, and Darwin the Tennyson of Science

This note about Pecksniff resembles that other note he made at Miss Savage's funeral (ante, I p 441) about the lady who was not at all a fit person to be entrusted with the keys of Hell and of Death In the one case he was grizzling under Darwin's treatment of him, in the other he was plunged in grief for the loss of Miss Savage, but neither his resentment nor his sorrow could restrain his bubbling humour, and he did not care who misunderstood him

Butler wrote admirably, I think I may say, always, and not merely sometimes as his grandfather did in an occasional inscription Mr Bernard Shaw in reviewing *Samuel Butler A Critical Study*, by Gilbert Cannan, in *The New Statesman*, 8th May 1915, says, quite justly, that Butler "had the supreme sort of style that never smells of the lamp, and therefore seems to the kerosene stylist to be no style at all"

In the note "Style" (*The Note-Books*, 1912) Butler speaks of his style as "just common, simple straightforwardness" A great deal of effort went to the attaining of this simplicity, but the effort was not spent in consciously labouring after any style He wrote to Sir W 1 Marriott (14th Aug 1862, ante, I p 98), "I feel strongly and write as I feel" His effort was to ascertain as precisely as possible what it was that he felt, and then to do his best to state it as clearly and tersely as possible—a method which he had discovered for himself as early as 1858, when he wrote the essay "On English Composition" (ante, I p 56) The process involved re-consideration and re-writing, as he told Miss Savage in November 1871 (ante, I p 146), "I am not to be trusted to write three lines unless I can keep them three weeks" It would probably be correct to say that everything he published was re-written, none of it less than three times, much of it four, five, six and even seven times I suppose that *Erewhon Revisited* was the least re-written of his books—that is as a book, but parts of the

material had already been reconsidered and re-written before he started on the book itself 1889
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As an illustration of his skill in placing *le mot juste*, take this sentence in "Eating and Proselytising" (*The Note-Books*, 1912) "As we get older we must digest more quietly still, our appetite is less, our gastric juices are no longer so eloquent, they have lost that cogent fluency which carried away all that came in contact with it " The whole note should be read for the effect to be appreciated, but this quotation will suffice for the moment. Words like "eloquent" and "that cogent fluency" do not fall into such places without coaxing, and he put them where he did after much thought and because he wanted to make his meaning clear and interesting. Again, let the reader refer to the note headed "Our Trivial Bodies," where Butler speaks of Handel sitting in his room at Gopsall writing the *Messiah*. Gopsall did not get there by accident, only a writer susceptible to the magic of sound could have placed it where it is. And when he made this note he did not believe that the *Messiah* was written at Gopsall, he had already accepted the opinion of Schelcher, whose *Life of Handel* he possessed, that the legend about Gopsall was not supported by the facts. But he wanted the word to come as a shock after the solemn beauty of the passage which leads to it, and he placed it there—legend or no legend—intending it to arrest the reader's attention.

Butler's judgements about other writers often differed from much of the expressed opinion of his time, but the expressed judgement of any time is frequently merely an indolent echo from some previous time, and so much do all judgements require reconsideration that the history of literature is the history of the reconsideration of judgements. Butler's judgements were arrived at by thinking the matter out for himself. Had he been engaged, as Dr Butler was, in god-fathering some such work as the English translation of Prince Lucien Bonaparte's *Charlemagne*, he might—he probably would—have overpraised it as an act of friendly good-nature, but he would have known what he was doing, and, as he often

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Act 53 said, it is only when we deceive ourselves that the truth is not in us And he would have managed so that any impartial reader would be put upon his guard and made to suspect his real sentiments

I suppose he was a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams "Life," he wrote, "is a dream, and that is why all great men have been dreamers" He was of course a poet—one of those who write in prose rather than in verse As to genius—Miss Savage said he had it, but she would have found it as difficult as he did to define genius

When we consider the perseverance, the perception of the point, the generosity, straightforwardness, robustness, kindness of heart, sincerity and hatred of anything mean or unworthy, the courtliness of manner and meekness, the readiness to help a friend, or even an enemy, if down on his luck—the grandfather cannot have been more distinguished by these qualities than was the grandson

Dr Butler again was "placable almost to a fault" and so was his grandson I think that none of my readers who remember the preface to the second edition of *Evolution Old and New* (ante, I pp 370-1) will doubt that if Darwin had shown Butler that he had been under a misapprehension when he wrote chapter IV of *Unconscious Memory*, Butler would immediately have done all in his power to restore the equilibrium

Butler saw Kennedy at Cambridge in the spring of 1889, and talked to him about Dr. Butler

DR BUTLER'S TEMPER

About my grandfather I could get very little I asked if he was passionate Kennedy said

"No I never saw him in a rage," and implied that he considered him to have had an even temper

I daresay he could be choleric till he had time to think, but he would reflect quickly and when he had made up his mind to keep his temper, nothing could upset him

Butler was like this himself As he grew old he was occasionally irascible, but I seldom saw an exhibition of

more than momentary annoyance There is a difference between the irritability of a man in failing health and the habitual turkey-cock bad temper to which he had supposed his grandfather to be constitutionally subject before his papers showed him that it was not so

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Mr Booth in *Five Tears tn New Zealand* (p 77) has a passage about his having gone on ahead, and Butler and another man, Cook, were to join him The river had to be crossed, and it was swollen , so Booth sat down, concealed by a boulder, and went to sleep. When Butler and Cook came to the river, finding no trace of Booth, they concluded he must have been drowned, and began searching for his dead body Booth woke up and laughed at them

Butler was hot-tempered, and anything approaching to ridicule where he himself was concerned was a mortal insult He turned pale with passion and rode off, and I do not think he ever entirely forgave me for not being drowned when he had undertaken so much trouble to discover my body

Butler was then under thirty; I did not know him till he was over forty I never saw him turn "pale with passion " I have seen him made angry by something "approaching to ridicule where he himself was concerned " , but he never looked upon such ridicule as a "mortal insult," and I am sure Mr Booth must be mistaken in thinking that Butler never forgave him I suppose that in his youth Butler had given way to anger; on recovering he saw that he had been betrayed into making a fool of himself, whereupon he thought it necessary to apologise This must have seemed to him a clumsy process and caused him to adopt a different method I have no doubt that when he "rode off" in New Zealand it was to avoid speaking till he had regained control of himself, for this was his practice when I knew him If, after he had become cool, the matter appeared trifling, he put it away and said nothing If he thought it of sufficient importance, then, but not till he had himself under complete control, he would enforce his considered views. For this purpose he would pretend to

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Aet 53 be still angry, and would sometimes overdo it and behave in an extremely unpleasant manner After making his position clear he would be silent If the offender took the opportunity to speak a word of sorrow or apology Butler accepted it at once, and became as mild as a sunny spring morning, with such suddenness that a stranger could not believe he was the same man After this the subject was never referred to again But if the offender did not show signs of sorrow or apology Butler treated him for the future as a person not to be encouraged

The opportunities for the exercise of some of the qualities enumerated above were less frequent with Butler than with his grandfather, for there was one quality possessed by Dr Butler which his grandson has omitted Dr Butler had the faculty of getting on with many different kinds of people and of guiding men, during the latter half of his time at Shrewsbury he seems almost to have ruled the town as well as the school I doubt whether the grandson would have succeeded had he attempted to establish and govern a great public school, but then I doubt whether the grandfather would have succeeded had he attempted to write *Erewhon* or *The Way of All blesh* or *Life and Habit* Butler did not like to be taken off the subject that engrossed him, for him and his work plenty of uninterrupted time and complete tranquillity were essential It must have happened to him over and over again to pass a whole day without speaking to a dozen different people, and that can never have happened to Dr Butler, at least not during term time And to make up a full dozen we must include omnibus conductors, the attendants at the British Museum who took his umbrella and brought him his books, the waiter in the restaurant, his laundress, Alfred, and me

Butler would have been distressed if he had had to attend to the organising, the management of undermasters, the conciliating of parents and all the incessant, uninteresting, petty details which are, I suppose, incidental to the life of a headmaster Many of these details must, naturally, be similar to those incidental to the life of a man at the head of a large concern of any kind, and I

remember thinking how unsuited Butler would have been to the kind of life I saw in a solicitor's office, and how the perpetual interruptions would have worried him. But we must remember that Dr Butler was not successful at Shrewsbury from the beginning, for the first half of his time, he says, he met with hostility and bitter ill-treatment. If Butler had been placed in his grandfather's position he might in a few years have adapted himself to his surroundings and developed powers which, as it happened, were never called forth. But considerations of what might have happened under imaginary circumstances are seldom worth troubling about.

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During the early part of 1889 Butler was much occupied with his grandfather's Life. He went to Kennington, near Ashstead, where he saw Dr Welldon, the last survivor of Dr Butler's assistant masters. He had followed Jeudwine as second master at Shrewsbury during Dr Butler's last six months, and was afterwards headmaster of Tonbridge. Butler found him "a very kind, good old gentleman." He went to Cambridge, where he dined in Hall at St John's College, and where he conversed with Dr Kennedy and with Professor J F B Mayor, John Willis Clark, and others who remembered Dr Butler or his pupils, and who were interested in the history of his period. He went to Kenilworth and saw an old lady who remembered his great-grandmother, and he went to the School dinner at Shrewsbury.

The house at the Holborn Gateway of Barnard's Inn, where my chambers were at this time, was occupied by Dr Augustus GreatRex, and once, when I was ill, he attended me. On discovering Butler's identity GreatRex told us that he remembered his grandfather, who, he said, gave him his first fee. This seemed incredible, for Dr Butler died in 1839, and Dr GreatRex, though an elderly man, did not appear old enough to have been in practice fifty years ago. It turned out, however, that the father of Dr GreatRex was veterinary surgeon at Lccles-hall, where was the palace of the Bishop of Lichfield, and the bishop had a nomination for Christ's Hospital, which had been promised him some time before. He had

1889 intended to use it for a member of his own family but,
 Act 53 having been appointed a bishop before it came, he thought
 such a course would be beneath his dignity, and offered
 it to the veterinary surgeon for his son Augustus
 GreatRex accordingly was educated at Christ's Hospital
 In his holidays he came to see his benefactor, and inquired
 after his health The bishop, who was nearing the end of
 his life, replied

" Ah yes Now, you want to be a medical man,
 don't you ? Very well then, you shall feel my pulse and
 tell me how I am It happens, fortunately, that I am
 rather better to-day, so you can give a good report, and
 that will be satisfactory to both of us "

The boy did as he was told, and Dr Butler gave him a
 couple of guineas as his fee

Butler, commenting on this, supposed that the old
 schoolmaster, knowing the ways of young things and how
 they are liable to change, had performed this little
 comedy with the intention of fixing his protegee in the
 desire to become a doctor

Except this anecdote, I do not remember that Butler
 got any information about his grandfather from Dr Great-
 Rex, who must have been too young at the time of the
 bishop's death to remember much about him But there
 was an anecdote about Mrs GreatRex which pleased him
 She was a member of an old Yorkshire family, people
 with ideas of solid comfort and good living, and famous
 for their cellar The first words that Mrs GreatRex
 uttered as a child were not " Mama " or " Papa " or any-
 thing of that kind but " Chateau Margaux "

" The Aunt, the Nieces, and the Dog " in *The Universal
 Review* for May 1889 was made out of some old letters
 The article begins

When a thing is old, broken, and useless, we throw it on the
 dust-heap, but when it is sufficiently old, sufficiently broken, and
 sufficiently useless, we give money for it, put it into a museum,
 and read papers over it which people come long distances to hear
 [After developing this theme the article continues] I have been
 reminded lately of these considerations with more than common
 force by reading the very voluminous correspondence left by my
 grandfather, Dr Butler, of Shrewsbury, whose memoirs I am

engaged in writing I have found a large number of interesting letters on subjects of serious import, but must confess that it is to the hardly less numerous lighter letters that I have been most attracted, nor do I feel sure that my eminent namesake did not share my predilection. Among other letters in my possession I have one bundle that has been kept apart, and has evidently no connection with Dr Butler's own life. I cannot use these letters, therefore, for my book, but over and above the charm of their inspired spelling, I find them of such an extremely trivial nature that I incline to hope the reader may derive as much amusement from them as I have done myself, and venture to give them the publicity here which I must refuse them in my book.

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This dragging in of Dr Butler's correspondence carries the suggestion that he found the letters among the bishop's papers. They were not among the bishop's papers, and Butler nowhere says they were, he expressly says they have no connection with Dr Butler's own life. Nevertheless, while saying one thing, which is the bare fact, he manages to give the impression of something which is not the fact. It is one of these cases in which, as he used to say, "quoting from memory"—

There are more lies in honest truth,
Believe me, than in half the frauds

He was doing what in "Quis desideno . . . ?" he naively supposes Wordsworth and Moore to have done in their poems about Lucy and the dear gazelle-fancier. Whatever justification Wordsworth and Moore may have had for the course they adopted, Butler's reason for putting his readers off the scent was that he wished to avoid the possibility of any of the family of those concerned being offended by the publication of the letters. I found them among the papers of an old lady who lived in Westminster. Now that she has been dead for more than thirty years there can be no harm in saying so. She was the survivor of two unmarried sisters, clients of the solicitors with whom I was working. When she wrote us a business letter she used to begin "Dear Gentlemen", and she appointed the members of the firm executors of her will. Neither she nor her sister had ever been in a train. She occasionally gave her nieces a day at the Crystal Palace, taking

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Act 53 them there and back from Westminster in a hired fly, and when she and her sister went into Kent to stay with the aunt and the dog at hast Peckham they drove all the way—about 50 miles I was the clerk entrusted with the winding up of the old lady's affairs, and in that capacity I ought, strictly speaking, to have thrown these letters on the dust-heap, as being "old, broken, and useless", but they amused me, and I showed them to Butler He was a magpie for pouncing upon anything he thought he could turn to account, and persuaded me to let his bureau be the dust-heap, there the letters accordingly reposed until they had become^c sufficiently old, sufficiently broken, and sufficiently useless "to be displayed in the museum of (filter's magazine

Butler had met in Italy Signor Pietro Preda, Professor of French in the Royal Nival Academy at Livorno This gentleman had written a work, *Sull' idea religiosa e civile di Dante* Butler, in acknowledging a copy, wrote a letter, which I have translated After saying that he never had been and never should be in complete sympathy with Dante, he proceeds

22 June 1889—I find that those who are devoted to music and the arts of painting and sculpture are unwilling to turn to the art of literary poetry On the other hand those who are devoted to the art of literary poetry are less interested in music and in the fine arts I am firmly persuaded that our Shakespeare did not like music and knew nothing at all about the fine arts Milton certainly loved music, and I admit that a man may successfully cultivate two of the three great provinces of poetry, namely (1) music, (2) the arts that are strictly imitative (even when they are also creative), and (3) literature, but to cultivate all three—this is too much Human sympathy is not capable of embracing simultaneously three wives so exacting and so jealous of one another For me there exist two poets, Homer and Shakespeare, the others are doubtless very good sort of people but I have not, and never shall have, the honour of their acquaintance

This is, I know, a brutal confession, but a man had better not pretend to have something which he has not When I want poetry to set to music I write the words myself, but for the rest I prefer prose—prose as terse, as lucid, is sincere as I can make it Those who go down into the Inferno for the purpose of seeing all

their enemies in that place and then write their adventures in poetry—well, to speak the truth, I have no sympathy with this sort of thing 1889
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Do you know how many copies of *Ex Voto* I have sold? I have sold 117 I mention this that you may see how cheaply people think of me in England With one exception there is no journal of importance that would take an article by me Every book that I write falls dead before it is so much as born every book that I write costs me about £100 sterling, this is pure loss, and over *Ex Voto* I shall lose at least £150 I have not the ear of any publisher, I never invite a critic to dinner, I do my work as accurately as I can, I say what, after sufficient consideration, appears to me to be true and useful, and I leave everything else on one side Such writers as I offend against too many interests to go ahead or to be useful friends, but every one is forced to act according to his genius

One cannot read this without being reminded of Ernest's literary position at the end of *The Way of All Flesh* The remark about his not being useful to friends was intended as an apology to the professor for being unable to advertise the work about Dante, but he promised to do his best by giving it to one of the Dante Societies or to the British Museum

In July he went abroad, staying at Basel on his way as usual Here he made the acquaintance of a Madame Bischoff, a niece of his grandfather's correspondent, Baron Merian, who, though Ambassador from the Court of St Petersburg to that of Pans, was of Swiss origin Madame Bischoff did not remember her uncle, but was able to give Butler some information for his *Life of Dr Butler*, and also showed him some of Baron Menan's letters From Basel he passed into Italy

Butler to H F Jones.

VOL TERRA 20 July 1889—You need never come to Voltern, the walls may be Etruscan but they are not Cyclopean, and I only care about Cyclopean walls Nevertheless there is a lot here I don't want to write much to you for I want to put what I have to say into what I am writing for publication and there is no doubt about your seeing that, so why should you see it more than ten times? There are some excellent things in Baron Menan's letters, but I can't understand all without a dictionary,

1889 among others, "Plus le français est aimable, moins il sent les
Aet 53 beaux arts " Don't send this about too much, but isn't it nice?
The Basel people have sub-blasphemed me in their new cata-
logue [about the Holbein water-colour] so I had better tear them
to pieces in the October or November number of *The Universal
Review*

It sums the man who made the best figures at S Vivaldo was
blind Of course I don't know whether they are good or bad,
but a blind sculptor should do for *The Universal Review*, at any
rate it will provoke people if I serve them up a blind sculptor I
really don't think there can have been many blind sculptors

The blind sculptor was known as Il Cieco di Sgambassi,
and some of his sculptures were good—done perhaps
before the poor man lost his eyesight

Butler found Siena " an astounding place," but did
not stay, he went on to Monte Oliveto to live with the
monks for a few days

Butler to H F Jones

MONTI OLIVETO 3 Aug 1889—The monks are only two,
one black and the other white, the Padre Abate is black, Don
Giuseppe is white They tell me Don Samuele I don't like
their food, especially on Fridays, but they are very kind and
friendly They have a most scandalous coloured print in the
refectory How Jesus Christ was feasted by the angels after his
fist in the desert The angels are all demi-monde ballet-dancers,
only with less clothing thin ballet-dancers generally wear They
are in the most suggestive attitudes and attended by a swarm of
cupids They carry my number of silver silvers with nothing on
them, but one angel is actually offering Christ a bun (for I am
sure it is nothing but a common railway-station-refreshment-room
bun) and a bottle of aerated water Christ is looking up to
heaven with a resigned expression, as though saying he "could do
with a kidney", but I suppose the angels thought that, after so
long a fist, he must be fed with great caution

The cats, about 15 in number, are all half-starved and go
about showing hunger in every gesture

Paolino, then servant, is a worthy, affectionate creature to
whom they pay 10 francs a month He is like the man-
milliner Gogin used to tell us about "I wish my ma had
mimed you, Mr Taylor" He hates the monks they bully him
when I am by He hates Don Giuseppe most He says that
the Abate and Don Giuseppe hate one another Of course they
do, what would they have to do if they did not? He pours out

his soul, what little there is of it, to me and I let him talk
because I see it relieves him

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I am very glad to have spent a week here, and got to understand
the place

It may perhaps be doubted whether every other
visitor " got to understand the place " in this sense in so
short a time as a week

He went to S Gimignano and Colle di Val d' Elsa,
hoping always to find traces of Tabachetti From Pisa
he went to Chivasso, where he was told of a sanctuary
certainly containing work by Tabachetti, but it turned
out, that his informants were thinking of Crea He went
to Biella, Oropa, where there is a sanctuary with statues,
S Giovanni di Andorno, and Varallo.

Butler to H F Jones

VARATIO 7 Sept 1889—I got some trifles at Oropa, two
little holy-water holders, very small with black Madonnas, three
coloured black Madonnas under glass, and two bottles with all
Christ's crucifixings or crucifixion-fixings inside them, corked up,
so that you can see them and think about them, and they won't
lie about and get dusty

I joined him at Varallo, and we came home together,
first returning to Oropa to take photographs of some of
the statues, and staying on our way at Varese, Faido, and
Basel

In November 1889 *The Universal Review* published
"L'Affaire Holbein-Rippel," by Butler Among the
Birmann pictures in the Museum at Basel is a water-
colour drawing representing a string of dancing peasants ,
it was stated in the catalogue to be a copy by Jerome Hess
of part of the decoration designed by Holbein for a house
in Basel, called the " Ilaus zum Tanz," demolished some
years ago Whenever he passed through Basel Butler
revisited this drawing He made a copy of it so long ago
as 1871, and during each of the years 1884-5-6 spent
two days continuing to work on his copy At last, in
1886, it seemed to him that the catalogue must be wrong
in supposing the picture to be a copy , it was too free

1889 and certainly could not be by Hess—at least it was much
Act 54 better than other work by that artist. The authorities showed him a photograph of a Holbein drawing at Berlin which, according to the received opinion, was used by Holbein when he painted the house, unless he used some intermediate drawing, and it was stated in the catalogue that Hess made the water-colour at Basel as a copy from the house itself. Investigation, however, showed that the decorations on the house had disappeared before Hess was born, so that part of the story was certainly wrong. Butler came to the conclusion that Holbein himself made both the drawings, and that he had made the Basel drawing direct from the Berlin drawing, the resemblance negating the supposition of an intermediate hand and of a lost intermediate version, while the modifications negated the supposition that any one but Holbein himself could have made the two drawings.

On this subject he had a correspondence with Sir W Maitin Conway, who was then Professor of Art at University College, Liverpool, and who included photographs of the Berlin and the Basel drawings in an Exhibition of the work of Holbein in the Art Club. Butler had the satisfaction of finding that Sir Martin Conway agreed with him as to the Basel drawing being by Holbein, though he took the Berlin drawing to be a copy from the house.

Butler published a card with photographs from the two drawings, with his views upon the matter and his reasons for holding them.

In *The Universal Review* for December 1889 appeared "A Medieval Girl School," which is a description of some of the chapels at Oropa, and especially of the one called the Dimora or Sojourn of the Madonna in the Temple.



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CHAPTER XXVIII

1890

STUDYING COUNTERPOINT AND TAKING IFAVE OF EVOLUTION

DURING 1888 or 1889, at the house of Miss Bertha Thomas, we met Mademoiselle Gabnelle Vaillant. As the reader knows, Butler had met her years before at Miss Savage's. I also had met her at my mother's house in London, where she used to come to give lessons on the violin to my elder sister, who, however, did not proceed far with the violin, and began to learn the zither. I remember Mademoiselle Variant's scorn and anger when she heard that one of her pupils had given up the violin for that contemptible instrument, the zither. She was a performer of considerable attainments and of great taste, but seldom appeared in public because, owing to an accident in her childhood, she was lame. She made her living by teaching, and had a wide circle of pupils. She very kindly undertook to give me lessons on the viola—literally to give me lessons, for she would not allow me to pay. We saw a great deal of her, and often went to her house, where she and her pupils sometimes played our music through. Her health broke down, and she died in 1899, at the age of forty-six.

In 1889 Butler was asked to sign a petition—but we may as well have his note about it.

MRS ROSSFFTI AND "ALMOSI"

Mrs W M Rossetti, nee Madox Brown (whom by the way I hardly know) sent me a note a few weeks back desiring me to

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come and sign a memorial in order to get a pension for her sister (Dr. Hueffer's widow). Dr. Hueffer was musical critic for *The Times* and ought to have insured his life, but it seems he had not done so, and Mrs. Hueffer must therefore have a pension. I did not like signing. I knew nothing of Dr. Hueffer, except that he would have snarled at my music if he had ever taken any notice of it, which he assuredly did not. I shall never get any public money myself and am therefore naturally jealous of seeing others get it. The people who get pensions are invariably those who are most bitter and contemptuous towards myself; nevertheless I thought that to sign would be, as Jones expressed it, "the smoothest progression open to me"; accordingly I said I would call and sign which, at the appointed hour, I did.

She, of course, was on her good behaviour; so was I, for there is no use in doing things by halves. We deplored the rapid flight of time, and Mrs. Rossetti said she felt as though her life had passed by and she had nothing to show for it. I said that was exactly how I felt myself.

"Oh no," she exclaimed immediately, "you have really *almost* something to show for your life."

I had hard work to prevent laughing, but turned it off, and I don't think she noticed it.

Dr. Hueffer being dead, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland followed him as musical critic for *The Times*, and one afternoon, early in the year, when I went to Mademoiselle Vaillant's for my lesson on the viola, I found him with her and was introduced. They were rehearsing something they were to play together at a charity concert, and when they had finished he began at once talking to me about *Narcissus*, of which we had sent a copy to *The Times*. He questioned me about our musical studies, and, finding that, as he had suspected, neither Butler nor I had ever done any exercises in counterpoint, he strongly urged us to study under that learned musician and incomparable teacher, William Smith Rockstro (1823-1895). I talked the proposal over with Butler, who did not much like the idea of lessons, and was busy with his *Life of Dr. Butler*; it was settled, however, that no harm could come of my taking a few lessons and reporting to him. I accordingly began a course of medieval counterpoint with Rockstro, and in a few weeks Butler became so much interested in what I told him that nothing would do but

he must have lessons also I was a little nervous as to what this might lead to, because Rockstro was a pupil of Mendelssohn, whose *Life* he had written, and among his fellow-pupils, besides Joachim and Otto Goldschmidt, had been Madame Schumann We did a great many exercises in the ecclesiastical modes, and composed a few academic fugues, and Butler readily forgave Rockstro's association with Mendelssohn and Madame Schumann and also any troublesome pedantry, because he found him to be as devoted a lover as himself of Handel, whose *Life* he had also written There was never a lesson without frequent references to Handel I found among Butler's papers this passage in an early draft of his song, "Tears of Joy" in our oratorio *Ulysses*

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And on the MS, in Rockstro's wilting, is this characteristic note about the two B's in the last bar

His passage is written quite correctly, but according to the practice of the eighteenth century, C must be sung instead of the first B. This is what Handel would have insisted upon, throwing Cuzzoni out of the window for disobedience.

Rockstro spoke of modern music as "licentious"—meaning not that modern composers were dissolute fellows,

1890 but that, instead of being satisfied with the pane quotidiano
Act 54 of the rules, varied with occasional licenseb, they wrote
their music in licenses and paid little attention to the rules
The classical illustration of the contrast is afforded by
Handel and Bach

"Bich," Rockstro said, "is taking niggling, restless,
little irritating licenses all the time for no particular
reason, Handel follows the rules with loving obedience
and, when he does take a license, takes a good big one
for a dramatic reason, and the effect is overwhelming "

I his placing of Handel above Bach completed
Rockstro's conquest of Butler, and they became great
friends

Butler told him about Freck, the shepherd at Langar,
who, he was sure, slept with his face upwards (ante, I p
40) Freck used to ask Butler if he could "prick him
out" this or that part To prick out a part is a relic
of speech handed down from days when the notes were
actually pricked, hence prick-song and counterpoint, and
to know that Butler had actually heard the phrase as a
survival, and not as an imitation, naturally interested
Rockstro

We talked about Schubert and his studying Handel's
oratonos, and being thereby led to recognise his own
deficiencies in counterpoint and to determine to take a
course of lessons from the leading authority of his time,
and we wondered what would have been the effect on his
music if he had lived Rockstro, however, was more
interested in Schubert from a rather different point of
view

"Ah," he exclaimed wistfully, "what a pupil he would
have made ' "

Rockstro was a devout Roman Catholic, but that did
not prevent him from occasionally indulging in what
Butlei speaks of as "the mild irreveience of the Vicir's
daughter" {*The Authoress of the Odyssey*, p 247), and he
told us an anecdote about Jullien, the famous writer of
dance-music Late in life Jullien went mad, and proposed
to set the Lord's Prayer to music His friends endeavoured
to dissuade him, but he was obstinate, and declared that

ROCKSTRO AND EREWHON

such a collaboration must be a great success, it would bring together the names of the two greatest men the world had ever seen 1890
Aet 54.

"Think of the title-page," he urged, "'The Lord's Prayer Words by Jesus Christ Music by Julhen'"

One day Rockstro said to me

"Now there is something I want to ask you Butler has lent me *Erewhon* and I want you to tell me—what does he mean by the musical banks? Does he mean the Church?"

I said he did

"Oh," said Rockstro meditatively, "well—well then—Ah ' I see—yes—well then, it's very clever "

The fact that Rockstro was a devout Roman Catholic can hardly have been the reason why he did not see at once what was intended. Many other readers had the same difficulty, and yet Butler used to say that he had hesitated to let the chapter go as it stands, the satire seemed so much too obvious.

On the 15th of March 1890 Butler delivered a lecture at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street, on "Thought and Language." He afterwards revised it, and delivered it again in February 1894 at the Somerville Club, and it was published in 1904 in *Essays on Life, Art, and Science*. Charles Crawley was interested in the Working Men's College, and I suppose it must have been through him that Butler was asked to lecture there. He was a barrister, who had specialised in insurance law, and he knew both Edmund and Harry Gurney, who are mentioned ante, I p. 231, probably Butler knew him through these brothers. Butler discovered while writing his grandfather's life that Crawley was the son of Archdeacon Crawley who, before his death in January 1896, in his ninety-fourth year, was the oldest surviving pupil of Dr. Butler (*Life of Dr. Butler*, I 307). Crawley and Harry Gurney snared rooms over the office of a large insurance company in Regent Street. They knew Mrs. Alfred Bovill, and brought her to Butler's lecture, when it was over we all went to Crawley's rooms. This was the first time I saw Mrs. Bovill, but I have a dim recollection of having heard

1890 Butler mention her before this occasion, it may have
Act 54 been in connection with the rehearsals for a revival of
Gluck's *Orfeo* at Cambridge, in May 1890, when she took
the principal part and performed it extremely well

After this first meeting at the Working Men's College we frequently saw Mis Alfred Bovill, who was at this time having singing lessons of Rockstro She was a daughter of the Rev Charles Clarke, another of Dr Butler's pupils and the author of many novels Mrs Bovill told Butler that in one of these novels, *The Beauclercs Father and Son* (Chapman & Hall, 1867) her father introduced reminiscences of his school-days, including a sketch of Dr Butltr, under the name of Dr Armstrong Butler quoted the passage in the Introduction to the life of his grandfather, but he made the mistake of speaking of Mr Clarke as Rector of Esher, he lived there, but was not rector His daughter wrote to me 1st January 1913 "He was for many years in Northants after leaving Oxford, and was a great sportsman, then he came to Esher and took boys to read for the army Many an idiot has he shoved through—and he a classical scholar and a real wit" On page 160 of *The Authoress of the Odyssey* Butler gives another quotation from *The Beauclercs*—a description of Shrewsbury under the name of Grammerton

Butler liked Mis Bovill's outspoken directness and straight forwardness, they became great friends, and remained so until a cloud arose between them, and soon afterwards, in 1898, she married the Hon Richard Cecil Grosvenor

In 1911 Mrs Grosvenor and I resumed our friendship, and I ventured to tell her of a passage I found in Butler's Note-Books

I said in my novel [*The Way of All Flesh*] that the clergyman is a kind of human Sunday Jones and I settled that my sister May was a kind of human Good Friday and Mrs Bovill a human Easter Monday or some other Bank Holiday

I sent her this in a letter and said, "I hope you don't mind" She replied, 29th April 1912, "Mind! I should think not indeed Oh, if only he had written that to me!"

I am so pleased he thought of me as a Bank Holiday " 1890
Aet 54
And at the Erewhon dinner in 1914 she made a speech,
and quoted the note, saying it was the greatest compliment
that had ever been paid her in words

In April, May, and June 1890 *The Universal Review* published three articles by Butler entitled "The Deadlock in Darwinism" The occasion for writing them was afforded by the publication in 1899 of Mr Alfred Russel Wallace's *Darwinism*, and they discuss the question expressed in the title of *Luck or Cunning?* The following extracts from two letters to his old schoolfellow Mr S. H. Burbury, F R S, will show their tenour.

Butler to S. H. Burbury, FRS

26 June 1890—The trouble as contended by Herbert Spencer, Mivart, and many others is that variations, no matter how favourable, will not accumulate, unless steady and in the same direction for many consecutive generations

Variations due to kaleidoscopic rearrangement, though incessantly occurring and, as unquestionably, sometimes fortunate beyond all power of design, will not accumulate, inasmuch as the very fertility of variation, inherent in all organisms, and the infinite number of ways, at any rate among the metazoa, in which variations can be variable make the chances infinity to one against the persistence of the necessary correlations

If there is a principle underlying variations that will keep up a constant supply of the same correlations with but occasional introduction of none save comparatively small modifications, we believe that accumulation of beneficial variations is a matter of course If there is no such principle—and the denial of such a principle is the very essence of Charles Darwinism—we hold that the whole fabric of accumulated variations is visionary

I grant as readily as you can wish that when Charles Darwin speaks of "fortuitous" he only means due to unknown causes, but it is clear he supposes these causes to be of the happy-go-lucky order We, on the other hand, maintain that we know the causes with sufficient approach to certainty, that they are capable of achieving the result we attribute to them, and that, so far as we can see, there are no other forces in nature that can do the same

You said, the other day, you hardly thought Charles Darwin knew the strength of his own position I, on the other hand, imagine he showed abundant signs that he knew its weakness

You say you have taken no interest in the manner in which

1890 variations occur We say that this is precisely the point at issue,
 Aet 54 for that the question of their conceivable accumulation turns on this If they originate in one main way persistently, if they have a helm, they will steer straight, if they are without the rudder of an underlying principle they will drift and the gain of one generation will be lost through the greater gain in some non-correlated direction in the next It will be Penelope's web—ever doing and undoing with no progress

I stop here in order to keep the issues within narrower bounds At the same time I venture to send you *Evolution Old and New* and *Unconscious Memory*, books to which I have never seen any reply attempted beyond mere coarse vituperation I would ask you more especially to look at the opening chapters and the four last chapters of *Evolution Old and New* and the concluding one of *Unconscious Memory* What I rather feel is that I have been wilting books now so long, and show such little sign of leaving off, that Charles Darwinians would surely put a stopper on me if they could The fact that they prefer to take the line of knowing nothing about it has given me some confidence that they have not got much to say, and, I fear, may have increased a natural predisposition to stick, right or wrong, to my own opinion Of course we all go on very much as gropers in the dark, but I know no safer ground to stand on than that of general good-faith and straightforwardness I have so often found Charles Darwin neglectful of every canon I have myself been taught to respect that his name carries no weight with me, and I am not disposed to attach much importance to him or to his work unless in those, by no means infrequent, cases in which he is obviously unbiassed and gives his evidence I then, of course, no one's opinion is better worth having

Penultimately, of course there are limits There is degeneration, on the one hand, from indolence and disuse, on the other, there is exhaustion from over-exertion But between these two there is a serviceable quantum of use and, provided exhaustion has not been seriously trencched on, I should say the greater and more persistent the use, the better for the organ in the oftspning—bar disturbing causes

finally, my dear Burbury, when and where did I ever say such, pardon me, nonsense as that there is "a conscious purpose running through the whole" universe? I know nothing about such things and, if there is a purpose at all, it seems to me more like an unconscious than a conscious one, but it is all miles off my ground My contention is that, though the amoeba did not foresee the man, yet it is mainly through the foreseeing of the very little that organism can alone foresee at each point in its progress that the results we see have been brought about Hence, each

step of the road having been purposeful, the whole journey has been purposeful, though the purpose has been growing and varying all the time I do not suppose that anything foresaw man from afar and worked towards him It may have been so But I see abundant evidence of the first kind of purpose and none whatever of the second

27 June 1890 You contend that the accumulation of haphazard variations will account for what we see I do not think it would or conceivably could I can adduce sufficient (to my thinking) evidence that the variations are not haphazard and, even though it were conceivable that Luck might do it all in the end (which, by the way, I cannot conceive) surely Cunning will do it more quickly and more certainly And what difficulty attaches to the Cunning view if memory be supposed persistent between generations ?—within, of course, the limits to which all memory is subject

As he says in one of the articles * "To state this doctrine [the haphazard view] is to arouse instinctive loathing, it is my fortunate task to maintain that such a nightmare of waste and death is as baseless as it is repulsive "

"The Deadlock in Darwinism" concludes with a summary of the theory propounded in *Life and Habit* The articles constitute a kind of codicil to his four evolution books and were republished in 1904 in *Essays on Life, Art) and Science* He never published anything more about evolution but, if he had met with any serious attempt to show wherein the theory of *Life and Habit* required modification, it might have led to his writing more He made a note of *Materials for the Study of Variation* by Professor Bateson, published in 1894, as a book to be read, but I do not find any evidence that he actually read it, probably he was by then too deeply engrossed in the *Odyssey* and the *Life of Dr Butler* He could not have failed to be interested in all that was being done and written after the re-discovery of Mendel's work, and that he would have been especially interested in all that relates to mutation and discontinuous variation will appear from this passage in *God the Known and God the Unknown* (pp 14, 15) originally written in 1879

Under these circumstances organism must act in one of two

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1890 ways , it must either change slowly and continuously with the
Aet 54 surroundings, paying cash for everything, meeting the smallest charge with a corresponding modification so far as is found convenient, or it must put off change as long as possible and then make larger and more sweeping changes

Both these courses are the same in principle, the difference being only one of scale, and the one being a miniature of the other, as a ripple is an Atlantic wave in little, both have their advantages and disadvantages, so that most organisms will take one course for one set of things and the other for another They will deal promptly with things which they can get at easily, and which he more upon the surface, those, however, which are more troublesome to reach, and he deeper, will be handled upon more cataclysmic principles, being allowed longer periods of repose followed by short periods of greater activity Animals breathe and circulate their blood by a little action many times a minute , but they feed, some of them, only two or three times a day, and breed for the most part not more than once a year, their breeding season being much their busiest time It is on the first principle that the modification of animal forms has proceeded mainly , but it may be questioned whether what is called a sport is not the organic expression of discontent which has been long felt, but which has not been mended to, nor been met step by step by as much small remedial modification as was found practicable , so that, when a change does come it comes by way of revolution Or, again (only that it comes to much the same thing) a sport may be compared to one of those happy thoughts which sometimes come to us unbidden after we have been thinking for a longtime what to do, or how to arrange our ideas, and have yet been unable to arrive at any conclusion

Butler went abroad in July, and arranged his journey so as to be at Furnes, where he saw a procession of the Passion, on the last Sunday of the month He had heard of this from Mademoiselle Vaillant, who was a native of the North of France and had written him a long account of it He next went to Dinant and Namur, to continue his investigations about Tabachetti, and then, via Basel and Goeschenen and over the Furka by Gletsch and Visp, to Saas Fee, where there are chapels with small wooden figures in them, which from what he had heard he thought might be by Tabachetti He stayed some time photographing and making up his mind about the figures , he also went to Vispertiminen, where there are more figures, " all of them very bad indeed "

DESMOND MACCARTHY

At Saas he made the acquaintance of Mr and Mrs MacCarthy, who were staying in the hotel with their son, an Eton boy. One day the father and son had been for an excursion and the father returned alone. The anxious mother, hearing that her boy had preferred speculating in short cuts to accompanying his father, borrowed a red umbrella to make herself conspicuous and went out "to look for Desmond." Presently she came upon Butler loaded up with his camera and toiling along on his way back after a fatiguing day. He told her he had seen a little white figure among the trees on the mountain side and had no doubt it was her son who, he assured her, would be all right, and he himself was loitering, intending to be overtaken so that they might arrive at the hotel together.

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Aet 54

"You see," he explained, "I know he will be late for dinner and it may make things a little easier for him if he does not come in alone."

Years afterwards Mrs MacCarthy told me that she had been reading *The Way of All Flesh*, and had remembered this incident and for the first time had understood why Butler thought that her son would require the presence of an elderly gentleman to protect him from his parents if he came in late for dinner.

"The idea," she exclaimed indignantly, "the idea of supposing that my boy had been brought up like Ernest."

Other English visitors were also at Saas. The following passage occurs in *Notes from a Knapsack*, by George Wherry (Cambridge Bowes & Bowes, 1909):

An impression of a stranger kneeling at a shrine often occurs to me. He was looking through the little grating of a chapel, one of the many that mark the stations on the high footpath to Saas Fee.

At first I thought him to be a devoted penitent, until a nearer view proclaimed a shabby wanderer with a camera. We greeted one another politely enough to share the view of the coloured wooden figures of the sleeping disciples, and almost instantly I realised that the man was one of a thousand. He had examined all the figures in all the chapels, and had spent many days on the other side of the mountains, in Italy, wherever such work could be found, and had made photographs as he travelled.

1890 He poured out a continuous flow of art appreciation and, it
 Act 54 seemed to me, made original and striking observations. He presented me with a photograph of a sleeping Joseph, from a figure carved by an artist named Tabachetti with whose work in Italy he was familiar, and compared it with a sleeping effigy before us. He then told me the story of the artist's life, and concluded that the sculptor had been compelled to leave his country in some political crisis and on his way over the Monte Moro pass, had made a stay at Saas, and had carved certain of the figures which my stranger pointed out. He proved to be Samuel Butler, the author of *Erewhon*, who thought that Nausicaa wrote the *Odyssey*, and some time after [before] my interview with him brought out a book called *Alps and Sanctuaries* on the shrines of Italy. Among English villages he had walked several thousands of miles, adding to his list of things worth seeing in villages and farm-houses, and always finding new charms in the old country. Enshrined in the best tablet of my mind is the short time spent with Butler, who proved a most entertaining traveller, and with whose wanderings and ponderings I have the greatest sympathy. These few lines may be taken as a passing tribute to his memory.

The reader may imagine with what emotion I came upon this description of Butler charming a stranger with the magic of his enthusiasm—doing what I have seen him do I know not how oft. They never met again, but after Butler's death I made Mr Wherry's acquaintance at Cambridge and thanked him for this passage in his book.

From Saas Butler crossed the Simplon and stayed at Domodossola to see the sanctuary there, which he found about on a level with that at Orta in interest, but with nothing so good as "The Canonization of St Francis" which is at Orta. Then he went to Varallo, where I joined him and we stayed some time making excursions and reconsidering the chapels. We went next to Biella to have another look at Oropa which is near, then to the sanctuary above Lenno on the Lake of Como and, after calling at Mendrisio, Paido, and Basel, returned to London.

In November 1890 *The Universal Review* contained "Art in the Valley of Saas," which Butler wrote on his return, and in December "Ramblings in Cheapside," in which he recounts meeting people so closely resembling celebrated personages of past times that he always thought

ESSAYS AND LECTURES

of them as their more illustrious prototypes In this way 1890
 he saw Francis I of France and our own Henry VIII, Aet 54
 Raffaele, Handel himself, Michael Angelo ("I never saw
 a man dance so much in my life"), Dante, Mendelssohn
 (making an offer of marriage to his cook in a fresco on
 the terrace of the Albergo Grotta Cnmee at Chiavenna),
 Beethoven, Socrates, Horace, and others including Mary
 Queen of Scots, who "wears surgical boots and is subject
 to fits near the Horse Shoe in Tottenham Court Road "
 He saw Michael Angelo another time and made this note

I saw him again later on, in another mood and in another
 place, for the great dead live again in all their moods This time
 he was biting his middle finger and talking cruelly to himself

This was the last number of *The Universal Review*,
 and this is a list of Butler's articles in it with the dates
 when they appeared

Quis Desideno	July 1888
A Sculptor and a Shrine	November 1888
The Aunt, the Nieces, and the Dog	May 1889
L'Affaire Holbcin-Rippcl	November 1889
A Medieval Girl School	December 1889
The Deadlock III Darwinism, I	April 1890
The Deadlock in Darwinism, II	May 1890
The Deadlock in Darwinism, III	June 1890
Art in the Valley of Saas	November 1890
Rambhngs in Cheapside	December 1890

In republishing these articles in 1904 in *Essays on Life, Art, and Science*, and in 1913 in *The Humour of Homer and other Essays*, such patts of "A Sculptor and a Shrine" as referred to Tabachetti were omitted because the 1 esearches of the Avvocato Negri had shown that they required considerable modification, and "L'Affaire Holbein-Rippel" was omitted because it wanted illustrations On the other hand, two lctuies are included which were not in *The Universal Review*, viz, the one mentioned earlier in this chapter on "Thought and Language," and another which he delivered at the Somerville Club on the 27th of February 1895, "How to make the Best of Life"—a subject about which he began by declaring that he knew nothing

1890 I do not even know how to make the best of the twenty
Act 55 minutes that your Committee has placed at my- disposal
Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the
instrument as one goes on One cannot make the best of such
impossibilities

 This Christmas Butler went with his solicitor Russell
Cooke to Boulogne He said afterwards that he did not
like doing so , " it interfered with the healthy distrust
which ought always to exist between a man and his
solicitor."

CHAPTER XXIX

1891

THE PROBLEM OF THE ODYSSEY

Butler to Miss Butler

14 Feb 1891—Alfred and I were in the dark-room, making slides I was afraid of exposing the same plate twice and said 1891 Aet 55

"Now, Alfred, we must be careful I am afraid I shall get confused "

Alfred replied "Yes, Sir, you will, but I am here"—all said quite unconsciously

Yesterday he said "Let me look, Sir, yes, perhaps I shall see that you have your hair cut to-morrow "

This afternoon I am to call on the Tillbrooks, so this morning he examined my hair and said reproachfully

"Oh no, Sir, you can't go, it's all ragged, it won't do at all You can go to Mr Skinner's in the Turnstile as you go to the Museum, if you like, or, if you haven't done it then, I'll have a cup of coffee for you at half-past two and then you can go down to Mr Hunt's—that's how I'll settle it Don't forget "

And then he looks perfectly satisfied Of course I went to Mr Skinner's straight away, for I knew if I didn't I must go to Mr Hunt's and I might as well get it over

Mr J D Enys to Butler

Mtsopei AMIA [NEW ZEALAND],
May 7, 1891

DEAR BUTLER—I have ridden up here from Mount Peel just to see the old place again Your old hut is still standing, nearly as you left it, but the bedrooms thrown into one It is used as kitchen and married couple's quarters Your old kitchen was burnt down some years since A new house has been built a little nearer your old kitchen than the old hut, and about

1891
Act 55 50 feet more out towards the Rangitata Trees close the whole place in on both sides and back, in front some fine Insignis¹ stand near the edge and you look under them as the branches are cut near the ground It must be about 27 years since I was last here, just as Brabazon was putting down the floor of the then new shed which hid not been used McMillan, the present owner, shears over 20,000 sheep and has 2,000 acres of freehold He grows turnips and oats and cuts oaten hay enough for his horses I rode today up to the old bush which has been all burnt except the forest Creek end by an accidental fire, most unfortunately

The crops are grown across Jason's gully and this year have been good Sheep looking well also

Many thanks for the autograph you have so kindly re-numbered to save for me of C J Blomheld² I will call for it and a talk over old times in the autumn if I live to come home all right I am visiting old friends before leaving and find it hard to part

[After saying that he had sold out and was coming home, he continues]

If you came out again you would see many changes—trees growing round all the houses on the plains, gravel-pits planted all over the place, and water-races running into nearly all the fields from Christchurch to Timaru, indeed without them, this last three dry years, stock would have died or had to be sent away

Have been a round trip of 16 days to the Chatham Islands to see my old friend Chudlergh who has long been settled there I had as a companion the new bishop of Christchurch—such a pleasant man full of fun, etc of all kinds

Have written from your old home as I often think of you here—YOUR'S sincerely, JOHN D ENYS

We had by this time made some progress with our oratorio *Ulysses* Butler knew he had failed as a painter and thought he knew why "If," as he wrote on his picture, "Family Prayer," "If I had gone on doing things out of my own head, instead of making studies, I should have been all right" He might fill also in music, but it should not be for the same reason Writing exercises for Rockstro in medieval counterpoint might lead to his becoming an expert writer of exercises, which would have

¹ Professor G S Sale told me that the *Pinus Insignis* was introduced into the colony from Ammoo after Butler's time and Mr J D Enys told me that those it Mesopotamian were planted by Mr Campbell

² He was Bishop of London and Butler saved the autograph from among Dr Butler's papers

been useful if he had wanted to teach others to give lessons in counterpoint, but he wanted to compose music for himself and this could only be done by composing " Do not learn to do, but learn in doing " The doing of the music was, however, interfered with by the *Life of Dr Butler*, which occupied him very closely I had therefore undertaken to make a start by selecting episodes from the poem and arranging the order of the songs and choruses For this purpose, seeing that I out-Shakespeare Shakespeare in the smallness of my Greek, I used *The Adventures of Ulysses* by Charles Lamb, a work of whose existence we should have known nothing if Butler had not stumbled upon Ainger's book about Lamb at Wilderhope (ante, P 38) We were to collaboiate in writing the words , it ended however in Butlei's writing nearly all the words himself, as he had done for *Narcissus* As to the music, wt each chose such parts of the words as we preferred and composed our music separately, so that we were able to initial each number Butler accepted my proposals for the general scheme of the whole but, when he had time, he looked again at the *Odyssey* in the original, just to make sure that Iamb had not misled me He had not forgotten all his classics and found the original poem so delightful that he could not put it down

1891
Act 55

Fascmited, however, as I at once was by its amazing interest and beauty, I had an ever-present sense of a something that was eluding me and of riddle which I could not read The more I reflected upon the words, so luminous and so transparent, the more I felt a darkness behind them that I must pierce before I could see the heart of the writer—and this wis what I wanted , for art is only interesting in so fai as it reveals an artist (*Ihe Authoress of the Odyssey*, p 6)

To assist in clearing up the mystery, he set about translating the poem into prose " with the same benevolent leaning (say) towards Tottenham Court Road that Messrs Butcher and Lang have shown towards Wardour Street " When he came to the Phacacian episode he felt sure that the writer was drawing from life The idea that he might be reading the words of a blind bard living in the servants' hall quieted him for

1891 some time " It was not till I got to Circe that it flashed
 Act 55 upon me that I was reading the work not of an old man
 but of a young woman "

In July he started for his summer holiday, travelling via Basel as usual and staying a few days at Seelisberg on the Lake of Lucerne, then over the S. Gottardo to Como and up to Chiavenna, where I joined him. I wrote to him, 9th August 1891, telling him when to expect me and he made this note on my kttu

It was during the few days thit I wis it Chiavenna (at the Hotel Grotta Crimée) that I hit upon the feminine authorship of the *Odyssey*. I did not find out its having been written at Trapani till f.inuny 1892

In *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912) is an adaptation of the famous saying of Lord Shaftesbury about religion " All sensible men are of the same opinion about women, and no sensible man ever says what that opinion is " These words might be spoken equally sincerely by one who thought well and by one who thought ill of women, they state that the speaker had an opinion, but do not disclose which way it inclined. Butler must have had a high opinion of women or he could not have believed that the *Odyssey* was written by one of them, nevertheless, according to the dictum, had he been a sensible man he would have taken care not to publish his opinion. Certainly the publishing of it did not meet with general acceptance. I have no doubt that in forming it he was influenced by his friendship with Miss Savage. Somewhere he speaks of the *Odyssey* as having been written by a prehistoric Jane Austen. What Jane Austen could do Miss Savage could have done, but Miss Savage seems to have been without the desire to leave any record of herself, at any rate she left none beyond what can be found in her correspondence. She may be said to have posted her claim to a literary reputation in Butler's letter-box.

We went from Chiavenna to Bormio and walked to Bolladore. On the way we stopped at—

EDOLO

Our guide, whenever he wanted to ask a question of a girl or girls, called them "bionda" or "bionde," "my fair" or "my fan ones," and this he did repeatedly. He had been up all night mowing by moonlight, beginning at eleven, then at nine A M he had started off with us, carrying our heavy loads, and it was nearly six in the evening before we got to Edolo. He had shoes but no stockings. We gave him twice as much as he had bargained for and he seemed to like us. When he had landed us at Edolo there came on a dreadful thunderstorm, but he started to go back. Since then I have heard no more, but shall probably get a line from him when I send him his photograph 1891
Aet 55

It was a drizzly, chilly autumn evening at Edolo, and, as we sat smoking after supper among the village guests in the large room of the inn, dimly lighted by a few hanging oil lamps, there came in two young men of whom something appeared to be expected. Presently one of them stood up and recited the canto of Dante that tells about the death of Ugolino, and the other young man took round the hat to collect pennies. Then they went away out into the cold wet night, but they forgot the hat and had to come back for it. Butler, thinking of the feast given by Alcinous in the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, and seeing in this professional reciter a survival of the ancient bards, said to me

"I wonder whether Demodocus ever forgot his hat."

We went over the Passo d'Apnea to Sondrio and so by Colico, Varese, Laveno, and Arona to Varallo-Sesia, where Mademoiselle Vaillant and her friend Miss Scott joined us.

Signor Constantino Duno, one of the wealthy inhabitants of Varallo, had given a new facciata for the church on the Sacro Monte, and there was a festa to celebrate the laying of the first stone or the dedication of the completed work—I forget which it was. All sorts of people came for the ceremony, including the Archbishop of Vercelli, the Bishop of Novara, and the astronomer Padre Denza. Butler took all their photographs and had the further pleasure of showing Mademoiselle Vaillant and Miss Scott round the chapels. We also took the ladies for an excursion up to Civiasco,

1891
Act 55 on the road which leads over La Colma to Pella on the Lake of Orta, and had lunch at the restaurant there kept by La Martina Miss Scott was a teetotalter and knew no Italian, so Butler maliciously instructed the old landlady to make the sabbaghone so that it should be forte and abbondante and to say that the Marsala, with which it was more than flavoured, was nothing but vinegar In after years, whenever we went to Civiasco, La Martina always reminded us of this, and laughed as she told us that when she looked in to see how things were going Butler was pretending to lick the dish clean

Bui/et to Mrs Alfred Bovill

VARALIO, Sept 9, 1891

DEAR MRS BOVILL It is a dangerous thing to take up 1 sheet of note-paper when one has only matter for a post-card We are at Virillo, and assisted at the feast of the birth of the Virgin They put us under the Bishop of Novara who was preaching light over my poor bald head, and got so hot that he rained on to me till Jones insisted that I should put up my umbrella or I should catch cold, it frightened the congregation at night, but they soon saw what it was and it was all light The service lasted three mortal hours, and poor dear little Pio, who was sitting on the steps of the altar nursing the bishop's mitre, went to sleep and dropped it, so that the minister of the ceremonies had to come and wake him, which little episode seemed to be a pleasant relief to every one

Ulysses is getting on He is in the castle now, and Penelope wanted him to have his feet washed and he said he would rather not He was not going to let any of those "cits" (it was not "cits" but "Mrs Dogs," only that will not be fit for publication) wash his feet, but Penelope insisted that washed he must certainly be, once that night, and then again to-morrow morning, so it was settled that Euryclea was to wash him, and she got some cold water and poured it into a bath, then she added the hot till it was just right and then she began to scrub By and by she found the sear, and this surprised her so much that she dropped the foot into the tub with a splash, and it upset the tub so that Euryclea had to go and fetch some more water, for the first lot was all spilt, but he did get washed in the end

You may think this is exaggerated, but see Butcher and Lang, Book xix, about two-thirds through, and you will find every word of it I have only three more books to do now

Jones leaves me on Friday and will be back in London ¹⁸⁹¹
 about Tuesday or Wednesday next I shall follow by the end ^{Aet 55}
 of the month, say 27th We shall be much pleased if you will
 write him instructions to Barnard's Inn as to when it will be
 most convenient to you that we should call upon you I shall
 be on the move the whole time till I come back

We hope you are fairly well and that Mr Bovill is enjoying
 his golf Piu niente —Yours very truly, S BUTTFR

P S — We hope Miss Lehmann will be happy What can
 two poor incarnate bachelors say more?

The postscript refers to the marriage of Miss Amelia
 Lehmann (a daughter of the painter, Rudolph Lehmann)
 with Mr Barry Pain Mrs Bovill had brought her to
 tea with Butler and also with me. Here is a note about
 another tea-party in Barnard's Inn to which Mrs Bovill
 brought another friend of hers

Mrs Bovill and Miss Hickman were to come to tea at Jones's,
 and Alfred was to take me to meet them Through a combina-
 tion of accidents, I forgot, and they expected us and we did not
 come Alfred was very much put out and, after blowing me up
 sufficiently, said

"And now, Sir, for the future let it be an understood thing
 —and Mr Jones too—that if I am told, nothing will ever go
 wrong "

Which indeed is neither more nor less than the truth
 Why does not God have an Alfred and tell him everything?

Soon after the publication of *Ex Voto* (May 1888)
 the Avvocato Cavaliere Francesco Negri, of Casale-
 Monferrato, who had been making researches at Crea
 and had published an article about Tabachetti in a news-
 paper, wrote to Butler, enclosing a copy of his article,
 saying that he had seen his book, and begging him to
 call the next time he came to Casale In response to this
 invitation we went there from Varallo, and Butler and the
 Avvocato Negri became fast friends Butler went to
 Casale every year afterwards, and all the members of the
 Negri family looked forward to his visits with great
 pleasure There was always plenty to talk about because
 the avvocato had usually been visiting some town in North
 Italy where he had inspected and deciphered deeds or had
 ascertained facts or verified dates relating to Tabachetti,

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Aet 55 thus doing work which was possible for him as an Italian lawyer but which Butler could scarcely have undertaken. He always, in the most generous manner, placed the results of his investigations at Butler's service, and was of the greatest assistance. He published a pamphlet entitled // *Santuario di Crea in Monferrato* (G. M. Piccone, Alessandria, 1902), embodying all that he had then ascertained about Tabachetti.

At Casale we used to put up at the Albergo Rosa Rossa, where we had been also on our first visit to the town in 1887. This albergo had been bought by the Coppo family about *ten* years before, and they had taken over with the fixtures a remarkable old waiter named Pietro de Stefanis, who is mentioned by Butler in *Ex Voto* (p. 33) as being known to all the country-side. Some years afterwards Cesare and Angelo Coppo, who had both been in England and spoke our language, told me a great deal about him. He was of a good old family, "with a right to have a coat of arms." His brother was the successful proprietor of a hotel in Venice, but his prosperity died with him because his son was mad. "He was having many money in the bank and no felicity in the family. If his son would not become mad, would be proprietor also of the first hotel in Venice." Pietro was less successful financially than his brother, but was spared the distress of having a mad son. "He was in service to the Duchessa di Parma, and to General La Marmora who did conduct the Piemontese army into the Crimean war and was wounded and became his meals through a tube, and Pietro was his waiter for some time."

The Signora Coppo went once with her son Angelo to visit Pietro in his home in the native village of the De Stefanis family, which is Viggiona, above Cannero, on the Lago Maggiore. This, they told me, is the neighbourhood from which all the best cooks and waiters come. "The house was a beautiful place, the best house on the Lago Maggiore, 800 metres above the sea, built by Pietro's brother with the money from the hotel in Venice, and we were received like princes."

Pietro had only one eye and never went to bed,

there was a bedroom for him at the Rosa Rossa, but he did not use it except as a dressing-room. He worked nearly all his time, only lying down at midnight on three or four chairs in the dining-room, so as to be ready in case he was wanted, and being up and at work again by four in the morning. In the summer he used to put his chairs out on the balcony over the front door and sleep there among the pots of oleander which it was his first duty, summer and winter, to water. He scarcely ever took a holiday, and when he did he went home to Viggiona to see his wife.

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Pietro and Butler were much interested in one another, Butler because he always liked a man who was a voice and not an echo—it did not matter who he might be or whether he agreed with him or not, and Pietro because he was puzzled, and especially that Butler should return to Casale. Englishmen are rare at the Rosa Rossa, the customers being mostly Italian officers and commercial travellers. At last he gave it up, and one day asked Butler point-blank to explain himself. Butler replied

" Well, you see, Pietro, it's like this. A short time ago I began to realise that in my youth I had done many things I ought not to have done. I consulted my spiritual adviser who advised me to undergo some kind of penance and recommended me not to scamp the business. I told him I had not much time to waste over it because there are other things I should like to attend to before I die. He thereupon very considerably named Crea, praising it as being less dilatory than any other Sanctuary in the granting of absolution to deserving pilgrims. And that is why I come to Casale."

Perhaps Pietro had already guessed that the interesting Englishman was not such stuff as pilgrims are made of, and perhaps Butler had already pigeon-holed Pietro and was prepared for the incredulous smile and shake of the head with which the old waiter suspected there must be some other reason. He then said

" I see it is of no use trying to deceive you, Pietro; so now I will tell you the honest truth. England produces no wine."

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" Ma, che disgrazia " " exclaimed Pietro

" It is indeed a disgrazia , we do what we can to make life endurable by importing wine from more favoured countries across the sea into our island , we even drink it, but good wine is a bad traveller and suffers so terribly from nostalgia that to change its habitation is to change its nature And that is the real reason why I come to Casale Here I know I shall find, and always in perfect condition, this divine creature—Gngnohno I et us drink a glass together "

Except for the initial shock about there being no wine in England, Pietro found all this quite satisfactory, and they drank each other's health and became great friends henceforward

Pietro did not live to welcome us many times to the Rosa Rossa He was like Porthos, his legs failed him and the doctor said he must go to bed, which he refused to do , he wanted to continue working twenty hours a day all his life Signora Coppo offered to let him direct the work of the albergo from his bed, so that the old man should not give up entirely , she knew that Pietro in bed would be of more use than half-a-dozen ordinary waiters on their feet, just as his one eye was of more use than two are to ordinary people , but he could not contemplate such an ending of his days He thanked her, but refused her offer and went home to Viggiona 'When he left the Rosa Rossa he left for ever If he would come back we were ready to take him even for a day, but would not accept—would not come "

There were three kinds of customers whom Pietro did not care to see in the albergo—women, priests, and theatre-people And it was an odd thing that, with his dislike of priests, his money went all to the church ' And poor Pietro is dead in want because the bad priest is always to take And yet at Viggiona there were trees—very precious trees—oaks , and if he would sell them he would be having money, and if we would be knowing us want we would be sending money , but Pietro would not be telling " The officers and commercial travellers, not knowing his want but out of their regard for him,

got up a subscription, but he refused to receive anything, and the money had to be given to a hospital

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It required a little management to steer through the hospitality that was always shown us at Casale, for not only did the Coppo family place the whole albugo at our service, but the Negri family expected us to use their house as our home. The avvocato's dining-table formerly stood in the house of his father at Ramezzana, and Vittono Emanuele often came there when he was hunting. The avvocato remembered how Vittono Emanuele used to take him up in his arms and kiss him, the avvocato being then a child, he also remembered how strongly the great man smelt of garlic, which was because he was in the habit of eating *la soma*, that is, bread on which he had rubbed garlic. Cavour also came to the house and the Principe dal Pozzo della Cisterna, whose daughter married the Duca d'Aosta (son of Vittono Emanuele) and became Queen of Spain. She played duets on the piano with the avvocato's wife. The Principessa dal Pozzo della Cisterna was the niece of Cardinal di Merode who was *Mimstero delle Arme di Pio Nono*. These distinguished personages had all been to the house of the avvocato's father, and all had dined at the table at which we dined in Casale.

The Principe della Cisterna told them it dinner one day that, happening to be in a *caffè* leading a newspaper, he came upon an account of his own death, it appeared that he had been hanged for some political offence. He doubted the accuracy of the report but, nevertheless, was somewhat alarmed, however he tested it by swallowing a piece of bread, and was pleased to discover that they must have hanged some one else.

The avvocato's father was a great hunter, he used to stay out two or three weeks hunting, and in this way he met with his death, for it was while out hunting that he was bitten by a mosquito and died in two days.

When we lunched or dined with them there was usually some one to meet us who was interested in whatever Butler was doing at the time, it might be Don Minina, the priest, or Professore Gilardini, a musician

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Aet 55 from Turin, or perhaps Giorcelh, the good old family doctor I remember one evening when there was no one besides the family and ourselves, after dinner the Signora Negri brought out and showed us a white silk handkerchief with the Magna Charta of the Italian Constitution of 1848 printed on it and signed by Carlo Alberto She was a child in those turbulent days, daughter of the Avvocato Giuseppe Ravizza, one of the leading citizens of Novara, they dressed her in the tricolor to symbolise the hopes of Italy, and when the King entered the town she was the first to welcome him In acknowledgement he lifted her up in his arms and kissed her, saying

" Ecco l' Itahamna ' "

The handkerchief has been preserved ever since, together with a letter of thanks, among her most sacred treasures She also preserves the little golden dagger which she wore in her hair as part of her wedding dress—a survival of an old custom Theie is an equestrian statue of Carlo Albeito in the piazza at Casale, he is holding out his hand, whereby the sculptor intended an allusion to his granting the Constitution, but the people say he is doing it to feel whether it is raining or not, and that he is saying "Oggi non piove," or as the case may be

We owe to the Avvocato Giuseppe Ravizza the invention of the typewriter, though, as often happens in these cases, he did not reap the rewards he was entitled to He did however receive a gold medal in 1856 for his "Cembalo Serivano" shown in the Exhibition at Novara, and at Turn in 1858 he received, at the Esposizione Nazionale di Prodotti d' Industna, a bronze medal "per concepimento ingegnoso di macchinetta a tasti per iscrivere "

Butler and I parted at Casale I going to Nice to see my mother, and he to the Certosa di Pesio and Mondovl, thence to Turin and back to Varallo, after which he called at *baido* and then went home

On the 6th October Alfred saw him off on a visit to Shrewsbury

Alfred to Butler

15 CLIFFORD STREET, F.C.

7 October 1891

DEAR SIR—I hope you arrived quite safe on Tuesday and found your sister well. It rained all day and night on Tuesday so I could do no printing. Today is better and have been able to print a few. I have a little complaint to make. You never looked out of the carriage to see me standing on the platform as I always do. There was I, standing in the rain, and you never looked at me. Yours truly, AIFRED

[On receipt of this I went to the telegraph office at once and wired an apology. I do not believe I have ever so offended since. As a postscript to a note enclosing letters that had come for me he wrote, Oct 8 "Received telegram this morning thank you. I shewed it to Mr Jones and he laughed. I forgive you. Alfred." S.B.—7 March 1902.]

Alfred went to the opera this winter to see *La Basoche* and Butler made a note about it.

ALFRED AT THE OPERA

"Oh it was lovely, Sir. And in one scene they brought on a horse richly capronised you know, Sir."

I said, "Alfred, spell that word," and made a beginning for him.

"Oh yes," he answered, "I know—comparisoned."

"Come, come, Alfred, you know better than tint."

"Well, Sir, it will be six years before I want to use that word again, and won't it do if I study it then?"

To which I not altogether unwillingly yielded, for Alfred's education takes time and, what is more, he is so very good as he is that it is better to leave him alone.

ALFRED AT THE PLAY

The Noble Vagabond was too homely a piece to please him, and he was afraid *Faust*, at the Lyceum, for which he had had a ticket given him, would be "a kind of a-driggin'" on him. He went, however, to this last piece and was delighted with it. He said it required a great deal of credulity before one could accept it all as true, but he had never seen such scenery anywhere.

Professor Marcus Hartog wrote to Butler, 5th November 1891, about a paper he had read at Cardiff

1891 Francis Darwin was in the chair, and they had some
 Aet 55 conversation afterwards, in the course of which F Darwin
 "spoke very nicely of his intercourse with" Butler in
 London "In his (F Darwin's) own paper, 'On the
 Artificial Production of Rhythm in Plants,' he went very
 far towards ascribing memory to them "

Butlet to Marcus Hartog

6 Nov 1891—I have observed that Weismannism has been
 very quiet during the last 18 months except for an occasional
 attack upon it. Rommes promised us a second article on him
 about 18 months ago, but it has never come off. I am convinced
 the inner circle of Darwinians see that the rout of Weismannism
 is general. They are in a mess, they threw Charles Darwin
 very much over when they tried to make a trump card of
 Weismann, and one does not exactly see how they are to get
 back to where they were, for they were driven into Weismannism
 much as sailors are driven to port in a storm, and, if he will not
 shelter them, there is nothing; but their skill in hoodwinking the
 public which can save them from disaster fortunately for them
 the public has developed such hereditary aptitude for being
 cheated, and they have themselves developed such not less
 hereditary aptitude for gulling the public that, thanks to uni-
versities and academies, they will probably find enough supporters
 'O last their time, after which the deluge will not much
 matter

As for Frank Darwin—he is a Cambridge professor and
 knows better than to go about breathing fire and smoke against
 me. No more, I trust, do I against him. Still the opinion I
 have formed of him is based on data which compel me to one
 inference only and, that inference being accepted, I prefer to
 think and speak of him as little as I can. I had seen a summary
 of his paper and noted it as very interesting. I am too busy on
 other matters to meddle with biology just now beyond, of course,
 noting and indexing anything that I think I may presently want
 whenever I come across it. By and by the Hengian theory
 will have to be threshed out and then we shall see what happens,
 till then I am writing *Ulysses*, translating the *Odyssey* (done
 now), doing my grandfather's Life, and attending to the
 Italian edition of *Ex Voto*, photographic snap-shots, etc. I shall
 make no more [meaning he will not meddle further with
 biology] till I see what I consider a good chance. I have heaps
 and heaps to interest me meanwhile. Of course if I get what I
 consider a fairly promising opening I shall take it.

In December, at the school conceit at Shrewsbury, Butler's song, "Man in Vain," which he had written for *Ulysses*, was petfoimed by the boys, and we went down to hear it 1891
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I have given one letter dated Varallo, 9th September 1891, from Butler to Mrs Alfred Bovill, and shall give several more In 1912, after her second marriage (ante, p 94), she very kindly wrote for me a paper of Reminiscences, it relates in part to a few years later than 1891, but I place it here because dates are not insisted upon, and it gives a delightful picture of Butler as he was at about this time of his life

RFMINISCENCES of MY FRIEND, MR SAMUEL BUTLER

BY

The Hon Mis RICHARD CECIL GROSVENOR

Being a woman and never having been to school I cannot remember in whit year I first met Mr Butler, but whatever year it was it proved to be a blessed one for me

When I was about 17 or 18 some kind friend mentioned *Erewhon* to me and, after reading that book, I longed to meet the author

Many years later Charles Crawley, a very intimate friend of mine, while visiting at my house in London, mentioned that he had to be at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond Street, on a certun day as Butler was to lecture there at his (Chailes Crawley's) request I asked, "Who is Butler?" and the reply being, "Samuel Butler who wiote *Erewhon*" I begged to be allowed to come

I am ashamed to say I forget what the lecture was about, the fact being that I was so taken up with studying the ippcarmcc of the lecturer We went to Charles Crawley's looms afterwards and I had the great joy of being introduced to Mr Butler on that evening

Of course I knew I wanted to know him intimately, but the delightful thing for me to remember is that he actually seemed to be quite icady to accept me at Charles Crawley's valuation, and from that day we begin I friendship that lasted some years

I am not certain whether it was on that night that I first met Mr Festing Jones, but at any rate if not then it wis very soon after, and I am glad to say he and I are at this date very

1891 firm friends No one could have known Mr Butler intimately
Act 55 without knowing Mr Jones and Alfred

Very soon after Mr Butler's first visit to my house he invited me to bring my two children, Carlos and Mervyn Bovill, to tea at 15 Clifford's Inn, we went and it was one of many such delightful tea-parties and I, as well as the boys, felt like a child going out to tea with a "grown-up" one in a thousand—for he never talked as if he was coming down to one's level, indeed he hid the great gift of making one buns; out some good things occasionally, I was never quite sure they were not things he had himself said, dressed up in one's own somewhat meagre clothing but, if so, he never reminded one of that fact

His rooms and the stairway to them dated from before the great fire of London, I believe, it may be that if they did not I know I shall always think they did. The billiard room was lovely, the whole of one's mind rested upon it, it was much too wide to be elided. When the double doors opened and there he stood on the threshold, beaming as what I mean and I will not later tint wood, his glasses were very thick but they could not hide either the bright blue colour of his eyes or the delicious twinkle in them when he gave forth some rather more than nightly and humorous speech than usual. Alfred was always there and Mr Jones sometimes—generally I think. Then there was the room itself and in his room his desk and his dear little piano on which I used to play, and I was always to sing "something that Alfred will like and understand, please." The tea was lovely and we talked too much always and were all the better for it. The floor of the room was not level, and even that was a delight and is a delight now.

Mr Butler used to go for walks in the country, often returning by train to Portland Road Station, and as my house had a door in Albany Street, close to the station, I was lucky enough to see him pretty often on his way home. His talk was always charming and full of fun, and he encouraged one to say anything that came into one's head and to be natural, for one soon found out that if there was one thing beyond all others he could not stand it was pretence of any sort.

It is my pride and joy to remember that as he translated the *Odyssey* he brought me his MS and let me read it, and, of course, if it had been the dullest of books I should have read it and been happy, but as it was practically new to me (for I only knew the names and bits of the stories here and there) you can imagine how I lived upon it and was impatient for the next batch of Books to come. Such a beautiful handwriting too, and scarcely an error.

Then he would make me tell him what I thought of the

different charactets, and once, when I said I thought Penelope was rather a flirt, he was so pleased that he went off at a tangent, said he quite thought she might have got rid of those suitors if she had sent them on messages, with patterns of wools for her work, told them they had not matched the colours well and must take them back, and when they brought them right it last, forgot to give them, etc [*The Authoress of the Odyssey*, p 130] All this and a great deal more we used to talk about

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On one occasion I persuaded him to give a lecture at my house on " The Whitewashing of Penelope " he obliged it, and I asked a favoured few to come and listen and very pleased they were. Amongst the guests were Mr and Mrs J A Puller Muthnd, she was particularly delighted and afterwards sent a card to Mr Butler for one of her musical evenings. He, of course, consulted me as to whether he should go. I think he had made up his mind to do so, although it was for 10 PM. And he said " But there's my bill of old body to be considered " Finally he said he would go if I would promise to be there by 10 punctually. We both arrived at that hour, and I was very proud to walk into the room with him. He wore a shirt with a little full down the front which looked old-worldish and delightfully like what he ought to wear. Several of my acquaintances asked me " Who is that charming old gentleman ? " and those I introduced to him felt that, after all, I was not quite such a Bohemian as they had thought.

At 11.30 he asked me, " May I go now ? " and " Must I say good-bye ? " I said, " Yes " and " No " and he beamed and twinkled and began to feel in his pockets. As he did so his face became first serious then sad and long, and, when all the pockets had been searched, he bent towards me and said

" And now I've lost my bloody ticket "

I did so wish some of the quite Nice people who were there could have heard him.

Whenever I left home for any length of time he used to write to me—such delightful letters. They are full of good things, and the best of all is the really big friendliness and kindness running through every one of them. His kindness to me was continuous and always so intensely thoughtful. He lent me Alfred to make a catalogue of my books, it was never finished, but I have the book still in which it was begun. Nearly all my books by Mr Butler are gifts from him.

I had letters and post-cards from him if he was abroad, no matter how busy he was he never seemed to forget that it would give me pleasure to hear of some striking paragraph in the *Odyssey* or *Iliad*, or of some of the people in or near Trapani.

He was not the sort of person one met casually, he never

1891 made a practice of going to parties, and therefore whenever we
Act. 55 did meet it was a regular arrangement and was all the pleasanter
as one could arrange not to have people there who would not
be interesting or interested just a few real friends. I much
preferred it, however, if we were quite alone and I could ask him
this, that, and the other question and always be sure of being
told what I wanted to know, without feeling that he thought me
an ignoramus either ; and that is saying a great deal for his
consideration.

The *Note-Books* which have recently been published are more
valuable than all his other works to those who knew him personally,
for they bring him actually back to one's memory exactly
as he was ; his very words are there and with them come, to me
at any rate, with no effort the sound of his voice and the picture
of him with his strong personality. There is no dressing-up for
effective presentation to the public ; the simplicity of the book
is its strength. The Biographical Statement is all one needs to
remind one of the work done and the dates thereof; and the
restraint shewn by the editor in thus letting the Notes speak for
themselves is rare in work of this description and demands the
gratitude of all those who, like myself, are fortunate enough to
have met Samuel Butler, and also to be able to think and speak
of him as "friend."

JESSIE GROSVENOR.

December 1912.

I pointed out to Mrs. Grosvenor that I was scarcely
the proper person to give currency to the last paragraph
of her *Reminiscences*, but she thought me fastidious and
was so anxious to say that reading the Notes brought him
back more vividly than anything else that, after consideration,
I determined to reproduce her MS. without asking
her to alter the end of it. I was the more willing to do
this because several friends who remembered him have
expressed themselves to the same effect, notably his cousin,
Reginald Worsley, and Gogin.

CHAPTER XXX

1892

SICILY

SOME time previous to 1892 I had made the acquaintance of Mrs Beavington Atkinson who had met Butler years before. She lived in Kensington, and a few friends, including myself, used to meet at her house every week to try over madrigals and part-songs. On 27th January we sang through the whole of *Narcissus* with pianoforte accompaniment. Butler, of course, came and was much pleased to hear that, with a few more reheat sals, his music would sound as he had intended. 1892
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Meanwhile he was continuing his translation of the *Odyssey* which was "finished," as he wrote to Ilartog, only in the sense that he had covered the canvas,—it all wanted revision. Early in January 1892, in the course of this revision, he came to Neptune's turning the Phaeaeian ship into a rock at the entrance of the harbour of Schet 1a, and felt sure that, if *a.n* actual place was being described anywhere in the poem, this was the passage 01 one of the passages. He made a list of the various natural features of Schena, as detailed in the poem, and set about looking *on* the map for some spot tint should satisfy all the requirements. Learning from Colonel Mute's work¹ that the locality of the episode of the Cyclopes had been supposed to be near the Lilyboean piomontory, he went to the British Museum and seatched that neighbourhood on the Admiralty charts, whereon he found that I rapani and Mount Eryx supplied eveiythmg

¹ /*language and litterature of Ancient Greece* (London Long mans,1830

¹⁸⁹²
Act. 56 he was in search of. He then wrote to *The Athenaeum*, 30th January 1892, a letter of which these were the points :

1. The town of Scheria must not be on a river, or Nausicaa need not go so far afield for a washing-ground.
2. The river when reached must not be a large one.
3. Between the town and the washing-ground there must be a stretch of low land with a road on it, running parallel to the coast, for both town and washing-ground are on the seashore.
4. The town must have what may pass for a harbour on either side of it.
5. There must be a low, but formidable, rock quite near the shore, and not much above water, for Neptune turns to stone the ship that had escorted Ulysses and presses it down into the water just as it was coming full sail into port.
6. There ought also to be a notable mountain not far from the town, to give point to Neptune's threat that he would bury the city under a high mountain.

It is indisputable that the local colour of the Phaeacian books is more vivid than that of the rest of the *Odyssey*. Assuming that the poem is all by a single writer, then, if the chief town of the Phaeacians, namely Scheria, can be localised as Trapani—

It is from this place that the *Odyssey* must be supposed to have come, and it will be no strained hypothesis to hold that actual people may appear as well as an actual place. Whether the writer of the *Odyssey* may appear among these, and if so which character is most suggestive of the poem as a whole—these are points on which, though I may have formed an opinion, I do not venture to express it at present ; I leave them, therefore, to the consideration of more competent critics.

These last words foreshadow his view that the authoress introduced herself into the poem under the name of Nausicaa.

In the *Odyssey*, when King Alcinous sees that Neptune has turned the ship into stone, he says that the Phaeacians have made a mistake in giving Ulysses an escort, and that they must not act so inconsiderately in future. Butler was surprised and delighted to find, not merely that there was a rock in the sea such as he wanted near the shore at

Trapani, but that it was named in the chart "Lo Scoglio di Malconsiglio". He wrote for information about it to the bindaco of Trapani, who replied that there was a legend about Turkish pirates coming to attack the place, and that the Madonna di Trapani had turned their ship into this rock as it was entering the harbour—that is to say, the pagan legend of the *Odyssey* had been Christianised.

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On the 30th January, the day that his letter appeared in *The Athenaeum*, he gave a lecture at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street on "The Humour of Homer". Dr Garnett was there and also Miss Jane Harrison, the Greek scholar, both very much offended and scandalised, especially Miss Harrison—at least that is what Butler thought, but the audience generally were laughing heartily all the time.

MY LECTURE ON "THE HUMOUR OF HOMER"

This came off on Saturday night at the Working Men's College and I should say went very well. The room was full and Garnett tells me that several had to stand, but I was too much occupied with the lecture to see.

I called on Garnett this morning, and it seemed to me that he had been a good deal frightened and shocked. I could not get a word out of him but the merest common form remarks, the most definite thing he said was that my suggestion about Mrs Homer had a great many potentialities. As for my letter in *Pridley's Athenaeum* about Trapani, he said it was a very ingenious, plausible suggestion, but that he did not know enough about the subject to be able to form an opinion. Garnett is an excellent don-ometer and what he said shows me what dons at Oxford and Cambridge will say generally—which was what I wanted to be sure about.

The wonder is that one so cautious and academic as he is should be, as he not less certainly is, one of the most brilliantly humorous and in all respects fascinating writers of the time, if not the very best we have, for I know not who can be placed above him.¹

I told Fortescue, laughingly, of Garnett's attitude, and he smiled and said

"Garnett hates anything downright and outspoken. There

¹ Butler was thinking of *The Twilight of the Gods*, a book of stories by Garnett, published in 1888.

1892 came here once [to the British Museum Reading Room] a
 Act 56 Siamese prince, a very intelligent fellow, who, among other things, was president of the library and educational department in Siam. Garnett and I went round with him and showed him among other things the way in which the place was heated.

"And how does it work?" asked the prince.

"Dimmily," I replied, and I could see Garnett wither with agony. He shuddered and gasped for breath."

On 20th February a further letter from Butler appeared in *The Athenaeum* showing that the description in the *Odyssey* of Ithaca does not at all agree with the red Ithaca, which is one of the Ionian islands and lies off Greece, but does agree perfectly with Marcotimo, which is one of the Aegidean islands and lies off Trapani. He also gave five reasons for thinking that Schena is drawn from Trapani and that Ithaca, when it is being described from within, and not as an island lying away in the sea, is also drawn from Trapani and its neighbourhood.

Mrs Bovill had been taking lessons from Rockstro but gave them up for a time when she went to Australia for her health. I do not remember whether it was on this or on some other occasion when she was unwell that Rockstro offered her prayers and burnt a candle for her in his church. She wrote to Butler from Australia complaining of the colonialness of the place and he replied:

Butler to Mrs Bovill

7 Feb 1892

POOR MRS BOVILL - "Poor thing!" when I read him your letter, and I was half tempted so to begin my letter, only I did not. I know all about it. I was 4 years in New Zealand, but they were better then, for the place was only 9 years old and they had not yet got my money, but the newness and rawness of the place were very depressing. Then I was a year and a half in Canada, mainly Montreal. I think you know the little "Psalms" which was the outcome of that sojourn. It is at the end of my Selection book. When they have nice things to eat they will be nicer people, and when they are met by people they will have nicer things to eat, but so long as their food is what it is the Lord will harden their hearts and they will not bring forth the fruits of good living. What a vicious circle it is! I or good living is both the fruit that is to be borne and the thing that is to be the fruit, is it not?

My Alfred watched your ship all the way out, and duly informed me of every place at which she touched The moment he heard you were in the *Paramatta*, he began to watch that It was very good of him, for it was all done out of his own head

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We have had Venus and Jupiter very bright and very close One evening they shone elm md near the moon, no other stars being visible Alfred did not like it, so he sud

"Do you think, Sir, that tint is quite right?"

I said I thought it was , but next night the moon was a long way off, so he complained to me and said it was *not* right

I said "But you know, Alfred, the moon rises in hour later every night, so it will be an hour yet before it is in the same place "

"Very well, S11," he answered, finding my explanation a little tedious, "I forgive you this once, but never allude to the subject again in my piesenice "

Isn't it refreshing to have people like that about one?

My lecture came off last Saturday week, and Jones and I thought it was 1 good deal liked I do not see how it could possibly have gone better I have found the place where Nausicaa lived She drew it all from life, and I had a long letter, with map, about it in last week's *Atlnaeum* No contradiction as yet I have offered my translation to publisher ifter publisher, and no one will take it though I have offered to give it to them It must wait Griffith, tarran & Co were no good—a long story -so I went and was as rude as I could be—very rude—and dehbcritely so I did not go to them They wrote to me ind asked to see the MS I took it I hey kept it a fortnight, so I called for an answer They asked for a few moie days—kept it another fortnight—I called again, and found Welsh had gone to America So I flew at then manager and morally pulled the establishment about their ears A week was ample time, considering that they had asked to see it and I had told them I wanted it

Mrs Beavington Atkinson did *Narcissus* the week before last, from end to end, songs, choruses (8 voices), and all , it took just 2 hours including the interval between the pirts, *And* we thought e/veryone liked it and laughed very heartily She will do it again Pleise get well enough to come and hear it I have done the Sirens music for ~~Usses~~ but am at a stone wall with the lecitative tint follows 1 he isle is to dissolve in flames of fire, and I cannot do the fire

Alfred shall get you some cream and a nice piece of cake from Buszard's as soon as ever you come back You will have lots of letters to read and this is too long already, so with kind

1892 rcg irds and great hope that you may be soon here again and
Act 56 *in good health and spirits*,—Believe me, yours very truly,

S BUTLER

Butler, of course, told Rockstro all about his Odyssey theories, and Rockstro was tempted to get up his Greek again so that he might understand them better. During the time we knew him, but I forget precisely when, he fell from the top of an omnibus near South Kensington Station. Otto Goldschmidt, who, as he has been already mentioned, had been a fellow-pupil with him under Hauptmann and Mendelssohn, came to see him in the hospital, and Rockstro told Goldschmidt all about the accident. Goldschmidt would not believe him and said

" You don't mean to tell me you fell off from the top of the bus down to the ground ? "

" Yes, I do," said Rockstro, " right off from the top down to the ground, and they took me into the pastry-cook's before bringing me here ".

Next day Goldschmidt went to see Rockstro again and said

" I find you are quite right. I have been to the pastrycook's and you actually did fall from the top of the bus to the road ".

Butler was amused when he heard this, and made the wicked comment that as Otto Goldschmidt had known Rockstro nearly all his life he ought to have been able to form a correct idea of his truthfulness without calling at the pastrycook's for confirmation.

Rockstro never completely recovered from this accident, and when he had influenza or caught cold, which he frequently did, he suffered in the bruised limbs. In March 1892 he was laid up, and wrote to Butler that he had been using his time in brushing up his Greek.

W S Roiksiro to Butler)

March 1892—I find I have not only forgotten my verbs but my men and phrases also, and I have wished I had a key to Homer

like that which some benevolent frenchman has written to de 1892
 Balzac, a key which would explain who was who and where Aet 56
 was where in both poems When I was a boy I determined a
 thousand times over that I would make myself such a key, and
 the desire has come over me again Only I cannot now afford
 to give my time to it wholly for love Do you think any
 enterprising publisher would join me in the spccuhtion ? I am
 afrud to broach the subject to Micmillan or any of the
 confraternity, lest anyone else should think the idea good ind
 mticipate me—for I suppose one cinnot register a literary
 invention like 1 mechanical one But I ccertunly should like to
 concoet such a key to Homer in a systematic form, and the
 labour would be to so great *din* extent mechanical that it would
 not need the learning of a tremendous scholar to carry it out
 What say you to the idei ?

Also while actually confined to bed I made a canon, capable
 of heaps of solutions, some bid, some good, and a few reilly
 good I send it to you on the opposite page in case you or
 Jones might like to have a shy at it

About this time Rockstro gave me another canon
 which he had been composing I reproduce them both
 here, the first is the one he sent to Butler, the second
 is the one he gave to me

CANON I

Modus VII

W S ROCKSTRO, *March* 1892

Lau - da - te Do mi num om - .

nis gen - tis lau da te E um om - nis po - pu - li

CANON II

W S R

Lau da te Do - mi num om nis gen

tis lau da - - te E um om nis po - pu -

- - li, lau da te E um om nis po pu li

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Canons wue not much in Butler's line, but I had a shy at them I did not, however, get anything like the 82 solutions of which Rockstro said one of them was capable I think it was 82, but that was if one kept strictly to the rules , by using licenses it was something like 150, if I remember right

In March 1892 Butlet had the misfortune to lose a friend whom he always called " Madame " Her name was Lucie Dumas, but some years before her death she exchanged the Dumas, which was her father's name, for Dewattines, which was her mother's maiden name Butler made her acquaintance somewhere near the Angel at Islington about 1872, when she was twenty-one She came of respectable parents, engaged in the silk trade at Lyons She had been in Pans and had a son whose father, on mairying, undertook to provide for him and made Madame an allowance on condition that she lived out of France He did this with the acquiescence of his wife, and Madame spoke well of their behaviour to her I have *no* doubt she deserved to be well treated by them, for she was an admirable woman, absolutely trustworthy, with considerable knowledge of the world, great natural intelligence, and what her brother, who was with her during the last years of her life, called " un cceur d'or "

Madame had had predecessors, but dunng the twenty years of her intimacy with Butler she had no rivals After he had known her some fifteen years he disclosed his name and address, and she occasionally came to tea in his rooms , none of the predecessors had known how to retain his friendship as she retained it

Madame spoke English, but never completely mastered the intricacies of our language, and she and Butler conversed in French One evening he said to me

" Oh, what do you think Madame told me this afternoon ? She says she has a friend—let me see if I can remember her words—' Une amie qui va ipouser en secondes noces un officier de Ia Sale-Vaehe Armee ' "

And we wondered whether to admire more the reckless clutching at thy. Salvation Army or the discreet admission of one previous marriage

Madame, as a good Catholic, observed the festivals and fasts of the Roman Church, not only so, she tried to induce those about her to observe them also—especially the fasts I forget whether she ever made Butler actually promise to abstain from meat on Good Friday, but I remember his telling me how shocked she was when he confessed to her, one year, that he had sinned in this respect, and how she blew him up and begged him to reform. He was "civil but quite inexorable," as he was when refusing to help to get the Jews back to Palestine (ante, I p 383)

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She was more successful with Marquis, her cat, but then she had the ordering of his daily menu. When she boasted to Butler of her intentions he thought she was construing the injunctions of her spiritual adviser somewhat widely, and remonstrated, pointing out that Marquis could not seriously claim any share in the sacred mystery of the Redemption. It was of no use. She brushed his sophistries aside. Marquis must conform. And that is how matters stood when Butler went for his Easter outing.

On his return Madame welcomed him—had he enjoyed himself? had he made many sketches? evidently the weather had been fine, he was so sunburnt. And all the time Marquis, with his tail in the air, was performing greetings after his kind, purring loud, caressing Butler's ankles, and describing figures of eight in and out between his feet. Then Butler sat down in front of the fire and began to unlace his boots, an operation which always fascinated Marquis, he forgot he was grown up, and sported with the flickering tags like the kitten he still was at heart. Butler himself became fascinated as he watched his lithe movements. He always associated grace and contentment with good health, and it came into his mind that whatever Marquis had had for dinner on Good Friday it had not disagreed with him. Perhaps Madame had relented?

"Non, non, pas du tout. Au contraire, j'ai dit au marchand de meat de ne nen apporter ce jour-la—inutile de passer."

"Alors, d n'a pas mange, ce pauvre Marquis?"

1892 " ~~Pa~~ ~~mange~~ mais si, mon ami, Il a mange Je lui
Act 56 ai donné un hot cross bun "

Madame was continually changing her lodgings, which were at first in Islington and later on in Bloomsbury Towards the end of her life she was living in Handel Street, near the Foundling Hospital, the circumstance amused Butler and gave a new significance to the epithet " Handellan " She was taken from Handel Street to the French Hospital, where she died of consumption Butler saw that she was suitably buried, and he and I, accompanied by her brother, followed her to Kensal Green

It was Madame who said of Butler, refeinnng to his simplicity in some matters and his insight in others, " Il sait tout, Il ne sait rien, Il est poete "

Mrs Bovill presently returned from Australia, and one day Butler sent Alfred to her house with a copy of *Ex Voto* for her sister, and a copy of *Alps and Sanctuaries* for herself

Butler to Mrs Bovill

5th April 1892—Well, your servant, not knowing what a very important person Alfred was, and thinking he was just a common young man, said you were busy, and Alfred, being very mctk, went iway, forgetting that he had express instructions to explain everything by word of mouth, and that he ought to have said he would wait till you were disengaged However, this note will do the thing as well *Mind you don't scold your servant*, and mind, please, you ask me to tell you about Alfred and the plates No—I will do it now

I took him to see Venice at Olympia, and we saw some plates, 6d each

Alf "Do you know, Sir, I think you ought to have a few plates like that agunst Mrs Bovill comes—you know it looks very bad, such common plitcs as you have "

/ "Very well, I will get *one*, but I shall only get one, you know that's the way you always rush me when I take you out anywhere Still, I will get *one* "

Alf "Very well, Sir, but I am to have it when she has used it, am I not ?

/ "Why, what do you want it for ? "

Alf "To hana; up, because I think it looks pretty "

/ "Very well, Alfred, then I had better get two plates at once "

A CLEVER EUPHEMISM

Alf (after a pause) "Do you know, Sir, I think it would be almost as well if Mrs Bovill did not see my plate "

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/ "Why so?"

Alj "Because, you know, she might take a fancy to it, and, if she was to like it, I think the very least you could do would be to give it her, and then I shouldn't have it "

/ "Very well, Alfred, you shall do exactly as you please, but I will get two plates "

And now let us see what he does I won't interfere one way or the other

This spring Butler did something he had often threatened to do—he took a short outing to Holland in April to see the bulbs in bloom and to refresh his memory of the Rembrandts at Amsterdam

Butler's lecture "The Humour of Homer" having appeared in *The Eagle*, he had it printed as a pamphlet in March by Metcalfe of Cambridge, and sent copies to friends, among others, to Garnett, who thanked him for the present of his discourse, "which," he wrote, "I shall read with no less pleasure than I heard it" Butler annotated this with the following explanation and remark

le "which I hate as much as when I heard the lecture delivered" I have never yet had an opportunity of making this clever euphemism my own—but I may yet have one—b B,
Mar 10, 1902

This comment is dated about three months before Butler's death, had he not been then seriously out of health he would have remembered that in the opening of the first chapter of "The Deadlock in Darwinism," which appeared in *The Universal Review* in April 1890 (reprinted in *Essays on Life, Art, and Science* and in *The Humour of Homer and Other Essays*), he had already had an opportunity, and had used it, of making something very like "this clever euphemism" his own Speaking of Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace he wrote, "Neither can be held as the more profound and conscientious thinker, neither is the more ready to welcome criticism and to state his opponent's case in the most telling and pointed way in which it can be put,

IRRITATING THE SPECTATOR

1892
Act 56 neither is the more genial, generous adversary, or has the profounder horror of anything even approaching literary or scientific want of candour," and so on for nearly a page. Possibly Garnett had this passage in his mind when he wrote his letter of thanks.

I here was a review of the pamphlet in *The Spectator* about which Butler wrote to his sister

Butler to Miss Butler

26 April 1892—We believe the article to be by a Miss Jane Harrison who wrote a book about Homer a dozen years ago or so in the affected Church style which so many people unfortunately mistake for culture. She was at my lecture with the two Miss Butchers (Butcher and Lang's sisters). She told me she had disliked it very much and the Miss Butchers glared at me, so I went off to those who were more sympathetic. I am told she was scowling the whole lecture through. Of course I may be wrong—the review may be by Mr Gladstone, but we think Miss Harrison more likely. I think most people will see tint it is by an angry woman who is determined to see nothing but bad, and who will not even deign to notice the topographical suggestions which she cannot contradict. In fact we believe it to be just on a small scale Blomfield and Dr Butler over again.¹ If my way of doing the thing is right Miss Harrison's is wrong and so is Mr Butcher's, so naturally Miss Harrison and the Miss Butchers abuse me as much as they can. As for Dr Butler, I should think he would be delighted with the whole thing—at least you may be sure I should not take so much pains with his life and memory and then go and do anything which I believe he would consider in bad taste. However it is hopeless my trying to please *The Spectator* or those who take in *The Spectator*[^] and I may as well irritate them as I know I cannot please them.

Whether Mr Gladstone wrote the article in *The Spectator* I cannot say, but, as will appear later (p 212) Miss Jane Harrison did not. Butler made this note on the copy he kept of his letter to his sister: " *The Spectator* would never give Miss Harrison more than three columns of sub-leader to review a simple lecture."

In May 1892 Butler received a letter from Emanuele

¹ There was a quarrel arising out of Dr Butler's *Aeschylus*, of which particulars will be found in *The Life and Letters of Dr Samuel Butler*, I 5;

EMANUELE BIAGGINI

Biaggini of Trapani He kept what he calls an ¹⁸⁹² " epitomised translation " of this letter and I give it ^{Att 56} here as he left it, with the notes he made on it The notes add to the interest of the letter, and the whole will instruct the reader in several matters which he ought to bear in mind when reading about the development of the *Odyssey* theories He will notice that Biaggini accepts the view that the writer of the poem was a woman, and boldly calls her Nausicaa

Signor I'manuele Biaggini to Butler

(FpUOMISHd AND ADNOTAILD TRANSLATION BY BUTIER

TRAPANI, 10 May 1892

Pardon my writing in Italian, for I know no English I have been told by the sindaco of 7 rapani that you have written a pamphlet called " The Humour of Homer " in which you have also given two letters (already published in *'Ihe Athenaeum*) respecting the writer of the *Odyssey* and the true site of Scheria These letters which the sindaco has had translated and which he has shewn to various friends have made an excellent impression here In my own name, therefore, and in that of my fellow-citizens, I feel in duty bound to send you our best thanks for the lustre which your acute remarks have shed upon our native town

Meanwhile I would ask you to send me a copy of your "Humour of Homer" that I may get it explained to me by a friend who knows English, etc

[He then asks permission to make a few remarks of his own, that have occurred to him on reading the *Odyssey* again by the light of my theory —S B]

All historians who have written about Trapani are agreed that it dates from a very remote antiquity Here was buried the famous sickle wherewith Saturn was mutilated , Saturn was worshipped here and regarded as the founder of the city Every-one knows that the name of the town is taken from this bickle

The island of Corfu claims a like origin, although Apollonius Rhodius tells us that Corfu or Corcyra was called Drepane to do honour to the nurse of Peace, whose name was Drepane

Feace was father of Nausithous, who was father of Alcinous king of the Phaeacians, but I will deal with this more fully later

To return to history The city was important even in the

THE MATURES OF TRAPANI

1892 times of the Sicans and Sitcls [Trapani never was a Sican city,
Act 56 nor yet, probably, a Sicel one—S B], and whui occupied by
the Phoenicians it became a great emporium of commerce

Lryx, the ancient city—perhaps Hypereia—was a flourishing city at the time of the I rojan war Its king Acertes received the exile Aeneas, according to Virgil, with all suitable munificence—the silence, however, of Virgil about the Phaeacians is noteworthy, and I will deal with it in a later letter There is nothing, therefore, very surprising in the fact that it should have owned i civilisation capable of producing the *Odyssey*

I will now briefly point out the closeness with which the description given by Nausicaa tallies with the actual features of Trapani

1 I he city surrounded by high walls, on a strip of land running out into the sea Such was 1 rapani in days of old and such it remained until within the list few yeais

2 I he two harbours, one on either side, where the sailors beached their ships The true hirbour now is on the South side, but also on the North side there is a shore on which small vessels can find shelter and be beached in safety

3 I he aptitude of the Phaeacians for the sea Trapanese sailors have ilwiys been held to be the best of sailors, whether in Punic, Roimn, or medieval times

4 Distrust of, iitul want of courtesy towards strangers was a distinguishing feature of the Phaeacians I regret to say that it still is so among the common people here

5 The temple of Neptune in the heart of the town We h we a tradition, quoted also by historians, that the present church of 8 Nicola stands on the foundations of an ancient temple of Neptune Ferro tells us that when the foundations of this church were laid open for some repairs in 1770 a small bron/e adol was found At this place (then shore) ships, sarils, and oars were repaired, as they still are on the shore a little further on

[I omit Braggini's 7 & 8, as abounding in untenable positions, but I note that Biaggini hankered from the first after making Nausie u go northward to wash her clothes, instead of southward is I was at first inclined to do I notice, also, that Braggini had spotted the fact that it was winter when Ulysses landed in Sehern—S B]

9 The high mountain under which Neptune threatened to bury the city of Sehenä, is found in Mount Eryx, which overhangs Trapani at no great distince

10 I need not epitomise what Biaggini says about Malconsiglio

11 Caves There is the Grotta del Toro, also called the Giants' 01 the Cyclopes' cave, on the slopes of Martogna There

was also another cave towards the East called "the Glint's," 1892
 where Father Castronovo, quoting from Fazello, tells us tint Act 56
 in 1342 *dn* enormous skeleton was found with colossal bones,
 teeth and jaws There is also the Grotta Emihana

In all the above-named caves there are found remains of
 humin meals [fossilized—when the inhabitants hid done eating
 they threw the debris of their meals, often partly chewed, on the
 upper sides of the cave, where they stuck I brought several
 examples home, full of bones ind sometimes Imr and featheis—
 S B, Mar 17, 1902], bones and teeth of animals, flint arms and
 implements, showing that these caves have been inhabited ever
 since the ige of stone I find nothing strange, therefore, that
 traditions of the existence of pre-existing uncivilised raees, of
 great stature, and dwellers in caves suggested the episode of the
 Cyclopes to the writer of the *Odyssey* [It was the big stones of
 the Pehspic walls on the top of Mount Eryx that suggested the
 gigantic si/c of the Cyclopes —S B] I am confirmed in this
 opinion by the fact th it f izzello and Stolberg, as you tell me,
 placed the episode of the Cyclopes on the Lilyboean promontory

[I omit his remarks upon Alcמוש's gardens About
 Duhhium and the isola lunga he takes my view He cannot
 make out why I said that the fact of Stolberg and Pazzello having
 placed the Cyclops episode on the Lilyboean promontory should
 have made me suspect that Schena would not be far off I told
 him pirtly because I had already discovered that the writer was a
 young woman diawing from her own neighbourhood, and little
 likely to draw from any othei , and partly because in *Od vui*
 Alcinous seems to know all about the Cyclopes, to whom indeed
 he is represented as nearly related, being half-great-nephew to
 Polyphemus

The rest of the letter is nothing but warm invitation to come
 to Trapani - -S B]

About this time Harry Quilter proposed to republish
 Butler's *Universal Review* articles and to write a prefatory
 Essay on Butler's books as a whole

Butler to Harry Quilter

18 May 1892—What a flittering proposition I Of course I
 shall be delighted— if you think it worth while But are
 you not hoaxing me altogether and piesuming on my inordinate
 vanity ? If you are I foigive you

They discussed the advisability of including some
 additional matter, and considered " The Humour of

1892 Act 56 Homer " , but this was not available because of arrangements already made between Butler and Metcalfe.

Butler to Harry Quilter.

21 May 1892—Otherwise, if it is thought desirable to have an article on the *Odyssey* I have abundant most aggravating and impudent matter about Penelope and King Menelaus which I could throw into an article like the classical part in " Rambhngs in Chcapsidc "

I have also an article, in great part written, called " Croesus's Kitchen-mud " which has nothing to do with Croesus or classics but has, I f mc y, a good deal of quiet devilment—but I am very busy md shall not be able to make these articles very long

If I write the article or articles above referred to, please don't say that they were written for your collection , let it be supposed th it they were copy left on your hands for *The Universal Review* and not used before the Review was discontinued

This correspondence is all I find about Quilter's proposil , the foregoing extracts are interesting to me personally because they give the facts which I had more than half forgotten when I wrote the note at the end of " Cioesus and his Kitchen-maid " in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912) On referring to the MS Note-Books themselves I see that the note which forms the greater part of " Croesus and his Kitchen-maid " was originally written so long ago as 1880

In June Butler went to an At Home at Mrs Bovill's and left rather abruptly This is from his letter of apology

Butler to Mrs Bovill.

17 June 1892—I went downstairs to console myself with ices [*they were excellent*] and who should come in but Mrs X, whom I like and who, I am sure, is well disposed towards me, but who would not believe I meant what I said in my lecture ["The Humour of Homer "], and I had to battle with her, and I don't believe I convinced her then It made me feel so low and hopeless that even a friendly and clever woman like Mrs X can think me capable of such poor pleasantry and, moreover, to see that even she could not see the seriousness because I had done my little feeble best to amuse as well as interest, that I felt the top of a bus and a cigarette to be the only thing I cared about

This morning the thunder is over and I am all right again, so 1892
I hasten to apologise let 56

PS—Remembet, please, that it is twenty years since I published *Erewhon* and I have been battling with Mrs X's ever since,

Butler to Avvocato Francesco Negri

June 19th, 1892

DEAR AWOCATO NEGRI—I have let your very kind and interesting letter of April 23 remain far too long without an answer. Pray forgive me. I have noted all the additional matter that you tell me about Tabachetti. I wish the good people at Varallo would throw themselves into Tabachetti one half as well as you and Don Minina do. All that you tell me I always find commends itself to me at once, and it always turns out right.

I cannot tell my own movements just yet, but shall know shortly how to make my plans, anyhow I intend coming to Varallo and Casale in August or September, but which it will depend on whether I go to Sicily first, or after having been to Casale, and this depends on other people.

They are translating my pamphlet about Homer at Trapani, and are evidently a good deal surprised and interested at having the *Odyssey* thrust upon them. Here [England] the pamphlet has met with a very bad reception, and I have been very angrily or even savagely attacked for it. The writers pass over the topographical question without notice, they see they can do nothing against that, nor do they say much against my supposition that the poem was written by a woman, but they say I have vulgarised Homer, and that I am laughing at what is great poetry and should not be profanely handled. I have made no replies, but in the first place the *Odyssey* is much more "alia buona" than people think it is, and, in the next, I redly do not see anything particularly vulgar in my translation. However the critics do, so there I am obliged to leave it. I believe the graveness really is that I, who am not a Homeric student, should have stumbled upon such interesting things in connection with the *Odyssey*—things moreover that they are inexcusable for not having found out long ago. And so it was here in England with Tabachetti. It seems to me that the average English critic has neither eyes nor ears, and neither knows nor wants to know, but only thinks of scratching the eyes out of the head of anyone who looks at things for him or her self. However, this is beginning to be spiteful.

They have begun to print [the translation into Italian of]

1892 my *Ex Voto*. I am alarmed at its length and prolixity. The
Act. 56 book has been hanging about so long and has had so many things
stuck into it, that it is no longer a book, but a repertorium and
has the look of a patched thing. However I cannot help it.
The difficulties of distance, foreign language, and the not having
the thing in my own hands are too great for me and it must
Stand as it is.

I look forward with great pleasure to seeing you and Don
Minina and your sons, and will write again before long to arrange
a time more definitely.—With all kind regards, believe me, dear
Avvocato, yours very truly, S. BUTLER.

P.S.—I find I shall probably go to Sicily at the beginning of
August, and come to Varallo and Casale in September.

In June he went to the Shrewsbury school dinner and
then, at last, came the time to which he had been looking
forward ever since he had come to the conclusion that
Trapani was the place where the *Odyssey* was written.
On the 23rd July he started alone for Sicily. But he
could not go direct, because he was delayed in North
Italy, he travelled via Novara so as to see Varallino
where there are chapels with figures in them which turned
out to be no good, but they might have been by Tabachetti.
Then, after going for a day to salute his friends
at Varallo, he went to Casale-Monferrato. Here the
Avvocato Negri took him to Alessandria to see an entomb-
ment in the church of S. Maria di Castello; they had
hoped it might be by Tabachetti, but as soon as they saw
it they settled it could not be, though it might be by his
son Nicola. One of the statues represented an old man
wonderfully like an old man aged eighty-six, who was
then living at Casale and was a descendant of the great
Tabachetti; this old man at Casale had a son with the
characteristic pointed chin which Tabachetti was fond of
giving to his figures.

IVom Alessandria Butler went through Genoa and Pisa
to Rome and Naples, thence by steamer, calling at Palermo,
to Trapani. Here he stated his business and made the
personal acquaintance of his correspondent Emanuele
Biaggini, a man of about his own age who had fought
with Garibaldi and was by his side when he was wounded

at Aspromonte Biaggini enthusiastically accepted Butler's Odyssean theories and did all in his power to help him j ut 56 He took him about, showed him the Scogho di Malconsiglio, the absence of river, the harbour on one side of the sickle-shaped promontory and what was formerly used as a harbour on the other He pointed out two of the Aegadean islands, namely, Favognana and Levanzo which lie off Trapani to the west, and took him about in the neighbourhood starching for the scene of Niusicaa's washing

Just behind Trapani rises Monte San Giuhano, which in classical times was famous as Mount Fryx and is now often called Monte bnce It is about 2500 feet high and admirably supplies what was wanted to give point to Neptune's threat about burying the city under a great mountain There has been a town upon its summit horn the earliest ages It is mentioned by Thucydides, who says (quoted on p 222 of *The Authoress of the Odyssey*) that "some of the Trojans, who had escaped from the Greeks, migrated to Sieily They settled in the neighbourhood of the Sicans and were all together called Jilynn, their cities being Fryx and Segesta" Biaggini took Butler up the mountain and showed him the magnificent view which includes all the four Aegadean islands, namely Favognana and Levanzo which he had showed him from below, Marettimo which cannot be seen from Irapani because Levanzo conceals it, and S Pantaleo which lies to the south and is too near the land md too low to be easily distinguishable When Butler saw Marettimo floating over Levanzo, "lying all highest up in the sea to the west" he understood that it must have supplied the authoress with the original of Ithaca, when she is describing it from without On clear days the view includes two more islands, Ustica to the east, and Pantellana to the west, and this last, which is about hिल्f way to Africa, he at once settled must be the island of Calypso

He stayed with the family of Biaggini, which consisted of F!manuele, Agostino, and three sisters, who were spending the summer in their house on the Mountain to escape the heat, as is done by most of the well-to-do

1892 Trapanesi On 4th August 1892, in the morning,
Aet 56 Peppino Pagoto and some student friends took him to
I Runzi near the Rock of the Ravens (*The Authoress*,
p 171) It was a rough walk and in the afternoon,
after they had returned, Butler slipped on the uneven
stones in the street of the town and put his foot out of
joint He was taken to Braggini's house and, as the
doctor was not at home, his assistant, a barber-surgeon,
Peppino, came and pulled the foot into place again
This interested the patient nearly as much as the pre-
historic remains, because Handel's father was a barber-
surgeon

Butler was not what would be called a good patient
and, the doctor having ordered three weeks of absolute
quiet in bed, was up the day after the accident and
going about on crutches, but he was not able to leave
the Mountain so soon as he had intended, and all the
time he was there he stayed in the house of Emanuele
Biaggini whose sisters with the utmost kindness nursed
him as much as he would permit, and all the family
became very much attached to him

When Butler fell in the street, Peppino Pagoto was
the one who helped him to rise and was exceedingly kind
and attentive to him while he was laid up Peppino is
a native of Mount Eryx, that is to say, he is a descendant
of the Cyclopes who built the megahthic walls of the
city, and Butler, on discovering this, was delighted,
because Peppino's face is noticeably round and the name
Cyclopes means circle-faced, not one-eyed (*The Authoress*,
p 190)

Butler to H F Jones

7 Aug 1892—I am going on all right and am to go down
in a carnage to Trapani to-morrow There are three very nice
intelligent boys here, aet 15-18, who have taken me under their
wing and seem to like fussing with an invalid They are very
good and you would like them very much Then there is a
black sea-captain [Capitano Messina, since deceased] about 40,
all fire and fury but a wonderful person He translated my
"Humour of Homer" into Italian, and I do not think I ever
saw a finer piece of translation Just as I hope and think I have

made my translation read as though it were not a translation, so has he—it is full of life and vigour But he is a scoicher About ten years ago he got into some row which made him furious, so he went on to the upper deck of his ship, put a pistol into his mouth and pulled the trigger, but the ball came out at his eye and lodged in the bone immediately above his eye Finding he had failed, he flung himself into the sea and, when fished out of that, had to be bound with cords or he would have killed himself with his hands He was quieted in the end and recovered absolute health, with the exception that his eye, of course, was gone

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Act 56

10 Aug 1892—The doctor came to-day and cut open the old bandage and made me a new one I can walk about the room without sticks and the doctor says I may, but, when the bandage was off, the leg from the toes to the knee, all along the left side, was such a mass of rainbow bruises I should have been ashamed to ask a dog to eat it

He made many friends at Trapani, not only among the young students, to some of whom he gave lessons in English, but among the elder members of the more staid and wealthy families—the D'Ali, the Platamone, the Adragna, the Burgarella Among these was Conte Agostino Sien Pepoh whose summer residence, Le Iorn, is on the summit of Monte San Giuhano " My reception generally is overwhelming and quite equal to anything my vanity can desire " And again " I never was treated so magnificently as I am here " And again " They treat me like a Royal Personage "

Butler to H F Jones

16 Aug 1892—Everyone is exceedingly good to me and I have no doubt it will help matters that people should have got to know me and feel at home with me, for here, those who interest themselves in the affair treat me much as at Varallo—I mean as though they had known me all their lives

When he was sufficiently recovered to hobble about he was going through the main street of Ence with Biaggini one day and they met a ragged, dirty, but robust old priest who looked about seventy-five but was said to be some years more than eighty.

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"Jupiter?" said Biaggini.

"Giove," at once replied the priest with a strong clear voice.

"Omnetrinumo—?" said Biaggini.

"Este perfettimo," was the rejoinder.

Then Biaggini said, "Pretere?" and the priest replied, "Malandrinumo."

This was the famous Don Giovanni Sciallara of Mount Eryx. The dialogue is really a way of saying, "You do not know Latin," and of answering, "Yes, I do."

"Jupiter?" says the first, meaning "What is the Latin for that?" "Giove" is the answer. "Omne trinum—?" says the other, meaning "Now you go on, if you can," and the priest continues, "Est perfectum." He is said to refuse a single glass of wine; he will not accept less than three because of the Trinity, but will take as many threes as any one will give him. "Pretere?" continues the first, meaning "Prete? (or Priest) What's that?" "Malandrinumo" (A bad man) is the answer.

This old priest was a great favourite with the people whom he used to cure by putting their heads under his cloak and mumbling benedictions. If they did not get better it was because they were wicked.

It was suggested that he should be got to come and bless my foot, but I was afraid it might get about and do me harm at Trapani, so I resisted the no small temptation of having my foot blessed by him.

At last Butler was well enough to be driven down to Trapani where he stayed, making more friends, going about in the neighbourhood to see everything that might bear upon the *Odyssey*, and getting the local features well into his head. He put up at the Albergo delle Cinque Torri and slept in a room which had been occupied by the Emperor Charles V. The house is no longer used as an inn; it stands where two streets meet and on the corner, high up, is a projecting crown surmounting a face, both in carved stone; the face is popularly supposed to represent the emperor but, except for the presence of the crown, there is no reason for thinking this is so, and it is more likely "una maschera qualunque."

It was here that the incident mentioned in "Thought and Language" (*Essays on Life, Art, and Science*)

occurred, when the deaf-mute waiter, speaking entirely in gesture, told a caller that his friend who wore divided spectacles, with the heavy eyebrows and the white beard, meaning Butler, had had his dinner and gone out about five minutes before. This extraordinary fellow is no longer a waiter (1913) but is employed at the railway station. We used to think that he was born deaf and dumb, but I have since been told that his affliction is the result of an accident which occurred when he was about five years old, that he is married and has three children. His name is Leonardo Rao, but he is generally spoken of as "il Muto" or "quel Sordo-Muto."

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Butler was one day in the church of the Annunziata at Trapani, the sanctuary of the famous Madonna di Trapani, and it was a festa.

Some peasants brought in a woman who was afflicted with a nervous disorder and whom they supposed to be possessed by a devil -, they were elderly people and came from some remote country district, but I was told there had been many such on the preceding day. The men supported the woman on either side and kept shouting :

"Viva! Viva! Viva Maria !"

They were trying to put these words into the mouth of the woman, for if she could be got to say them, the devil would come out of her. But it is not reckoned quite safe to stand by on these occasions, you must shut your mouth and put the fore-fingers of each hand in front of it in the shape of the Cross ; for *if* the devil catches you with your mouth open and no Cross in front of it, he will be down your throat *in* a moment and it may be no end of a job to get him up again. I did not see that they seemed to make much progress.

There are still in the remoter districts professional devil-brokers who beat the sufferers unmercifully with the intention of making things so hot for the devil that he won't stay but comes flying out like a wasp or bee.

It reminded him of what Uncle James had seen at Funchal in 1764 (ante, I, p. 8).

Biaggini took him with some friends to the Grotta del Toro in which Ulysses hid his treasure (*The Authoress*, p. 165). " Next to Malconsiglio this is the prettiest bit of identification in the whole matter." They went

1892
Act 56 beyond, to the caves on Cofano {*The Authoress*^ p 193), where the cave-dwellers "provided us with snow white table-cloths and napkins for the lunch which we had brought from Frapani, and they gave us any quantity of almonds fried in a little salt and butter, most unexpected of all, the salt they brought us was mixed with chervil seed" (*The Authoress*, p 194) They went to Custonaci where is the sacred picture of the Madonna and where they saw "geese eating mash out of a trough as in the *Odyssey* 1 here is no grass for them to eat "

Another day he was taken to S Pantaleo, which is the fourth of the Aegadean islands, but not a prominent object like the others, because, as I have said before, it lies low and neir the shore in the dnection of Marsala It is the site of Motya, very famous in her day, and Butler hoped to find remains thit would throw light on his theories about the early civilisation of the neighbour-ho)d In spite of his foot he

wilked with help all round the Islmd and saw many squired stones rculy to be tiken away Whenever they find a niee bit of stone they re-fice it and tike it to Mirsila which, no doubt, is hrgcly built of Motya stones—henee the utter absc.iee of all ruins sive it the north gate and a vestige of the south

On the 23rd August he returned to Palermo where he made the aequaintance of Professor Salinas, Director of the Museum, and of Professoir Romano from whom he githered that Eryx and Cefalu contained the most noteworthy examples of megahthic remains in the Islmd He went with Professor Romano to Cefalu

and climbed to the upper [Cyclopean] fragments, at mid-diy, after lunch, in broiling sun, with mv foot still very inhrin this wis not easy, but wc did it md were nehly rewauled I know not which were the more interesting, the fragments by the seaside or those above, but they both prove the city to have been the site of a great crulizaition No doubt Laecstrvgonm

Then we went to the cathedral, the mosaics in the choir of which (dite 1182, etc) are much the finest of their kind that I have evei seen

In the trim there was a doctor, so I showed him my foot and he spoke \ery seriously about the risk I ran in going about

while it was so much swollen 1 let him bmdige it next day 1892
and stayed a day in Palermo tor the stirsch to di) Act 56

He went to Catania and, as there wis an eruption of Mount Etna, insisted on going up to see it, notwithstanding thit the doctor in the train had spoken so seriously about his foot He accomplished the excursion successfully, as he generally did everything he had once fairly set his mind on doing He staited, with an Anglicised Swiss whom he hippenid to meet it Catania, on the evening of the 26th August , they had supper at Nicolosi where they got hordes which took them hif-way up the mountain to the place where the main stream of lava was coming out They were from 9 » M till 2 A M riding up to this spot, and from 3 to 8 A M riding down It was bitterly cold, and a wondufully clear starlight night, with Jupiter larger thm he hid ever seen him His foot was very painful and his saddle intolerable, yet the sight of the eruption well lepud him

Returning to Catania he went from there to Mussina and, in the train, got into conversation with a Sieihm gentleman who spoke English and pointed out the locks which lie off the coast about half-way between Citami and Aci Reale, saying that those were the rocks which Polyphemus hurled at Ulysses He thought he was giving a piece of interesting information to in intelligent foreigner, but Butler said at once

"Excuse me, sir, but that can hardly be, because Polyphemus lived on the other side of the island , 1 have myself been photographed standing in his cave and it is near 1 rapani "

Finding that the Sicilian gentleman was interested, he went on to tell him thit his reason for coming to the East side of the island was to see these very Scogh de' Caclopi and compare them with the Asinelh and the Formiche near 1 rapani (*The Autholess*, p 189), which he had made up his mind were really the rocks hurled by Polyphemus

The Sicilian gentleman was Professor Giovanni
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1892 Platania of Aci Reale and Catania I formerly thought
 Act 56 it was his brother Gaetano, and made the mistake of
 saying so in my *Diary of a Journey* Giovanni Platania,
 on returning to Aci Reale, recounted to his friend, Mario
 Puglisi Pico, the conversation he had had ^{on} the train,
 and they invited Butler to Aci Reale, but he had not
 time to go there that year

He went by sea from Messina to Naples wheie he
 saw the museum and had his foot diessed He went to
 Cavi and

thence, next morning, to Picstum which deserves all that
 is said of it, but how immcisunbly superior the Temple of
 Neptune is to the others ' It is like fine Norman as against one
 piece of 14th century, and mothei of late and poor Perpendicular
 Heiven forgive me if I am talking nonsense' Thence bick to
 Niplcs ind next dly to Rome Not well loo much knocked
 about

At Rome he rested , but his notion ot rest did not
 preclude pottering about the Capitol, going up the tower,
 and seeing the prehistoric museum and St Peter's He
 wiote to me from Rome, 30th August 1892, and, after
 saying that the authoress of the *Odyssey* was diawing from
 what she had seen, continued

I hive found out about the ferrv [it Irapam] In winter,
 after 1 strong N wind, the tvo seis used to meet, and a cart or
 boit was necessary till a few years back when the land was raised
 I he stent is Ind in winter and this is the ferry

Lastly you remember that, in the country of the Lacstrygonians,
 a man who could do without sleep could earn double wages, for
 the shepherds drive out their flocks to feed by night and those that
 come into the town in the morning meet those who are driving
 out the flock foi the *day*, so that, if a man could do without
 sleep, he might eirn two wages

'J his melib that civiltion was so high there that, instead
 of hiMiig only a morning supply of milk, as at Inapani and
 Palermo, they had orgmised a double set of go its and hid fresh
 milk in the evening is well Hence the small local joke about
 the sleepless man [post, p 246] which enables me to connect
 Liestrygonia with the colossal fragments at Cefalu, more especi-
 ally as the topogi iphie il position between Ustica (the island of
 Aeolus) and the Lipan ishnds (Circe and the Sirens) is perfect
 Now is this pretty, ot is it not?

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

I have satisfied myself of the exact position of Eumaeus's hut and of the Hill of Mercury and of the fountain. All is perfectly clear and easily identifiable. I have also satisfied myself that Eryx was a ruined city in the time of the *Odyssey* and that the great civilization, of which it must have been the seat, must be thrown back to a very remote date, even as compared with the *Odyssey*. However, I must shut up. Scylla and Charybdis, though grossly exaggerated, are more genuine than I suspected. Scylla really did wreck a large steamer last year, and I saw the Avreck. Charybdis really does prevent sailing vessels from going out, sometimes for three or four days together, and the two are very close to one another. There ! I have several other letters to write and I am rather tired ; but have I done well or have I not ?

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He went from Rome to Cortona to see the walls, which he remembered having seen when he went to Italy as a boy with his people, and to Florence to refresh his memory of the walls at Fiesole which he had told Paget to see. After Florence he joined me at Varese. I had gone to Varallo where I had met Mademoiselle Gabrielle Vaillant and Miss Scott. I went with them over the Colma to the Lago di Orta, crossed the Lago Maggiore and so to the Sacro Monte above Varese. Butler arrived the same day, or the next, full of his Sicilian experiences and of the discoveries he had made in confirmation of his theories about the *Odyssey*.

Emanuele Biaggini to Butler.

(TRANSLATION BY BUTLER)

12 Sept. 1892—The name Nausicaa is becoming quite a household word here. When people meet a pretty girl they say "Here comes a Nausicaa." And then they begin talking about the *Odyssey* and about you, and run on for hours about our famous picnics to the caves of the Scurati, Custonaci, Motya, etc.

CHAPTER XXXI

1893

THE WANDFRINGS OF ULYSSES

1893 AMONG the Frapanesr who took an interest in Butler's
Act 57 *Odyssey* theories was Signor Pietro Sugameh. His inteiest
was, however, unfortunately, so enthusiastic as to lead to
sitiutions of a kind disclosed by the next letter in which
Butler is gently endeavouring to choke him off.

Butler to Pietro Sugameh

Jan 16, 1893

MY DEAR SIR—I have this morning received the magnificent
map of Trapani which you have been so kind as to send me, and
which will be of great value and interest to me. I am extremely
obliged to you for it and hardly know how sufficiently to thank
you. I venture however to do so in English rather than in
Italian for I know you are an excellent English scholar.

I perfectly understand your impression and am long since convinced
that the ground outside Trapani towards Monte S. Giuliano was
often covered with sea during the winter months. Stolberg says
that in winter 'Trapani is an island, so in his time the seas seem
often to have joined. I do not, therefore, for a moment dispute
that Trapani was often a veritable island, but, however, I do
say is that, so far as we have my actual knowledge of it, this
condition of things was only temporary and that in its normal
state we have no certain knowledge of Trapani except as a
peninsula.

So much for external evidence. Now for internal—I mean
as for what we can get out of the *Odyssey*. I am confident you
will never get our best Homeric students, nor those of Germany,
to see that the *Odyssey* lends support to our contention. I, as
I dare say you know, am not very fond of those gentlemen, but

I understand them and know pretty well what they will accept and what they will reject in matters of this sort. Moreover, I recognise them as my misters—they are the people whom I am trying to convince, and before whose decision I shall bow as soon as I see that they have really considered the matter at all. At present I pay very little attention to what they say, because they have paid very little attention to it themselves, but when they do, and I perceive that they understand the argument and have taken the pains to form an opinion about it, I shall yield to their opinion whatever it is.

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Now keeping one eye always fixed on Oxford and Cambridge I feel sure I am right in saying that you will never persuade our scholars that from the words *ἀπ'αὐτοῦ* and *ἐγγύθεν* you can draw any conclusion at all as to the fact that Scheria was an island. They would tell you, and I think justly, that you are trying to put more meaning on these words than they will legitimately bear. I have said in the *Lamb uschini* the little I have to say about *ἀπ'αὐτοῦ*, as for *ἐγγύθεν* it means "da vicino" is you very justly say it does, but I cannot admit that this gives you any ground for thinking that there was water between the inhabitants of the chief town of Scheria and their nearest neighbour, and I am convinced that you will not get any of our best Greek scholars to agree with you on this point. You may be quite sure that if I did I should at once come round to your opinion, for all I care about is to be on the winning side, and I should at once go over to the one that I thought the strongest.

When Nausicaa returns from washing the clothes, as described in the *Odyssey*, I can find nothing to indicate that she crossed any water. She seems to have driven straight into the town, much as she would do now, only there was probably more marshy ground on either side of the road. When Ulysses follows her into the town on foot, he crosses no water. As for the ferry of xx 187, I considered this passage with the utmost attention. I could bestow upon it to see whether Lumaëus and Melanthius, who certainly came down from Mt Eryx, crossed the ferry too as well as Philoetius, and the conclusion I came to was that I could not fairly make the passage say this. It seemed to me then, as it does now, that Philoetius was the only one who crossed a ferry, and that the others did not. I believe, therefore, that the ferry was simply across the southern harbour, and that there was no ferry between Mt Eryx and the town.

And now, my dear Sir, I must close this or lose the post. I have written with great plainness believing that it is always best to do so. I am very much gratified at the support you have given me, and am assured that by its means we shall now get the subject fully discussed which without it would have been very

1893 doubtful I cannot, however, pretend that I can go further than
 Act 57 admit that the part between Lryx and the town was often an
 island As for the Western part that you have marked blue—
 that may perfectly well have been water The *Odyssey* says
 nothing about it one way or the other, and my argument is not
 affected one way or the other I have therefore no opposition to
 make to this, and am, with kind regards and many thanks, Yours
 very truly, S BUTLER

Butler gave the lecture, "The Whitewashing of
 Penelope," referred to in Mrs Grosvenor's reminiscences,
 in March 1893 This is the letter he wrote after it •

Butler to Mrs Bovtll

7 March 1893—The obligation was entirely on my side, you
 cannot tell what a help it was to me, and really I thought they
 did seem to like it, which I assure you I had done my level best
 to make them do

Mrs Fuller Martland Ins kindly sent me a card for the 15th
 Of course I shall go

I will come to tea to-morrow with great pleasure, and will
 tell Jones, but do not know whether he has not to go to Mile
 Vaillaint's for a lesson

By the way—do you think you sit too near your large window
 when you have a cold? It occurred to me yesterday that a small
 fire might get in, and nothing turns a slight cold into a
 bad one more quickly Also, I find I have not had one single
 cold since last August—a thing for me unprecedented I attribute
 this to wearing soft flannel night-shirts instead of calico, and to
 keeping well away from my windows during the winter when
 reading or writing.

As for your proposal I am sure it will be a great pleasure to
 fall in with it when I know what it is, which I shall no doubt do
 to-morrow afternoon

This Easter week went to Brussels and Dinant for Butler
 to continue his researches about Tabachetti, and this Easter
 I left Barnard's Inn because the place was sold and partly
 pulled down I found new rooms at 1 Staple Inn, and
 began to live there The night-watchman at Staple Inn
 was named Hatt, and was quite as much of an old fossil
 as I am at Barnard's Inn, but he did not call the hours
 during the night Cousens, who lived in the Inn, was

talking to him about the garden, and Hatt said, speaking very deliberately

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" Most of these flowers, Sir, I planted them myself
Not all of them Most of them "

" I suppose you are interested in gardening," said Cousens , " have you i garden at home ? "

" Not exactly at home, Sir, but I have a bit of a garden on the railway The North London Railway "

" And what kind of soil is it ? "

" Well, Sir, it's a kind of a redoooced loam, it is "

" That's an uncommon kind of soil "

" You see, Sir, it's like this , when the railway come along, it took off the surface and that redoooced it "

" Oh, I see And what kind of flowers do you grow there? "

" Roses Roses There's the glory di John He do very well And William Allen He's all right And the Duchess of Connaught She's got the worm "

We told Butler, and he said he could see possibilities in old Hatt, he might have come out of Dickens

Butler to Mrs Bovtll

DFAR MRS BOVILL—I did not get back till 530 yesterdiv afternoon and could not have got to St Andrew's Place in time—you will, I am sure, see that this is bona fide

I am extremely sorry to hear that you have been anxious about Merric, I will call to-morrow afternoon and enquire I hope I shall find him all right again, and I hope also you will be better yourself, but what with *cold*, *nursing*, and *rehearsing* I hardly expect *that you will be up and about*, and shall be very glad to find myself mistaken I go to Shrewsbury on Monday afternoon and shall return on Thursday or Friday Any day after then will suit me perfectly well, and I assure you Alfred and I will do our best to turn out some nice negatives [photographs of her room] I got some snapshots during this haster that ought to turn out well I took a mean advantage of a little boy and a little girl who, I suppose, had not very long had their breikfast They were by the road-side and I hope the negative will be successful, but I can only show it by leaving it about to be seen—any emphasised calling of attention to it will be out of the question

1893 I hope I shall hear that you are pretty well to-morrow, or
 Act. 57 else I shall begin to feel that I am like the man who said, " I
 had a friend once, but, damn her, she was always catching cold."
 With kind regards, Believe me always yours very truly,

S. BUTLER.

In June, Butler's uncle, Philip Worsley, the father of Reginald Worsley, died, and Butler went to the funeral which gave him another opportunity of wearing his silk hat.

In July he went to Shrewsbury for the School Speech-day.

JOWETT AT SHREWSBURY

Jowett came down to the Shrewsbury School speeches last week, and I was asked to meet him at dinner at Moss's house. I heard the speech he made—it was a sermon not a speech—on the duties of a master and on those of a schoolboy. He read it, badly, and it bored everyone. Seeing, therefore, how old, feeble, and dull he was, I determined to keep out of his way and not to try and draw him about the *Odyssey*. I was put to sit pretty near him at dinner, but we did not speak—we hardly could. Nor did we speak after dinner. In the drawing-room I kept near the door, right at the other end of the room, while he seemed well occupied with those who were round him. Presently, however, he rose, toddled across the room and came up to me.

"I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you here before, Mr. Butler."

"Yes, Sir, but I did not think you would remember me."

"Oh, I remember you very well; you know how heartily we all laughed over your *Erewhon*—and moreover, there was a great deal of truth in that book."

"It was like everything else, Sir, true, and not true."

"Well, yes, I suppose that is it."

"And then, *Erewhon* was published more than twenty years ago, and I have never succeeded in making you all laugh again."

"But have you ever tried?"

"Oh yes, I have written a good many books since *Erewhon*."

"How is it, then, that I have never heard of any of them?"

"I suppose, Sir," I said, laughing, "because they failed to attract attention; but a year ago I did myself the honour of sending you a pamphlet on the Humour of Homer, and another this spring on the Sicilian provenance of the *Odyssey*."

"Ah, to be sure, I remember there was something of the

kind, but I have so many of those things sent me that—well—• 1893
to speak frankly I never read either of them " Act 57

"Why should you, Sir? It was proper of me to send them as I mark of respect which I should have been sorry to omit, but I had very little idea that you would read them "

I kept on smiling all the time, but was particularly careful not to try and draw him, or tell him anything He then turned the subject on to Dr Butler, and assured me that everyone interested in the classics would read my Life of him, whereon we talked for another five minutes or so and parted very amicably

The conversation, however, confirmed me in the opinion I had formed already, that very few people know my of my books except *Frehon* which hangs rather as a millstone about my neck

On the 14th of July Butler left London alone, and went, via Basel and the S Gottardo, to Casale where the Avvocato Negri, who had been continuing his investigations about Tabachetti, communicated the results to him, and Butler in return told him what he had found out at Dinant He then went on through Rome and spent some time among the Etruscan cities between Rome and Naples The megalithic walls fascinated him lie did not find much at Sora, but at Arptno—"Qualche cosa di stupendo!"

The walls [he wrote to me] are a conglomerate of diluvial stones embedded in lime—very large, but hardly so colossal as those of Ence and Cefalu Throughout there is a kind of wild ovarian tumour sort of mad yearning after regularity, of course, but it is never reached, though here and there they seemed close on it—like my father's whistling of the taster hymn, he had got it, but he hadn't got it right

Butler to H F Jones

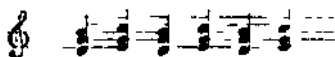
FERFENTINO

24 July 1893—At Atina [the walls were] of less interest but still enough to show that those devils, whoever they were, were there Yesterday I left for Veroli and Alatri, the first very interesting The second—Good heavens ' the gate went through a Cyclopean wall 90 feet thick—and such stones '

My driver crooned all the time, beginning on the dominant and droning on it ever so long, then tumbling down like

1893 "Nilus¹ flow"¹ to the supcrtonic, resting a short space, then up
Act 57 to the dominant and down igain through the supertonic to the
tonic on which he droned as he had done on the dominant
This he repeated over and over again with a very strange and
sweet effect , but, at last, he cime to an end, ind judge of my
surprise when the last time, instead of droning on the tonic, he
walked leisurely through the leading note and droned on the
submedi mf, after which he was mute tor God's sake ask
Roekstro what that meant²

At Veroli in the upper Pelasgic town, close by the Pelasgic
wills, I came upon a street ball—everyone dmcng in the street
I never knew what dancing was before, I could have looked at it
for hours Y ich partnei give his or her light hand to his or
her partner, male or female, taking the partner's left hand They
danced at one another and to Oiie mother all the time—old men
with old men, old women with old women, boys, girls, young
men, young women, every one higgledy-piggledy with every one
All so terribly in eunest tint even my camera was powerless
to attiaet them 1 he music, on an accordion, was



et cetera id infinitum , no vamtion of inv kind Tune would
have been a disturbance and impertinence that should only appear
when there was need of such vanity³

I dined in the kitchen with mine host in his shirt-sleeves, my
dnvei, mine hostess and the boy, all in our shirt-sleeves All
this at Veroli ind thence to Ahtn, and there' fleas and dirt
beyond all voids Well, here at terentino the walls are **not**
less interesting and the inn is cleaner I asked the landlord what
was the best inn it Segni He said it did not matter , that if

¹ He is thinking of *Narnssus* and means " Nilus tide "

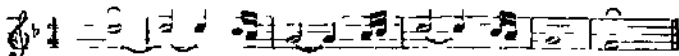
Shall I to Tgypt s dusk) bonds

A portion ot my wealth confide,

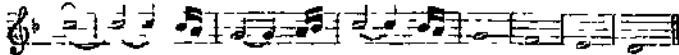
Whire Memnon s fab lid voice responds

To morning s ray oer Nilus tide*

* It ippcars from a subsequent letter that it was like this



Last time



I hould it to Roik«tro but i,ot nothing out ot him except that it was in the
Aeolian mode

* 1 hit is how they dannd m the *Odyssey* after the deith ot the suitors

a man had quattnm all inns were good I said I differed horn him—all depended on the cuore in dentro dell' albcrgitore, if that was good a few quattnm would go a long way, if that wis bad ever so many quattnm would hardly produce any effect at ill He lmmcdntcly pulled out 1 snuff-box of strong snuff mil give me a pinch which was \cr) refreshing At the simc moment his wife entered—seized the water-bottle ind, seeing I wmted no more, spnnkled it all over the floor, in the nunc, I am sure, of the blcNsed gods that live in heaven

1893
Act 57

Address " Poste Rcstinte, Aci Re de, bicily "

Butler to H F Jones

Co* i, lhout 28 July 1893

DEAR JONES—I wrote vesterdiv, but have rather a reason for wilting again to-day, but it is not worth mentioning I left begm at 5 15 on a pony with a guade the landlord insisted on coming too I do not see why he should and I don't like him but I found it hard to shake him off without an open rupture It was a lovely rule of 7 hours all among the mountains to Norma where the walls are quite up to the others Then two hours seeing these same wills and four more coasting along the side of the Apennines to Con, about 1 500 feet above the Pontine Marshes which lay like a map beneath—very fine At Con in the hotel, which is still excessively bad, I fdncy that I can descry, etc 1 he walls, so far as I have seen them, more full of suggestion than any I have yet seen

Not to be too mysterious, since beginning this I have mule up my mind I suspect the landlord of putting some gaol-bud-hke looking fellows at Norma up to way-laying me on my return over the mountains I am not going to hive this, so I shall send my horse back with him and the guide, and go round by tram and railway which is feasible, and I have told the landloid that I do not feel well and shall do this You may take your oath to that It will cost me 3 or 4 francs but it will make matters safe—S B

This was disturbing, and I showed the post card to Rockstro, he assumed that the worst had happened and wrote to me that he had lain awake all night "trying to guess how much ransom the fiends would demand", we were both inexpressibly relieved when the next post card came beginning "I am now at Aci Reale "

The broken sentence about his fancying he can descry in the inn, which is still excessively bad, etc, is a

189; reminiscence of a school incident which he introduced into
 Act 57 *The Way of All Flesh* (chap XLIV), where Dr Skinner,
 speaking to him about the copy of *Alcaics* on the
 dogs of the monks of St Bernard, says what Dr Kennedy
 had said to Butler

" In this copy of *Alcaics*—which is still excessively
 bad—I fancy that I can discern some faint symptom of
 improvement "

Alfred hid as much difficulty with *Act Reale* as he
 hid had with "*cipansoned* " First he called it *Acki-Ahly*
Isard

" No, Alfred. That's not right It is *Act Reale* "

" Well, that's what I said, Sir."

" You said *Acki-Ahly* "

"Isn't that it, Sir?"

" No , it's *Act Reale* "

" Well, let me try *Igim*—*Ackilh-Ahly* , there, that's
 right, isn't it, Sir? "

As he wrote it correctly on the envelopes and none of
 the letters ever miscarried, we agreed that this was near
 enough and accurate pronunciation was excused

Butler's friends at *Act Reale* got him to write some
 articles about his *Odyssey* theory for the *Rassegna della*
Letteratura Siritiana, a magazine then being edited by
 Mino Puglisi Pico They also did him the honour of
 electing him a *Socio Corrispondente* both of the *Accademia*
di Scienze Lettere ed Arti de' Zelanti di Act Reale and
 of the *Accademia Dafnica di Scienze Lettere e delle Arti*
 in *Act Reale*

Butler also wrote for *Il Lambrusthni*, a scholastic
 periodical published at *Trapant* All that he wrote in
 these papers was used up as material for *The Authoress of*
the Odyssey

He went for a long day to *Saracusa* and was taken
 round by *Politi* who showed him all the antiquities In
 the absence of polygonal walls he had to be contented
 with early Greek work He passed through *Palermo*
 where he spent a morning in the museum with the early
 Etruscan work and the metopes from *Selinunte* and then
 went on to *Trapam*.

Here he reconsidered the sites of the Grotta del Toro and the cave where Ulysses hid his treasure, and saw that the bay of S Cusunnno must be the harbour Reithron of the *Odyssey*. He went with Biaggini up the Mountain, and Conte Pepoh showed him, in his garden, the remains of an old wall and, in the light of all the expentnee he had gathered between Rome ind Naples, he reconsidered the walls of Eryx. He returned to the site of the hut of Eumaeus near the Ruccazzu dei Corvi, but there were not so many ravens theic as there used to be formerly, probably because the Count had attracted them away to Le Torn. And he settled that the old city on the Mountain must have been the oniginal of Hypereia in the *Odyssey*. Act 57

From the Mountain he saw the island of Pantellana, about half-way to Africa. This he had settled was Calypso's island and, as he was told that theie were Cyclopean walls and nuraghi theie, he determined to visit it. He stopped at the island of Favognana on his way, and when he got to Pantellana stayed several days there examining all he could find, and making notes about the walls and the prehistoric remains, and afterwards returned to Mount Eryx. In one of his letters to me he gave some account of his stay in the island.

I went on my mule to the top of the mountain accompanied by my guide who was very like the busts of Socrates ["Rambhngs in Cheapside"]. The bunches of grapes sprawled on the hot earth like heaps of amber bead-. I ate too many or something and was very unwell. I found the cottages of the peisants scrupulously clean, the perfection of neatness and cleanliness. Dr Lrrera [the Sindaco] assures me that this in the country is universal. fhev wall all their oringe trees round with a hich circular wall with a door—sometimes 20 feet of wall. I hey say it is to protect the trees from the wind.

I can say nothing about the excellent arciprete, with his vestments and spectacles all covered with snuft and his teeth like the stump stones of a Peiasgic wall. Nor yet of Dr Krreia, the pretore, the maresciallo and the two other most amiable men with whom I supped nightly. It is too hot and I am too tired.

Butler sent the following two post cards to Mrs Bovill, who was staying at The Vicarage, Chor'ey Wood

1893 They are both dated 22 Agosto 1893, and were posted
 Act 57 at Monte San Giuhano, Trapani

Post card No i

DEAR MRS BOVILI I heard from Jones last night and feel convinced of bin in not hiving written , it is not that I have so much to do, is tint these good people here will not let mc do inythinir at all No sooner do 1 sit down thin hist one comes and then another—nor are they by Any means proficients in the art of gonnj; However -I brought it all on myself Why could not I have let the *Odyssey* alone ? I have revised another six bks of which i send you a sample on another card I don't see that the second 12 bks are miten illy less interesting than the first It was vciiy kind of vou to perk Jones up by asking him to Chorley Wood I wish Ch Wd were within reach, for I want a little attention myself—something his disagreed with me or I have disageed with something, and this two diys past I am a wreck I expect I shall be all light to-morrow I went to the islnd of Puuell i n I and the judge, the Sindaco and the head of the military used to dane without our coats in the street outside the restaurant , when I went away they would not let me pay my bill, md all accompanied me on board a mile from shore —Kind regards, S B

Post card No 2

xviii 214 " I elcmachus," said she addressing her son, "I fear you ire no longer conducting yourself so discreetly as you used to do When you were younger you had more sense, but now you ire grown up, though a stranger to look at you would tike you for the son of well-to-do people as far as size and good looks go, he would be mistaken, for your conduct has been by no me ms whit it should hive been What is all this disturbnice thit has been going on, and how came you to allow a stranger to be so disgracefully ill-treated ? It is most discreditable to you that such usage should have been offered to anyone who came as. a suppliant to our house "

' I am not surprised, my dear mother, at your displeasure," replied Telemachus "I have come to vears of understanding and know perfectly well when things are not as they should be, which I could not do when I was younger, but I cannot always keep my temper First one and then another of these wicked people here keeps driving me out of my mind "

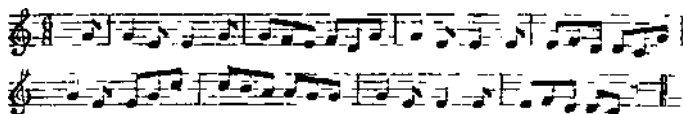
Butler to II f Jones

MONTF ERICE

1*93

Act 57

22 Aug 1893—While in bed this moriing I heard a voice singing m the street accompanied bv a fiddle and 'cello , it seemed like a boy's voice



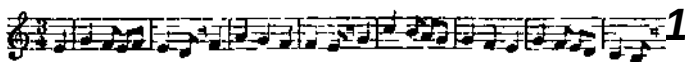
This he repeated over and over again, but never twice the same exactly , it was lovely—the voice very "simpitica " I went to the window and found it came from a little, blind, old mm who sang falsetto He played such a fiddle ' and his mate played the violoncello I hen he changed and sang a more complicated tune So I got him and asked him to do the first over again He could not He never sings the same twice, but makes up his tunc as he goes on and then forgets it He ought to be followed night and day by a musical amanuensis

24 Aug 1893—I am still shakv and have to keep quiet The general consent is that I got it at Pantellana, which I believe I did, and from drinking goat's milk when the goat was in the family way, wrrch seems to be thought here next door to poison I have it borne in upon me that it was this I he Count [Pepoh] sends me excellent water fion the castle every day Biaggini his sent a couple of bottles of extra special wine, so I am to drink good wine and water and forswear goat's milk, otherwise I never was better in my life

That blind man who sings so beautifully has hardly got dily nose—it is smashed in at the bridge When he lies, he says

"May God smash my nose and strike me stone blind if I am not speaking the truth "

I heard him again last night His range of melody is limited to the class of song in vogue among the Sicilian peasants, but within that range I never heard anything to compare with it What the quality of voice is I know not, but I should think " evirato "



I have just caught this from him, but it is always varied—never the same twice , and as long as he chooses to sing one **must** listen

1893
Aet 57 This blind singer and his mate with the 'cello travel about the country, I met them once at Fiesole, and I have met them also in Palermo. From the Mountain Butler went to Calatafimi, stopping on the way at Castelvetro to see Selinunte.

WAITING TO BE HIRED

At Castelvetro I had to start the next morning at 4 A M to see the ruins of Selinunte and slept lightly with my window open. About 2 o'clock I began to hear a buzz of conversation in the piazza outside my window and it kept me awake, so I got up to shut the window and see what it was. I found it came from a long knot of men standing about, two deep, but not strictly marshalled. When I got up, at half-past three, it was still dark and the men were still there though perhaps not so many. I enquired and found they were standing to be hired for the day. Any one wanting labourers would come there, engage as many as he wanted and go off with them, others would come up and so on till about four, after which no one would hire, the day being regarded as short in weight after that hour. Being so collected, the men gossip over their own and other people's affairs — wonder who that fine-looking stranger going about yesterday with Nisicla was, etc. [*Odyssey* vi 273]. His, in fact, is their club and the place where the public opinion of the district is formed.

At Selinunte he found the ruins as impressive as possible, with the stones even larger than those used in the walls of Eryx but

the work is ill Greek, not a trace of anything Pelasgic. There can be no doubt that the columns were thrown down by an earthquake. No human enemies would have taken the trouble to make the destruction so thorough. Not even Christians.

Just as I was leaving Castelvetro station a little newspaper boy, of about 9 or 10 years old, came up to me, smiled, said "Scusi" and kissed my hand, the trim moving off as he did so.

The train took him from Castelvetro to Calatafimi, from which one starts to visit Segesta. Eryx and Segesta were the two towns of the Elymi and, having seen the first, he had to see the second. Emanuele Biaggini had given him an introduction to Cavaliere Biagio Inghra.

who, with the *Avvocato Cabasino*, met him at the station and they drove up together

1893
Act 57

Calatafimi is also famous in modern history. When it was known in 1860 that Garibaldi was coming to Sicily with his thousand men, the English wine-merchants at Marsala applied to the British Government for protection, as there was likely to be fighting. Two of our ships were accordingly told off to do what was necessary, and they did it in such a way that Garibaldi was able to land with little difficulty at Marsala, whence he marched to Calatafimi and there won his first victory over the Neapolitans. Of course we were not to be blamed if the evolutions of our ships, necessary for the protection of our wine-merchants, incidentally happened to protect Garibaldi, nevertheless it was known that our sympathies were with him, and the propriety and correctness with which we managed the business were quite in the Italian manner. It will be remembered that during the revolution they themselves were writing "Viva Verdi" on every blank wall that offered—a perfectly innocent thing to do, of course they were not to be blamed if their favourite composer's name happened to be formed of the initial letters of the words *Vittorio Emanuele Re D' Italia*. The Sicilians never forget, and this throws some light upon their great love for the English, especially in this corner of the island, where I have repeatedly been told the story of Garibaldi's landing.

In 1862 Garibaldi made a tour in Sicily in order to raise a band of volunteers to march on Rome, and the first place he went to from Palermo was Calatafimi. He attended service in the Church of the *Crocefisso* to receive the Benediction of the Holy Sacrament. After the ceremony *Ingroja*, who was then an enthusiastic young priest, preached the sermon, which was less a sermon than a passionate outburst of patriotic aspiration. The congregation was in an uproar, and Garibaldi, who knew how to seize an opportunity, left his *pne-Dieu* in front of the altar, approached *Ingroja* as he descended the pulpit steps, seized both his hands, thanked him and inquired

"Of course I may not take your place?"

1891
Act 57 Ingroja replied that on the contrary the pulpit was at his service Garibaldi mounted it and poured forth his soul to the people, dwelling upon the idea of United Italy with Rome as her capital, and saying in conclusion that if all priests were like Ingroja the political situation they all deplored would soon be settled to their satisfaction

After church Garibaldi visited the battlefield, the scene of his victory two years before, and then returned to the house on which there is now a marble tablet stating that he lodged there in 1860 and in 1862 Recognising Ingroja among those present to receive him, he came to him, embraced him and kissed him three times, once on each cheek and once on the forehead Then he went out on the balcony and made another speech to the people, in which he summarised all that had been said in church that morning, and, for the first time, uttered the historic words

" Roma o Morte " "

From Cilatahmi he went to Trapani and Marsala, returned to Palermo, and so on through the island making speeches everywhere, and everywhere repeating " Roma o Moite "

Ingroja, when Butler made his acquaintance, had left the church, married and settled down to his profession of schoolmaster They were of the same age, within a year, and became fast friends Ingroja was indefatigable in helping Butler in his Odyssean studies, and his suggestions, unlike Sugmien's, never led to any embarrassment He looked forward to Butler's annual visits as to the visits of a brother, and Butler, in dedicating *The Authoress of the Odyssey* to him afterwards, spoke of him as his " prezioso alleito "

Ingroja took Butler to the temple of Segesta, whose date, 460-409 B.C., he readily accepted They then went up the height to see the remains of the town and the theatre Judging by the stones of the theatre he thought its date might be about 800-700 B.C. What was the date of the town of Segesta ? From here Eryx is distinctly visible and Segesta on its height, lying to the east of Eryx and glowing in the rays of the setting sun, must

have been a prominent object in the view from the Mountain, and therefore familiar to the authoress of the *Odyssey*, who, however, never mentions it. He could not believe that she "would have been able to keep her tongue off" Segesta "if it had been in existence in her day", nor would she have described the Phaeacians as dwelling beyond the reach of enemies, as she has done, if there was a city so near as Segesta—unless, of course, it were as yet only an insignificant place. Act 57

THE DATE OF SEGESTA

In this case the date of the foundation of Segesta is to be placed somewhere prior, at the latest, to 800 B C (is being assuredly considerably prior to the [Corinthian] colonies of Suacusi etc) but later than 1100 or 1050 BC which is as late as I dare put the *Odyssey*. The *Odyssey* however might well go back as far as 1150 or 1200 B C, earlier than which I do not think it should be placed. Roughly I should make a shot at about 1000 ± ab the date of the foundation of Segesta.

Before leaving Sicily he went to Aci Reale to correct the proofs of a pamphlet in Italian about the *Odyssty*, and then turned north via Messina, Naples, and Rome to Casale. He would not go to Varallo because of something that had occurred in the Crucifixion chapel on the Sacro Monte.

This chapel contains from twenty to thirty life-size terra-cotta coloured figures, and on the frescoed walls and ceiling are painted about 150 more figures. All the frescoes and, with the exception of the Christ upon the Cross, all the statues were designed and executed by Gaudenzio Berran who used for the Christ an older and very impressive wooden figure, already much venerated, no doubt intending that its popularity and its slightly greater archaism should detach it from those around it and thereby enhance the austere solemnity of the scene.

This grave old Christ was deposed. We had seen it in the Sacristy, its long, thin arms stretching helplessly over the edge of the table on which it was lying, and on the Cross, under Gaudenzio's weeping angels, there was a

1893 shocking new plaster image which might have been turned
 Act 57 out in a couple of mornings by the old Jew sculptor we
 had seen working at Crea It was like coming upon an
 emendation by the late Sir George Macfarren in a Palestnna
 mass The strange Christ was still on the Cross, and
 Butler marked his sense of the slight to Gaudenzio by
 refusing to go to Varallo He wrote to Dionigi Negri
 that he would come no further up the valley than Borgo-
 Sesia where he should be happy to see any of his friends
 who cared to come down and meet him Eight of them
 came, and they dined together

As soon as he returned to London he wrote to *The Times* (17th October) detailing all the circumstances
 Anenta complained to the authorities in Rome, and the
 old figure was replaced Three negatives of Gaudenzio's
 Crucifixion chapel taken by Butler were lent by him to
 assist in the restitution of the original figure

There is no longer any fear of a repetition of this kind
 of sacrilege at Varallo Dionigi Negri told me, in 1904,
 that the Administration has awakened to the fact that it
 possesses a valuable and unique work of art, and intends
 to take proper care of it for the future

Alfred to H F. Jones

22 Sept 1893—The Governor arrived home safe last evening
 I thought him looking very well, only a little thin, but now he
 is home again he will pick it all up before Xmas I was very
 glad to see him after such a long absence, and so was he to see me
 again I will not bully him more than I can help, but only a
 little teasing at times for that is only Alf^{d s} nature and he does
 not really mean it

I had started for my holiday about the time that
 Butler returned, we met for a few days in Switzerland,
 and I went on into Italy alone On my return to London,
 in the train between Basel and Calais, I made the acquaint-
 ance of a young Swiss from Basel, Hans Rudolf Faesch
 He was coming to London to learn our language and our
 business ways, and, when we parted at Charing Cross,
 promised to call on me, which he did in October I took
 him to see Butler, who was much attracted by him, and he

was constantly with us, coming out for walks on Sunday and spending the evenings with us. He found employment in a business house in the city, and remained in London about a year and a half. 1893
Act 57

The family of Faesch, which in French is spelt Fesch, has been long established in Basel, its most distinguished member was Cardinal Joseph Fesch, the half-uncle of Napoleon. I take the following from the *Biographie Universelle* (Michaud)

Fesch (Joseph) Cardinal, archeveque de Lyon, pnat des Gaules, etc., <kait frere utéVin de Laetitia Ramolino, mere de Napoleon I^{er}. II naquit a Ajaccio le 3 janvier 1763. Son pere, Francois Fesch, etait Suisse, d'une famille de Bale aibce et consideYfe, un de ses ancetres avait ete bourgmestre de ctte importante cite. Capitaine dans un regiment helvetique au service de G6nes, Francois Fesch suivit son regiment en Corse, alors sous la domination de cette repubhque. Il y connut Angele-Mane Pietra-Santa, veuve en premieres noces de Ramolino, Laetitea etait le seul enfant de ce manage prematurement brise par la mort. Francois s'eprit des charmes de la jeune veuve.

The captain being a Protestant there were difficulties, but he changed his religion and married the widow by whom he had one child, afterwards known as Cardinal Joseph Faesch, the half-brother of Laetitia Ramolino.

One of our favourite ways of spending Sunday was to take Hans Faesch by a morning train to Gravesend and walk to Gadshill, stopping on the way for a glass of beer at a certain public-house. The landlady was one of those who enjoy bad health, but the precise nature of her complaint was obscure. She was always well enough to attend to us personally, and Butler used to make a point of inquiring sympathetically after her symptoms.

"I trust, ma'am, you are feeling better?" inquired he one Sunday in what was almost the professional bed-side manner.

"Oh, sir, I am a great sufferer," replied the landlady.

"Are you sleeping fairly well?"

"Yes, thank you, sir."

"Is your appetite pretty good?"

"Yes, thank you, sir."

1893 " You do not suffer from palpitations? "
 Act 57 " No, sir, thank you "
 " Are your——?"

Here the inquiries became so particular and intimate that Hans, who already had nearly disgraced himself, had to be bundled out into the road as quickly as possible

At Gadshill, the scene of one of Falstaff's classic exploits, just as Mount Eryx is the scene of the classic events in the *Odyssey*, we had lunch and walked on to a neighbouring station from which we returned to London

Another of our walks was to Harrow Weald, where there was a public-house kept by two old ladies and their niece, and the niece resembled the portraits of Queen Elizabeth Butler often had his satchel full of new-laid eggs which he had bought at some farm-house on the way One day as he was saying good-bye to the old ladies and Queen Elizabeth, afraid of crushing his eggs in the narrow passage, he said

" I must be careful as I go out, you know, I feel like a woman in the family way "

" Get along with you," replied one of the old ladies in a state of high delight , " what do you know about such things ? "

On the 25th September he told me in a letter that through Russell Cooke (his solicitor) he had sent a copy of an article he had written for his friends at Aci Reale to Mr Gladstone " He won't look at it, still I thought it better to send it "

Butler to Mrs Bovtll.

10 Oct 1893—Thank you for your encouraging letter There are ten more books to do I have gone through them again during my summer outing and am now copying them out fair, for I have hacked the original MS about

I hope you feel that, lovely and brilliant as it is, it is the hand of a delightful woman and not of a man that is holding the pen It may be only my fancy but I seem to see this in every page It does not matter where one opens it, I always feel it. I don't think any of the remaining books are less interesting than the two you have just had *Show these wherever you like,*

and, any day next week that you like to name, bring Merric to tea and I shall then have two more books ready for you

1893
Act 57

The Authois' Syndicate people cannot get a publisher to undertake my translation I am in no hurry, for I do not want to take any steps myself just now—not in fact till the MS is quite completed

Alfred to H F Jones

16 Oct 1893—I am very sorry to have to tell you that the Governor was robbed of his watch-chain on Saturday night, about 10, in Fetter Lane by one of those prigs that hang about the Lane mostly outside the Busy Bees I he thief put his arms around the poor Gov^r, snatched his chain which broke at the swivel, thereby leaving the watch in his pocket, and then bolted Of course the Gov^r could not follow him, so the blackguard got away It gave the Gov^r a dreadful scare, but I am by his side to comfort him and cheer him and pull him through

I shall be very pleased to have the honour of meeting you on Thursday if you let me know the time you arrive at Charing X

Rockstro had been robbed a short time before in full daylight in Albemarle Street, or one of those streets going north from Piccadilly I told him about Butler's loss and he wrote "What a shame to rob dear old Butler ' My chain broke also and saved my watch in exactly the same way "

Butler wrote to *The Times* a letter headed " Robbery in the Streets" and signed "A Victim," but nothing came of it There is a word of Alfred's in the first of the following chain of letters to Mrs Bovill—" stresses " He meant " tresses," having been told that Mrs Bovill was undergoing some treatment for her hair My being "good for nothing" means that I had been or was ill "La Musa " is the name of the picture which was used as the frontispiece of *The Authoress*.

Butler to Mrs Bovill

20 Nov 1893—Yes, please, I will call for the 8 books on Wednesday at 4 30, but I must be home early as Jones is very good for nothing and I shall want to get up to him as soon as I can

I am getting the whole thing together and mean trying a literary agent—true, the Authors' Society man was a literary agent and he could do nothing, but I will try another

1893 Enclosed from Alfred please keep till I come on Wednesday
Act 58 He told Jones all about your "poor strtses" as he called them
About La Musa the dialogue after you were gone was

"You know, Sir, I knew you had another copy and I did not know any one worthier to have it than Mrs Bovill. I thought if I brought it out while she was there you would say she was to have it, so I showed it to her"—so you see it is Alfred's little attention not mine, but he was a little uneasy about having said "female," till I reassured him and said I felt sure you would overlook it this time if it did not occur again

So glad you are satisfied with the last 4 books

Butler to Mrs Bovill.

9 Dec 1893—* think you will be rather expecting a call from me to-morrow afternoon to which I was myself looking forward, but on my return on Thursday I found Alfred in bed with severe rheumatism and cold. I have sent the man who attends on Jones [Dr GreatRex] and who, also, by the way, was a protdgc, more or less, of old Dr Butler's and he says that Alfred must not get up before Tuesday next, and then must not stir out for a week after leaving his bed. To keep such a parched pea as Alfred in tolerable obedience will be no easy matter, but at present he is too much bowled over to want to get up. Therefore on my return from my walk to-morrow, instead of getting out at Portland Road, I shall do so at King's Cross and go and sit with Alfred. He is well looked after, I assure you, and I am not in the least uneasy about him, only it is a time when he will expect that due attention should be shown him.

Besides though the doctor vows that there is no influenza about it, I have my suspicions, please consider, then, that I have stolen a pair of socks, or some sausages, or at any rate am under a social cloud till the patient requires less attention and we know better what the mischief precisely is.

P.S.—I shan't be able to smoke at Alfred's.

Butler to Mrs Bovill

17 Dec 1893—I will come and see you, please, at 4.30 to-morrow. Alfred is much better and was allowed out for half an hour to-day, I am no longer uneasy about him, provided he will be moderately prudent.

About cigarettes. There is no house in which a determined

smoker cannot smoke without being found out If you put your head well near the chimney and send the smoke well up it, it can be done quite safely I do not mean to say it is nice, but it is much better than nothing If I found myself absolutely precluded from this (which however can hardly be) I should eat the cigarette, or chew it at any rate, there is a great deal to be said for chewing

1893
Act 58

Butler's interest in New Zealand had not ceased Besides receiving letters from the colony he had visits from one or other of his friends when they happened to come to the old country Sir Julius and Lady von Haast came more than once, if I remember right, and he dined with them He wrote among others to Colonel Alexander Lean, who is mentioned (ante, I 103) as having had a run on the Rakaia and who retired, practised as an architect in Christchurch, and took a prominent part in music Butler told him about the exorcism at Trapani, Colonel Lean, in his reply, 22nd March 1893, supposed that it was the will of the patient that effected the cure and continued his letter

I trust N Z will never be hull-down with you My younger son is off next week a-mountaineenng I strongly advised him to read afresh your incomparable descriptions in *Erewhon* I never tire of them myself They remind me of a time of my life when I lived, when we were all agog for "country," when I found you at the club (at Woodman's) with a tell-tale rim above your sun-and-glacier-burnt mask which told me of your explorations before your own narrative You found a better thing than "country"—you found *Erewhon*

In January 1913 I came across a book, *New Zea/and - pictured by F & W fVnght, described by the Hon W. Member Reeves, High Commissioner for New Zealand* (London Adam & Charles Black, 1908), wherein I found this passage (pp 162-3)

Butler's sheep-station, Mesopotamia by name, lay among the alps of Canteibury and the satirist himself did some exploring work in his pastoral days, work concerning which I recall a story told me by an old settler whom I will call the Sheriff I his gentleman, meeting Butler one day in Chnstchurch in the early

1893 sixties, noticed that his face and neck were burned to the colour
Aet 58 of red chocolate

"Hullo, my friend," said he, "you have been among the snow "

"Hush!" answered Butler in an apprehensive whisper, and looking round the smoking-room nervously, "how do you know that?"

"By the colour of your face, nothing more," was the reply

They talked a while and Butler presently admitted that he had been up to the dividing range and seen a great sight away beyond it

"I've found a hundred thousand acres of country," said he "Naturally I wish you to keep this quiet till I have proved it and applied to the Government for a pastoral license "

"Well, I congratulate you," said the Sheriff "If it will carry sheep you've made your fortune, that's all"

But he intimated his doubts as to whether the blue expanse seen from far off could be grass country And indeed when next they met the latter shook his head ruefully

"You were quite right, it was all bush "

I have often wondered whether that experience was the basis of the passage that tells of the thrilling discovery of Erewhon beyond the pass guarded by the great images

I wrote to Mr Pember Reeves reminding him of this passage, telling him I was writing Butler's Life, and asking whether the Sheriff was not Colonel Lean In his reply (25th January 1913) he wrote

You have hit it! It was the late Colonel Alexander Lean, Registrar and Sheriff of the Supreme Court in Christchurch Colonel Lean described Butler's appearance It was not only his neck that was burnt chocolate red, but his face right up to the line on his forehead marked by his hat

The early chapters of *Erewhon* are a wonderfully vivid description of the general features and atmosphere of the Canterbury Alps Of course the height and distances have been exaggerated

Colonel Lean wrote Butler a further letter on 16th May 1893, from which this is an extract

The evening after I wrote you last, there was a discussion at my table among some young fellows who proposed getting to the top of Mount Arrowsmith (if you know the mountain by such

a name) The question was your route to Erewhon You would, I fancy, have been interested at seeing the second generation with your book before them, keen on identifying the points of that celebrated journey which has now immortalised you, for you will be identified with this country as long as it lives.

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Butler to Colonel Lean.

Dec i2«* 1893

DEAR COLONEL LEAN—I have let your very kind and entertaining letter of the 4th of September remain too long unanswered, pray forgive me, the days slip by faster than I can count them. What a social cataclysm that crash must have been, but, as you have observed, it must have had its comic side. Let them be meek in the day of their victory, they will not be so, but their turn will come, if they are not. I cannot resist copying the speech of Ulysses to Amphinomus from the eighteenth book of the *Odyssey* [124-151] which will serve at once to show the lines on which I have laid my translation and also how little the world has changed.

Everyone has been bullying Ulysses—who, by the way, does rather keep on asking for it—and Amphinomus gives him some bread and meat. Then Ulysses says

"Amphinomus, you seem to be a man of no mean understanding, as indeed you may well be seeing whose son you are. I have heard your father well spoken of, he is Nisus of Dulichium, a man both brave and wealthy, they tell me you are his son and you appear to be a considerable person. Listen, therefore, and take heed to what I am saying.

"Man is the very vainest of all God's creatures that live and move upon the earth, for as long as heaven vouchsafes him health and strength he thinks that he shall come to no harm hereafter, and even when the blessed gods bring sorrow upon him, he bears it as he needs must and makes the best of it, for God Almighty gives men their daily minds day by day. I know all about it, I was a rich man myself once, and did much wrong in the stubbornness of my pride and in the confidence that my father and brothers would support me. Therefore, let a man fear God in all things always and take the good that heaven may see fit to send him without vainglory."

Is it not *fine*? not very profound, true, and yet what can be more profoundly true? It is the old story of putting down the mighty from their seat, etc., but after all it doesn't come to much, for the humble and meek *do* get so confoundedly cocky in such a little time that it is much as though the mighty had not

1893
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been put down at all For my own part I confess my sympathies are rather with the mighty I am afraid of hbeialism—or at any rate of the people who call themselves liberal, they flirt with radicals who flirt with socialists who flirt with anarchists who do something a deal more than flirt with dynamite Well, at any rate the new rulers of society in Christchurch had better look out

I went to Sicily again last summer and had a delightful time notwithstanding the intense heat and a good deal of quasi-dysentery, but it docs not seem to have done me any harm I found out one or two mistakes in my theory the correction of which has improved it very much Nothing has ever interested me (except, of course, Handel) so much as this *Odyssey* business has done, it is far the finest piece of good fortune that ever happened to me, and I find it all the sweeter for the strong displeasure which it has aroused in academic circles This, I know, is not righteous, but when the righteous man turneth away from the righteousness which he hath committed and doeth that which is a little unlawful and wrong he will generally be found to have gained in savoir faire what he has lost in holiness

These Oxford and Cambridge people have treated me de haut en bas so long and so inexorably (no doubt they are quite right, but they must not expect me to say so to them) that now I feel I have got their heads in Chancery as far as the *Odyssey* is concerned, do you think / am going to remember the advice to Amphinomus which I quoted at the beginning of this letter? No, I will have my punch at them before I let them out. Probably I shall do nothing of the kind, but it refreshes me to think I will

If you knew the insolence of these people, and the way in which alike in literature and science they keep on throwing dust in our eyes under the pretence of helping us to see things more clearly, being all the time bent on nothing but swagger and the rolling of their own logs, you would understand better the contempt and dislike I feel for them—I mean for the more noisy and for those who are most in evidence Among my grandfather's letters I found one from Dr Parr in which he says " the plain truth is that the Church and both the Universities are corrupt to the very root Your grandchildren will be eye-witnesses of the mischief I have lived and, happily, my head will be under the sod when the storm bursts " This was written in 1822 and the storm has not burst, nor does it seem likely to burst yet awhile So much the better, let us stave it off as long as we can, and nothing will stave it off more than the creation of a strong outside public opinion over which the dons and friars shall feel that they have no influence till they show that they

deserve it But rotten to the root they assuredly are now to the full as much as they were in 1822

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Act 58

By the way my *Life and Memoirs of Dr Butler* has stood lamentably on one side for some months During my holiday, in railway stations, in trains, at every odd moment I revised my translation of the second twelve books of the *Odyssey*, on my return at the end of September I copied these twelve books anew and found they had thrown so much new light on the first twelve that these wanted no little revision also I have another ten days' work to do on them, and then I can return to Dr Butler whose correspondence I have found fascinating—so clear, so strong, so laborious, so sensible and, above all, so kind and considerate that I really know of no collection of letters that I find more charming And then the people who wrote to him did, some of them, write such lovely stuff Here, for example, is a sentence

"Sans interest, sans patron, sans everything that makes a man no-man, I left my cradle to swagger through the wilderness of life, gathering crab-apples by the way and munching them on the thorn-stuffed stool of repentance" Why, it is Shakespearean¹

But how could I help it? When Fortune threw such a prize as the bringing back the *Odyssey* and its writer to their own home and people, what man with one spark of literary enthusiasm could refrain from at once putting all else on one side? I have seldom felt more profoundly moved than when I brought Tabachetti back to Dinant in Belgium, where his very name was unknown, and restored that Titan to his home after an absence of 300 years [*Ex Voto*~\], but that was a little thing in comparison with this

Does it occur to you that there may be a little presumption in all this? I assure you it does so to me, but my pen has run away with me and I reckon you have taken the length of my foot before now

Veel² has not written and will not write, so I shall have a correspondent the less and, believe me, my correspondence is heavy especially for Italy and Sicily By the way, in Sicily this summer I saw the ruins of Segesta—columns in every flute of which a man can stand' When London goes to rack we shall leave nothing like it

I don't know whether you like nonsense verses, I don't know that I do much myself, but something made me write one or two the other day

¹ I he Rev S Tillbrook to Dr Butler, 21st April 1817, *Life and Letters of Dr Butler*, I 127

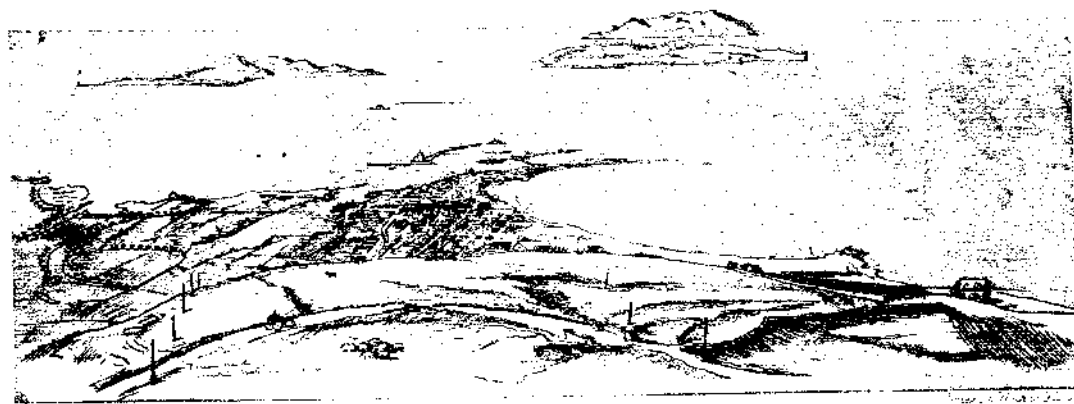
² Colborne Veel, fcditor of *The Press*, N Z, while Butler was writing in that paper

THE LOST CHORD

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There was a young lady named Ford
Who kept trying to find the Lost Chord,
So she banged the notes down
Till she roused the whole town,
And when she had found it—O Lord '

I suppose you know Sullivan's song "The Lost Chord"
Believe me, with all kindest wishes for the new year in which
this will reach you, Yours very truly, S BUTLER



*Trapani and the Islands
from Mount Eryx*

CHAPTER XXXII

1894

THE COUNTRY OF THE ODTSET

THE following extract is from the *Life and Letters of Dr Mandell Creighton* by his wife (II 83) 1894
Act 58

The Bishop had been reading Mr Samuel Butler's enchanting book *Alps and Sanctuaries* and determined to visit some of the places there described. We divided our time between the Italian lakes and the lower slopes of the Alps and explored many mountain sanctuaries. As a result of this journey the Bishop got to know Mr S Butler. He wrote to tell him the pleasure his books had given us and asked him to visit us. After this he came frequently and the Bishop was much attracted by his original mind and stores of out-of-the-way knowledge.

Dr Creighton was at this time Bishop of Peterborough; he was translated to London in 1897. His first step in getting to know Butler was taken in 1893. He wrote to Martin, a photographer in Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, for particulars of the illustrations to *Ex FotOy* which, according to an advertisement in that book, Martin was ready to supply. Martin, however, having retired from the business, handed the letter to Butler, who replied to the bishop that he was about to start for Sicily, but that, in his absence, Alfred would be pleased to print any photographs that might be wanted.

The Bishop of Peterborough to Butler

THE PALACE, PETERBOROUGH,
11 July 1893

DEAR SIR—I have just received your letter, and hasten to thank you for it. I will deal with your clerk as you permit me to do.

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Act 58 But I cannot lose the opportunity which your kind letter offers me of expressing a hope that, after you return home, it may be possible for us to meet and have a little talk I find myself on many points relating to art and literature—and to Italy, which may rank as a subject by itself—in agreement with you, and it would be a great pleasure to me to compare notes Anyhow you will pardon the suggestion —Yours very faithfully,
M PETRIBURG

No doubt Butler made a suitable reply, but he did not keep a copy I have a recollection that the bishop called upon him in Clifford's Inn, but it may be that the visit was later I he next thing I find is in a letter from Butler to me of 30th Decembei 1893

What do you think ? I he Bishop of Peterborough has written and asked me to spend from Saturday to Monday (Jan 13-15) What a Sunday I shall have, to be sure ' Of course I must go

The conclusion that " of course " he must go was not arrived at without consideration, as will appear from the following note reproduced from *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912)

DR MANDEIL CREIGHTON & MR W S ROCKSTRO

The first time that *Dt* Creighton asked me to come down to Peterborough, in 1894, before he became Bishop of London, I was a little doubtful whether to go or not As usual, I consulted my good clerk, Alfred, who said

" Let me have a look at his letter, Sir "

I gave him the letter, and he said

" I see, Sir, there is a crumb of tobacco in it, I think you may go "

I went and enjoyed myself very much I should like to add that there arc very few men who have ever impressed me so profoundly and so favourably as Dr Cieighton I have often seen him since, both at Peterborough and at Fuiham, and like and admire him most cordially

I paid my first visit to Peterborough at a time when that learned musician and incomparable teacher, Mr W S Rockstro, was giving me lessons in medieval counterpoint, so I particularly noticed the music at divine service The hymns were very silly, and of the usual Gounod-Barnby character Their numbers were

posted up in a frame and I saw there were to be five, so I called the first Farmingdon Street, the second King's Cross, the third Gower Street, the fourth Portland Road, and the fifth Baker Street, those being stations on my way to Rickmansworth, where I frequently go for a walk in the country

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In his private chapel at night the bishop began his verse of the psalms always well before we had done the response to the preceding verse. It reminded me of what Rockstro had said a few weeks earlier to the effect that a point of imitation was always more effective if introduced before the other voices had finished. I told Rockstro about it and said that the bishop's instinct had guided him correctly—certainly I found his method more satisfactory than if he had waited till we had finished. Rockstro smiled, and knowing that I was at the time forbidden to work said

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle brains to do."

Talking of Rockstro, he scolded me once and said he wondered how I could have done such a thing as to call Handel "one of the greatest of all musicians," referring to the great chords in *Erewhon*. I said that if he would look again at the passage he would find I had said not that Handel was "one of the greatest" but that he was "the greatest of all musicians," on which he apologised.

The foregoing Note was one of those which were published in *The New Quarterly* before the *Note-Books* (1912) appeared, Mrs Grosvenor did not see those selections until I lent her my copy some time afterwards. She then wrote to me, 31st December 1911.

The Notes are delightful. By the way I can add to one. When Mr Butler came to tell me he was going to stay with Dr Creighton, he told me that Alfred had decided he might go, on finding the little flake of tobacco in the letter. Then he asked me if I would lend him a prayer-book as he thought the bishop's man ought to find one in his portmanteau when he unpacked, the visit being from a Saturday to Monday. I fetched one and as I handed it to him he said

"Is it cut?"

Mrs Creighton, in giving me permission to print the bishop's letter (ante, pp 175-6) and also another letter from him (post, pp 315-16) suggested my asking her son, the Rev Cuthbert Creighton, if he had any reminiscences of Butler's visits to the Palace at Peterborough, and atter-

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Act 58 wards to Fulham I give his reply here because it seems to me interesting to read his account of this visit to Peterborough immediately after Butler's own account

REMINISCENCES OF SAMUEL BUTLER

BY

The Rev CUTHBERT CRLIGHTON

Mr Festing Jones has kindly asked me to contribute my reminiscences of Samuel Butler, and, in attempting to do so, I fully recognise that the only interest they can have for anyone but myself is to add one more testimony to a feature of his character which must already be clear to all who knew him or who have read his writings with discernment. I mean that kindly and sympathetic interest which he was always ready to take in any of his fellow creatures, the condition of which was merely that they should be ready to invite and respond to his friendliness, and which he showed as readily, perhaps even more readily, to an Italian peasant or (as in my case) to *dt* Lngsh schoolboy as to those with whom it might naturally have been considered that he had more in common.

I made Butler's acquaintance on the occasion of his visit to my father at Peterborough in 1894 when I was 18 years old. The circumstances of this visit are described by Butler in an amusing note published in the *Note-Books*. My father, to whom Butler was then unknown except as the author of *Ex Voto* and *Alps and Sanctuaries*[^] had asked him to come and stay, as a result of the pleasure he had taken in these books and in a recent visit to some of the places described in them. I remember my father telling us children that an unknown and probably rather eccentric visitor was coming to stay who, he had been warned, held cranky views on certain points and especially on Darwinism, which made it most desirable to prevent the conversation approaching any of these subjects, and whom there were some grounds for suspecting of an antipathy to bishops. It is interesting to recall this now as showing the view that was commonly held then of Butler as a scientific writer. This announcement of course stimulated our imagination, and I pictured to myself a formidable-looking man, with a loud voice and a brow-beating manner, who would have to be humoured and prevented from becoming controversial.

A greater contrast to the real Butler it would have been difficult to conceive, and this threw into all the stronger relief the modest courtliness and gentleness, the simple dignity and

complete absence of anything that could be considered alarming or formidable, which struck me at once when Butler entered the drawing-room before dinner, and which made me feel no diffidence or hesitation in approaching or entering into conversation with him

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He had brought down with him his photographs of Varallo and the Sacro Monte which he showed to us and talked about at dinner. The photographs were mounted in albums with the titles fully and neatly written underneath. I was struck by the repetition of the name Alfred, thus "View of the——, with Alfred," so at length I ventured to ask

«Who is Alfred?"

Butler at once told us all about Alfred, how he had travelled with him on this occasion and mounted his photographs for him, and how invaluable he was to him. As an instance of this he told, to our great amusement, the story of the crumb of tobacco in the letter, as related in the *Note-Books*.

My eldest sister sang one or two German and Italian songs, which gave Butler occasion to speak about music and, either on this or on some subsequent occasion, he gave her a copy of *Narcissus* and other music, and showed a kindly and appreciative interest in her singing. When my father took him away to his study later on, he said good-night to us all and left the room, walking backwards, smiling and bowing to the company in the quaint old-fashioned way which I understand was his habit on such occasions.

I think this was the only time Butler stayed with my father at Peterborough,¹ but a little later on he was a frequent visitor at Fulham, when he would come down to tea on a Sunday afternoon for a talk with my father. I am afraid I can remember nothing to record of these conventions at which, however, I was always, as far as possible, an interested listener and, somehow, there grew up in my mind a feeling of rather special friendliness between myself and Butler whose manner was always such as to put me completely at my ease and to invite my confidence. I used to make a point of accompanying him through the garden to Putney Bridge station when he went away. On one occasion when I enquired as usual after Alfred, to whom and to whose services to him Butler would frequently refer, Butler replied

"Unfortunately Alfred has been taking a holiday and I have been terribly at a loss without him. The other day a dreadful thing happened. I had to go down to Shrewsbury to be present at the unveiling of a memorial to my grandfather and I thought I ought to have a new suit of clothes in honour of the occasion

¹ Butler paid certainly one other visit to Peterborough, in January 1895 (post, p. 200)

1894 So I got what seemed suitable and went to Shrewsbury But
Act 58 when I came back in the evening my laundress exclaimed in
horror

"'Lor' I Mr Butler, you've never been and gone to Shrewsbury
in that coat and them trousers "

"And then I saw that I had been to Shrewsbury in my new
coat but an old pair of trousers Well now, you see, if Alfred
had been there, that could never have happened "

I mention these somewhat trivial details in the hope of giving
some idea of Butler in his relations with young people, and of
the way in which his kindness and simple courtesy evoked from
them a ready response I had by this time read and heard
enough of Butler to recognise that he was a man of remarkable
originality and penetration, intellectually formidable and even
ruthless, but I was never in the least inclined to be alarmed by
him , I felt that he was always ready to be interested in one and
to meet one on common ground, and that without any suspicion
of condescension on his part, or of the feeling that he was
bringing himself down to one's level, which it is rare for anyone
to be so completely free from as was Butler in his dealings with
his intellectual or social inferiors

To have known Butler, even to such a limited extent as I
(*id, has meant much to me For now when I read his writings,
besides the brilliant thinker and unsparing critic whom none can
fail to find in them, I have before me also the picture of one
who was above all things, and to an unusual degree, kindly,
courteous, considerate and sympathetic in his personal relations
I cannot feel at all sure that I should have had the discrimination
to discern in the writer of the way of *All Flesh* and the *Note-
Booh* the man as I was privileged to know him But with that
knowledge I can now see shining, or perhaps I might rather say
twinkling, through his pages the personality of a man of rare
loveable character, one who, though this may sound an unexpected
note on which to end and though the idea would have brought
an incredulous smile to his lips, always seems to me to have had
in him something of what I conceive to be saintliness

C CREIGHTON

Man't iznd, 1914

In February 1894 the spire of St Mary's Church,
Shrewsbury, was blown down Butler " sent them £10—
being about the earliest subscriber People said I ought
to have given more. Perhaps I ought, but it does not
matter."

Soon afterwards, being at Shrewsbury, he went to the church and the clerk showed him the ruins of the nave

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"Now, Sir," said the cleric, "you go to any of these famous dynamite people and ask them to throw you down that spire so clean on the middle of the roof as that is done. There isn't one of them as could do it. Lord bless you, Sir, it's the hand."

And so he went on, fully convinced that the Almighty had himself personally conducted, as it were, the spire into the middle of the nave.

Mr Poyntz, the rector, preached saying or suggesting that the spire was thrown down because the Shrewsbury people were organising a memorial to Darwin.

On 20th July Butler went alone to Casale, whence he wrote to me that the Italian translation of *Ex Voto* was at last published. He went from Casale to Rome and Naples, then by steamer to Messina and down to Aci Reale to consult with Mario Pughsi and his friends there about the articles he was writing for their magazine.

One day Mario took him to the Scogli de' Ciclopi, which Giovanni Platania in the train in 1892 had offered to him as the rocks hurled by Polyphemus. The rocks are also considered by some writers to include the island on which Ulysses and his men hunted the goats (*Od IX* 152). They were, of course, on the wrong side of Sicily for Butler who had already located the goat island on the west (*The Authoress*, p 43), where he also located the rocks that were hurled, but he thought he ought to consider the claims of the Scogli de' Ciclopi. He and Mario landed on the largest island and looked about for evidence. There was vegetation, but no trace of goats, and Butler said to Mario

"Qui vedo cappen, non capre" ("Here I see capers, not goats")

So the Scogli de' Ciclopi were dismissed.

They went to spend a day at a country house belonging to Mario on the slopes of Etna. The house had been shut up empty for some weeks, and at the moment of turning the key in the lock Mario was aware of a movement—something very slight, but he recognised it for what it was and said to Butler

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" That was an earthquake "

Etna was in eruption at the time, and as they came along they had been discussing earthquakes, so Butler may be excused for having thought that Mario was trying to make fun of him. He felt himself all over, back and front, legs and arms, and replied

" I don't think so, there is nothing broken "

The next day there was a more decided shock in the same ntighboui hood, and Butler, who had returned to Catania, saw an account of it in the papers. He wrote to Mario inquiring whether anything had been broken the second time, and saying he supposed that, in spite of his having felt nothing, there really must have been an earthquake at the country house. After he left Catania he heard thit the shocks became slightly more serious, and was disappointed to know that he had missed them. He was always interested in natural phenomena, but I should have thought he had had enough of earthquakes, there was the shock when he was at school at Shrewsbury, in New Zealand they aie so frequent that he must have felt several, and there was the one in Callao harbour when he was on his way back. Perhaps these were all slight shocks. I think that, if he had lived to sec the ruins of Messina after the disaster of 1908, he would not have wanted any more earthquakes

Butler to Mrs Bovill

GRAND HOTEL, ACI REALB

4 Aug 1894—Alfred writes me that you have been so kind as to send him .1 teapot with which he is evidently very much pleased, he tells me he has written to thank you. I know what he will hive said. It is most strange that such a consummate letter-writer as he sometimes shows himself to be should break down so completely as he does when he has to make a set composition. When I have been giving him his Whitsun outing I have seen the letters sometimes that he has written to the young woman whose property he now is, and was always amused to see how perfectly correct and conventional (I mean of course how stupid) they were.

The happy event took place on Sunday the 29th. There is a kind of excellent red champagne, at once strong, tasty and of a

good flavour, that grows on the slopes of Etna, under the shidow 189+
 of which mountain I am now writing So I made Alfred's Act 58
 wedding an excuse for having a bottle to drink his and his bride's
 good health, ind drank as nearly as much as was good for me—1
 mean of course that I got as nearly tipsy as I ever think it worth
 while to get

On the day after the wedding Alfred himself wrote to me as follows

"The wedding went off very nicely and everybody said how nice we looked I was under a top hat and felt very strange I can assure you It was a lovely morning We all met at church at 9 15, and when we came out got into a hansom cab to escape as much as possible the storm of rice, whilst the others came home on foot Mr King gave the lady away It was a perfect success, and not the slightest thing occurred to mar the day's enjoyment I am only sorry that you were not able to be present, but your health was drunk by us all Our party numbered 14 This morning I am in veiy good form "

Which means of course that everything went oft quite nicely

My object in being here is to put a long Italian irticle about the *Odyssey* through the press I here arc two good kind gentlemen here who edit a paper called *La Rassegna*, and they correct my Italian and keep me straight, but they seem to have no notion of the value of time and I have been kept here a full week and shall have another 3 or 4 days over work that should have been done in two days easy However I get on with the *Iliad* (I have done 1000 lines since I left England) and if I was not here I should only be somewhere else, but I shall get on to Trapani as soon as ever I can

Etna is smoking a little, not much, but there was a sharp little shock of an earthquake two days ago

Murray has got the MS of Dr Butler to consider, but I have little idea that he will take it If he does so it will be a great thing, but, even though he does not, I feel pretty sure that somebody else will

What a long stupid letter when all I had to say that was worth saying is that it was very kind of you to give Alfred a teapot I am quite well, but very hot and badly mosquito-bitten

The happy couple left London for Boscombe, whence Alfred wrote me the letter which follows The reader must settle in his own mind whether to class it as an effort made in his capacity of " consummate letter-writer " or as " a set composition " I do not think it " stupid " I like knowing how thoroughly the ardent young lovers

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enjoyed their solitude i deux, and with what enthusiasm they looked forward to settling down together in their new London home

Alfred to H F Jones

7 TOWER ROAD, BOSCOMBE, BOURN*MOUTH,
Aug 15th 1894

MY DEAR SIR—I must apologise to you and ask your forgiveness for not answering your nice letter before this I know you will forgive me I am very pleased to hear you had a nice passage over, and was not ill I trust you will get along all right, and will have a veiy pleasant holiday I have forgotten Mr Watt's address, but will send it to Mr Larken as soon as I return to London We return home on Sat* evening about 9 30 I had a letter from the Governor this morning He is quite well ind going on all right They seem to badger him about with their " Article " He seemed to have got away only just in time from Acireale, when the eaitquake happened The Governor left about 14 hours before it happened I am (and so are we all) glad he escaped it

Mv wife and myself are enjoying our holiday immensely 1 he weather this last week has been glorious We are awfully sun-burnt, in hct I am quite brown We have had some very nice walks, and picked up a very nice couple, which makes it very plf jsant and breaks the monotony of always being by our two selves We have walked to Christchurch and Southbourne and enjoyed it much There are a great number of people down here, especially Bank Holiday week We leave here on Saturday evening at 5 and will have had 15 days at Boscombe, which ought to brace us up for the coming winter "*of our discontent*"

I will now conclude with my very best love and the best of wishes and remain,— Yours very truly,

ALFRED EMERY CATHIE

P S—Mrs Cathie sends her very kind regards to you and hopes you will return safe

Having broached the subject of Alfred's epistolary style, it may help the reader to appreciate Butler's criticism if I give here this letter received from him about six years previously

Alfred to H F Jones

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, LONDON, E C
July idth 1888

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DEAR SIR—I was very pleased to hear from you and of your safe arrival I have been waiting until I had been to the Italian Exhibition so as I could have something to tell you I went with Mr Butler on Saturday and enjoyed myself immense As far as the Exhibition itself goes I do not think much of it, the other little [] was what I enjoyed, such as the Music in the Gardens, also the Switchback Railway I enticed Mr Butler to have a ride with me on it, which he did, but he said when he came off " // was damnable" I soothed him by saying the motion was ridiculous but the sensation was grand He left me about 4 o'clock and at 5 my companion met me and we spent the rest of the time together We went to the Coliseum to witness "Rome under the Emperors" and thought it was very good I got home just after 11 o'clock after having spent a nice long day I hope you are having better weather than we are, it is nothing but rain now Hoping you are quite well and begin to feel the benefit of your little trip,—Believe me to remain yours truly,

A CATHIE

Butler went from Aci Reale to Castrogiovanni, the site of the ancient Enna where Proserpine was gathering flowers when Pluto carried her off* Here he stayed at the Trattoria Grande " the salone is a modern theatre with boxes all round it and a stage at the end In what should be the pit one dines " He hoped to find remains of Sican or of Pelasgic walls, but failed In the museum, however, he saw some amber, taken from the neighbouring river-bed, which interested him particularly, because amber is never mentioned in the *Ihad*, whereas in the *Odyssey*^ a Sicilian poem, it occurs three times

AMBER

In one piece of amber in the museum there was a whole willow-leaf, and in another a little snail-shell I he odds against the preservation of that willow-leaf were heaven knows how many million to one, still it was preserved On the othei hand, the odds against no willow-leaf having been preserved, if there was any amber exuding in the neighbourhood, were also heaven knows how many million to one So that squares it, and prevents our being compelled to accept the Christian miracles

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Prom Castrogiovanni he passed through Palermo to Trapani and, having heard that there were remains of walls in the island of Marettimo, determined to see them. This account of the excursion is condensed from his letters to me and his notes. The illustration at the opening of this chapter, "Trapani and the Islands," is not a success as a work of art, for instance, I have not sufficiently detached the foreground, which is Mount Eryx, from the middle distance, which is Trapani. It is, however, intended less as a work of art than as a bird's-eye view of the course taken by Butler in his excursion to Marettimo. The town is seen jutting out into the sea. On the left are the salt-pans, the dots representing heaps of gathered salt covered with tiles to protect them from any possible thunderstorm. The harbour from which he started is shown between the salt-pans and the town. Favognana is the island to the left, Marettimo is the island that cuts the horizon lying "all highest up in the sea to the west", Levanzo is the island which hides Marettimo when you look out to sea from the level of Irapam.

MARETTIMO

About 10 P.M. on Tuesday 14th August I went on board the bi-weekly sailing post, a small cutter, a mere fisherman's boat, a tub that would make 6 or 7 knots an hour, perhaps 10 feet broad and 20 ft long, with a slightly arched upper deck and beneath this a hold, about 4 feet high, filled with the properties of the captain, his son and another lad. The second of these boys hid what I have not infrequently noticed among the young sailors of this neighbourhood, a singularly beautiful set of teeth, all white as ivory, strongly set and packed like peas in a pod.

I looked into the hold where, among the hundred odd things that such a boat was sure to contain, was a mattress spread for me. I smelt the hold and shuddered. Many previous passengers to and from Marettimo must have suffered from the effects of the lumpy sea which the vento maestro raises. Cheese and onions and rum, dirty clothes and barrels of pickled sardines, cockroaches and blackbeetles—the ghosts of all these things and the living presence of many more gave me pause and I preferred the lovely moonlight and the fresh breeze of the deck.

The voyage ought to take 3 or 4 hours, as we glided out of the harbour, it was like being in Venice and the other boats showed black in the sheen of the moon as we passed them. Presently, however, the islands of Levanzo and Favognana remaining still ahead of us, it appeared that no progress was being made. The breeze went down and we tacked about with the lights of Trapani still near, and at last there was not a breath. The sails flapped while the boat rose and fell with the swell, the yard creaked and we lay becalmed for hours during which the moon set in the sea. I was dewy and silty but not uncomfortable—only bored. About 3 A.M. up sprang a breeze, fairly strong and dead against us. Tack, tack, tack (derive "tack"), and then the sea rose rapidly and I was getting splashed. There was nothing for it but to go down into the hold, this therefore I did, not without difficulty.

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I went below from 3.30 to 6.30 and then put my head out of the opening through which I had crept, feeling sure that we must be near Marettimo. Alas! we had not yet reached Favognana, and the sea was now not dangerous but roughish and white-horsey. Presently the captain said he should not venture further than Favognana and that unless he made it pretty soon he should put back to Trapani. I said

"Do what you think best. I shall leave it to you. If you think there is risk in going further, don't go."

The end of it was that after 11 hours we did actually make Favognana and here we stayed till evening when they hoped the wind would shift round, but I didn't see why it should.

So I landed about 9.30 A.M. and went to the inn (very decent) had a substitute for a bath and am now writing this with the very utmost difficulty in keeping awake, as you may imagine. At noon I shall dine and then I will take two solid hours of sleep after which, I doubt not, I shall be able to do my quantum of Homer [translation of the *Iliad*] which I brought with me in case something should confine me.

We started again from Favognana at 4.30 the next morning and crept along, sometimes helping ourselves with a little rowing. The swell, after the heavy weather, made any locomotion on the boat difficult. Once we came upon some wicker fish-traps set by a boat which we could see ahead of us, and in no time the captain and the two boys turned a dozen nice live red mullets flapping on to the deck. Before they were quite dead the captain began to scale them and cut them through and then set about cooking them. The boys playing with one another amused me much, they laughed when I told them that they were like kittens while I was like an old cow. The monotony was further relieved by our finding some nets and some more fish-traps which

1894 the captain knew to have been lost, with some trouble we got
 Act 58 them on board and in one of them there was the finest lobster I
 ever saw, quite two feet long from the tail to the end of the
 claws—such a brute ' and in another there was a cray-fish
 Then the sun set, and nothing can be conceived more lovely ,
 but the heat and monotony were distressing and brought on a
 head-ache behind my right eye which has been with me ever
 since At last, about 9 P M there sprang up a light breeze
 which presently freshened and ran us down to Marettimo in no
 time Soon after dark on Thursday evening 16 August we
 landed, having taken in all 48 hours to go a distance of little
 more than 20 miles

I presented my letter to the brigadier who at once beat up
 the landlord and did his best for me Ulysses himself was not a
 grciter object of curiosity to the Phaeacians than I found myself
 to these people Almost immediately the brigadier introduced
 me to a young man, Vincenzo, who knew my *Odyssean* theories
 and seemed much interested, so into his hands I was committed
 and at 8 this morning he came to fetch me

Vincen/vO took me all over the place and showed me all I
 wanted to set There are some remains of a very ancient
 civilization on the ishd, not many, but enough to leave no
 doubt that there had been such people , I should say, however,
 that they belonged to an *age* long prior to the *Odyssey*, to one
 which, moreover, had become extinct when the *Odyssey* was
 written The whole island, except where naturally protected by
 precipices, was surrounded by a wall which, though mainly
 destroyed to make other walls, can be traced wherever the island
 is accessible and was clearly a defensive wall I am confident
 the island had no important civilization in the days of the
Odyssey, but the fact of this wall is sure to have been known and
 I cannot doubt would impress the authoress of the poem As
 she transferred Thersites's hump to Eurybates, so I strongly
 suspect that her wall running all round the island of Aeolus is
 in reality suggested by this wall

17 Aug 1894—To-day I was to dine with the brigadier, a
 good little man, a smart little person of about 24, very good-
 natured and most anxious to be hospitable He has two men
 under him, good creatures both of them, and at about 12 o'clock
 he came to fetch me The barracks were as small and meagre
 as can be well conceived , downstairs there was a small mess-
 room, kitchen and ripostiglio or cellar-larder Upstairs was the
 brigadier's office-bedroom and the rooms of the two men After
 a certain amount of waiting upstairs, one of the men announced
 that dinner was ready and we went down, all four of us dining at
 the same table The three have to do everything for themselves,

no servant being permitted It transpired that they had cooked the dinner between the three of them The cloth was very dirty and, as they have no meat, no milk and very few eggs, it may be imagined that, though they were doing their very best, the good fellows could not do much 1894
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First we had chicken broth, very fair and not untasty Then came the chicken which had made the broth—such a poor little drunken drab of a thing as it must have been I hen four huge plates of macaroni covered with tomatoes, mine being four times as much a^c I could by any conceivable means manage to eat, I removed half at once and ate half the remainder Then came another chicken, own brother to the one that had made the soup Lastly came what I was told was the inside and entrails of the two chickens together, / e their gizzards, livers and as much as could be, by hook or crook, utilised of the lemaining insides And the wine was black and strong with a taste of treacle and rum

They had been fortunate enough, said the second soldier, to find some specimens of a kind of land-fish , it is really a fish, but still they find it on land , he did not suppose we had it in England, but it had a delicious flavour , it seems to fill the whole stomach with a divine and exquisite aroma that remains for several days , indeed, for a fortnight afterwards, when any little wind rises from the stomach, you can still taste it The description reminded me all the time of the soothing herb which Helen put into the mixing bowl in the fourth book of the *Odyssey* But what to do? And what, again, was this wonderful land-fish ?

" You find it on walls and stones "

" Oh, " said I, " I have not seen any lizards on the island, " for I made sure that lizards were intended

" No, " was the answer, " lizards are not good to tat, but these are exquisite, we call them lumachi, and now I remember we have the shells in the kitchen "

" And here, " interrupted the second soldier, triumphantly, " they actually are, " as he laid a dozen snail-shells on the table

I could have better eaten a worse meat Had it been lizards I could have eaten them and thanked heaven it was no woi se Had it been stewed mice—yet could I bear that too, well, very well But snails ' I would as soon eat cockroaches and blackbeetles I thought of my uncle John and how his brothers, when he was a boy, offered him sixpence if he would eat a cockroach He mused for a while

" The stomach, " he murmured, " will be the worst part "

Then we had two pears and two figs each and the meal was ended

I hey had a little, wild, live rabbit in the npostiglio and they showed me how the dog would catch it without hurting it

LUCK AND CUNNING

1894. I was then taken to the brigadier's room and the poor little man
Aet 58 gave me details as to the miseries of his life in Marettimo which
I can well believe For my own part I could not live there a
twelvemonth After this I was to photograph them, first in full
dress, then in undress and then there was to be a fuendly group
which was to include the phlebotomist and the shocmakei—for all
which see my photos, if, as I hope, they turn out all light The
phlebotomist is also birbcr *dild* hair-dresser, but I do not think the
people employ him very much

We got back to frapani at 4 A M on Sunday 19 August,
after *di* uncomfortable dawdling return voyage of 13 hours
At any rate it seemed to me quite worth while to go, and I am
glad I went, but I have had a rough time varied, however, with
episodes which will come in another *Alps and Sanctuaries*, if evei
I get to one, and which I need hardly say I carefully note

Butler to Jones.

19 August 1894—Whit with posting up the notes—which is
the first thing the transition of the *Iliad* (I have done Bks vn
vin IX), letters, photography, and visitors without ceasing, I have
my work cut out

Both Dudgeon and Pauh write as though they considered I
hid scored in Lord Sihsbury's address to the British Association,
but I really do not see that I do Certainly DM win gets blown
upon for his natuail selection but that is now little more than
common form

Dr Dudgeon to Butler.

53 MONTAGU SQUARE, W
9/* August, 1894

DEAR M R Buner—Lord Salisbury's presidential address at
the B[ntish] Association] meeting must be "nuts" to you
Lord Salisbury, who may be considered a representative intelligent
"man in th[^] stieet," sees that "luck" won't do and that "cunning"
must come in to explain evolution, and this is just what you
taught and what Darwin gnashed his teeth at vou for doing I
don't know if you are still in town, but I could not help congratu-
lating you on this public adoption of your views Of course
Sihsbury has not any idea of what the "cunning" really is—he
seems to hint that it is theological—but it is enough for the
present that natural selection "luck" is relegated to a back seat—
the older Darwin's "cunning" will come to the fore presently

Lord Salisbury doesn't seem to have found out the fallacies of
Lister or Pasteur yet, but the man in the street, however intelli-
gent, does not know everything —Yours very truly,

R L DUDGEON.

Butler to Dr Dudgeon

TRAPANI, SICILY

August 20M, 1891

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DEAR DR DUDGEON—Your very kind note reached mt here yesterday on my return to this place from the ishd of Marettimo, where there are some prehistoric remains which I wished to see

I read, or rather skimmed, Ld Salisbury's speech *dnd* thought, as you do, that he was quite awake to the fact that the Charles-Darwinian natural selection is rubbish, but then the amount of soft soap, etc and the absence of anything like plain straightforward outspokenness did, I confess, disgust me The man knows that Charles Darwin has messed and muddled the question for many years, that he mystified the public under the guise of making things easier for it, that he very well knew he was keeping things back from us which he knew himself, and which he knew that it concerned us to know, but which he was not going to tell us, that he was unscrupulous in the means he used if he wanted to get rid of a troublesome opponent, thit he behaved towards his predecessors with a meanness which would be incredible if alleged concerning anyone except himself, all this is known to Lord Salisbury and to the greater part of those who listened to him I confess, therefore, it is not without impitience that I view the farce that is kept up between speaker and audience It not only serves no useful end, but it encourages and widens that severance between science and sincerity which, as you and I know so well, is already apparently impassable It I see a man hanging about the British Association at all, or indeed any of the learned societies, I look upon him ipso facto with suspicion, and such speeches as Lord Salisbury's confirm one in the opinion that I do well to do so What—well, I have said enough

I was very nearly caught in the Aeireale earthquake, the first shock happened half an hour after I hid left, the second and most serious one about fourteen hours afterwards My friends tell me the distress and damage done are very great I shall return about the 20th of September and will call shortly afterwards I am quite well, but the heat is fearful—I can only sleep by lying outside my bed close to a wide-open window and letting the mosquitoes do exactly what they choose, by this means I get along all right With kind regards,—Believe me,
Yours very truly,

SBUILER

P S —What is wanted is not to reconcile science and religion—let them fight it out—but to reconcile science and common modesty, accuracy, and straightforwardness which, so far as I can see at present, have a very righteous quarrel with her for innumerable insults she has heaped upon them

1894
Act 58

On 22nd August Butler went up Mount Eryx to stay for a week with Conte Agostino Sien Pepoh at his summer residence, Le Torn Here were the ravens which had been attracted from the Ruccazzu dei Corvi Some of them were half-tame and would eat out of one's hand ; they had had silver bells hung round their necks and would flit tinkling in and out of the Castle windows and perch upon the crazy wooden balconies Butler brought back a snap-shot showing old Monsignore Di Marzo, one of his fellow-guests, asleep in a perilous chair upon one of the balconies "over the edge of a precipice of many hundred feet, backed by leagues upon leagues of Sicily " But he could not get the ravens into the photograph.

Butler to H F Jones

MONTfc FRICP

26 August 1894—On Monday they have the *Personaggi, 1 e.* people dressed up as the great personages of Holy Writ, they make a *Cavalcata Simbolica* beginning at 1030 PM and continuing all night—no doubt a continuation of some old rites of the I mple of Venus which, as you know, was here and very magnificent in former times

I like the count, but he is a queer mixture of shrewdness and heaven knows what else He has an imperfect lady here this year, lent to him by the marchese, but it is understood she is more for show than use She is a very nice person and I should like her very much if she did not exhibit so decided a desire that I should take her back with me to London—an idea which makes my backbone curdle Still she is exactly the person we want Shall I bring her after all ?

29 August 1894—I came down on foot from the Mountain under guidance of a contadino provided by the count I was to be taken the short cuts and I was so taken We were benighted halfway and I seldom have had a more difficult and even perilous walk but, thanks to extreme care, no mishap occurred Yes, Ulysses certainly did want a stick for that walk

It was a wonderful experience at the count's The great event which I was staying to see was " I *Personaggi*" who made their progress on the night of Monday-Tuesday They begin about 11 P M and progress slowly through all the narrow streets till 5 30 A M by which time the poor personages are nearly dead and often they faint away

- I Night, a man dressed as a woman, with a veil of black net before his face, reclining in front of a background of clouds 1894 Act 58
- II Ashtarothe (/ e Venus) con seguito di Sacerdotesse
This was very good Venus was exceedingly pretty , she stood inside i huge open bivalve with a dear little cupid and two sweet little girls going before her
- III Baal
- IV Idolatry
- V L* Apoteosi, or Divine Honours paid to Man This was personified by Julius Caesar, one of the finest-looking, best-built young fellows imaginable.
- VI Aurora
- VII The Sun
- VIII Faith
- IX Christian Civilization.
- X Eryx
- XI Charity
- XII Youth

And finally a triumphal car, in the form of a boat, on which were a band of music and six little girl-singers, surmounted by a copy of the Madonna di Custonaci

Each of these figures was superbly dressed, with jewels in some cases weighing ten pounds of gold and precious stones for a single dress Every gold ornament in the town and neighbouring villages in possession of any family is lent and never a ring is robbed the arrangement of the jewels is made with consummate skill I was taken round to see the personages in their own houses before they started and they had picked the most representative they could find I he visits thus paid were as interesting as the procession itself The whole thing was pagan with the slightest varnish of Christianity , all other such things I have seen were Christian with a touch of paganism The crowds, the perfect spontaneity, indigenouseess, and heartiness (not a priest in the whole procession) made it a thing which I should be very sorry to have missed

I gave Donna Maria, the cook at the count's, an old lady of my own age, 5 francs, when I went away, tipping the other servants, of course, also , the cook was the only one [of the servants] who kissed me The count kissed me too

He went from Trapani to Castelvetro and reconsidered the ruins of Selinunte With several friends **he went** to Poggio Reale to see some remains of walls **near by**, on Monte Ehmo, but could **not** make out much
voi 11 o

1894 except that they probably were on the site of some Sican-
Act 58 Trojan-Phocaeen city

He then went to Calatafimi, and one day Ingroja and his friends took him for an excursion of a few miles on horseback to Monte Inice, where there is a castle in which Charles V stayed and where he hunted, some one had written a book saying that there were prehistoric remains there, and Butler hoped to find something to help him. Either there were no remains or they were of no consequence, anyhow the excursion was very enjoyable. It was early in September—one of those days that in Sicily succeed each other all through the summer and early autumn, when there is no cloud in the sky and the land lies breathless under the heat. They had brought their lunch with them and were eating it in the shade. Presently Butler looked up critically in the direction of the sun and, with the little reiterated shake of the head which all his friends remember, said, very solemnly

"Non nevica" (The snow keeps off)

He could not have spoken more seriously if he had been announcing some important discovery concerning the Temple of Segesta itself, and for a moment they were puzzled, then they all laughed, and continued laughing about it for the rest of the day. He was as much surprised and pleased as any of them, for it was an old joke he had picked up years before in New Zealand and had used off and on ever since. With us it had grown so threadbare that we scarcely looked upon it as a joke any longer, it had never, even in its best days, met with so great a success as on this occasion, the fame of it spread through all the country round, and he became known, and is still spoken of, as the Englishman who had proved that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman at Trapani, and who had said, "Non nevica"

While Butler was in Sicily I was abroad, and at Basel made the acquaintance of the Faesch family. Hans was still in London, but he wrote to his people to expect me, and I stayed with them a few days in his grandfather's house outside the town. I met Butler on his return, and we were together at Casale whence we went with the

SEEKING A PUBLISHER

Avvocato Negri for an excursion to Crea to see ¹⁸⁹⁴ Tabachetti's work there. We also went to Rosignano, ^{Aet 58} which is on the hills near Casale, and stayed with the painter Morbelh at his country house, and Butler made many photographs of the children in all sorts of engaging attitudes We returned to London on 20th September

Butler to Mrs Bovill

Oct 4, 1894—We have examined the outside of your house and saw such evidence of painters that we make sure you are still at Chorley Wood, I hope enjoying yourself I have been back the best part of a fortnight and go down next week to Shrewsbury to my sisters, after which I intend being a fixture for some time I translated 6 more bks of the *Iliad*^ but have not yet revised and copied them out The *Odyssey* still on its rounds from publisher to publisher hitherto without result Dr Butler in like manner has started on his way—hitherto with no better success I cannot think however but that sooner or later Mr Watt will place both books for me, and in the meantime go on with the *Iliad* Alfred seems quite contented and comfortable I think he is all right Jones brought a bad cold with him and has been a good deal out of sorts but is picking up and will be all right in a day or two I have actually drawn a post-card out of old Gladstone re my second Italian pamphlet, published at the end of August I sent it to Gladstone and have been rewarded with a post-card—in my opinion a very silly one 'I he Bishop of Peterborough has written very warmly about my theory and says that he feels sure it will work its way in time. So am I but I want it to work its way immediately I am to go down there (I mean to Peterborough) in December

P S—I address to St Andrew's Place in case you should have come back since Sunday

Butler to Mrs Bovill.

Oct 25, 1894—Jones tells me you would like Alfred to come to you either Tuesday or Wednesday He will be delighted to do so, and is only afraid thit he will not be able to do what you want "because" he "shall feel so nervous" I tell him he will not feel nervous, and he will do what you want perfectly well I am rather cross to-day because I went to see Arthur Roberts last night, and did not like it I am haunted by a growing idea that I am getting old and dull (not that I was ever much else)

1894. but surely either the fault is in me or else Arthur Roberts is a
 Act 59 good deal overrated

Jones tells mc I am to have the pleasure of meeting you next
 Wednesday Tant mieux

P S—I have been to see my doctor who tells me that there
 is nothing the matter with me except rather serious brain-fag I
 am to do as nearly nothing as I can for some few weeks, and
 mean to take things very easy

Alfred was to help Mrs Bovill to catalogue her
 books The next letter was sent to Spain where she had
 gone for the winter

Butler to Mrs Bovill

Dec 6, 1894—Yours of Nov 27 reached me a few days
 ago and was immediately retailed to Jones who will write and
 thank you on his own account I gave Alfred your message
 which pleased him very much By the way, entre nous,
 it seems that Alfred's baby is expected a little sooner than I
 was quite prepared for They were married at the end of
 July, and it seems the baby is expected at Xmas, there are
 such things as five months' children are there not? I have
 not been officially informed of this, but Mrs Cathie, Alfred's
 aunt, told me and was inclined to be a little censorious, so I
 flew at her I said any doctor could tell her that 5 months'
 children were the commonest things in the world I have a
 very heavy cold, but am getting through with it, my head is
 better—all I wanted was not to work quite so hard Alfred is
 at this moment copying out Book xi of the *Iltad*, and we shall
 have all the first 12 books copied out (typewritten for the second
 six books) by Xmas By midsummer I hope to have the lot
 done No publisher found yet for either *Odyssey* or Dr Butler ,
 Dr B is being offered now to the Cambridge Press As for
 the *Odyssey* nearly 30 publishers have refused it, and we have
 settled to wait till the *Iliad* is done and then start afresh with
Iliad and *Odyssey* together In the meantime I hear my " Sicilian
 Origin of the *Odyssey* " seems to be gaining ground in Italy and
 Sicily, and will, I doubt not, do so here sooner or later I shall
 then perhaps have a better chance with my *Iliad* and *Odyssey*
 We have had a splendid November but it is now getting rather
 raw and foggy and very often dark You are well out of it,
 but I am afraid you will be more or less bored after a couple of
 months I do hope Mr Bovill's and the boys' visit will not

fall through I shall go to Boulogne at Xmas with Gogin and I believe Jones will come too There is a something about Boulogne at Xmas which attracts me and I have been there regularly for a good many years We are also finishing the oratorio *Ulysses* which Jones and I began some few years ago and from which the *Odyssey* for a time deflected me I therefore go to Mr Rockstro once a fortnight I am writing the final chorus of which about half is done I shall then only have two more choruses and one or two recitatives to complete my share of the work Jones has some lovely things in it and, though it will probably fall as flat as *Narcissus*, than which nothing could well fall flatter, I shall be glad to have done it

1894
Act 59

By the way, please, mind when you next write, do not allude to the little matter mentioned on p 1, for Alfred is sure to get hold of your letter somehow or other and he will read every word of it So I am sure you will be careful By the way, also—he has petitioned for a few Spanish *used* stamps if they are to be had, but he remembered that Carlos is a stamp-collector also, and said he did not think he ought to ask I said I thought he might

I hope your cough will continue to get better, but it is plain you went none too soon How do you like this from *Iliad* Bk xu ?

"As the flakes that fall thick upon a winter's day, when Jove is minded to snow and to display these his arrows to mankind—he lulls the wind to rest and snows steadily till he has covered the tops of the high mountains, the headlands that jut out into the sea, the grassy plains and the tilled fields of men, the snow falls on the forelands and havens of the grey sea, but the wandering wave resists it though all things else are wrapped as with a mantle, so heavy are the heavens with snow "

This is a very stupid letter but it must go for want of a better Alfred unites with me in all good wishes for your health and wealth of every kind Jones is not here or he would do so, and he will I know write for himself

Butler to Mrs Bovtll

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER
24 Dec 1894

DEAR MRS BOVILL—Jones was going to write to you this morning, but I do so instead and he will write later We thought your letter to him rather more cheerful than the one to me, of which Alfred said

"Well, Sir, I think she's very low and the sooner she gets away from that place the better "

1894 I noted your discretion I am being gradually prepared for
 Act 59 the somewhat premature appearance of the infant

" You know, Sir, we begin to think it's going to be a seven months' child "

" Begin to think " indeed ' when he has confessed to Jones and Faesch, and his aunt has told me, that the child is to be born early in January and the wedding took place early in August " Five months don't make seven, Alfred " was on the tip of my tongue but, officially, I know nothing , so, not to betray my informants, I said he would probably find that the child did not come till May Jones's sister, Lil, sent through Jones some orange blossoms for the wedding from Nice, but it was officially announced to us, we being awa) and at the mercy of every he which a guilty conscience might suggest to Alfred, that the blossoms were too much damaged to be worn It was a little odd, but we are good unsuspecting souls and took it as we were told Now we understand why the orange blossoms were not possible—it was not *they* that had lost their purity However, I don't think it very much matters provided mother and infant do well

We suppose that you are now at Gibraltar, and Carlos and Miss Harrison will, I hope, arrive in a day or two, if they are not already with you, to cheer you up Of course it will make all the difference Jones and I are pretty fit, but I cannot quite get rid of my head which comes back with very little provocation The Cambridge Press would not take Dr Butler I knew they wouldn't but the Bishop of Peterborough and others urged me to try them Here is their Secretary's answer to Mr Watt

" DEAR SIR—I am directed by the Syndics of the Press to inform you that they have considered the proposal contained in your letter of December i that they should undertake the publication of the *Life and Letters of Dr Samuel Butler*, by Mr S Butler, and that they have decided not to undertake the work in question - - I am, yours faithfully, RICHARD T WRIGHT "

They only saw the synopsis which I had printed and would not even look at the work itself I was in doubt whether to look upon this as merely formal or as " extra special cold, or even icy," but my friends at the Museum and elsewhere tell me they look upon it as the second I am sorry they will not take the book for Dr Butler's sake as I should have been glad that his life should have had the stamp of the Press of his own university , for my own sake it matters little to me whether I print the work or they do , it will be printed and I am very well able to do it if I cannot find a publisher I confess also that it is a pleasure

to me to be under no sort of obligation to Cambridge, if 1894
 Cambridge delights to honour the name of Darwin, it is not Act 59
 likely to honour mine I consider myself as mieux pose by
 having offered myself in 1886 (I think) for their Art Professor-
 ship, and now as having offered them Dr Butler, and in each
 case having been refused, than I should have been if I had
 not offered, or if I had been accepted What my acquaint-
 ance with Mrs X is to you your friendship with Z (who
 is nothing but a male Mrs X) is to me, and you *like* Z,
 whereas as you very well know, I fly before that woman as a
 wolf before a fat old ewe whose blood is so poisonous that
 the wolf dares not bite her and can only trot along before her
 and blaspheme the hour which threw him into the same field
 with her However, chacun a son gout If ever I hear of your
 hobnobbing with Z again I will ask Mrs X to tea every
 day for a month and tell you about it—but I should be dead by
 the fifth day

Dr B is now gone to Oxford, but we shall hear nothing
 till term begins They will refuse it, but they will do so civilly
 and with the common forms of courtesy

I am half way through Book xm of the *Ihad*[^] but am told
 to work as little as possible so do not get on as fast as I should
 like to do

Love to Carlos and kind regards to Miss Harrison—Yours
 very truly,

S, B.

CHAPTER XXXIII

1895—PART I

THE COUNTRY OF THE *ILIAD*

Butler to Mrs Bridges

1895
Act 59 24 Jan 1895—Nothing happened at the bishop's [at Peterborough] There was no one to meet me, so I was a good deal t&te a t&te with the bishop , but whether this was design or accident on his part is a matter which he knows better than I do They were all of them extremely nice and kind, and the bishop let me run on about the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* as long as I pleased Of course I kept a look out for signs of incipient boredom, but whether they existed or no before I saw them—this again is better known to the bishop than to myself.

Hans Faesch had not done so well in London as he had hoped to do—that is commercially , he was happy in his private life and enjoyed being with us, apparently, as much as we enjoyed his company , but that was not business and he had his living to earn We knew he was looking out for something else and that he might leave London at any time , nevertheless it was a shock when he told us one day, in January, that he had accepted a post in a business house at Singapore On the 14th February we saw him off at the Holborn Viaduct Station for Basel, where he was to make preparations and say good-bye to his family He was not well, the weather was cold, raw, and boisterous , we were afraid that the journey would be too much for him and that the climate of the East would not suit him On the evening of the next day Butler showed me the following Calamus poem which he had

written in the interval He called it an In Memonam ¹⁸⁹⁵
 because he had persuaded himself that we should never ^{Act 59}
 see Hans again

IN MEMORIAM H R F.

14 Feb 1895

Out, out, out into the night,
 With the wind bitter north-east and the sea rough,
 You have a racking cough and your lungs are weak,
 But out, out into the night you go,
 So guide you and guard you, Heaven, and fare you well •

We have been three lights to one another, and now we are two,
 For you go far and alone into the darkness ,
 But the light in you was clearer and stronger than ours,
 For you came straighter from God, and, whereas we had learned,
 You had never forgotten Three minutes more and then—
 Out, out into the night you go
 So guide you and guard you, Heaven, and fare you well I

Never a cross look, never a thought,
 Never a word that had better been left unspoken ,
 We gave you the best we had, such as it was,
 It pleased you well, for you smiled and nodded your head ,
 And now, out, out into the night you go,
 So guide you and guard you, Heaven, and fare you well!

You said we were a little weak that the three of us wept,
 Are we, then, weak it we laugh when we are glad ?
 When men are under the knife let them roar as they will,
 So that they flinch not
 Therefore let tears flow on, for so long as we live
 No such second sorrow shall ever draw nigh us,
 Till one of us two leaves the other alone
 And goes out, out, out into the night,
 So guard the one that is left, O God, and fare him well *

Yet for the great bitterness of this grief
 We three, you and he and I,
 May pass into the hearts of like true comrades hereafter,
 In whom we may weep anew and yet comfort them,
 As they too pass out, out into the night,
 So guide them and guard them, Heaven, and fare them well'

1895 The mmuteb have flown and he whom we loved is gone,
 Act 59 The like of whom we never again shall see
 The wind is heavy with snow and the sea rough,
 He has a racking cough and his lungs are weak
 Hand in hand we watch the tram as it glides
 Out, out, out into the night
 bo tike him into thy holy keeping, O Lord,
 And guide him and guard him ever, and fare him well'

Butler to Hans Faesch.

16th Feb 1895

M Y DEAR HANS—I never called you by your Christian name before, but I know I may do so now We keep thinking of you all the time, and hoping that you got through your awful journey without the serious harm which such a terribly bleak night might very easily do you I woke often in the night, and after one o'clock I said to myself, " I hank heaven he is off the sea now " I saw next morning that it had been rough We fear you suffered much What a beast I was for not taking you as far as Calais myself and helping you if you were ill, but it only occurred to me yesterday Before I had done dressing I got out Bradshaw and noted your whereabouts, and glad indeed was I when it was half-past hve and I could think of you as warm, and, I hope, being packed off straight to bed

In the evening I went up to Jones's, and we tried to talk of other things, but it was no use , we kept turning back to you again and igun, and saying to each other that, as we had never seen anyone like you before, so we never expect to do so till, as we hope, we again one day see your own dear, kind face, looking well and strong and happy as you deserve to be

We both say we hope you will be too busy to have time to think much about us, you will, I know, if you can, and we hope that you will be hindered The sooner we all of us, as men of sense and sober reason, get through the very acute, poignant sorrow which we now feel, the better for us all There is no fear of any of us forgetting, when the acute stage is passed I should be ashamed of myself for having felt as keenly and spoken with as little reserve as I have if it were anyone but you , but I feel no shame at any length to which grief can take me when it is about you I can call to mind no word that ever passed between us three which had been better unspoken , no syllable of irritation or unkindness , nothing but goodness and kindness ever came out of you, and such as our best was we gave it to you as you gave yours to us Who may not well be plunged up to the lips in sorrow at

parting from one of whom he can say this in all soberness and truth ? I feel as though I had lost an only son with no hope of another However—the sooner we can all take refuge in active employment the better for us all

1895
Act 59

Do not trouble to answer this You will have much to do, and I have nothing , hence it is not hard for me to write while it would be so for you You can answer by your next letter to Jones I know he wrote to you yesterday , on Monday morning we hope for good news of you How I hope indeed that it will be all that we could wish

The fault about your photographs was under-exposure All of them came out in the end, but they wanted twice the exposure I gave them I suppose it was the yellowness of the light that threw me out I shall send prints of the two best as soon as Alfred can come down and print them, but they are not good, and, though Jones and I would rather have them than nothing, they are not near so good as the Stereoscopic Company's portrait of you

And now with every loving and affectionate thought which one man can think about another, Believe me always from the bottom of my heart yours

S BUTLER.

Butler to Hans Faesch

24 Feb 1895

M Y DEAR HANS And now I gather that you are to go to Singapore, and I write a few lines to catch you before you leave Basel on Wednesday

I am very glad you are going, for a great many reasons Of course Jones and I would rather have you here, but I am afraid of our climate for you, and from all I can learn I have a great hope that Singapore will do you good It would be no pleasure to us to have you here and to find that the fog and damp were doing you harm Besides you will never be happy till you have travelled, so good luck go with you, and come back to us well and strong in a few years' time

Now I have one last, great favour to ask of you Suppose when you get to Singapore you find you have made a serious mistake—you will not think so unless you have really made one—especially, suppose the doctors out there tell you that you will do yourself a mischief if you stay , suppose you would come back only do not quite see your way and do not wish to apply to your mother for fear of burdening her, then, my dear Hans, let me beseech you in the name of all the affection a dear father can bear to a very dear son, by the absurd, idiotic tears that you have

1895 wrung from me, by those we wrung from yourself, by the love
 Act 59 which Jones bears you and which you bear towards him—if these things will not prevail with you nothing will—apply to me, and do so without delay in whatever way will ensure your getting the answer quickest which you will immediately receive—I mean *draw on me at once for your passage money and necessary expenses* and come home

I he one thing that alarms me about your going is the fear of your finding it not suit your chest when you get there, and sticking on, as you would probably do, rather than burden your friends

You need not answer this—I know how busy you must be—I shall assume that I have your promise, and it will be a great comfort to me, for Alfred does not rely upon me with greater confidence for anything I have promised him than I do on you for anything I feel I have a right to claim, and so, my very dear Hans, bon voyage et bon succes As for me, I have a lusting iftei Gravscnd and Gidshill It will comfort me to know that the bowels of the landlady of the Shakespeare Inn are acting quite regularly We think of you and love you always

S B

Butler to Hans Facsch

8 March 1895— Since I began to write this I have received An exceedingly kind letter from your mother and I am to call on her next time I go through B isel which I should think will be at the beginning of April

I took Alfred the Gadshill walk last Thursday and I seemed to have the shadow of another dear person with us all the while I did not see the landlady of the Shakespeare, she has hurt her leg falling over the top of a cask, I hope she will get all right, for I like her To-day I went with him to Harrow Weald (where yueen Elizabeth is) and we had the first really warm and spring-like day that we have yet had It was a great treat to both of us I he gulls are nearly all gone, but a few remain

It seems oh ' such a long time since that never-to-be-forgotten night on which you left us and when we were so terribly frightened about you It is hard to think that it is only three weeks to-day Jones and I never talk long of anything else but you It seems to me, the more I think of it, that the true life of anyone is not the one they live in themselves, and of which they are themselves conscious, but the life they live in the hearts of others, our bodies and brains are but the tools with which we work to make our true life which is not in the tool-box and

tools we ignorantly mistake for ourselves but in the work we do with them, and this work, if it be truly done, lives more in others than in ourselves. Look at Handel and Shakespeare—¹⁸⁹⁵ what was their conscious life in themselves as compared with their unconscious life in us? I made this the subject of my lecture at the Women's Club. And so you are living, and very dearly loved, in us, you good and dear Hans, and we feel happy in the assurance that we too are living in yourself, and so good night and bless you ^{Aet 59}

"My lecture at the Women's Club" was the one delivered at the Somerville Club on 27th February 1895, and is reproduced in *The Humour of Homer and Other Essays* (1913) as "How to Make the Best of Life"

Hans arrived safely at Basel and proceeded to Singapore. We sent him a copy of the *In Memoriam*, and he was puzzled that Butler should use such expressions as "Guide you and guard you, Heaven," and "lake him into thy holy keeping, O Lord". Something must also have been said about publishing the poem anonymously, Butler having sent it to his literary agent who, however, did not find anyone to take it, it was not published till it appeared in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912)

Butler to Hans Faesch

15 March 1895—And now about my poem. I am not comfortable about publishing it, but of course all names will be carefully concealed. I wanted to set you and Jones and myself together, as it were, in a ring where we might stay and live together in the hearts of the kind of people we should have loved had we known them. Mrs Bovill, Jones, Gogin, and myself are the only ones that know about it. No more will be told. I think the lines are so obviously true and so simple that the best people would like them and, finding Jones and Mrs Bovill agree with me, I decided to let the thing go. I hope I have not done wrong.

You must not think that I am becoming more a believer in prayer and all that nonsense than I was. We think exactly the same, but I know no words that express a very deeply felt hope so well as those I have used, and the fact that others make money by prostituting them shall not stop me from using them when I am in the humour for doing so.

Butler to Hans Faesch

1895
Act 59 22 March 1895—I liked all you told me about the priests and the rosary [Hans had met some priests at Marseilles] When I flirted with priests, as I did sometimes (though I hate them just as you do), my friend Miss Savage used to tell me I was making myself friends of the Mammon of Righteousness Well, it amuses one sometimes to humbug the Mammon of Righteousness, doesn't it?

And you know I have a dream that when you have been in Singapore about 18 months I shall take a return ticket and run out and have a look at you I cannot, of course, be certain that I shall be able to work this, but I know no particular reason why I should not—and you bet I should like to

Yesterday Alfred was teasing me when I was busy and I spoke a little sharply I then, immediately remembering, I said

"My dear Alfred, if I ever speak crossly like that please to say 'Hans' at once and it will stop me Hans was never cross and that was why we were so fond of him"

Alfred said "Well, Sir, I am sure Hans would not like it if he was to hear you speaking cross to me"

I answered "Of course he would not, my dear Alfred, and that is why I want you to say 'Hans' at once"

You see it is just this If the living known you makes me, as it ought to do, less irritable and more forbearing, then, no matter how far off you are, you are within me, I have got something of yourself and I shall know that it was not all humbug but that I really did understand and love you Whereas if I am no less irritable than before, then I shall know that I never understood you or loved you truly And this shall hardly be

As we have seen, Butler had completed the life of his grandfather, his literary agent was now offering it to publishers Being finished it had for him lost its absorbing interest and he was giving his time and his mind to his Odyssean theories Extracts from his translations had appeared in *The Eagle*, and here is a letter in which he gave to Mr Sikes, who was then editing the St John's College magazine, his views about the limits of permissible archaism in translating the classics

Butler to E E Sikes, Esq

25 Feb 1895—I quite understand the view taken by some— 1895
 that a certain amount of archaism "is helpful in projecting the mind back," etc I have therefore given modern English a Act 59
 pretty wide range and taken it as far back as Defoe for the *Odyssey*^ and Bunyan for the *Ihad*, beyond whom it cannot go without obvious affectation

And then there is this People who are at the trouble of translating the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* for love invariably flatter themselves that their translations will be referred to by a remote posterity, and they prefer to let time grow its own archusms into their work—as a good sound wholesome wine will mellow with time, when one that has been mellowed artificially will not keep good for long He who would write a translation like those of the Elizabethans must above all things else avoid Elizabuhanism.

I am very much indebted to you for the publicity you are giving to my extracts

Many of Butler's Sicilian friends knew Greek and would discuss the *Odyssey* with him, but he found scarcely any one in I<ngland who took any intelligent interest in the subject, and the professional Greek scholars were silent or contemptuous He used, therefore, to talk about the *Odyssey* to me, coming to my rooms evening after evening, inventing the objections which his opponents ought to have raised, considering them, adopting them tentatively, and finally embracing them with such ardour that he crushed them to pieces In this way the evolution of his theory proceeded, and he assured himself that, when his book should be published, his critics (if any) would be able to bring forward only such objections as he had already considered and demolished I, knowing he had been at work on the *Odyssey* all day, used to try to get him off it by introducing other subjects, telling him what I had been doing, or what I had heard from Rockstro about just intonation, or something I might have read in a paper, such as that Madame Blavatsky had had it revealed to her from Thibet that every one is accompanied through life by an Agatho-daemon and a Kakatho-daemon who suggest to him the doing of good deeds and of evil deeds, or I would tell him anything I thought likely to

1895
Act 59

amuse him and take him out of himself It was of no use As soon as I began to talk, he was silent, but he was not listening, he was miles away, helping Nausicaa to wash her clothes at the salt-works of S Cusumano, or sitting with humaeus in his hut on the slopes of Monte Erice, or he would be going in and out of the house of Ulysses and seeing how like it was to the stabilimento at Selinunte, where he had had lunch, and how unlike a house in Gower Street, or he would be driving with Telemachus and Pisistratus in their chariot across "the Taygetus range over which there has never yet been a road for wheeled vehicles"¹ When I left off talking there would be a pause during which he would come back and wait in case I had not done, after which he would continue

"And then, you know, she makes Circe"—do something which no one but a young unmarried woman would have thought possible—or whatever it might be that had been absorbing him

This incessant dwelling upon one subject at last began to produce its effect, and he let out to me that, in going home from Staple Inn, he had sometimes felt giddy and was obliged to hold on to the railings to keep himself from falling I talked this over with Dr GreatRex, who was then attending him, and he recommended me to see him home, which I accordingly did whenever he would let me I did not tell him why I came, because his line with me was that there was nothing serious the matter with him, and it was advisable not to let him suspect that I was alarmed Fortunately circumstances permitted his taking his holiday in the spring instead of the autumn this year

He had been in the habit of giving Alfred an outing on the continent at Whitsuntide, thinking it right that Alfred should know something of foreign countries In 1888 they went to Boulogne, in 1889 to Dieppe and Rouen, in 1890 to Boulogne again In 1891 a further attempt was made to continue Alfred's education by taking him to Ostend, Brussels, Waterloo, Dinant, and

¹ *The Odyssey tendered into English prose* Note on p 38

ALFRED'S EDUCATION

Bruges In 1892 they went to Pans with Cook's Whitsuntide excursion, in 1893 to the Channel Islands, and in May, 1894, to Brussels, Antwerp, Basel, Lucerne, Andermatt, and the Rigi There are photographs of "Alfred on the Field of Waterloo," "Alfred on the Rigi," "Alfred on the S Gottardo," and so on

1895
Act 59

Then there came a break in Alfred's education because after his marriage it was difficult for him to leave, especially when children began to arrive, and, as the reader will have gathered, Alfred became a father with Shakespearean promptitude Moreover, it presently appeared that these excursions resembled *Faust* at the Lyceum and were rather "a-draggin*" on Alfred. This part of his education was no more successful than the piano lessons had been I am afraid Butler must be held to have failed with his pupil much as Miss Savage failed with Butler when she made him read *Middlemarch* and tried to make him read Balzac Alfred gave me an account of his foreign experiences 'I he first night they were at Wassen it was very dark, and, while they were taking a turn in the village after dinner, Alfred heard some queer rumblings and inquired what caused them. He told me that Butler replied

"Well, Alfred, I should think those are probably some little avalanches, they're always a-tumbhn' down the mountains"

This did not reassure Alfred, who was afraid they might fall upon him and bury him He did not stay in the valley long enough to grow accustomed to seeing the mountains towering above him, and, being unable to get the perspective right in his mind, thought they were overhanging and that it would be impossible for him to escape

"And then," Alfred continued, "another day he takes me into a little chapel, all full of bones—beastly gloomy, you know, Sir But the governor, he didn't mind He went on a-pickin' up skulls and talking all the time Oh ' I was glad to get back again to Loo-sern and Mount Palatious, I can tell you"

Butler, with a shade of disappointment in his voice,

1895 told me about an excursion with Alfred up the Rigi in
Act 59 the railway When they were on the top, Butler, full of enthusiasm, pointed out the objects of interest

" There is the Bernese Oberland, you see, Alfred, over there, and that is the Lake of Lucerne, just underneath, to the left "

" Yes, Sir," said Alfred

" And that is a bit of the same lake to the right, you must not think it is a different lake, it is only divided by that shoulder of the Rigi "

" Yes, Sir," said Alfred

" And there is Pilatus which I showed you from Lucerne, you remember Don't you think it's very fine?"

" Yes, Sir," said Alfred

" And then over here—you must look this way now—those are the Glarnisch Alps, and if you look that way you will be looking up the valley we go through on our way to Italy in the S Gottardo Railway Aren't you glad I brought you ?"

" Yes, Sir," said Alfred, " and thank you for telling me about it And now if you please, Sir, I should like to lie down on the grass here and have a read of *lu-Btts*"

Which he accordingly did, having brought a copy with him from London

On the whole, Alfred was glad to agree to a compromise whereby, instead of going for any more Whitsuntide outings, he received £10 each year, and took his family to the seaside in the autumn

I read this passage about his foreign tours to Alfred, and he said

" Yes, Sir, that's all quite true, and I think you've done it very nice "

Butler's work on the *Odyssey* had caused him to re-read the *Iltad*, and he wanted to ascertain for himself how far the descriptions of the localities in that poem agree with the actual Troad He had dreaded going to Greece in the autumn because he thought it would prove hotter than Sicily , but this year, Alfred's Whit-

suntide holiday having been commuted, he left England for the Troad on 30th March. Before going he made arrangements with his bank that Hans Kitsch might draw on him for £100 if he found that Singapore did not suit him and was unable to return to Europe for want of means. 1895
Act 59

First he went to Basel and saw the Faesch family ; then to Casale to see the Avvocato Negri about Tabacchetti, then to Florence, where he stayed at the hotel kept by Isabella of Arona. Here also he saw our friend, Miss Helen Zimmern, who was by this time settled in Florence and was editing *The Italian Gazette*, where she published this spring some articles by Butler about his *Odyssey* theories, the substance of which was incorporated in *The Authoress of the Odyssey*.

From Florence he went through Rome and Naples to Brindisi where he embarked on the evening of 13th April for Corfu. Here he saw the island which, by those who identify Corfu with Scheria, is supposed to be the ship of Ulysses, and found that it would not do at all. Indeed, he found no recognisable Odyssean feature in Corfu.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

ATHENS

17 April 1895—I travel Ltd from Patras to Athens with a young Turk, about 30 years old, and his dog—an English terrier. We were alone in the carriage the greater part of the time, and I suppose the poor dog was bored, at any rate after a while he made up to me, he licked me all over my face, and then began to pretend that my coat pocket had got a rat in it which he must catch. I was so flattered at being made up to by anyone or anything who seemed to tell me I was a nice person that I let him go on and hunt for rats all over me, till at last his master interfered in beautiful English and then we talked. He was a Secretary to the Turkish Legation and was very clever and very nice.

The coffee here is served up grounds and all, it is ground very *fine*, it drinks thick on the tongue, I rather like it. The oranges are splendid, so big, so heavy, so juicy, and so sweet, they are as good as peaches.

He wrote to me also about this young Turk •

1895 He was very intelligent and nice, but a little inclined to say
 Act 59 that nothing was much good or cime to much in the long run,
 and this is as bad as saying that it does , so, though I liked him,
 I parted from him without much caring But the dog was lovely
 and made great friends with me

At the hotel in Athens he encountered Miss Jane Harrison who had been present in 1892 at his lecture on "The Humour of Homer "

Miss JANE HARRISON

I went up and recalled myself to her She was still sore about the lecture and I apologised, reminding her that I had had to keep a room full of working-men in good humour

"Besides," I added, "you chastised me quite severely enough at the time "

" Was i rude ?"

"Yes,** said I, laughing, "very rude "

So we made it up and smoked a couple of cigarettes We dined together during the rest of m\ stay in Athens, and I tried to ingratiate mvself with her, but it wis rather up-hill work, and I shill never be genuinely forgiven However, I did my very best We did not qinrrel but we did not, I think, like one another She would not have it that I was anything but a "funny man " who had taken my present line as a kind of forced literary joke

Similarly, I have met people who had read *Life and Habit*, and who, while professing to admire the book, were unable to see that it had or was intended to have any bearing upon evolution

Miss Harrison declared to Butler that she had not wi ltten the *Spectator* review of " The Humour of Homer " (ante, p 132)

But/er to II F Jones

ATHENE

20 Apul 1895—I have interested them at the British School of Archieology here but, as at the British Museum, they will hear, but run dark themselves I ha'e also interested some native Greeks so far thit they winted to know all about it The thing is certain to be accepted sooner or later¹

1 he antiquities here are soon seen, and I have pretty well

done them I should go on excursions did I not fear to stir 1895
 before the letter comes from Mr Calvert at the Dirdmelles Act 59
 About the oringcs, it stems there is a fortnight during which
 they are at their prime of primes and I have dropped in for it,
 but they are to go oft now immediately

It is in enormous comfort to understind ill about the
 Areopagus, the Pnyx, and all that rubbish When a man dines
 at Corinth, gets coffee at Megara, and lights his last cigarette at
 Eleusis, he remembers where the places ire, till then he no
 sooner leirns them than he forgets them *agun*

Also here I do rather feel the want of a companion as well as
 the nuisance of not knowing the language I wish you were
 here I have done a little Homer [translating the //tad] these
 few days I have not felt the slightest ill consequences, and every
 hundred lines I get done is such a weight off my ehest I should
 only knock myself all down again if I have a big lot to settle
 down to on my return and, so long as I am out most of the day,
 a little does me no harm and keeps me in a good temper

He went for an excursion to Mycenae, Argos, 1 Iryns,
 and Nauplia with the Rev E H Burtt (afterwards
 English chaplain at Genoa) On the way, they met some
 German professors, and when Butler said the *Odyssey* was
 written by a woman they would not speak to him further
 "I did it more to tease them than for any other reason,
 for I did not like them" He saw "the Treasury of
 Clytemnestra, the Gate of the Lions, the Tomb of
 Atreus, etc, of all of which I thought exactly as every one
 else must do" The ancient walls, of course, interested
 him specially, and his notes are full of his views as to
 whether the stones were worked with iron or not and the
 probable dates of the different buildings

Butler to Hans Faesch

ATHPNS

25//; April 1895—Here I am struck with the fact that the
 old Greeks fail just as much with their Joves and Neptunes and
 swagger gods and goddesses as the mediaeval Italians did with
 theirs They are utterly uninteresting and unreal It is only
 when they do portraits of real, live, individual men and women
 that they really please me I suspect that this is what makes the
Iliad and *Odyssey* so fascinating to me—they are so human, and
 their gods and goddesses are just so many men and women, only
 they are able to do all sorts of things as fairies can

1895
Act. 59 There is a woman here [Miss Jane Harrison] who heard my lecture about the Humour of Homer and was very angry and rude to me about it afterwards. So I went up to her and determined to mash her. I don't know whether I succeeded or no, but I did my level best. She did not like it at first, but I deferred to her opinion on every subject and, after a time, I think I made her melt, at any rate a little. Of course I was only playing with her and laughing in my sleeve, but I mean to keep it up.

On the excursion [to Mycenae] I met five ladies—very nice, all of them—and we mashed each other in fine style. And then, near one temple, we found a mamma tortoise with a dear little baby tortoise, just like Alfred and his baby. Of course we left them alone as soon as we had admired them sufficiently, but a young Englishman then saw them and he took them away at once. He will do his best to be kind to them; but I am afraid they would rather be near their own temple than in an English garden.

This, you dear person, must do for the present as I have several letters to ["right" deleted] write and my head, though better, is not all that it should be. When I begin writing ["writing" repeated and deleted] "right" for "write," it is a sign that I had better stop; so bless you and all good luck be with you.

P.S.—I have had my dinner since I finished, and have been mashing the lady. I think she is melting and she smoked two cigarettes. Only think, on Sunday I shall be at Smyrna, in Asia, so we shall be on the same continent at any rate; thence I go on to Troy.

One of the five ladies on the excursion was Miss Annie Charlotte Catharine Aldrich. Transposing the letters of Aldrich she made Childar, and as Catharine Childar wrote *The Double Dutchman* (1884) and other novels. She was a friend of Charles Gogin and his wife from whom she had heard of Butler. She also knew Butler's other fellow-student at Heatherley's, Miss Ross, whose brother performed the ceremony of marriage between the man and the cook by reading a chapter of *Tristram Shandy* (ante, 1. pp. 136-7). Through the Gogins Miss Aldrich, some years after Butler's death, sent me extracts from the diary she kept while in Greece and gave me permission to reproduce them.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL KEPT BY MISS ALDRICH
WHILE IN GREECE

1895

Athens Mond 22 April -Went to Cook's office to get tickets for the excursion to Mycenae 1895
Act 59

Tuesday lyd—Called at five, got away very uncomfortably, no breakfast, no comfort Cook's man saw us oft We had 2nd class tickets, the carriage was very old-fashioned, no cushions, partitions of the compartments only reaching up to the back of the seats, like our 3rd class carriages of 30 years ago We were at the end and could see all down the compartments A young Englishman was there He read *Hie Heavenly 'hums* throughout the entire journey and looked it nothing but his book¹ His tutor was with him and the old professor from our hotel and an oldish gentleman in a brown cap, like a tam-o'-shanter, and a nondescript Englishman They were all in the furthest compartment I heard Brown Cap say something very heterodox about the rock of Ulysses, and the old Professor, who I think was German, waxed wroth and then very scornful

I whispered to Mrs S, "I do believe that is Samuel Butler "

We found carriages in waiting, and Mrs S and I drove off together, our other three ladies together Finally the carriage stopped, and we got out to see a beehive treasure-house built of enormous stones I only wish I had measured them, they were so huge The guide lighted some brushwood in the inner room, which was the real tomb, and we noticed the build of the gate, a triangular space left open as in the gate of the citadel where are the celebrated lions

When D came to me to ask me to interpret for some gentlemen who had had no lunch and wanted some, I was much flattered, but, as there was nothing to be bought, we offered them the remains of our lunch, eggs, rolls, and half a bottle of wine When they had finished I made bold to go up to Brown Cap and ask him if he was Mr Butler He was and I was quite excited I spoke to him of Rosy [i.e. Miss Ross] and Viareggio, and he was enthusiastic and said how nice she was and I mentioned the Gogins and he exclaimed

"I like the nicest people in the world "

After that I talked to him whenever I could His companion, the nondescript Englishman, was a Mr Burtt, a tutor and a cleric He came to me and begged me to tell him Mr Butler's name and what books he had written and so on, but he was

This was the young man who took the tortoiseshells

1895 no wiser when I did. He had never heard of *Erewhon* nor any
 Aet. 59 of the others. We saw the tomb of Electra. . . . We saw the
 grave of Agamemnon, where all the gold treasure that is now in
 the Athens museum was found, and the peribolos where the
 elders used to sit in council. In the entrance to the tomb Mr.
 Butler photographed all our party. Then on to the palace where
 were ruins of chambers and bases of columns and the place of
 the hearth. . . .

We then drove to Argos which was en fete, flags flying, etc.
 We got out of the carriage and took a cup of coffee each, in the
 open square, to the great amazement of the inhabitants. Then
 Mr. Butler and Mr. Burt driving up joined us and we were
 quite gay. The Greeks are very stupid at understanding, so
 different from the Arabs. They asked Mr. Butler :

"How many cups of coffee ? "

He said, "Teis" (Treis), pronouncing it as the English do
 "trice."

The waiter couldn't understand ; so I said, "Treece," which
 is how they pronounce. I do not say "the modern pronunciation,"
 for I believe it was the old as well, and that it is a great pity
 the English pronounce Greek as they do. Mr. Butler, who is
 a great Greek scholar, would have been understood everywhere
 if he had pronounced the vowels and accented the words as the
 Greeks do.

Then the other carriages came up and we drove to Tiryns, a
 weary cold drive, the N.E. wind bitter. Tiryns is older than
 Mycenae, Mr. Butler thought 2000 B.C., roughly speaking. He
 was delightfully simple and childlike. He upset Mr. Joyce
 dreadfully with his theories, but they got on better afterwards.
 We saw the men's apartments and the huge hearth. . . .

Hotel at Nauplia stuffy and curtained—excellent wine at
 dinner (resinous), execrable tea next morning at breakfast. I
 spoke to the maid and told her to bring fresh for Mr. Butler ;
 his looked such wash. . . . Away by 9.40, changed at Corinth,
 our three ladies returning to Athens, and D. and I going on to
 Patras. Parnassus shewed up occasionally all the way, and, in
 the Morea, Taygetus and Kyllene were splendid. Mr. Butler
 pointed them out with "joy. I told him I had read *Erewhon* and
Alps and Sanctuaries; he recommended *Ex Voto* as "humane"
 —a delightful person. I was sorry to part. . . . Mrs. S. went
 back in the carriage with him to Athens. • • • D. and I came
 on to Patras.

After Miss Aldrich returned to England she told the
 Gogins about this meeting and Gogin wrote to Butler :
 "That is the lady to whom about thirteen years ago I

mentioned the fact of your having a literary larder/' ¹⁸⁹⁵
 meaning, of course, his Note-Books ^{Act. 59}

Butler to II F Jones

I\ FA (or howmr I ought to spell it), THP TROAD
 znJ May 1895

I left the Piraeus on Saturday Ap 27, reïched the island of Chios in the night, went on about 7 A M , reïched Smyrna at noon, and spent the day about the town, all very oriental, lots of camels, bazaars, etc , went from Smvrni on Mondiv evening at 5 , reïched the Dardanelles at about 10 A M Tuesdiv , called on Mr Calvert, Americm vice-consul, who was extremely kind and took me to the Lngsh consul, Mr Russell They fixed me up with an interpreter md head-min, Yikoub, quite trustworthy and respectable, and I was also to have a mounted soldier, or /aptich, and my head-man's under-man , all which 1 took as 1 was told

We started from the Dirdanelles about two P M Lots of camels on the riverbed lying down Lots of storks very tame and engaging An houi or so after leaving the Dardanelles 1 saw on my right a flat-topped hill—evidently on An ancient site which I afterwards found to be Dardanus strings of loaded camels all the time The country a good deal like Wmchelsea and Rve

tound my saddle very uncomfortable, but was patient I had to keep only the tips of my toes in the stirrups, and they had padded the back so that I had to be almost standing on the tips of my toes all the while At last I got my feet home in the sturups which did not mend matters much, and then I could not get back again, and two knobs chafed and bruised the inside of my thighs , and then presently the saddle, without a word of warning, turned round under the horse's belly I could not extricate myself and lay among the horse's feet helpless Had the horse been timid I should have been in a bad way, but he is very sensible and very good—a delightful person—he saw what it was at once and stood stock still till the men came and rescued me I had fallen on a bank of soft sand and was not even shaken, and as soon as I got (or was got) up, I christened the horse Hans The men were all very good to mc

I passed Renkoi, under the site of the ancient Ophrynum, looking down on Tenedos, Imbros, and Samothrace, with the higher parts of Lemnos just popping up above the sea Country getting more hilly and very beautiful, weather perfect After five hours' riding, the latter part in great discomfort, we reached Mr Calvert's farm [at I hymbra] just at dirk A large family party—all very kind and hospitable and like a first-class New

1895 Zealand sheep station They farm 1000 acres about an hour
Act 59 from old Troy

Next morning Mr Calvert's nephew took me to Troy (Hissarlik) and explained all the latent excavations of 1893-1894, which unearthed what are, I should say beyond all question, the walls of the *Iliad*. What Schhemann found was an earlier lot. The first impression is one of disappointment. The walls cannot be earlier, one would say, than 1650 BC (the Mycenaean age). They are not megalithic, they approach regular courses, without reaching them, they appear at first sight poorly put together. On seeing the parts that have been sheltered from exposure, either by aspect or fallen earth, one perceives how very beautifully built they really were, they are about 18 feet thick at top, and thicker at bottom, and must have been very high. The whole south wall, looking towards Sigaeum, is missing, but Strabo expressly tells us that Sinicum was built of the walls of ancient Troy. Doubtless they took the wall nearest them. Helen could perfectly well distinguish swells down below on the plain as in *Iliad* III. There are abundant traces of an earlier city which was burned (as per *Iliad*) and on the top of, and cutting through the old Homeric wall, are the Roman walls of Ilium Novum.

I then up to the governor of the Dardanelles forts—coffee, cigarettes, compliments, etc. At last I get away and ride across the plains to the place where the Grecian fleet lay, get to understand how very substantially accurate it all is, but occasional gross poetical licenses. Hector's running round the city is out of the question. The two springs, sources of the Stamboul, one hot and one cold, are really forty miles off or more. I am on my way now, with two soldiers, to see them. I reach the Dardanelles on Monday evening. Not a line of Homer doing now. Nothing but a week on horseback. My horse is worthy of his name, he is a little bit lute. I tell dear Alfred as much of this as is good for him with my best love. I will continue my story later if I can.

Butler to H F Jones

INEA

Myrd May 1895 -I was interrupted by having to pay a visit to the head of the place whom it was my duty to salute on my arrival. I now resume my story.

Shortly after reaching the two very large barrows which are called the tomb of Achilles and Patroclus and the tomb of Ajax, which they may or may not be, we were attacked firmly but civilly by a Turkish officer who wasted us a good deal of time and then gave it up. We rode some hours, I still in great

discomfort, passed another very imposing barrow and, about six o'clock, reached the rival site of Boun-ar-bashi, or however it should be spelt, but it was too late to examine the site which is some twenty minutes outside the village. We therefore just passed through the village and, after crossing; the Scamander, a stream about as big as the Severn at Shrewsbury, reiehed Mr Calvert's n about 7 30. I not tired in the least, but sore and strained, and tortured through the infernal saddle

Next morning I photoed two storks' nests in Mr CiKcit's farm buildings with the birds on them, ind wis then taken to in extremely old, very large and imposing birrow, where I saw a stratum about twelve feet thick of white stufr, pretty hard pressed and compact, which on analysis is found to be wood ashes. I also saw more tortoises. I his mound is supposed to be oldei than anything now visible at Hissirlik. I hen we went on through lovely, and often very English country, till we got to the site above Boun-ar-bashi which I could not visit last ma;ht. I looked, I saw nothing but two barrows, both opened, ind a lovely view over the plains to the sea, *dnd* again into the gorge of the Scamandcr, but not a thing which should suggest the *Iliad* to any reasonable person. However, the site has colhpsed, and I only visited it as in respect to the memory of a departed theory which was celebrated in its day.

I hence we descended on to the riverbed flats of the Scamander, which reminded me a little of the valley of the J esse near Dinant. Lots of lovely birds, almost as good as some of the bird-stuffers' windows we see in Oxford Street, my horse just as engaging as ever, and my saddle delightful—for Mr Calvert, seeing how impossible my saddle had been, lent me his in which I could ride without fatigue for any distance. Lovely English scenery, with cattle standing up to their middles in the Scamander and swishing their tails, the flats on either side well grassed and studded with Villoma oak trees, the grass growing right up to their trunks. Here under the trees we rested for an hour, and about noon lit a wood fire and lunched.

Then we left the Scamander and went over some high and beautiful open country, up hill *dnd* down dale by crooked ways and straight, till at about 4 we reached Inea where there was *dn* inn, not good but better than I expected. All the place as pure Oriental as can be conceived. Shortly after my arrival I was told I ought to piy a visit to the Lfrendi. I did so. I was told I need not on this occasion take oft my boots, but my interpreter did so. The Effendi shook *hdnds* with me, and then sat down cross-legged, like a tailor, on a sofa, we had a cup of coftee and a cigarette, he was very civil and I said all the pretty things I could invent. He then enquired at what hour it would be

1895
Act 59

1895 convenient to me to receive his return visit, and this was arranged
Act 59 for 8 o'clock on the following morning

As I left the Effendi I heard a loud crying in the air above mi and, looking up, saw a flight of some thousands of a large goose-like bird flying perhaps 150 feet above the ground These, doubtless, are "the Strymonian cranes that wrangle in the air" of the *IlIad* I must find out what birds they exactly are—I believe wild geese and nothing else, Mr Calvert at the Dardanelles will tell me all about them When I walked about the town, very squillid, visited the cemetery, evidently the site of an ancient city, and came home to get supper and then to bed

Supper was a (air dish of stewed lamb and potatoes, boiled eggs, passible bread, good oranges and coffee—no knife provided, the washing apparatus, a tin straw-hit holding perhaps a pint [other discomforts] I therefore made my arrangements accordingly Went to bed about nine and slept well

We started about 830 after the Effendi's visit The inn's notion of a *caf^in-hit* was to boil some milk and throw some coffee grains on top of it However, it did We went on till 12 and then found a man under a plane tree, who kept an open-air camp coffee-still out on the track, where a very friendly, shrewd-looking link was sitting with the coffee-vendor, cross-legged on a mat under the tree, also there was a large mob of camels and little animals resting, so I shot off several plates When it came on to rain (not very badly) so we pressed on to this place, the inn in which is such is none but a true pedant could contemplate with equanimity Tomorrow we are to see the two sources, one hot and the other cold, close together, which I have come all this way to see, we then return here for the night, and after that go back straight to the Dardanelles So no more in present Hms behaves beautifully

P S I am so very uncomfortable that I cannot write it I give my best love to Alfred and tell him he must share this letter with you He should have both the stamps, I will try and get some at the Dardanelles

Butler to H F Jones

SMYRNA

8 May 1895—Buremitch, or however it should be spelt, was not a nice place a filthy earthen floor, cobwebs in every angle of the small square box I had to sleep in, a sour smelling sack or two of stilted straw to lie on, covered, it is true, with a fan Turkish hearth-rug, nothing to wash in till I made them bring me an old tin petroleum box, neither table nor seat till Yakoub

and I improvised one—need I go on ? It is like whit Arbuthnot 1895
 said to Pope about Handel's genius "Imagine the utmost you Act 59
 can imagine and his powers will transcend all yours of imagination " There was a place where they went to discharge their natural functions but I would sooner marry Mrs X thin go near it a second time, indeed it reminded mi of Mis X Again, need I say more? The food ? Hard-boiled eggs, up-country bread, cheese, md a little limb's liver—five pieces on a skewer like a cats'-meat skewer

I visited the swell official of the phct , it being Pnday (their Sunday) there was a gathering of eight 1 urks sitting cross-legged on a long settee against the wall 1 he usual toffee and cigarettes and pretty speeches All quite right but I must have another soldier, etc So next morning at six we started—lovely wc ither, lovely country, with the snowy top of Ida continuilly getting nearer After three hours we got among the dehies of the mountain itself, and the Scamander became a brawling torrent Presently we came to thick beautiful virgin forest, ind i government saw-mill with an official and twenty soldiers 1 he official Effendi [Ismail Gusbashi] was very kind He knew the place I wanted—he would take me there So up he comes with ten soldiers (I had now 13) and a dish of fresh trout and some carpets and, after an hour or so through lovely mountain forests always following up the Scamander, we reached a piece of level grass land under the trees carpeted with flowers and abounding with brilliant birds such as blue jays, and I saw some hoopoes

Here we bivouacked, and a hundred yaidis or so higher up there was a strong spring gushing out from about 4 feet of rock into an artificial receptacle The water from one corner was perceptibly warmer than that from the other, but the wateis mix so soon and in such volume that one could not easily (if at all) get the warm water at its full warmth Still there was a considerable difference of temperature, but I felt sure it was not the right place, which I have since found that it was not (yes, it was) The carpets were spread over the flowers under the trees , the Lftendi sat cross-legged on one corner (you may be sure I had given Hans lots of bread alreidy) the soldiers cooked the trout, frying them in egg^ and they were very nice—hard-boiled eggs, cheese, and more cats' meat

The Effendi was a delightful man, but he had now fallen in for the first time with Wisdom from the West and wis resolved not to let the opportunity slip He was not married , he was rather troubled in mind about this , he was now fifty, would I be good enough to tell him whether he had done right or wrong?

I said that it had evidently been the will of Allah that he

1895 should not get married and that, until Allah signified his desire
 Act 59 for a change in some unmistakable way, I should conclude, if I
 were he, that I was best fulfilling the will of Allah by remaining
 single. I then appealed to comfort him. He lifted his hands to
 heaven and said it was a true word that I had spoken. I said the
 same difficulty had presented itself to me. In my younger days
 I had been passionately in love with a very beautiful young lady
 but—and here my voice trembled, and I looked very sad—it had
 been the will of Allah that she should marry another gentleman,
 and this had broken my heart for many years, but I was now
 beginning to feel better.

[Here the letter breaks off, but the rest of the story can be
 given from "Homer's Hot and Cold Springs" in *The Note-Books
 of Samut I. Butten*, 1912.]

"Besides," I continued, "suppose you marry a woman with
 whom you think you lie in love and then find out, after you
 have been married to her for three months, that you do not like
 her. I think this would be a very painful situation."

"Ah! yes indeed! that is a true word."

"And if you had children who were good and dutiful,
 it would be delightful, but suppose they turned out disobedient
 and ungrateful—and I have known many such cases—could
 anything be more distressing to a parent in his declining years?"

"Ah! that is a true word that you have spoken."

"We have a great Imam," I continued, "in England, who
 is called the Archbishop of Canterbury and who gives answers
 to people who are in any kind of doubt or difficulty. I knew
 one gentleman who asked his advice upon the very question that
 you have done me the honour of propounding to myself."

"Ah! and what was his answer?"

"He told him," said I, "that it was cheaper to buy the milk
 than to keep 1 cow."

"Ah! well! that is a most true word."

Here I closed the conversation and we began packing up
 to make a start. When we were about to mount I said to him,
 hat in hand.

"Sir, it occurs to me with great sadness that though you
 will, no doubt, often revisit this lovely spot, yet it is most certain
 that I shall never do so. Promise me that when you come here
 you will sometimes think of the stupid old Englishman who
 has had the pleasure of lunching with you to-day, and I promise
 that I will often think of you when I am at home again in
 London."

He was much touched and we started. After we had gone
 about a mile I suddenly missed my knife. I knew I should
 want it badly many a time before we got to the Dardanelles,

and I knew perfectly well where I should find it, so I stopped 1895
the cavalcade and said I must ride back for it I did so, found Aet 59
it immediately and returned Then I said to Ismnl

"Sir, I understand now why I was led to leave my knif
behind me I had said it was certain I should never see that
enchancing spot again, but I spoke presumptuously, forgetting
that if Allah (and I raised my hand to Htaven) willed it I should
assuredly do so I am corrected and with great leniency "

Ismail was much affected I he good fellow immediately
took off his watch-chain (happily of brass and of no intiinsic
value) and gave it me assuring me that it was given him by a
very dear friend, that he had worn it for many years and valued
it greatly—would I keep it as a memorial of himself? fortun-
ately, I had with me a little silver match-box which Alfred hid
given me and which had my mme engraved upon it I gave it
to him, but had some difficulty in mating him accept it I hen
we rode on till we came to the saw-nulls I ordered two lambs
for the ten soldiers who had accompanied us, having understood
from Yakoub that this would be an acceptable present And so
I parted from this most kind and friendly gentleman with every
warm expression of cordiality on both sides

I sent him his photograph which I had taken, and I sent the
soldiers their groups also—one for each man—and in due course
I received the following letter of thanks Alas ' I have never
written in answer I knew not how to do it I knew, however,
that I could not keep up a correspondence, even though I wrote
once But few unanswered letters more often rise up and smite
me How the Post Office people ever read "Bueter, Oforzin
St" into " Butler, Clifford's Inn,"¹ I cannot tell What splendid
emendators of a corrupt text they ought to make I But I could
almost wish that they had failed, for it has pained me not a little
that I have not replied

Mr Samuel Bueter,

No 15 Ciforzin St, London, England

Mr. Samuel England

DARDNELLES AUGUST 4/95

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Many thanks for the phothograph you have send me
It was very kind of you to think of me to send me this token
of your remembrance I certainly appreciate it, and shall think
of you whenever I look at it Ah Mv Dear Brother, it is
impossible for me to forget you under favourable circumstance
I confess I must prefer you I have a grate desire to have the
beautifull chance to meet you Ah then with the tears of gladness
to be the result of the great love of our fnenndness A my Sir what

1895 pen can describe the meeting that shall be come with your second
Act 59 visit if it please God

It is my pray to our Lord God to protect you and to keep
you glad and happy for ever

Though we are far from each other yet we can speak with
letters

I thank God to have your love of friendship with me and
mine with your noble person

Hopeing to hear from you

Yours truly,

ISMAVELI from

Byramich hizar memuerue luse bashi

Butler returned from the Troad to Athens, but was not allowed to land because quarantine had been established, so he changed his steamer and came on to Catania. There were two young Americans on board "as innocent as two green peas in May." They "read their Bible on the Sunday morning and were otherwise very fresh, ingenuou, and new-laid-eggy."

Bullet to Hans baesch

Aci RKALE

13 May 1895—By the way, I am afraid I shall never venture to Singapore, the six days I hid on board the ship between the Dirdancles and Cituna made me feel as though I could hardly stand 1 month of it, especially in tropical seas. I had forgotten what voyages were. However, who knows but I may take heart after all, later on. You may be sure I should like to. The perpetual jinning of the screw is what I found most trying. And now I am just under Mount Etna, and this morning I saw it without 1 cloud and such a lot of snow on it. I thought of poor dear you passing this very town where I am now two months or so ago, and having the mountains all hidden in clouds.

He spent a couple of days at Aci Reale and then went to Palermo, Trapani, Calatafimi and back to Palermo, telling all his friends about his experiences in Greece and the Troad, and how white he had seen bore upon his Odyssean theories. From Palermo he went by boat to Naples and then to Rome.

He had seen in *The Times* a statement that Mr Gladstone intended to make a Mediterranean cruise, and wrote to him from Rome trying to interest him in the

Sicilian origin of the *Odyssey*, begging him, if he touched at Trapani, to consider the question on the spot ¹⁸⁹⁵ *Act 59* Emanuele Biaggi, from Trapani, and Mario Pughsi, from Aci Reale, also wrote to Mr Gladstone who replied to Mario. He thought that "Homer" got the idea of Tinnacna from a Phoenician report of Sicily and that the voyages of Ulysses were confined to a part of the Mediterranean more towards the west. At least this is what I understood, and, if so, it is improbable that Gladstone touched at Trapani. Butler received two postcards from him, acknowledging receipt of his book or some pamphlets on the subject, or perhaps this letter from Rome—I have forgotten which. I remember, however, that he treated the postcards somewhat in the spirit in which we used to read that the North American Indians treated scalps, he had them framed and hung them up in his rooms. After his death they were given to his nephew, Harry Butler, and I have not got them to refer to. I also gave to Harry Butler Ismail's brass watch-chain.

From Rome Butler went to Casale, where the Avvocato Negri had unearthed the contract with the Varallo people for the making of Fabachetti's "Journey to Calvary" chapel, dated 27th April 1599.

"therefore the chapel described in Ciceu's guide, 1586, which appeared to correspond with it, must be some other now cancelled. It makes a great change in my ideas of things. I go to Varallo to-morrow for one night to see Arienta and talk to him about it."

From Varallo he returned to London, stopping at Basel to salute and photograph Madame Kaesch and her family, and reached London early in June.

It may not seem much of a rest or change to be taken from the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*, nevertheless the journey to Greece and the Troad was both to Butler. He found nothing to disagree with in the received opinions concerning the geography of the *Iliad*, consequently there was nothing to invent objections or to fight about, and he returned to London with his health restored to something like what it had been before the *Odyssey* began to trouble him.

CHAPTER XXXIV

1895—PART II.

PREPARING DR. BUTLER'S *LIFE*, THE *ODTSSET* BOOK, AND *ULTSSES*

Butler to Hans Faesch.

14M June 1895.

1895 MY DEAR HANS—I took Alfred to Gadshill on Sunday.
Act. 59 The public-house where the lady was about whose bowels I enquired has changed hands ; the old landlord and his wife have retired into private life. I am sorry, for I liked the woman well enough. Everything just the same at Gadshill—the garden very gay and pretty and eggs abundant. Yesterday I took him to Harrow Weald, where Queen Elizabeth is, and we lay down and went to sleep for an hour on the common at the top of the high ground. These outings do both him and me so much good that now the summer is on I mean to take a lot of them. I have picked up a good deal this week but my head is still not all that it ought to be, and I have no doubt it will be some time yet before I undo all the mischief that has been done:

Alfred has never once had to say " Hans" to me since I came back, so I begin to think I am getting quite good-tempered. Jones and I, talking about the death of the Sultan of Johore last night, said : " Why do they not make Hans the new Sultan, and then we could go and stay with him in his Imperial Palace ?" But the older I grow the greater fools I find everybody to be, except you and Jones and myself and Alfred and Gogin and about half a dozen more.

There ! It is 9.30 A.M. and I hear Alfred fumbling away with his key in the key-hole. He will be inside in another second and then how much more do you think he is likely to let me write to you or to anyone else ? So with a whole prayer-book full of the most beautiful good and kind wishes that a grandfather may send to a very dear grandson—I am yours,

S. BUTLER.

Butler's literary agent did not meet with success in offering the MS of Di Butler's *Life* to publishers. One of the publishers maintained that 150,000 words was the limit for such a book, whereas the words in Butler's *Mb* appeared to amount to nearly a million. This was an exaggeration, nevertheless the work was too long. Butler, however, could guess neither how much nor what kind of reduction a publisher would be likely to require, and even if he could, the idea of shortening the book was not pleasing to him because, as he wrote to his agent (17th April 1895), he believed that, if less widely saleable, it would be more permanently useful as a book for reference on all questions connected with the history of education from 1790 to 1840 in the shape in which he had it than in any other. After anxious thought he at last made up his mind to cut out as much as he could bring himself to omit and to publish the book at his own expense, knowing that this was not giving it the best chance of selling, but despairing of finding any publisher willing to speculate in it. He returned to Mr Murray, who had already declined to publish the MS at his own risk, and arranged that he should publish it on commission after it had been shortened. The shortening and the seeing the book through the press provided him with a troublesome occupation for more than a year.

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Butler to Hans baesch

10 July 1895—I am in the thick of getting my *Life of Dr Butler* ready for the press and my head is still not what it should be, it is all right as long as I do not fatigue it, but with a very little extra exertion the mischief returns.

My Selection Book. I send a copy by this mail and am glad that there is someone there [in Singapore] whom you should wish to show it to. Hear my prophecy. Some day, when you least expect, some one will come to Singapore whose mere presence shall change the aspect of the whole place. Or a veil will drop off from some one who is there already, and the heat will become less hot thenceforward.

Zola [Hms had been reading *Lourdes*, and wanted Butler to read it too.] Nothing can make me think worse of clerics.

1895 generally than I think now When I have written all I want to
 Act 59 write, then perhaps I may have a little time for reiding, but the
 older I grow the less I read beyond what I am compelled in the
 course or my own studies

Towards the end of June I saw Rockstro for the last time He was in bed, ill in body, but with all his wits about him He was correcting an exercise and said

" I am not now looking out for fifths , it's not worth while , anybody can do that for you , but you won't get anybody else to tell you the things I am telling you "

I was to go again for another lesson, but he was too ill to see me and died on the 2nd of July, aged 72

The reader, knowing Butler's views about learning and doing, may have been wondering what can have happened during his counterpoint lessons When they began I was nervous, as I have said in chapter xxviii , but I soon saw that there was no probability of their being discontinued In the first place, Butler was very much interested in Rockstro and his obiter dicta, and, secondly, Rockstro was no less interested in Butler and in all he said Every bar of every exercise became the prelude to a discussion on the philosophy of art It was flogging dead horses and fighting battles o'er again for both of them, but their enjoyment was not thereby spoiled They, no doubt, enunciated between them all, and more than all, that Butler and I had said during our drive from Varese to Angera in 1878 (ante, I p 282), when we passed the architectural mausoleum which provided the text for our conversation about *aydjrr*) and *yvaxris* If Rockstro, as he probably did, said, as I had said, that an artist must master his technique before he can express what he wishes to say, Butler certainly objected, as he had done to me, that in devoting his energies to gaining this power, the artist will lose the desire to say anything, and then will come the temptation, which generally proves too strong, to glory in merely displaying the ability he has acquired This naturally afforded opportunities for a repetition of the contents of the chapter, " Considerations on the Decline of Italian Art " in *Alps and SanetuneSy* and of those chapters in the published *Note-Books*

SUBJECT AND TREATMENT

which deal with kindred matters * Fundamentally, perhaps, they were of the same opinion, but they could not say so openly—such an admission would have put an end to the discussions. Besides, Rockstio was present as teacher, he might have admitted that since art is an affair of this world, neither subject nor treatment can exist alone to any purpose, they are like spirit and body, each permeated with the other, but he was chiefly concerned in enlarging upon treatment and in explaining how to make the subject presentable. And Butler, the pupil who was there to learn what he could about technique, had in his time submitted to so much teaching that he listened with suspicion and was jealously watching lest he might be overtaken by the fate of "all the clever little children," in *Alps and Sanctuaries*, who get "browsed down by the academies "

1895
Aet 59

So we kicked, but we did Rockstro's exercises. No doubt if we had kicked less we should have made more progress, we did not suspect, however, that we were wasting time, for we had no idea we were to lose him so soon. We looked upon him as a kind of treasure-house of learning to which we could always resort to refresh our fading memories of all that he had told us about the history of the delay in the recognition of the grave supertonic among the notes of the diatonic scale, about ornamenting your construction and not constructing your ornament, about the avoidance of the redundant limmi, the use of the Fa fictum, the tritonus. Rockstro usually spoke of this last as "Diabolus", but sometimes he would say "Ah, yes ' but there now ' Yes, don't you see what you have done? Well, now there you've got I hat Thing ". And he was never tired of impressing upon us the necessity for thinking in just intonation. He was writing a book about just intonation when he died, full of curious and valuable information. If he had lived to finish it I doubt whether it would

¹ Namely clnpteri vi Mind ami Matter, vn On the Making of Music, Pictures, ind Books, vin Handel and Music, ix A Painters Views on Painting, x The Position of a Homo Unius Libri, xi Cash and Credit, xn The Enfant lernble of Literature

1895
Act 59 have found a large market, so few being interested in these questions, for Rockstro they were real living interests of the first order, among which he passed much of his mental life

He was probably the most learned contrapuntist of his day, and had what does not always accompany great learning, an intuitive sympathy with the mental attitude of the pupil. He knew, in some apparently supernatural way, all we had been through in preparing an exercise, what particular difficulties we had struggled with, what we had written first and why we had altered it. He was exceedingly kind, but he did not spare us. On the other hand, when he gave us a subject that was not to our taste we used to tell him about it. If one of us succeeded in doing an exercise which met with his approval, we could not resist pointing out to him that, however correct it might be, it was dismally dull to listen to, which he had to admit, the inference being that this was all the fault of his stupid subject. At last he made a concession. He said

"I see how it is, you are like the tiger who disdains to eat meat that he has not himself killed. Very well then, I'll tell you what—you shall make your own subjects."

After this, instead of giving us any more subjects, he allowed us to bring him the songs and choruses we were writing for *Uhsses*, and he criticised. Then we saw what had happened, and that the old gentleman had known where he was going when he made his concession. He ruthlessly took advantage of the strong position into which he had escaped, and paid us out for grumbling at his subjects by stigmatising ours as "unsuitable"—he even used a harsher word, many harsher words, such as "refractory" and "intractable." His line was that so long as we were merely learning to cook we could not be blamed for defects in the material supplied to us, but that the moment we undertook, like the tiger, to do our own marketing as well, we had loaded ourselves with a double responsibility and must put up with the consequences. And, whereas we had never been able to tell

him what was the matter with his subjects, except vaguely that they did not please us, he always could show us quite clearly why ours deserved whatever epithet he chose to apply to them 1895
Act 59

With the memory of Rockstro and these discussions in his head Butler went down to Shrewsbury to stay with his sisters, and wrote to me

2nd Aug 1895—I am ill right, but have said that there was chicory in the coftce (I *should* have said, to be nearer the truth, that there was perhaps some coftet in the chicory) and the development [by Mrs Bridges] of this ill-selected and unpleasant theme has left me stordito, it that is the word -which I doubt

After Rockstro's death, feeling that we still wanted some experienced musician to preserve us from committing unpardonable errors in our music, we prevailed upon Mr Sydney Pearce Waddington to steer us through to the end of *Ulysses*, which he did with great patience and skill

For the scheme of our oratorio I had used, as I have said above, *The Adventures of Ulysses*, by Charles Lamb, who wrote to Manning 26th February 1808

It is done out of the *Odyssey*, not from the Greek (I would not mislead you), nor yet from Pope's *Odyssey*, but from an older translation of one Chapman The Shakespeare *Tales* suggested the doing of it

The reader already knows that Butler's *Odyssean* studies grew out of the writing and composing of *Ulysses*, which grew out of *Narcissus*, which grew out of his passion for Handel as applied to his financial difficulties. Re-reading the *Odyssey* naturally suggested to him re-reading the *Iliad*, and these two great poems of antiquity equally naturally suggested to him re-reading the works of the greatest poet of modern times. He bought Shakespeare in the Temple edition, and kept the volumes in a light bookcase which he had put up over his bed. Before going to sleep he gradually read through the Plays and began puzzling over the Sonnets. Thus he was led from the *Odyssey* to the Sonnets as Lamb had been led from the Plays to the *Odyssey*. And the

1895 puzzling over the Sonnets caused him to go to Stratford-on-Avon, just as his puzzling over the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* had caused him to go to Trapani and Troy.

Butler to Hans Faesch.

9 Aug. 1895—I met Jones at Stratford, as arranged, and we called on Shakespeare, but he was not at home. His servants, however, for the modest sum of sixpence, let us go all over his house and, for another sixpence, we saw the Museum in which was his signet ring, ^UW. S.", which he used to seal with and there was a letter to him with his address on the outside from a gentleman who said he should be very much obliged if Mr. Shakespeare would be kind enough to lend him a little money. When he was born they just entered him as "Guglielmus Filius Joannis Shakespeare April 1564"—but I do not remember the date—and when he died they merely put in the register "April 23 Guglielmus (or William, I forget which) Shakespeare Gent." He was entered just like any common person; and so, of course, he should be; for as "God" to the man who is writing a dictionary is only the word that comes next to "Go-cart," so, to a registrar, a name, a date, and a birth, death or marriage are the limits within which his concern lies.

Then we saw the church with his monument and the stone under which he lies. I send you a little sixpenny book with pictures of the chief things. All the time Jones and I kept saying to one another, "Would not dear Hans like this?" at everything we saw. Then we sat on a bench in front of the river in the churchyard and smoked a cigarette. We asked ourselves whether we would rather bring Shakespeare back to us for an hour or have Hans back for an hour from Singapore; and we settled that, if it was to be only once, we ought to say Shakespeare, because, by waiting, we hope that Hans will come back of himself and, if we did not have Shakespeare then, we could not have him at all; but for the pleasure of the thing we would rather have Hans.

Butler to Mrs. Bovill.

12 Aug. 1895—Thank you for your card. I rejoice to hear that you are better. I am rubbing on, but better I am not nor shall be till poor old Dr. B. takes his hands from my throat.

Jones returns this evening and will give me your Sunninghill address.

I am having a learned (so pray don't look for it—it is full of

Greek) polemic in *The Academy* with a Prof Ridgeway about a 1895 passage in the *Iliad* This too is very bad for me—but I could not help it Act 59

WRITING, IN HOMER

So much turns upon the correct interpretation of the words *σήμετα λυγρὰ* (// vi 168) referred to in Professor RidgeVv |y| interesting and valuable letter in *Du Academy* of July 13, that his, as I believe, mistaken rendering "bileful pictographs" (adopted from Mr A J Evans) should not be allowed to piss unchallenged I he *σήμετα λυγρὰ* do not refer to the individual characters in which the letter or introduction, 01 testimonial, was written, but to the letter or testimonial as 1 whole, they are the *σήμετα* of 1 178 These *σήμετα* or this *σήμετα*—pluril being used much as we say "letters of introduction," without necessarily implying that there was more than one letter—was a *πίναξ πικτός*, on which were written *θιμοφθόρα πολλὰ* The passage should be rendered "He gave him treacherous letters of introduction, to which end he wrote much diming matter on a folding tablet" There is nothing in the passage to indicate that the damaging matter was pictographic rather than alphabetic

The evidence for a fairly free use of writing in Iadic times and earlier is derived, not from the words *σήμετα λυγρὰ*, but from the statement that these *σήμετα λυγρὰ* consisted of a tablet so folded that none but the intended recipient should read what was written, and were covered with much writing A better case for pictographic writing might be made from // vu 175-189, but nothing very positive can be extracted from this passage — SAMUFI BUIFR, 12 July, 1895

The foregoing letter appeared in *The Academy* of 20th July 1895 and letters continued to appear week by week until the 31st of August, when Butler wrote giving a reference to Professor Jebb's *Introduction to Homer*, which showed that Jebb took "the common-sense view", whereupon the correspondence ceased

In considering the various details of practical life which are mentioned in the *Odyssey* Butler always tried to keep his mind in sympathy with the mind of the authoress, in the hope of discovering what sort of a person she could have been In the fifth book, after Ulysses has been with Calypso for seven years, Mercury is sent to tell her to let him go home So, in order that

1895 he may build himself a raft, she lends him an axe, an
Act 59 adze, and some augers, shows him where the best trees
grow, and leaves him to proceed with his work

He nndc the raft as broad as a skilled shipwright makes the
beam of a large vessel, *dnd* he hxed a deck on top of the nbb and
tdn a gunwale all round it He also made a mast with a yaid-
irm *diu* a rudder to steer with

This easy generalisation "as broad as a skilled shipwright makes the beam of a large vessel," coupled with the careful explanation that the rudder was to steer with, convinced Butler that the *Odyssey* was not the work of a shipwright, just is the details about the hoggets and the younger lambs of Polyphemus, and his getting milk from his ewes after their lambs had been with them in the day-time "all in due course" (*Odyssey*, IX) show that it was not written by a shepherd, and just as the stitement, in the discarded Introduction to Part II of *NtirssuSy* that the solicitor, who came post-haste to make the will of the aunt, brought with him "the usual necessary things," may be taken as showing that Butler was not a lawyer. The raft, however, got built and was seaworthy enough for Ulysses to make the voyage on it from Calypso's island (Pantellana) and, notwithstanding Neptune's opposition, to reach Schena (Trapani). We are told that he "steecid towards the Great Bear, which is also called the Wain, keeping it on his left hand, for so Calypso had advised him," and this steering business threatened to give Butler trouble. He did not see how he could be sure of the precise direction taken by Ulysses unless he knew what the Great Bear was doing at that time, which appeited to involve entering into intimate relations with the Precession of the Equinoxes from which he modestly shrank. He was still of the same mind about the stars as he had been when I had refened to them at Varese in 1878, and quite recently had told Biaggini that he knew the sun and the moon but that there his astronomy ended. So he wrote to the authorities at Greenwich, stating his difficulty and asking for information and assistance. The Astronomer Royal,

although, as he said, the investigation of such literary questions was rather outside his province, nevertheless sent a polite reply from which it appeared that if Ulysses had started from Pantellana about 3000 years ago and followed Calypso's sailing orders, he would have arrived at Trapani [*The Authojess*, p 182) And this, as it was what Butler wanted for his theory, was entirely satisfactory

1895
Act 59

Butler to Mrs Bovill

Aug 1895—One line to thank you for your vcrv kind letter received the dav before yesterday It is very kind of you to lsk me to Sunnmnghill but I cannot possibly come I leave home on Mond Sep 2 for three weeks and this time I am to tike no Homer and no Dr Butler with me If that doesn't set me up I shall begin to patch up my old body for one place or the other, but I think it will set me right I want something, for I do not cross the streets in confidence and I get instinctively as near pilings and walls as I can It's all Homer and Dr Butler I he shortening the work [Dr Butler] is going on and I 1m more than half-way through with it, but it has been a tiresome job I do not want the Homer—or rather the *Odyssey* and you c m show it anyone you wish to show it to

I am so glad to hear you say you shall trouble less about society for I know you will be a great deal happier and healthier " 'Ollow" is not a bad enough word for it, it is filled with mcphitic gases as well as being "ollow" I feel like Jesus Christ—when two or three are gathered together I do not mind being in the midst of them, but I do not want to be bothered with more, and those two or three must smoke

Alfred's baby seems to be going on quite nicely now and I have every hope that it will pull through Mrs Cathie (I mean mv old Mrs Cathie, Alfred's aunt) gives it an excellent charaeter for general goodness and amiability, and I can trust her to know and to tell me what she thinks She is a good old thing We are now in trouble about the vaccination question in which neither Alfred nor I believe, but I suppose we shall have to submit to it

If you write while I am away Alfred will forward

This passage about two or three being gathered together was borrowed from Miss Savage's letter (ante, I p 225), but Butler followed the recommendation he gave in his essay "On English Composition" in *The*

1895 *Eagle* of 1858, and by adding the stipulation that they
 Act 59 must smoke, "set out the borrowed capital to interest"

We went to Switzerland and spent three weeks on the S Gottardo at Wassen, I lospenthal, and Belhn7ona At Wassen we stayed at the Hotel des Alpes, where they had specially good Chianti this year, I suppose we must have drunk it all—at all events it was never so good in the following years We used to take a bottle with us up the side villey to Meien, where we sketched all day, meeting for luncheon at the fountain in the village I he old priest also cime to the fountain to wash his shutters which had been taken down for the summer, and it was now time to bring them out again and replace them for the winter He had gold rings in his ears, like those in one of the poitraits of Shakespeare, and, as he struggled with his shutters and the water, his sottana became disan mged and, like John Pickard Owen and his brother, we discovered that the miss of petticoat which enveloped the holy man from the waist downwards was not all solid priest, but that he had legs as a Christian or an ordinary man has and wore trousers Butler made 1 note about it, and we wondered it the time whether the Chianti could have had anything to do with its being such a particularly good note as we both thought it I have often wanted to refresh my memory of it but, though I have repeatedly looked for it among his papers, I have not yet come across it Perhaps he destroyed it, as I fear he must have destroyed another note which I remember his making and which also I cannot find It hid nothing to do with Chianti It was a regret that Handel had nowheie put into music the wind whirling the autumn leaves into spiral eddies along the road

In the next later, to Hins Paesch, Butler alludes to the lies he had to tell to get new-laid eggs and the price he had to pay for them on oui Sunday walks Further particulars can be lead in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912) ^{tC} "New-Laid hggs" (p 249) Hans had been piesenent at some of the bargaining and had been much impressed by the masterly way in which Butler introduced the pseudo wife, daughter, or baby for whose benefit the

eggs were said to be required It was a standing difficulty 1895
 through the winter and is referred to in other letters Act 59
 But it did not continue to the end of his life, because
 about 1898 he lost the desire to eat any more eggs, no
 matter how fresh The fatal facility of cooking them
 had led to his eating them too frequently

Butler to Hans baesih

15 Nov 1895—I took Alfred to Gadshill list Sunday and
 yesterday we went a walk to Hirrow Weald md pud 1 visit to
 Queen hhzabeth The lies I hive to tell to get a new-hid egg
 now are something awful and then I only get one or perhaps two
 and have to pay 2d apiece for them

13 Dec 1895—As for the photo of your people which I sent
 you when I tame back from Basel, you say I im not in it , but,
 you dear person, you are wrong and, as in those stupid puzzles
 that used to go about a year or two ago when we were told to
 find the—whatever it might be, so I have half a mind to puz/le
 you by saying "Hud Mr Butler in your print of your mother
 and brothers ", but as I hite to puzzle anybody—and especially
 you—let me say at once that I am underneath your family's
 laugh, I am inside the smile, for it was at me that they were
 laughing Tliey were all as grave as judges, so I made them
 laugh and thus got myself into the picture

This photograph had been taken while we were on
 our way home from Switzerland Soon after our return
 Butler received a visit from a Sicilian who was in London
 and who had been told to call upon him by one of his
 Trapanese friends Butler enquired in what way he could
 help him The Sicilian wanted to learn hnhghsh, so
 Butler gave him half an hour every day He wrote to
 another friend at Trapani that his pupil was a delightful
 person but very stupid and made the same mistakes time
 after time When this had been going on for three months
 the Sicilian borrowed £2 Butler wrote to Trapani

He will probably repay mc the £2 and then a few days
 afterwards will want to borrow £\ If he repiys mc the £2
 then I will get rid of him at once If he does not pay mc, then
 I will ask him to do so after a reasonable time and on this I shall
 probably see no more of him If he wants to borrow more—that
 would be best of all, for I could then refuse and show him the
 door

1895
Act 60¹ Of course he ought not to have given him the English lessons; but he felt bound to do so because he had received so much hospitality at Trapani and made so many friends there I forget how it ended , probably the Sicilian did want to borrow more with the predicted result

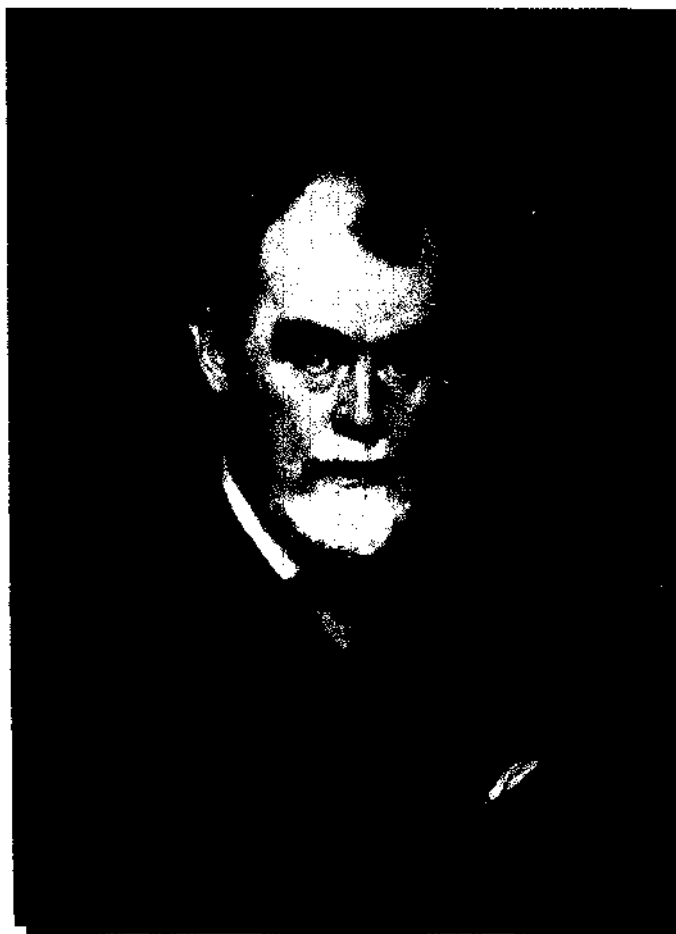
Butler had taken Rockstro's photograph and had given a print to Mr. J A Fuller Maitland who, as I have mentioned in a previous chapter, was musical critic for *The Times*, and who had introduced us to Rockstro. The photograph was an unusually successful one and at Fuller Maitland's request Butler lent him the negative so that he might have prints made to give to Rockstro's friends. This led to some correspondence from which I give two extracts

J A Fuller Maitland to Butler

6 Dec 1895 -I'm afraid it would not be any inducement if I offered to arrange, in return, for a performance of *Narcissus* on Handel festival scale at the Crystal Palace next summer

Butler to J A Fuller Maitland

7 Dec 1895—I have always been a little piqued with the Devil for never having thought me sufficiently worth catching to bait his hook with a performance of *Narcissus* on however small a scale. You surely he must know that he could in some sort cite me about *Narcissus*



St. Stephen

John S. Butler, C. S. S.

John S. Butler -

in the National Portrait Gallery

CHAPTER XXXV

1896

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF DR SAMUEL BUTLER

THE improvement in Butler's general health after his journey to Greece and the Troad did not last, and his feet were now becoming painful. Dr Dudgeon made various suggestions which were followed without success, and the advice of two of the recognised leaders of medical science led to no better result. They thought he might be suffering from gout or neuritis or—half a dozen different things, but his feet remained very painful and as the time drew near for him to go to Sicily in the spring it seemed to me that he ought not to go alone. Hitherto I had not accompanied him for two reasons, first, because he did not like the responsibility of taking me to a country where there might have been risk, and secondly, because there was so much travelling by sea, and I am a bad sailor. But, after he came to know the Sicilians, he saw that the first objection was absurd, and as it was possible to go in the railway down to Reggio, the sea journey need not be more than the 40 minutes* crossing from Reggio to Messina. I told him that I wanted to see all the places and be introduced to all the people I had heard about, knowing that he would enjoy showing them to me, and so it was settled that I was to go.

1896
Act 60

We left London early in April and went first to Basel, where we saluted the Faesch family with whom we exchanged the information we had received from Hans in his letters from the East, and they showed us the

1896 photographs he had sent home Butler had chosen the
Act 60 camera for Hans and when he sent it out wrote

What WL want most are photos of yourself as big and as sharp as you can get them The camera I sent you should take a face as big as a shilling -and if you can get it as big as eighteenpence, so much the better

From Basel we went to Casale where Butler gave a dinner at the Albergo Rosa Rossa to the Avvocato Negri and several of our friends Then we went to Florence, where we stayed at Isabella's hotel, she dined with us one evening and Miss Helen Zimmern came to meet her Another evening we dined with Miss Zimmern and a number of her friends came in Butler took with him his manuscript translation of the *Odyssey* He was showing it to Miss Zimmern and to one of the guests, who was a schoolmaster on his way to Rome for Easter, and explaining that he had tried to make it readable, so that it might compete with *fury stories* and with tales of adventure, such as *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gullivers Travels*, and thus had a market among boys The schoolmaster, glancing at the manuscript, pointed out that schoolboys would never read a book in which there were so few paragraphs, the page looked repellent Butler had the habit of not breaking up the pages of his manuscript into paragraphs, his view was, as he had explained to Rockstro, that it was an author's business to make his meaning clear, and the manner of its presentation, though not to be neglected, was of secondary consequence But he profited by the schoolmaster's advice and made many more paragraphs when the book was being printed

This was not the only lesson he received that evening The other was on a subject more difficult than the attractive displaying of type on a page It was on the art of understanding women Most of the other guests were ladies, and the conversation turned upon Stockton's story "The Lady or the Tiger?" Butler had not read it, and they had to tell it to him shortly The princess and a young man have fallen in love, he is to be punished by being brought into the arena where he is to open one

of two doors , behind one door is a tiger, behind the other is a lady , if he opens the first, the tiger will conn, out and eat him , if he opens the second, the lady will come out and marry him , he does not know which is behind which, but the princess is in the secret and is sitting among the audience , he looks to her for a sign and she directs him to open—here the story breaks off, hanging on the query, Which door did she indicate?

1596
Act 60

The ladies at Miss Zimmern's all agreed that it was a foolish query because, of course, no woman could bear to see her lover torn to pieces by a tiger, true, no woman could bear to see her lover marry a rival, still it would be the lesser of two evils, and women being by nature tender-hearted she would certainly spare his life. We listened with interest, and felt that we were learning something

The conversation then turned, as it often does among English people in Florence, upon the Brownings—and what a remarkable pair they were ' and what an ideal marriage ' One of the ladies remembered that she had once before discussed " The Lady or the Tiger ?" in a company which included a lady who knew Mr Browning slightly. At the request of the others this lady had written to the poet stating the problem and asking what, in his opinion, the princess would have done. Mr. Browning replied on a postcard that the princess would have let out the tiger, and so would any woman , he had no doubt about it. Whereupon the ladies at Miss Zimmern's all agreed that Mr Browning was right. And they attributed the correctness of his solution of the problem to his consummate knowledge of women, acquired no doubt from that wonderful woman his wife. And so the conversation was left hanging on a query no less perplexing to us than the query of the story, and we were not sure that, after all, we had learnt anything.

From Florence we went through Orvieto to Cortona, where Butler showed me in the Museum the famous Etruscan lamp and also the painting of " La Musa Polinnia," which is reproduced as the frontispiece to *The Authoress*. From Cortona we went to Rome, where

1896 he showed me the house in which he and his family had
 Act 60 stayed in 1843 We saw many of the sights, and
 ascended the tower of the Capitol, as Dr Butler had done
 in 1822

I could not contemplate from this spot, which commands all the monuments of Antient Rome, without feeling very strong sensations, in short I could not refrain from an actual gush of tears I stood on the Capitol, on my left was the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, etc, etc (*The Life of Dr Butler*, I 227)

Butler intended the "etc, etc," with which he breaks off the sentence, to cover a smile at the old schoolmaster's "very strong sensations" His own were less unruly, he had no difficulty in lefraining from "an actual gush of tears"

Between Rome and Naples we stopped at Frosinone, drove to Alatin, and wondered at the polygonal masonry of the great bastion All this was doing him good, and as we neared Naples it was delightful to observe the childlike pleasure he took in making me look out for Vesuvius on one side of the carnage while he looked out on the other, in case we might miss the first possible glimpse of it

"1 here it is • Come over here Do you see it? And it's smoking' Do you see the Observatory? I'm so glad it is smoking I hope we shall see the glow after dark"

Vesuvius was far better than the view from the Capitol And after dark we did see the glow We went out into a piazza where there was a statue of Vittono Emanuele and watched the red-hot lava, until presently, as we turned to go back to the hotel, he said

"But it's nothing to Etna It's a mere pocket volcano compired with Etna Why, Etna is nearly 11,000 feet high and this trumpery little thing is only about 4000 You wait till we get to Reggio"

We had three or four days in Naples to see the usual sights and the house in which he had lodged in 1843, md left the city by driving to Pompeii Here we went 3ver the ruins, and the same day went, part of the way

by carnage and the rest of the way on horseback, up Vesuvius to a place near the Observatory where was the eruption of which we had seen the glow from Naples. The view over the sea with the islands in the sunset was magnificent and after dark we walked about near the red-hot lava, and brought away two bits of it into which pennies had been imbedded by the guide who carefully piloted Butler about, and addressed him as " Papa " We returned very tired and with our boots full of lava dust to Pompeii, where we slept

1896
Act 60

Next day we went to Salerno and made an excursion to Paestum to see the Temple of Neptune I was not told that there was anything finer than this, on the contrary, it seemed impossible that there could be anything more imposing, nor could we, by imaginary alterations in its lines or proportions, think of any change that would not spoil it And we agreed that there was no force in the objection that it ought to have been built of marble, as the Greek temples were, instead of stone This objection, we thought, touched it no more than an objection to a performance of the *Messiah* that the singers were not of royal descent would touch that work

We went by train along the coast down to Reggio and saw Etna at last It was as faultless as the Temple of Neptune We crossed to Messina and went to Aci Reale, where he introduced me to Mario Puglisi Pico. Then we went to Siracusa and had an interesting conversation at the Museum with Dr Paolo Orsi about the antiquities of the island (*The Authoress*, pp 185-6) On our return to Catania we made an excursion for the day to Taormina and tried to find the remains of Naxos about which Orsi had told us, but on this occasion we failed to identify them We saw Taormina, however, and understood why it is so much extolled

We then went through the island to Palermo, and he introduced me to Peppino Pagoto who was studying at the University From Palermo we went to Calatafimi, where Ingroja received us He hired horses and with Cavaliere Adamo we went to Segesta, where we spent the

1896 **day**, and Butler photographed us all, some of us on
 Act 60 horseback, with a corner of the Temple as background.

We drove from Calatafimi to Trapani, arriving on the 5th of May. The news of his arrival spread all over the town at once, we had dinner in the midst of a crowd of friends, and afterwards held a kind of levee till bedtime. Next day we drove with Signor Pietro Sugameh to the salt-works of S. Cusumano, and saw the Grotta del Toro and the Grotta di Polifemo. We spent the next day on Mount Trax, and picnicked on the site of the Temple of Venus.

Before leaving Trapani, Butler took me into the church of S. Maria di Gesù on purpose to show me the inscription and outline picture on the stone over the vault of the coachmen of Trapani. In 1903, when I went to Trapani to give the town the MS. of *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, I revisited the vault, and in my "Diary of a Journey through North Italy to Sicily" (1904), wrote about it

1 here vv is the inscription on one of the stones of the floor

AURIGAE DREPANENSIS
 DY VIIAE SIADIV CURRERFI
 MORIIS IFI COM-OS
 CURSUM COHII3
 EXIRFMAE IUBAE CLACORF
 FXPFICIANIES
 ANNO Dfii MDCCXVIII

Some letters are missing from the third and fourth lines, my friend Mr. Arthur Maiden, of Suva, thinks that, with the contractions written in length, the words probably ran as follows

Aungae Drepanenses dum vine stadium current mortis
 telo confossi hic cursum cohibuerunt extrinsece tubae clangorem
 expectantes ANNO DOMINI MDCCXVIII

The Italian chanothees, while they were running the race of life, struck by the dart of Death, stayed here their course, awaiting the sound of the last trumpet

The inscription covers one half of the stone, and on the other half is an outline, pathetic in its incompetence, showing one of the tenants of the vault as he might have been seen in the costume of his period, driving his chariot with pair Butler, who never

could resist in epitaph, ilways intended to copy the inscription and the outline but ilvways omitted to do so

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I was wrong in thinking thit he made no copy of the inscription, I have recently found that he did, and he also made a note in which he speaks of

the stone to the Cocchien di Trapani in S Mam di Gesii, with a lovely little Lord Mavor's coich and two mules driven by a little Cupid who had come straight down from the 1 emple of Venus on Mount *hryx*

The difference between his note and mine goes deeper than mere literary skill On referring to a sketch I made ot the outline in 1904, I now see that the driver's costume cannot accurately be said to belong to any period, for he is wearing nothing but a three-cornered hat Butler recognised him for what, of course, he really is And yet I might have identified him as well as Butler , for, now I come to think of it, I remember the making of this note and that it was modelled on that passage in *Ex Voto* (p 35) where he describes our meeting a wild old man at Varallo who had actually seen a murderer beheaded, and we thought he " looked like an executioner broken loose from the Magellation Chapel on the Sacio Monte "

We went from Trapani to Castclvetrano and Selinunte and saw the ruins, and the quarries at Cusa, where the stones for the temples at Selinunte were excavated We returned to Palermo and went to Cefalii to see the megalithic walls down by the sea, and the building on the headland which is believed to belong to the Mycenaean period These are important for Butler's theory because he identified Cefalu with Telepylus, the city of the Laestrygomans

I may mention that when my friend Mr H P Jones and myself were it Cefalu in the spring of 1896, we met a flock of goats coming into the town to be milked about five in the afternoon, md on our return from a walk we met another flock coming out after having just been milked 1 hese two flocks must have met and the shepherds must have saluted one another as in [*Odyssey*] x 82, 83, but unfortunately we did not happen to be at their point of meeting (*The Authoress*, p 186)

1896

Aet 60

ODYSSEY X. 82-86

{from " *The Odyssey Rendered into English Prose* " by S But(er)}

I elcpylus the city of the Laestrygonians, where the shepherd who is driving in his sheep and goats [to be milked] salutes him who is driving out his flock [to feed after having been milked] and this last answers the salute In that country a man who could do without sleep might earn double wages, one as a herdsman of cattle and another as a shepherd, for they work much the same by night as they do by day

This is the prehistoric joke about the Laestrygonian man who could earn double wages if he could do without sleep, referred to by Butler in his letter to me of 30th August 1892 (ante, p 146) We were told that the goats were driven into Cefalu to be milked from 6 till 8 in the morning and again from 5 till 7 in the evening , and this was the only town known to our informant where they were so driven and milked, and where fresh milk could be obtained twice a day, and therefore the only town where a sleepless man could earn double wages In most Sicilian towns there was, in 1896, no evening supply, you had to take your milk when the goats passed in the morning or wait till to-morrow No doubt, as Butler says in *The Authoress*, fresh milk could have been obtained in the evening in Palermo, Messina, or Catania, but it would not have been the usual thing. Even in Rome our landlord told us that it would be an exceptional thing for the goats to come to be milked in the evening

We left Sicily by crossing in the boat from Messina to Reggio and then went by train to Salerno whence we made an excursion to Paestum and spent another "day with the Temple of Neptune " Then we went through Rome and Pisa to Genoa, where we separated, I going to Nice to see my mother, and Butler, after calling at Casale-Monferrato, going to Lucerne to meet Alfred tor, notwithstanding the commutation of Alfred's Whitsuntide outings, and notwithstanding the wife and children, it was felt that he ought to be able to say that he had been in Italy—or rather that Butler ought to be able to say it

for him So Alfred travelled all by himself and with no adventures to Lucerne, where he met Butler, who took him through the S Gottardo to Lugano, Porlezza, S Salvatore, Luino, Locarno, back to Lucerne, up the Bttrgenstock and home via Basel.

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Butler to Hans Faesch.

30 June 1896—I have to start for Shrewsbury to the annual speech festivities and I know I shall have no chance of writing before Friday unless I do so now Gogin is painting my portrait and is doing it very well I went down to Shoreham and sat to him Saturday and Sunday and I shall have to go several times more He is to paint Jones and he talks of painting himself I have finished my *Life of Dr Butler* and have corrected the index so that I have nothing whatever to do more Now I have about three or four months* work at the [translations of the] *I It ad* and *Odyssey* and then these also will be ready for press, so now I am able to get to the music for *Ulysses* and am at work upon a chorus for it which I find very difficult I wish I had not to go to Shrewsbury, I am always happier at home and at the British Museum than anywhere else Here we are full of Dr Jameson's trial, the wreck of the *Drummond Castle*, the all-night sitting of the House of Commons, and all the usual things,

Gogin's portrait of Butler is now in the National Portrait Gallery A reproduction of it, made by our friend Mr Emery Walker, is at the opening of this chapter Years after the picture was painted Gogin wrote to me about it.

Charles Gogin to H F Jones

19 Feb 1910—How time flies ' I can hardly believe it is nearly fourteen years since Butler's portrait was painted at Shoreham How well I remember the hot summer and the weekly (and I am afraid also weakly) struggling in the morning with S B to get him to save up his complexion for the afternoon sitting But no, he must take his walk, and for that he chose the beach ' At all times his face was not pale, still it was very paintable However, there he was, impossible to be copied, a flaming deep red, and there was nothing for it but to "cook" the colour to any extent

Hans Faesch to Butler

1896 10 July 1896—I do about the same as we used to do in
 Act 60 England, only it all goes by boat and with a gun, without, it
 would not do I also have cucumbers and onions and we eat
 with Chinese sticks, this is very difficult in the beginning but
 very handy if anybody is used to it

By this time Hans had moved from Singapore to Saigon. He called his boat the *Samuel Butler* and had a Swiss flag. There are, of course, many letters from him, but they contain little that bears upon Butler's life. The onions were pickled onions and we found them refreshing when getting our lunch on our Sunday walks. Butler used to recommend every one to take them when going on a picnic.

Butler to Hans Faesch

31 July 1896—Never mind about De Galember's being a Roman Catholic if he is a good fellow otherwise. It is a great thing that you should have anyone at all whom you can make a friend of. I hate all that rubbish, whether Catholic or Protestant, more and more the older I grow and, so far from becoming indifferent to it, the sense of the harm it does in a thousand ways and of its utter unworthiness impresses me more and more continually. I loathe it. But, at the same time, I think we oppose it more effectually by treating it with silent contempt than by arguing about it. In fact I am not sure that the best way of dealing with those who are on the other side is not to pretend to agree with them a little more than one really does rather than to argue with them. The more they see us anxious to get them to think as we do the more they will stick to their own opinion. It piques them far more and makes them far more untasy if we make them see that we do not care one straw what they think. This makes them suppose that we must feel strongly enough not to want their support and the more they think this the more of their support will they give us. It is always a sign of weakness—Gracious heavens! how I am running on and telling you things you know already a hundred times better than I do. Forgive me and set it down to old age.

I forgot to say that at the Shrewsbury speeches Jebb, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge, was there. He is supposed to be a great authority on Homer. I was at the high table, only

two places off him The headmaster in his speech called attention to my presence and was highly complimentary about me, but Jebb never opened his lips and this was, I do not doubt, intended as a slight 1 shall get over it

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Act 60

Butler to R H Hobart Cust

15 Aug 1896—Your very kind letter of Aug 6 from Milan only reached me yesterday, having gone from Trubner's to Longman's before it was sent to my address J thank you for it, and for the encouragement which it affords me I may, however, take this opportunity of putting you on your guard against some of the many mistakes which have been found in *Ev Vot*, and which I fear are never likely to be corrected in a second edition

1 I had a fine fit of admiration of the statues in the vaulting of the Paradiso chapel [at Crea] and ascribed them (as they were then generally ascribed) to Tabachetti It is certain that he never did one of them, but that all are by the painter Moncalvo

This comes of going to such places in dull January foggy weather, alone, and under a preconceived idea, on looking at the figures later I was a good deal ashamed of myself

2 Caccia's book, or rather pamphlet guide, published in 1586, of which there is a copy in the Bibhoteca Ambrosiana, describes what I took to be Tabachetti's chapel as then finished I think *dtiyonc* seeing the description and the actual chapel would think that the one was intended for the other, other chapels are also described in Caccia which I did not doubt were those at present existing Unfortunately last year the original contract with Tabachetti was discovered by my friend Cavaliere Negri at Casale and it is dated Ap 1599, and this upsets my chronology very seriously

Cavaliere Negri and I are now quite agreed that instead of going from Varallo to Crea, as has been hitherto believed, Tabachetti went first to Crea about 1590 (where his brother Nicola Tabachetti also worked) and went thence to Varallo doing all his work there between 1598 and the year of his death, which Cav Negri has ascertained to be 1615 He probably died at Varallo

Caccia did what I have since found done even to a greater extent in later guide-books as soon as he knew that it was intended to make a chapel he described it as made In some guide-books to the Sacro Monte of Varallo which may be seen in the Bibhoteca Nazionale at the Brera, illustrations are given of chapels which are described as made, but which to this day have never been even begun

All my pretty argument, therefore, about the Saas chapels falls to pieces, so far as the support I claimed from ascertainable

1896 chronology is concerned Still there is an influence of T abachetti
 Aet 60 about those chapels which requires explaining If you have not
 seen them you might care to do so They are very rough, rude,
 and common in execution , but, as I have said elsewhere, Taba-
 chetti's work at Varallo seems to have been present to the mind
 of the designer, while no other work at Varallo is in evidence

Did you ever see a work of a very different kind in the church
 of Sta Anna at Ghss near Bneg ? A recumbent figure in wood,
 stained, with much accessory work dated 1517 or 1519 or there-
 abouts If you have not, it will be worth your while to do so on
 the next opportunity that presents itself.

About six months later, early in 1897, Butler wrote
 another letter, similar to the foregoing, pointing out the
 mistakes in *Ex Voto* to the Rev F C Fisher of Gains-
 borough who had written to borrow photographs of the
 statues on the Sacro Monte at Varallo which he wanted to
 illustrate a lecture he was proposing to give In thank-
 ing Butler for his letter Mr Fisher admired " the readi-
 ness (not common in authors) with which you not only
 acknowledge such errors as you could scarcely avoid
 making in your very interesting book, but even announce
 them gratuitously to strangers "

Butler had given a copy of *Narcissus* to Ingroja, who
 was to get some musical friends to go through it
 [Ingroja had studied English and wrote :

Cavaltère Biagio Ingroja to Butler.

13 Sep 1896—The musical whole evening in your honour
 was solemnised at Palermo at house of my dear friend the Com-
 mendatore Professor Sirena The *Narcissus* was plaid on violin
 and piano and the elect auditory did like it very much, and
 inanimously judged it a very pretty musical work in sweet
 >astoral style, suited to the subject, and overfull with wealthy and
 earned harmony

We went to Wassen again this autumn and sketched
 :here and up the Meien Valley On our way home we
 stayed in Basel and saw the Faesch family, including
 Hans's younger brother, Remi (Remigius) Butler wrote
 :o Hans about him saying how much we liked him , the
 >pening of the next letter is about Remi.

Butler to Hans Faesch

22 Sep 1896—We are delighted with him and feel sure that he will do well No, I don't agree with you I do not want him to have more of the teaching of adversity than can be helped Of course adversity has *some* teaching, but it is a clumsy round-about way of arriving at a result that can be got better by prosperity However, as adversity is sure to come sooner or later, let us hope that it may do him an awful lot of good when it does come Anyhow we are very much pleased with him and the sooner he comes to London the better we shall like it

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1 hen we went on to Amiens to see the cathedral there, but I did not much like it There are some lovely painted sculptures round the choir It seems S Firmin (I think that was his name) came to convert the people of Amiens, and Faustinien, the pagan governor, comes to the gate of the town to receive him with great pomp, and the saint converts him In the next group we see all Amiens taking off its clothes and coming to be baptised 1 hen the good Christian governor, Faustimtn, seems to be replaced by a terribly wicked wretch who puts S Pirmin into prison, and finally they cut off his head And so things seem to have jogged on for a good many years till a certain S Salve discovers that Amiens can never become really good and happy till they have found the body of S Firmin He accordingly prays God to tell them where it is lying, for no one had put up any tombstone, and one day, as S Salve was performing mass, God sent a star which conducted the saint to the place where the body lay Then they dug it up, and it is quite fresh and has all its bishop's robes on as though it had just come from the wash—and it does heal such a lot of people

Here we are all full of the dynamite conspiracy, Constantinople, and the Soudan It will take wiser heads than ours to say how it is all going to end, but I never remember to have seen things look so threatening since the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny

Among Butler's papers I find a note that Mr Fisher Unwin called upon him at the beginning of October 1896 and, in the course of conversation, asked him what he was doing "I said I had my book about the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to do first, but that, when that was done, I had often thought of writing *Erewhon Revisited*" Nothing turns upon this interview and note, but it is interesting as being the first mention I have found of a definite intention to write a sequel to *Erewhon*.

1896 On the 2nd October we received the first copy of *The*
 Act 60 *Life and Letters of Br Samuel Butler, Head-Master of*
Shrewsbury School, 1798-18361 and afterwards Bishop of
Lichfield, in so far as they illustrate the Scholastic^ Religious,
and Social Life of England, 1790-1840

The writing of Dr Butler's *Life* involved much correspondence and many visits to Shrewsbury, Eton, Harrow, Rugby and many other places to see surviving pupils of Dr Butler, old people of Shrewsbury who remembered the headmaster, and relatives of the family and of the families of pupils and friends Butler took a pleasure in giving his grandfather's letters and papers to those who were interested in possessing them He gave some to the Schools at Shrewsbury, some to St John's College, Cambridge, some to Rugby School, some to the Vaughan Library at Harrow, some to friends who specially cared to have them, and all that were over to the British Museum And in 1897 he gave the MS of his book to the Shrewsbury Free Library

The points that interested him particularly in the *Life* were the correspondence with Baron Menan, the letters of Tillbrook, Dr Butler's *Aeschylus*, and the two extraordinary stories of *The Fortunate Youth* and *The Mystery of Owen Parfitt* Beyond all these, however, he was interested in the character of Dr Butler and the strained and, one would have thought, impossible relations that for thirty-seven years subsisted between him and his second master, Jeudwine, as to which something has already been said (ante, I p 9) Let me here quote from the *Life* (I 42) a sentence referring to Jeudwine

Even though Dr Butler had not changed the face of public school education from one end of England to the other, though he had never created a great school and turned out a brilliant band of scholars, the foremost of whom, no doubt, in some respects surpassed himself, even though he had done nothing but command his temper so admirably for so many years, I should still have thought no pains I could bestow upon his memory so great as that memory deserved

The Rev S Tillbrook, whose letters are among the best in the book, married late, and his daughter was a posthumous

child She married Thomas Frederic Inman, a solicitor of Bath Mrs Inman saw Butler's book and got into communication with him through Mr Murray ¹⁸⁹⁶ Act 60 Soon after this I was staying at Bath with my friend, Dr King Martyn, and found that he knew Mr and Mrs Inman Butler came down to Bath from Saturday to Monday while I was there, and Dr Martyn took us to call on them Although her father was a contemporary of Dr Butler, Mrs. Inman was not many years older than Butler, and was much affected to see and speak with one who, if he had not and could not have known Mr Tillbrook, was nevertheless familiar with his character from his letters

After Mrs Inman's death, her son, Mr Arnold Inman, lent me two letters wrtten by Dr Butler to Mr Tillbrook which are here reproduced The reader should be reminded that both Dr Butler and Mr Tillbrook were devoted to fishing The first has no postmark Apparently it was sent by hand, Dr Butler being at Lowood " in this neighbourhood "

[Address]

THE REV S THLBROOK,
W WORDSWORI'H'S ESQ ,
RYDAL HEAD

Come Bacchus	Water-hater
I hou Jack-ass ¹	Piscator
Bring bottle and glass	And poacher at times
We're on gallop	Jack-catcher
To Salop	And snatcher
Self, wife, lad and lass	Of comical rhymes
Trout-killer	Come sidle
Maw-filler	From Rydal
Old Isiac\ old son	At Lowood to stay
Mutton-e iter	This night
Ebdieator	We invite
Of stray Joke and pun—	Lest we go the ntxt day

luesday 24 July^ 1821

on

¹ Used not as a Urm ot reproach but endearment Vule " P t r B 11 ' Great poetical *indulgences* arc nllowul in this neighbourhood [Note by Dr Butler]

THE SOUL OF POETRY

IT

1896 [Postmark] SHREWSBURY 7 Se 7 1816 1630
Act 60 [Address] THE REV S TILLBROOK,
RYDAL AMBLESIDE WESTMORELAND

Poet, pike-fisher, farmer, lakist, quixote or by whatever polyonymia you be invoked, tell me only one thing, did you receive my answer to your letter ?

If you are too proud, too lazy, too sulky, too busy
Like a poet with a fine phrensy rolling in his eye,
Like a pike-fisher with his rod, like a farmer with his plough,
Like a lakist in his boat, or like quixote I can't tell how,
If you're proud that you're a landholder and own Ivy cottage,
If you're hzy and in consequence are driv'ling into dotage,
If you're sulky because you're an old bachelor and fusty,
If you're busy and so my letter makes you crusty

Reply—reply reply—reply—
Or I won't keep the vacancy

The above, which, with the exception of one blot upon the word " makes," is, or rather at the time I made it was, an extempore dithyrambic is to prove to you that "anch' 10 son poeta "

Now I have told you enough for your *dylvoia* and so, lest I should be too agreeable, I here end my evocation and invocation —
Yours truly, S B

SHREWSBURY, *Sept* 7 1816

I think Butler would have given these two letters in the *Life* of his grandfather if he had known of their existence In *Ex Voto* (p 34) he gives some rhyming entries from the visitors' book of one of the inns at Varallo and adds

It is a pity the art of writing such pleasing little poems should be now so generally neglected in favour of more ambitious compositions Whatever brevity may be as regards wit, it is certainly the soul of all agreeable poetry

This, of course, was written before he made his discoveries about the authoress of the *Odyssey*, a poem which cannot be called brief Readers will remember that in *The Way of All Flesh* (chap xliv) there is a stanza which was composed by one of Ernest's schoolfellows :

The dogs of the monks of St Bernard go
To pick little children out of the snow,
And round their necks is the cordial gin
Tied with a little bit of bob-bin

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The last line has to be read with the stress on the "of", Ernest did not quite like it and tried to mend it, but couldn't Butler found among his grandfather's papers another stanza which wanted no mending

The wicked, lurking robber, when
The harmless traveller passes his den,
Lays hold of him fast by the tail of his coat
And robs his money and cuts his throat

We know that the stanza about the St Bernard dogs was turned into Alcaics at Roughborough (ante, p 156), otherwise it might have perished It is possible that the other owed its preservation to its having also been the subject of translation. The ballad of "Wednesbury Cocking" would not have been dug up again if Garnett had not wanted to get hold of the poem in Greek hexameters (ante, I 348) And thus we see how he who cultivates the classics may become vates sacer to him who throws off fugitive verses

Butler received many letters about his book, all very flattering He was best pleased with those that showed sympathy with Dr Butler and made him feel that he had succeeded in rescuing his grandfather from oblivion, and in restoring him to something like his proper place in the history of public-school education Among those who wrote were Dr Mandell Creighton, Mr Garnett, and Professor J E B Mayor Lord Gnmthorpe not only wrote, he also made notes and sent them to Butler to be used in a second edition, and invited him to come to tea and talk them over Butler went and they spent the afternoon together and often saw each other afterwards They had met forty-five years before when Butler was a boy of fifteen and Lord Gnmthorpe was on a visit to the vicar of Meole Brace, near Shrewsbury Lord Gnmthorpe was so particularly interested partly because he had himself in 1868 published the life of his father-in-law, John Lonsdale (1777-1867), who was consecrated Bishop of Lichfield in 1843.

Butler to Hans Faesch

1896
Act 60 23 Oct 1896—I think I may say that it [*The Life and Letters of Dr But(er)*] has been very well received in the quarters wheie I can alone expect people to be interested in the book at all It is addressed chiefly to headmasters of public schools, fellows of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and the academic world in general We are all very much gratified by the reception the book has met with

This evening I shall finish my final revision of the *Iliad* which will then be ready for the press at any moment Jones is reading it and seems to like it very much I have still got twelve books of the *Odyssey* to revise, but this will not be a long job Then will come the difficult part—I mean the getting a publisher to take the book

Butler to Rerni Faesch

15 Nov 1896—And now to answer your question as to how I spend my day I get up about 7 and immediately, in my night-shirt, go into my sitting-room and light my fire I put the kettle on and set some dry sticks under it so that it soon heats enough to give me warm water for my bath At 8 I make my *ted* and cook my breakfast—eggs and bacon, sausages, a chop, a bit of fish or whatever it may be, and by 8 30 I have done my breakfast and cleared it all away

Then I read the *Times* newspaper which takes me about 40-45 minutes At 9 15 I do whatever little bit of work I can till Alfred comes at 9 30 and tells me all about the babies and whatever else interests him We arrange what he is to do for the morning and I get away to the British Museum as quickly as I can, I am there always about 10 15-10 30, according as I have any marketing to do or no

I work at the Museum till 1, still at my Homer which is done now, all but about eight days' work Then I go out and dine either at home or at a restaurant, but I never have more than one plate of meat and vegetables and no soup or sweets I find the less I eat the better for me Alfred and I geneially waste half an hour or so till about 2 30 or 3, settling this, that, or the other

From 3 till 5 or 5 30 I wnte letters or work at home while Alfred typewrites for me, either my Homer or notes for my commonplace book or whatever it may be, and at 4 we always have a cup of tea together

At 5 30 I have my real tea which consists generally of a bit

BUTLER'S NORMAL DAY

of fish and bread and butter and after that I may smoke I may- 1896
smoke after 4, if anyone comes or if I have to go calling any- Aet 60
where, but never otherwise

From 6-8 I am alone and quiet, and at present I still go on
with my Homer, but in a little while I hope to be able to get to
my music again and finish my very difficult chorus which I
have long put on one side while completing my Homer The
words are

" Now let your trumpets pointing heavenward blow
Till Jove the mighty music hears
And, laughing, bends his head to see
How that which was still is and still shall be,
How right triumphant in the end appears,
How Time's avenging hand
Descends at angry heaven's command,
And baffled might lies low "

This winds up the oratorio after Ulysses has killed the
suitors

Very well At 8 I almost always go to Jones's, unless he
comes to me, or we go out to a concert or theatre together,
unless either of us has to go out to dinner At 9 30 I leave htm,
come home, have some bread and milk, play two games of
patience, smoke a cigarette and go to bed about 11 In bed I
always read a scene or two of one of Shakespeare's plays till I find
myself dropping off to sleep and then good-night

There' that is my normal day, but on Sundays and
Thursdays I go out for the diy, and before I go I fill the coal-
scuttle and fetch up water and trim and fill the lamp, etc,
because my laundress, the good old woman who makes my bed
and cooks for me when I am dining at home, will not have
Alfred to help her Jones goes out with me on Sundays and
Alfred comes with me on Thursdays , on Sundays he [Alfred]
does not come at all [to Clifford's Inn]

Then there are also exceptions when I have to go and waste
my afternoon paying calls , but my normal day is pretty much
the same always, and I assure you it is a very happy one Alfred
is to me half son, half nurse, always very dear friend and play-
mate rather than work-fellow—in fact he is and has been for the
last ten years my right-hand , while in Jones I have a friend the
like of whom I shall never see again if anything were to happen
to him—which Heaven avert

Now I think I have answered your question, you dear, good
fellow so fully that you shall not be able to say that I am " ferm "
any longer

1896 After Butler's death in 1902 I wrote a memoir of
Au 60 him which appeared in *The Eagle*, Dec 1902, and was
revised and prefixed to *The Humour of Homer* (1913)
In that memoir as originally written is an account of a
day in Butler's life which I composed in collaboration
with Alfred It differs in essentials only very slightly
from the account written by Butler in this letter to Remi
Faesch, of which I knew nothing at the time Butler may
have told me in 1896 that he had written it, but if he
had shown me the letter I should not have forgotten it

The marketing that he did on his way to the Museum
was ordering his meat from a butcher in Fetter Lane
He used to laugh and say he must be of a very forgiving
disposition to go on dealing with this butcher when there
were plenty of others in the neighbourhood The name
painted over the shop was Darwin

Sometimes he bought cooked meat, twopence-half-
pennyworth of round, at the ham and beef shop in Fetter
Lane kept by Mrs French He once got talking to
Mrs French about art He told her that he was a
painter, and when he said he had exhibited his work she
rather sniffed and said she did not "hold with the
pictures in the National Gallery "

On the three days of the week that he dined in
Clifford's Inn, Pauli used to come over from his chambers
in Lincoln's Inn and lunch with him , and that was why
he had to order his meat and have his lunch at home,
instead of in a restaurant In New Zealand, and for
some years after he had settled in London, he used to
smoke a great deal, but, believing it to be bad for him,
he took to cigarettes, instead of pipes, and gradually
smoked less and less till he reduced the number to seven
a day , he made it a rule not to begin before some
particular hour which he gradually pushed later and
later

The chorus "Now let your trumpets" is the final
chorus in *Ulysses*, and the words from "How right
triumphant" to the end are set to music on a ground-
bass This gave a great deal of trouble and he used to
say to Rockstro:

¹¹ In this ground-bass chorus I intend to put forth all my weakness " 1896
Act 61

When any one expostulated with him about cooking his own breakfast and fetching his own water, he replied that it was good for him to have a change of occupation ; this was partly the fact, but the real reason, which he could not tell every one, was that he shrank from inconveniencing anybody , he always paid more than was necessary when anything was done for him and was not happy then unless he did some of the work himself

Butler to Hans Faesch

20 Nov 1896—The reception of my *Life of Dr Butler* continues most favourable, so far as the critics and reviews go , but I shall have to sell a good many more copies than I am likely to get rid of before I clear my expenses I hat, however, is a matter of less importance , the great thing is that the book should be approved of

I think I told you that the Queen has been graciously pleased to desire that her best thanks should be conveyed to me I he Master and Fellows of St John's College, Cambridge, have also been pleased to pass a special vote of thanks to me for the copy I sent them Mr Gladstone sent me a postcard of which I enclose a copy, I do not want it again The old gentleman evidently liked the book

Mr Gladstone's postcard (26th October 1896) refers to one of Dr Butler's triumphs (*Life of Dr Butler*, L 252) In 1831 a boy in the sixth form at Shrewsbury, in jacket and turn-down collar, went up to Oxford and took the Ireland scholarship against the whole university. Mr Gladstone wrote " Mr Brancker beat Dean Scott along with me As solamina victis the University gave each of us two a handsome set of books " And as a consequence it was said that Oxford changed her regulations so as to protect her alumni from being beaten by schoolboys , but Butler did not verify this statement

But/er to Hans Faesch

17 Dec 1896—I have had lather a disappointment in Murray (the publisher of *Dr Butler*) refusing to publish my translations

1896 of the *I had* and *Odyssey* at his own risk He says he has felt
Act 61 the pulse of the booksellers and they do not think the public
would buy them , so, having got them ready for press, I have
tied them up in a parcel and am just beginning a popular book
about the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* generally Murray thinks that
if I do this I shall have a better chance with my translations

To-day Alfred and I have been for a walk from Harrow to
Wembley and Kingsbury We always go out on a Thursday
but it was very cold and foggy with a thick white frost hanging
from the trees and all over the grass The lies I have to tell
now to get even three or four new-laid eggs are something awful
and then I have to pay twopence apiece for them I shall be so
glad when the shortest day is over

You will have seen all about the [Brighton] chain pier's
tumbling down Was it not spiteful of it to immediately go and
attack the other pier and break it in two with the wreckage
which it sent against it? And then they say that the inorganic
world has no intelligence ' You will also see in the papers all
about the earthquake We felt nothing of it in London, though
it seems it was felt by some few It seems to have been worst
in the Midland counties

Butler to S H Burbury, FR S.

Dec 20th, 1896—I quite admit the force of your argument
that a writer will not make his work flatly contradict the ex-
perience of his hearers, but I do not think the introduction of
Cyclopes and Laestrygonians into Sicily does this

According to my view, which I base entirely on Thuc vi 2
as the most reliable source I can get, there were, say about
B c 1000, several races on the Lilybaean promontory, or rather
on Mt Eryx and its neighbourhood

There were the Sicans, who had been there from time
immemorial and who seem to have been at one time the main
possessors of the island

Before them, according to the same writer, the Cyclopes and
the Laestrygonians were a still earlier race, but Thucydides
says he can tell nothing about them and regards the Sicans,
who he tells us came originally from Spain, as the earliest historic
inhabitants

Now, according to me, the Cyclopes and Laestrygonians are
none other than the Sicans themselves to whom the writer of the
Odyssey gave these names , and the reason why Thuc could say
nothing about them is because they never existed except in a
work of fiction

I imagine the writer of the *Odyssey* to have belonged to the

Asiatic colonists who migrated to this part of Sicily from the Troad and were joined by certain Phocaeans (*not* Phocians) see pp 5, 6 of my second Italian pamphlet¹ The writer of the *Odyssey* belonged to this Phocaeen body, who, no doubt, brought the *I had* with them She hates her own countrymen, the episode of Proteus being, I do not doubt, introduced solely to insult them

Τεῖρε γὰρ αἰνῶς
 φωκάων² ἀλιотρεφέων ὀλοώτατος ὁδμή
 {φωκῶν}
 τίς γάρ κ' εἰναλίη παρὰ κῆτει κοιμηθείη,

Od iv 441-443-

This must be connected with *Od vi* 275, etc where Nausicaa describes how her countrymen blamed her for turning up her nose at them and not marrying one of them

This last may be too speculative—cut it out, then, and let me begin again The writer according to me belonged to this Phocaeen body, and she has peopled her own neighbourhood mainly with the ordinary men and women whom we meet with in Scheria and Ithaca, over and above these, however, there were the remnant of the old Sicans who had been routed in the time of Nausicaa's great-grandfather (*Od vn* 56, etc) and who were called Giants on account of the gigantic stones with which their walls were built—stones which still remain in situ both at Eryx and at Cefalu see illustration in my second Italian pamphlet

The dislike between the two races, the Asiatic and Sican, was very great It still exists The people on the top of Mt *hryx* and the people of Trapani hate one another, hence the poetess introduces them as savage monsters

Pray ask Mr Powers to give me back my pamphlets unless he really wants them If he wants them for serious study by all means let him keep them

I am afraid I have not made myself very clear, but will endeavour to be clearer in the book which I am about writing

Butler to S H Burbury, FRS

Dec 22, 1896 — If you were not confined to the house with a cold, which I am sorry to learn has not left you, I should hardly

¹ The Italian pamphlets referred to in these letters to Burbury are enumerated in the Bibliography printed at the beginning of this Memoir The substance of them was incorporated in *The Authoress of the Odyssey*

² Under *φωκάων*, which is the word in the text, Butler has written in square brackets *φωκῶν* Cf *The Authoress*, pp 219220

1896 venture to trouble you further with my speculations , as it is,
Act 61 however, I will chance one more letter before I start for my Xmas
outing to-morrow

You say, " I do not see that any of the nautical prodigies
necessarily took place in or near Sicily except the Cattle of
the Sun "

I will not argue this point, but should wish to place on record
that I differ from you in toto If I did not find myself inexorably
driven to conclude 1 that the *Odyssey* deals invariably with actual
places, and 2 that those places are on the coast, or on islands adjacent
to the coast of Sicily, I should never have ventured to say what I have
said Having turned the question over and over in my mind and
attempted many a different answer to it, I have found myself easily
beaten off from all others, while the answer that I have settled down
to gives me satisfaction—rightly or wrongly- and quiets me I say
this in spite of the profound respect I have alike for your scholarship
and acumen, but I should not venture to do so if I had not focussed
my attention on the *Odyssey* for the last six years in a way that I
question whether anyone else has had the leisure or inclination to do

You say that " all the story from Circe's island onwards " seems
to you to be " a yarn spun by some old salt to the writer of the
Odyssey " I agree with you so far as this, that the writer got her
information about everything beyond the island of Aeolus (which in
clear weather is visible from Mt Eryx) to the Cattle of the Sun from
Trapanese sailors , and as regards the Wandering Rocks her
information is obviously missing Twice does she scuttle over them
in a way that makes it clear that she does not know where to place
them Pantellana, which I make the island of Calypso—guided
thereto by the sailing instructions given by Calypso to Ulysses—is
also sometimes, though rarely, visible from Mt Eryx But I differ
from you inasmuch as I am convinced that the writer went to the
sailors for definite information about certain points which she
meant to introduce, instead of merely taking sailors' stories told
to her at random But I will not argue this point either

That there was an element of burlesque about the inception of
the poem I do not doubt, and have insisted on it somewhat fully
in my [pamphlet on the] Trapanese Origin (preface p 18) but this
had dropped off by the end of Bk vm. and in the voyages of
Ulysses I think she is only piling it on

I am sure you will not press (Od x 3) to be a moveable
island—any more than you would the *Boya-tv* of xv 299 nXwTy
only means an island that seems to float upon the waters It
does not move or appear to do so during the month Ulysses
stayed there—nor yet during his voyage to Ithaca and back

And now for your two questions You ask me how I 1896
 explain [x 86] ἐγγὺς γὰρ νυκτός τε καὶ ἡματός εἰσι κέλευθαι (I Act 61
 got the accents out of the book)—I translate "For the ways
 of the night and of the day are near to one another" and I take
 the passage to mean simply that the people in that place work
 much the same by night as they do by day—a piling-it-on way of
 saying "they are very hard-working people"

The ἀντολαὶ Ἡελίου [xn 4] (accents from the book), I take
 to mean simply this "We left the dark sunless land of the
 Cimmerians and the regions of the dead and returned to places
 where there is dawn and sunrise as in other places"

There ' Liberavi animam mtam I am just beginning my
 book in which I deal fully with all these matters and your letters
 have been of great use to me as showing me the sort of objection
 that I shall have to meet

All in my mind turns on the question whether both Schena
 and Ithaca can be so identified with Trapani as to leave no
 reasonable doubt that the writer was drawing both places from
 Trapani and its immediate neighbourhood If I fail here I fail
 altogether, but it seems to me that the amount of evidence I can
 adduce is conclude.

CHAPTER XXXVI

1897—PART I

THE AUTHORESS OF THE ODTSET

1897
Aeu 61 THE "popular book about the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* generally," referred to in Butler's letter to Hans Faesch of 17th December 1896, was Butler's chief occupation now, and appeared as *The Authoress of the Odyssey* later in the year. He wrote to Hans, 14th January 1897, that he had begun it and also that Queen Elizabeth at Harrow Weald was dead. "I got 9 new-laid eggs to-day without having to tell a single lie. The hens are beginning to lay again."

In March 1897, Butler received from Mr W. E. Heitland of St. John's College, Cambridge, who had been at school at Shrewsbury and remembered Butler's aunt, Mrs. Lloyd at the Whitehall, two or three copies of *The Eagle* containing a review by him of *The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler*.

Butler to Mr W. E. Heitland.

19 March 1897—I received your very kind present and letter last night and thank you very cordially for the review of my book, which I may say quite truly is the most gratifying that any book of mine has yet met with, if for no other reason yet for this, that it convinces me I have done that which it was my most earnest desire to do—/ e show Dr. Butler in his true colours and attract my readers to him as he assuredly—and his friends— attracted me to himself.

Take old Lord Gnmthorpe who is not a very easy man to please—he said to me the other day

"What made you set about that book?"

I answered that I had found the character fascinate me To 1897
which he replied Act 61

"Well, to say the truth so it did me"

If such men as yourself, Professor Mayor, Lord Grimthorpe, John Murray, and others are as much attracted to the character as I cannot doubt they are, what more can I desire?

I found very few family letters But there are a few letters to his mother and to his uncle, Samuel Butler, which reflect the highest credit upon him It was these last, written I think about 1806, which brought me to his feet in the first instance, for, until his correspondence fell into my hands, I had a decided prejudice, how or whence derived I know not, as though he had been a man of the Kennedy stamp, only that if Kennedy were whips Dr Butler had been scorpions I trust, however, that his shade will forgive me and consider my distrust of him atoned for My translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are long since completed, but I can get no publisher to take them My book upon the *Odyssey* will, I hope, be finished in another three weeks or so and, come what may, I shall publish it I really believe myself to have been duly cautious throughout my arguments I wish poor old Dr Butler were alive He would have listened to what I have to say with some attention However we must wait and see

At this time Butler was corresponding with the Rev. J. Russell Jackson of Moulton Vicarage, Spalding, about an old scrap-book They write of it as "Paget's book,"⁰ and it was given to Mr Jackson as a mark of friendship by Miss Paget I gather that Jackson and Paget were both Shrewsbury boys, that Paget compiled the book, and that its contents related to the school Jackson sent the book to Butler, who sent it to his friend Mr Phillips, of Shrewsbury, who consulted with Dr Calvert, one of the masters of the school, as to whether it should be given to the school or to the town or held back for the present

Butler to the Rev J Russell Jackson

1 April 1897—I have put two or three small notes, as that "S B Dec 3, 1852" under one of the caricatures of Dr. K[ennedy] is the present writer I have also briefly adnotated George's penal, out of which no one without explanation would be able to make anything at all, and the sketch of the bedroom

1897 with " Measles " written under it I thought it better to leave
 Act 61 no doubt that this was what the school beds were like before the
 change of buildings

I see in one of the steeplechases I bear the not very attractive
 name of " Backbiter " I have neither adnotated it nor yet
 felt the slightest inclination to suppress it What can it
 matter '

Pray remember me very kindly to your brother Fred when
 next you write to him He was one of my boyish idols, and it
 seems to me that I showed more judgement in my choice than I
 have often shown since However, we are all growing old, and for
 my own part I am happier in the days of my white beard than
 ever I was when I had a black one Mutatis mutandis, I trust
 that you feci the same and may long continue to do so

Butler to Mr Phillips

13 April 1897—I have both your letters of Ap 10 and 11,
 and should have answered the second of them by this evening's
 post, but have been out for the day and returned too late to
 catch it

I cannot understand Dr Calvert's objections—he tells me
 you have seen his letter to me or I would send it—but it would
 seem possible to obviate them by deferring the exhibition of the
 book for, say, ten or fifteen years, a date which he has mentioned
 as possibly removing his objections

When people make omelettes they must break eggs, and some
 one or other is sure to find something he would rather see
 omitted in any record of any period, but history cannot be
 written on any other terms, and, though serious matters that
 touch honour or chaiacter will be omitted, or handled as con-
 siderately as possible, by anyone of ordinary right feeling,
 reticence, like every other good quality, may be overdone, and I
 think in this case our good friend Dr Calvert is inclined to
 overdo it

I, for instance, was not altogether pleased that Mr Apperly
 should have placed it on record that Dr Butler was of mean
 appearance, churlish in manner, and voted a snob by his more
 wealthy schoolfdlows, but though I did not like it, nor believe
 it, I did not think it well to exclude it. I am not pleased that
 Mr Clodd, within the last month or two, should have called
 Dr B "a desiccated pedagogue" , but I have not said anything
 to him about it I was much shocked that Munro should have
 written that Dr B left the school in a very poor state as regards
 Greek scholarship, and that Kennedy should have held his peace,
 but, after consultation with Mr. Mobs, I passed it over, and I do

not believe anyone would gather from my book what my real opinion of Kennedy is

1897
Act 61

Again, it is not particularly grateful to my feelings to be instrumental in the putting before the public a list in which I appear as " Backbiter " , but I should not dream of objecting to Paget's book being put before the world at large on that account. If I thought there was anything which, say, Mr Murray would consider likely to give reasonable and unnecessary pain in Paget's book, I should be with Dr Calvert in a moment, but I read it very carefully and the only doubt I had was whether it was worth any museum's while to keep, for, to speak plainly, the humour is of the thinnest

However, the book shall not go into the School Library if I can help it, and, if you think it worth putting into the Free Library, I should say keep it till I can come down and see the things which Dr Calvert objects to, we may hit on some compromise

In the meantime I will write at once to Jackson, who is one of the very best men I know, or ever have known, and send him both your letters and Dr Calvert's. He will, I daresay, write to you and perhaps take the matter into his own hands, which would be as well, for the book is his, not mine

I was to have started to-morrow but am delayed by the untoward sharp but not serious illness of my friend Jones, who was to go with me

I think I told you I have left my book about the *Odyssey* in Mr Murray's hands. I wonder what his reader will think about it. What a long letter I have written all about a very small matter'

Butler to Br Calvert.

15 April 1897—I tried hard to answer your letter yesterday evening as well as our friend Mr Phillips's, but was obliged to put it off, and now I have not got it by me, for I sent it to Jackson with Mr Phillips's that he might know what you both think

I must confess I saw nothing that struck me as likely to give pain, nor, we may be sure, did Jackson, a man with all his brother's sterling qualities and more ability as well as vivacity. We know Mr Phillips saw nothing—still you may have noted something that we have passed over and none of us, any more than yourself, would wish to wound anyone's feelings. Perhaps it is because I have so often for so many years seen myself so savagely handled—for some of my reviews have been as fierce as any that I have ever seen, and rarely indeed have I had any

1897 such friendly ones as several of my *Life of Dr Butler*—perhaps it
 Act 61 is for this reason that, having become thick-skinned myself, I
 suppose that other people are or should be so also But, however
 this may be, I have asked Jackson to take the matter into his
 own hands and communicate directly with yourself and Mr
 Phillips Should you wish to write to him his address is

The Rev J R JACKSON, J P,
 Moulton Vicarage, Spalding,
 Lincolnshire

He is rural dean of Offen (I think) and has been for many years
 chairman of the County Sessions for the district in which he
 lives, but I know nothing about such matters

Mr Paget was alive in the early part of 1862, for he wrote
 me about the death of the Prince Consort which occurred 14th
 December 1861, and this had happened at least a month, so far as I
 can remember, before he wrote to me

He died before August 1864, for in that year I returned
 from New Zealand, and I have a strong impression that he was
 then no longer living However I will hunt it up on my return
 from Sicily

On 16th April Butler and I left London for Sicily
 We stayed at the same places as the year before and also
 went to Girgenti At Selinunte are the ruins of the
 temples of Selinus, a city that flourished between circa 628
 and 409 B c Its name is supposed to have been derived
 from the Greek word for a kind of wild parsley, or wild
 celery, a leaf of which is figured on some of the coins
 of Selinus. The plant is believed to be identical with
 the *Apium graveolens* of botanists which now no longer
 grows actually at Selinunte, but Professor Sciascia, of
 Castelvetro, procured some from a muddy little stream
 a few miles inland, and Butler established it from seed in
 the garden of Lincoln's Inn Fields where he used to watch
 it coming up as he passed on his way from his rooms in
 Clifford's Inn to the British Museum See his letter, 13th
 July 1901, and letters from Sir George Bird wood and
 John Sargeant, 20th July 1901, in *The Athenaeum* The
 two barristers at Ypres referred to in the fiist of the two
 following notes occur in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*,
 1912.

THE FOUR FRENCHMEN AT CASTELVETRANO

1897
Act 6

Last spring, Jones and I were at Castelvetro partly to pay another visit to Selinunte, and partly to receive from Prof Sciascia some specimens of the wild celery from which Selinunte derives its name. I wanted these for Hill of the Coin Room, British Museum, who wished me to send him a plant of it—neither of us knowing that it is quite common in the South of England.

At the table d'hôte there were four Frenchmen, gentlemen and, seemingly, of the literary, professional, academic confraternity. One of these was at the head of the table, the three others were on one side, and Prof Sciascia, Jones and myself on the opposite side. They would not deign to look at us. They were just like the two barristers whom Gogin and I met years ago at Ypres, whose looks towards us said "If you so much as ask us to pass the mustard we shall shoot you."

Of course we did not ask them to pass the mustard nor did we make any advance to them; we talked among ourselves and they among themselves. But, later in the evening, there suddenly entered a little sunburnt boy, not four feet high, with a huge plant of celery, ever so much higher than he was. He came into the room, snorting with childish trepidation, and I at once rose towards him to give him some coppers and take the celery. Sciascia saw what I was intending, flew towards me to stop my paying anything, and a friendly fracas ensued while the little brown boy stood stock still, holding his great plant.

The Frenchmen could not make it out, and I thought it incumbent upon me to explain briefly what it was all about. They mollified at once at the name of the British Museum and entered into conversation. What did I think of Freeman's *Sutty*? I said, doubtless in bad French, but that did not matter, that I did not like the book, and fired off a remark which I concocted once about Cuvier.

"Monsieur Freeman est grand dans les petites choses et petit avec les grandes." I suppose they thought this was impromptu, but I could see that it impressed them. I added "Besides if Mr Freeman is right about the earliest history of Sicily, my own ideas concerning it are wrong."

They asked what my ideas were. I told them that I believed the *Odyssey* was written at Trapani, and added, laughingly, that I had a still worse heresy than this for I believed it to be written by a woman.

They asked why. I replied that it was too long a story to go into in detail, but gave a few of my reasons. They seemed puzzled but extremely interested.

"And the *IlIad*? Is that written by a woman?"

1897 " Certainly not, the same reasons which convince me that
Aet 61 the *Qdyssey* cannot have been written by a man prevent me from
thinking that the *Iliad* was written by a woman "

" You have studied the subject carefully and for some time ? "

" Certainly "

" And what do English scholars say to your opinion ? "

" They laugh at it, and will not look at it, j'ai tout le monde
contre moi "

" Mais," at once replied the foremost of them, " mais e'est
bien, e'est tres bien," and the others assented

Feeling that I could not close the discussion at a better point,
I discovered that it was bed-time and the party broke up

Next morning they were just like the barristers at Ypres of
whom Gogin said that, repellent as they had been overnight, in
the morning they perched on our fingers and pecked crumbs out
of our hands Neither of us made out their names and Jones,
who watched the whole affair, greatly amused, said that I behaved
quite properly all through [1897]

COLLESANO

Last spring, Jones and I, having left Palermo the night before,
took a very early moining train from Termini to Campo tehee
whence we went in the public conveyance up to Collesano, Dr
Paolo Orsi, of Siracusa, having told us that there were some pre-
historic remains there which we ought to see [*The Authoress*,
p 184]

When the omnibus started from Campo Pelice, we were out-
side on a seat that ran across the vehicle just behind the driver
who was one of the handsomest young men that I ever saw, aged
about 19, lithe and quick as a cat and, I should say, as unreliable
and not so clean It was a lovely morning about the end of May ,
the ride inland towards the mountains was through an enchanting
country, innumerable goldfinches flitted about among the flowers
by the road side, nothing could be more enjoyable, and the driver
made friends with us at once and began to sing He sang
" La vita e un dolor se tu m' abbandona " He certainly said
" abbandona " , he must have repeated the line two or three
hundred times, always to the same wailing and semi-, or more
than semi-barbarous melody Every other minute, out it came at
the top of his voice which, as Jones said, was choking with
emotion and yesterday's garlic He was like a half-tamed panther,
an absolutely pagan creature but, as I have said, of the most extra-
ordinary physical beauty which was nevertheless repellent, rather
than attractive, by reason of its heartlessness As for moials, I
should not think he knew the meaning of the word

After he had chanted his refrain about *Ia vita* very many times, 1897 I asked him if there was any second line. He said there was, but Aet 61 that he had not yet had time to study it, he would do so and, if we came again, he would sing it to us, for the present we must be contented with the one line that he knew. Before long we began to unpack the provisions we had brought with us which, happily, were enough for three, for we had expected Peppino Pagoto who, however, had missed our tram in which he ought to have come to Termini from Palermo. Our driver no sooner saw the provisions than he began to say that he must have some, and the moment he saw my horn drinking-cup he said that, if I chose, I was at liberty to make him a present of it. He had no more conscience or scruple than a magpie. When he saw Jones's drinking-cup and said he would rather have that than mine and, it being plain that we should have no peace till we had given it to him, we let him have it, but I had some work to make him give me back mine. He did not thank us for the cup nor yet for the hearty meal with which we stuffed him. He liked both cup and meal, but they were things of course and to be taken accordingly.

The ride lasted between three and four hours and very lovely it was. About noon we reached Collesano which must be, I should think, some 1700 ft above the sea. Here we found a lad who said he knew where the old walls were and, accordingly, took us to the mediaeval castle which was not at all what we wanted. We therefore turned back and, seeing some signori seated at a table outside a place that looked like the *circolo* of the village, we went up to them, presented our cards and stated our business. I was surprised and pleased to find that no sooner had I given my card than I was asked if I was the Mr. Butler who had written about the *Odyssey*, on admitting that this was so, we were treated with the greatest cordiality and our guide instructed where to take us.

We returned about a kilometre on the road back to Campo Felice and then began to climb, the path presently losing itself and the climbing becoming steep and by no means easy for an elderly gentleman. After about an hour we came upon the remains of buildings, all were of stone and apparently built without mortar, there were many of them, but little above the ground-plan was left standing though, in some cases, there was as much as a metre or a metre-and-a-half, so near as my recollection will serve. It was very unpleasant ground to walk over. We saw no trace of a city wall, all that remained were house walls. The highest building we saw was a Christian chapel in ruins—greatly later in date than the houses down below, built with mortar and showing the remains of a small apse at the East end. I cannot date these remains nor have any confidence in

BRIGANDS AND WOMEN

saying to what people they belong, but they appeared to me to
¹ have been built before 1000 B C rather than since, to be probably
Sican and, at any rate, not Phoenician

When we got down to Collesano, the climb having taken us
about three hours, Pi of Tamburello, one of the signon at the
circolo, met us with a bottle of his best wine. We were
honoured with a paragraph in the *Gtornale di Siciha* for May
27, 28, 1897, announcing our visit to Collesano [1897]

On our way back from Sicily we separated in North
Italy, Butler going to Casale and afterwards to S Pietro
in the valley of Susa on the Mont Cenis route, where he
sketched and occupied himself with the book which he
had already begun to write upon Shakespeare's Sonnets.
He returned via Bellinzona and Wassen, writing to me
from one of these places that he had met an Englishman •

A 'vert to Rome, such a fool, but he did to amuse me, a
wretched creature he was, pining for an ideal life and utterly
unable to find anything that really came up to his standard of
how things ought to be, etc. But he said one thing which I
shall crib. He said ^{ic} Brigands demand your money or your
life, but women demand both. He must have cribbed it from
some one, so I shall crib it from him.

When we separated I joined my mother and sisters
at Geneva and went with them to Homburg. Before
my return to London I received a letter from Alfred.

Alfred to H F Jones

15 June 1897—Now how are you? I hope quite well and
strong enough to go through the terrible time of the Jubilee.
We are in the midst of it now. Everybody and everything is
Jubilee, in fact Jubilee mad. When do you come home? Is
there anything I can do for you? If so, let me know. London
seems to be very full of visitors. Foreigners, Colonials and
country people. Bus-riding is very difficult. Everybody is
having a ride round to see the preparations. The illuminations
will be of a very magnificent and elaborate order. My family
and self are all quite well. Did I tell you that the nipper [his
son] got lost the other day in Leather Lane and was brought
home by a policeman? A little girl recognised him and told the
policeman, otherwise he would, or rather was being taken to

King's Cross Police Station It gave us a very great fright, as we thought he might have been stolen by the Saffron Hill organ grinders 1897
Act 61

Mr Garnett of the British Museum had told Butler that his grandfather's friend Tillbrook had corresponded with Southey, but the correspondence appeared to be lost, Professor Mayor had given Butler some information about it

Butler to Professor J E B Mayor

27 July 1897—It is quite possible that some one who reads what I have written on p 83 of Vol II of my *Ltfe of Dr Butler* [saying he would be grateful for more letteis by I ill brook] will write and tell me something I have often found that I gain quite as much information by lying in wait as by hunting I used to find this more particularly when I had lost my bullocks in New Zealand, and the lesson has stuck by me

I am having much trouble with my new book *The Authoress of the Odyssey*—where she wrote, who she was, and as much more about her as we can now reasonably hope to discover It rs completed, preface and all, but neither Murray nor Bentley nor George Bell will publish it for me even at my expense They like it, but are afraid of its not being taken seriously

I need hardly say that I am very much in earnest about it myself, and believe it to be much the most important thing that I have done I have been to Trapani again, taking with mt the soberest friend I have, to verify all my statements on the ground itself I am satisfied that I am right both as to the sex of the writer and the place where she lived and wrote, moreover in the six years or so since I first began to ventilate the subject, there has been no attempt to meet my arguments and I am convinced that something would have reached me, either from Sicily or from England, if there were anything serious to be said on the other side At any rate, as I have said at the end of my book, whatever the ultimate verdict of scholars may be, I am satisfied that my case on both my main points is amply strong enough to justify me in stating it

The book is about 300 pp long and I have written to Metcalfe, the printer of *Ihe Eagle*, asking him to print it for me Almobt two-thirds of it are sobriety itself, the remaining one-third is, I believe, strictly true, but it will cause great offence, which I regret, but cannot help

Mr Murray had declined *The Authoress* in April while we were on our way to Sicily, and Alfred, in forwarding his

1897 letter, wrote "I am pulverized with Murray's answer
Act 61 and cannot tell you how sorry I am I did think he
would have published it " Butler, though disappointed,
was not " pulverized " because it appeared that Mr
Murray had submitted the MS to "a well-known
Homeric scholar " Messrs G Bell & Sons also declined
the book

Butler to Messrs G Bell & Sons

23 July 1897—I understand your objections perfectly , they
were all of them present to me when I wrote, but I considered
that if I stated my case in the academic manner I should not
move the academic people and I should lose the ordinary club
and cultured women readers who in the long run force the
academic people to follow them

If my case is strong, as I believe you have felt it to be, other
people will presently feel it so too and, in a matter of such
importance and interest, the manner will go for nothing People
will see fast enough that I am serious though, no doubt, they
will pretend at first that they believe I am trifling

Mr Prothero's advice to me before I began to write was
"Be as wicked as ever you possibly can" I believe the advice
to have been perfectly sound and, if I could have made my book
more wicked, I would have done so Still two-thirds of it is
jobnety even to dreariness

As for my having "distorted the simplicity of the *Odyssey*" I
lo not think it I believe I have revealed it, and should be
leely shocked if I thought I had taken any liberty with it
whatever

There ' I have met frankness with frankness , I am very
iorry you do not undertake the book, but again thank you very
incerely for the consideration you have given it

" It is," as Butler wrote to Hans Faesch, " much
easier to write a fairly good book than to find a publisher
who will take it " The anxiety of hunting, the dis-
appointment when the MS came back, the delay and
mcertainty, the impossibility of settling down to the
lext thing he wanted to do—all this was a tedious and
vorrying labour for which he was not suited ; whereas
he writing of a book was a happiness and a delight that
mgrossed him The ordinary difficulties of finding a
Dubhsner are increased when the " fairly good book,"

though perfectly serious, is written in such a manner that experienced publishers like Murray, Bentley, and George Bell are afraid of its not being taken seriously. Butler knew that his theory was subversive and, remembering that "a little levity will often save many a good heavy thing from sinking," intentionally treated the subject in a way which he hoped would make it attractive. Just as people were misled by the humour of Yorick in *Tristram Shandy*, so they were misled by Butler's "levity," and could only believe he was serious by supposing that he took up the theory in jest and then argued himself into adopting it seriously. Some one, but I have forgotten who it was, told me that he had actually heard Butler admit, or go very near to admitting, that this was so. I never heard him say anything of the kind, it was always, from the beginning, serious conviction. Still, he did sometimes act on the advice he gave to Hans Faesch in his letter of 31st July 1896 (ante, p. 248), about the advantages of pretending to agree with those with whom we differ, hoping that the listener would thereby be induced to be patient, to think the matter over for himself, and eventually to see things in their true light. But the danger of following this advice is that, if you act on it at all thoroughly, and Butler was apt to do things very thoroughly, the listener may be deceived and may thereafter go about asserting that he had been personally assured of something which really was not intended to be taken seriously.

Russell Cooke (Butler's solicitor) had sent him an article on Maeterlinck written by Mrs Crawford, the sister of Mrs Russell Cooke, and Butler was to give his views on the article.

Butler to Russell Cooke.

19 August 1897—Of course I like the tone and spirit of the article and admire the lucidity and sympathy with which it is written. All this goes as a matter of course, and it would be a waste of time to say more than that I appreciate and am in sympathy with the generous desire to admire that which is

1897
Act 61

1897
Act 61 admirable that pervades the whole of Mrs Crawford's article but—to speak quite frankly—I believe, or strongly suspect, that she will not think as highly of Maeterlinck in ten years as she does now. He has sat at the feet of Plato, Marcus Aurelius, Carlyle, and Emerson—I say nothing about Plotinus and Novatus for I know no more about them than your clerk Jenkins does. 'Tis he others I have tried and at no such feet can I sit. They have no message for me. Plato is the best, his *Apology* is splendid, his descriptions of scenery and his episodic (if there is such a word) chats with friends on a fresh summer morning are delightful, but, take him all round, my feeling towards him is much what I gather Aristophanes to have entertained, and he is not for me. Carlyle again is for me too much like Wagner, of whom Rossini said that he has des beaux moments mais des mauvais quarts d'heure—my trench is not to be trusted. Ask Mrs Crawford to read Marcus Aurelius, divesting herself of all knowledge that he was Marcus Aurelius, and see what she thinks of him. I have never read a line of his that leaves me wiser than I was before. These men are not the teachers towards whose pupils I instinctively turn, on the contrary I look on their devoted adherents with suspicion.

Again, Maeterlinck it seems is only 35 years old. I saw another enthusiastic article about him in one of the weeklies ten days or so ago. Now, true genius cannot so soon be recognized. If a man of 35 can get such admiration he is probably a very good man, but he is not one of those who will redeem Israel, and at my age I turn to these alone or, at any rate, to such as I believe to be these alone.

There—hbeiaui an imam meam

I have got the first slips of the proofs of my *Authoress of the Odyssey*, and the work is, I am happy to say, to be published by Longmans, but at my expense. To my surprise he made no difficulty about doing it. It is far better that it should come from him.

PS—And then there is Ibsen. He may be, and I daresay is, a very wonderful man, but what little I know of him repels me and, what is worse, bores me.

One reason why it was better that the book should come from Longmans, even though Butler had to pay all the expenses, was that they had published Dr Butler's *Geography*, and Butler liked returning to the family publishers.

On 1st November 1897, we received the first copy of *The Authoress of the Odyssey, where and when she wrote*,

who she was, the use she made of the *Iliad*, and how the *pern* grew under her hands The dedication runs thus 1897
Act 61
"A l Professore Cav Biagio Ingroja, Prezioso Alleato,
T Autore nconoscente."

The book was to have been dedicated to Emanuele Biaggini, but he died shortly before it was issued, we had seen him on his death-bed in the spring at Trapani Butler chose Ingroja as being the one who, after Biaggini, had helped him most

Ingroja to Butler

CAIATAFIMI, 27 October, 1897

MY DEAREST FRIEND—I have not any expression and want words suitable to signify my wonder in reading your most kind postcard on 21 instant The undeserved height of honour with which you regale me, inscribing your justly dearly book to my poor name and in such a manner joining it to your deserved renown, way so unexpected and much precious gift that I have been strongly struck and affected with it and wept for joy together with my wife It is and will be for ever my better title of honour in which I will take pride only angry to not deserve it

I thank you most heartily my dearest friend—no more friend but my true brother in love, if you please, for I have not neither could never meet or find another gentleman so good-hearted and so dear to my soul on the world

My wife send you her kindest regards, likewise the family Adamo with Giulio, the family Molhca with all our friends Give our salutations to Mr. Jones and you take an hug from truly always yours,
B INGROJA

Butler, commenting on the conclusion of this letter, said to me "It is something to take 'an hug' from one who was embraced by Garibaldi"

The Authoress of the Odyssey consists partly of matter already published in England and Italy, particulars being given in the preface to the book It also contains the substance of various lectures he had delivered while the theory was growing, some of which are mentioned at their proper places in this Memoir, others not being mentioned because they were ephemeral The book did not meet with general acceptance The following notes give an

1897
Act 61 account of Dr Garnett's attitude on the subject and of
Butler's treatment of him

GARNETT AND THE AUTHOR'S

I

I gave him a copy of course but, though I have seen him several times since, he will not say a word about it. That it has disgusted him I do not doubt. The mere bringing of common sense to bear upon such a question at all shocks and angers him, just as it shocks me to think that people have gone on reading the *Odyssey* for so many centuries without bringing common sense to bear upon it. In the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the Elizabethans en bloc and, indeed, all who have reputation as classics live and move, according to Garnett, in a region where the writs of common sense do not run. As for getting out of him, by way of criticism, anything that it might be useful to me, or any correction or suggestion—I should be a greater fool than I am if I did not know that he will give me nothing. Annoyed I am, because I do not think he is treating me with common courtesy, but I shall let him alone, and I have no doubt I shall give him my next book just the same [November 1897]

II

I have been a little too hasty in my preceding note, for this morning Mr Garnett came up to me and said that he had been reading my book.

"I must say," he added with much sibilation and much bowing of his head backwards and forwards more so, "that so far I have found it more entertaining than convincing."

I said, "But do you not think I have made out a strong case for the view that the poem was written at Trapani?"

"Oh yes," with the same bowing of the head, "I think much of what you have said on that subject certainly does deserve attention. I am not myself in a position to form an opinion about it, but——"

Here I broke in peremptorily. "If the book has not put a man of ordinary capacity in a position to form an opinion one way or the other on that subject, it has not done what I believe it to have done."

I said this laughingly, but Garnett did not like it, he had not yet finished the volume, when he had done so he might be more fully informed.

I said, "As for its being written by a woman, do you not

find that at any rate I have more to say for myself than you thought I had ? " 1897
Act 6z

He was very grudging, but said " Yes, I believe I may go so far as that," pausing almost between each word as though it was being dragged out of him. Thinking that this was for him a very great concession, I immediately changed the subject.

As for giving any reason why he did not find the argument convincing—not he. He did not catch hold of a single statement I had made and say why he thought it mistaken. I believe I have said all that he said. If I could remember more I should put it down. [[November](#) 1897]

III

I have the greatest regard, esteem, and admiration for Mr Garnett, but am piqued with him for never giving me a shost of a reason why he is so very hostile to my Odyssean theories, both as regards the poem's having been written at Trapani, and the authoress having been a woman. I believe myself to be open to conviction, if anyone will show me that I have misstated facts, drawn unreasonable inferences from them, or overlooked other facts which outweigh those that I have alleged and point to a different conclusion, but till some one seriously attempts to do this I am immoveable, and I take it amiss that, if Garnett has any knowledge in his possession which I have not, he should keep it from me. I should consider what he said with all the attention I could command and he must know that as well as I do. My belief is that in his heart he knows perfectly well that I am right, and that he has not got a leg to stand on, but is not going to admit it. It is useless trying to draw him, he has a cor ferreum, he just won't be drawn and bolts.

The other Sunday, however, he was at Miss Bertha Thomas's when Jones and I were calling, and sat between Jones and me. Miss Thomas turned the conversation on to my book, perhaps a little wickedly, and said

" Well, Mr Butler, I can at any rate say this much, that I find myself unable to speak of the writer of the *Odyssey* except as 'she' "

I answered " That is exactly what other people have told me. Whether they like it or not (the) find the idea stick by them, they may kick at it and be as disagreeable about it as they please, but it will haunt them, and as soon as it has become familiar to them they will accept it ".

I thought this was enough, I did not dare look at Garnett, but Jones said it was very amusing to watch him. [[April](#) 1898]

IV

1897
Act 62 I was so piqued by the way he behaved to me about the book that I determined to take to calling him "Dr" Garnett—he being a D C L. or an LL D of some Scotch University—but I did not want him to see that I was doing so on purpose I have always called him "Mr" Garnett so far At last the opportunity came I had forgotten the details, but Jones has shown me a letter of mine to him, from which T extract the following

Dec 7, 1897

"Dr Garnett met me this morning as I was coming out of the Mubium and was surprisingly gracious I think last Saturday's reviews had impressed him a good deal, he professed to think borne of them not unfriendly (it is astonishing what very small mercies people expect me to be thankful for) and maintained that I had got quite as much support as I could expect considering the strangeness of the views I was putting forward And Wilson, too, was very gracious and declared the review in *Literature* to be *quite friendly' (Surely the word 'quite' would not have been necessary if the review had been *quite* friendly) Something has happened, I don't know what, for Dr Garnett told me a long story of an editorial blunder of which he had just been convicted, and then capped it with a story of Scotch humour, and said we were like the two boys in the story confessing to one another

"Then I said with my sweetest smile 'I am sure Dr Garnett all *your* sins will be of the most venial description,' and emphasized my words by holding up both hands like the old servant in 'Marriage a la mode,' and throwing my head back as much as to say, 'Yours will be venial enough, but think how wicked mine are' I did it beautifully and got the 'Dr' in, whether he noticed my doing so or no, I cannot say, what I should like best is that he should not know what to think, for that is always the most disagreeable

"It seems Coleridge wrote a poem which Garnett said was founded on an earlier poem, but no one knew where the earlier poem was to be found, nor who it was by Then some German said it was probably by one of the Minnesingers, an English editor followed him, and Dr Garnett followed both, and now it turns out that the poem is by Ben Jonson So, after all, the great difference between the Garnett genus and myself is that they do not read Ben Jonson and profess to do so, while I do not read him and do not profess to do so Then followed the excruciatingly humorous Scotch story, and we parted friends

"A few days afterwards Garnett 'did penance in a white sheet' (to use his own expression to me) in *The Athenaeum*

Then came a letter from someone else to say that there was an error in the penance Garnett may have replied to this, but if so his letter escaped me " [June 1898] 1897 Act 62

But every one was not of the same opinion as Dr. Garnett Here, for instance, is an extract from a letter to me written by Mr Justice Wills, with whom, as I have mentioned above, I had some correspondence after Butler's death

Mr Justice Wills to H F Jones

20 February 1903— I was always much interested in his writings and was one of the few people who took seriously his book about the *Odyssey*^ which appears to me to be a very powerful piece of well-reasoned argument and to have deserved at all events a serious reply His identification of the scene of the *Odyssey* and of the course of the wanderings of Ulpbes is, I think, masterly

CHAPTER XXXVII

1897—PART II 1898

THE PROBLEM OF THE SONNETS AND *THE ILIAD* RENDERED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

1897
Act 62 DURING the autumn of 1897 I had been overworking and in Decernbei had gone for a rest and change to Nice, where I was staying with my mother and sisters.

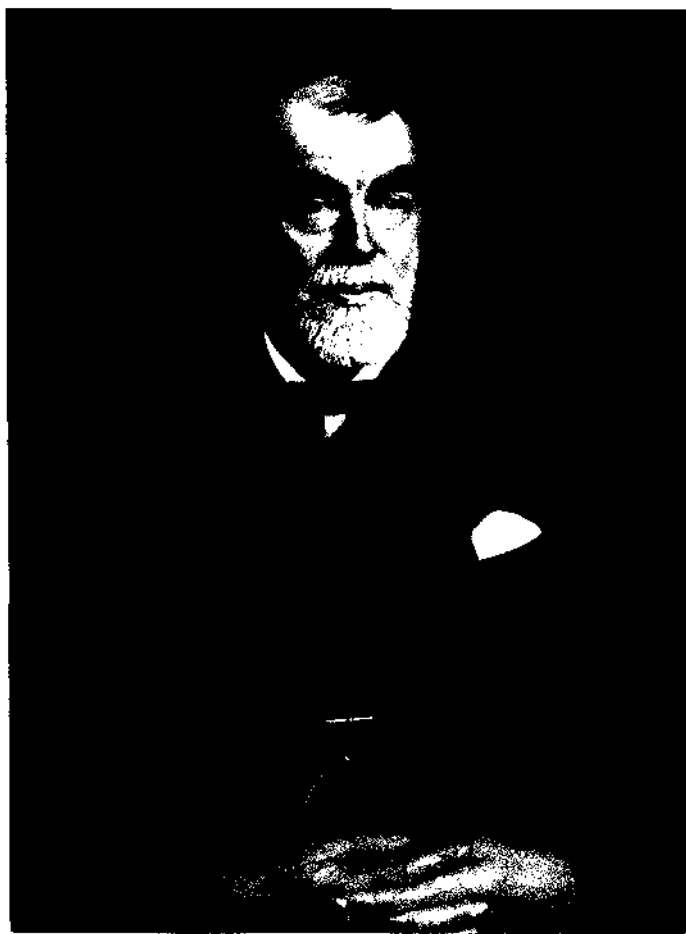
Butler to II F Jones

4 Decembet 1897—I am muddling along with my chorus One thing that pleases me about the reviews [of *Ihe Authoress*] and myself is thit I have not felt the smallest temptation to reply to any one of them—very gross though the misrepresentation has often been I ell me what reviews you have not come across at Nice and I will send them to you if you like , but perhaps I had better not for they will make you very angry—and perhaps retard your recovery '

I replied that I did not want to see the malicious and spiteful reviews, and he wrote that he would send " none but good ones—if there should prove to be one, which I do not expect"

Butler to II F Jones

16 December 1897—A man came to call on me on Saturday whom I had not seen for a full 20 years, a *limes* war correspondent He is a gentleman, but he bored me and frightened me He had not heard of my *Odyssey* book, and, when I told him, he began to spout lines from Pope's *Odsey*, and it alarmed me to hear him maundering on m that way, so silly, so senile, and so clever He was a creature from another world and I felt inclined to bid him depart from me as from a sinful man, O



Mar 27 1898

Mar 27 1898

S. Butler

Lord J However he got an *Authoress* out of me, and on Monday he came up again with a young woman—an actress, a Miss Hodson If he does so any more I shall have to play him my chorus on a ground-bass

1897
Act 62

23 December 1897—I have been out with Alfred and Angelo to Harrow Weald I hid to kiss old Mrs Foskett under the mistletoe and so had Alfred and Angelo

Angelo was Angelo Coppo, from the Rosa Rossa at Casale, who had come to England to learn English as his brother Cesare had done, and Mrs Foskett was one of the old ladies who, with Queen Elizabeth (since deceased), used to keep the public-house at Harrow Weald Butler had not been well this autumn, and the publishers were worrying him and giving him a great deal more trouble than he liked, hence the slight petulance that may be perceived in the extract about the *Times* correspondent. On the other hand Pauh had been giving no trouble. Pauli was always sympathetic about the books and had been particularly so about *The Authoress* He was more hurt by the tone of the reviews than Butler, having expected a more cordial reception On 15th December he came to lunch in Clifford's Inn as usual, and, the following day, wrote that he had caught cold and should not come to lunch on the 17th Butler was not uneasy because every winter was a struggle for Pauh and he was often prevented from coming to lunch He wrote again saying how he was, and Butler replied to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn that he intended to go to Boulogne for Christmas, according to custom, and giving his address there so that, in case he might be wanted, he could be sent for He also asked if Pauh would like him to send £25, the balance of the £50 due at Christmas, half of the quarterly payment of the allowance having been anticipated Pauh replied promising to keep Butler posted and saying that the £25 could stand over, but his letter was written by a nurse. At Boulogne, Butler received one communication from the nurse and then, for three days, nothing He returned to town and next day read in *The Times* that Pauh had died on the 29th December, exactly eleven years to the day after the death of Canon Butler

Butler to H F Jones.

1897
Act 62 30th Du 1897- I have not been written to and have no idea in what surroundings his last illness was passed, and I rather think I had better not enquire nor put myself into communication with his friends. If he had wished the communication to be established he would have ensured its being so. All I should have wished to do would be to attend the funeral to do away with the supposition that there was any estrangement between us and as the only fitting termination of so close AW intimacy, but I feel convinced I shall be communicated with (in which case I shall certainly attend) unless it was Paul's distinct wish that I should not be present, in which case of course I am better away. It is all very sad and to me utterly unintelligible, so much so that I shrink from making any move till a move is made towards me.

Butler was communicated with by the undertaker and attended Paul's funeral. He and the others who had been invited assembled in the Westminster Bridge Road and went by train to Brookwood. He recognised some of them, though he had not seen them for thirty years. In the course of conversation in the train he asked where Pauli had lived, for there could be no reason now why he should not know. He was told that he lived in Belgrave Mansions, Grosvenor Gardens, SW. It seemed that the rooms were very cheap, only £120 a year, which was less than he had paid before, when living in Bruton Street. Butler was paying £28 rent for his own rooms in Clifford's Inn, or about £36 in all, including rates and taxes. Then he asked

"Have you any idea how much Pauli made by his profession?"

One of his fellow-travellers replied "I do not know how he has been doing of late years, but many years ago—perhaps twenty, but I cannot be certain—he told me he was earning about £700."

Butler remembered his father's letter in 1879 saying he had been told that Pauli was making £1000 a year, and how Pauli had indignantly denied that he was making more than his bare expenses.

Then Butler heard that during his last illness Pauli had been properly looked after, that he had well-to-do

friends who saw that he had every comfort, that he was conscious till about six hours before the end, and that he died without any pain or struggle

1893
Act 62

Presently we reached Brookwood and went to the mortuary chapel, where the service was read with an unctuous affectation that I have seldom heard exceeded, and thence to the grave

After the coffin had been duly lowered and the service ended, we were asked to a luncheon which had been brought down with us from London. Everything was done regardless of expense and I was wondering who in the world was paying for it—or rather I should have wondered if I had not heard about [the well-to-do friends]—when I reflected, with a certain satisfaction, that for once in my life I was making a hearty meal at what was very nearly Pauli's expense. It was the nearest thing to a dinner from him that I had ever had.

[Then it appeared that Pauli had left his brother £1000] as though there were more than £1000 disposed of under Pauli's will. And here the reserve which I had maintained very sufficiently broke down. I had been shocked at learning the style in which Pauli evidently lived, and the amount he had been making at the Bar while doing his utmost to convince me that he was not clearing anything at all. I understood now why Pauli had preserved such an iron silence when I had implored him to deal with me somewhat after the fashion in which I had dealt with him. The iniquity of the whole thing, as it first struck me in full force, upset me.

He took one of the other mourners aside, told him shortly about the relations that had subsisted between Pauli and himself, and asked his advice as to whether he ought to say anything about them. Speaking about these things to another had the effect of calming him and of showing him that he had perhaps said too much, whereupon he regained control of himself and behaved quite genially on the way up to town—at least he writes that he "answered all their questions genially." I was not there and cannot say how the geniality struck them.

Soon afterwards, the solicitor who was winding up Pauli's estate sent to Butler an old will of his dated 1864 or 1865, almost wholly in favour of Pauli, who had preserved it although he was aware that it had been revoked and knew the contents of Butler's then existing will. The solicitor next wrote about the value of shares

1898 in the Canada Tanning Extract Company, and said that he
Act 62 had several books and other mementoes of Pauli at his office, and that Butler could have one if he liked to call. Butler did not want any further memento of Pauli than he already had, and felt sure that the solicitor must have known that the shares were valueless, nevertheless, guessing that his correspondent wanted to see him, and thinking he might hear something interesting, he called

lie learnt that Pauli's greatest receipts from his practice in any one year were from £800 to £900, but that during the last few years he had done less, owing to his frequent illnesses, and had not taken more than about £500 or £600. The net value of his estate was about £9000. He heard also that he had been receiving money from other friends, and a great deal more which need not be repeated here.

I have taken the above, sometimes quoting, sometimes condensing, from the conclusion of the long and detailed account left by Butler of the relations between himself and Pauli. He wrote the account while abroad and speaks of it as being left in a rough state, by which he means that it was not rewritten. If this remarkable document is ever printed in full, most of it will be found to be what Canon M'Cormick would have called "very painful reading." This is the peroration, not condensed.

I can now bring this squalid, miserable story to an end. On thinking it all over my main feeling is one of thankfulness that I never suspected the facts, as I now know them, till after Pauli's death. I have only decent end for such a white heat of devotion as mine was to him for so many years was the death of one or other of the parties concerned. If I had withdrawn from him and said I would do no more for him, I firmly believed that he would say nothing, leave me, and, probably, either blow his brains out or drown himself. I felt pretty sure I was doing a great deal too much, but I had rather have done a great deal too much than a little too little. Moreover, I knew him to be in wretched health, quite unfit to bear any great shock or change of habits. It was absolutely impossible for me to suspect that he had £9000 of solid money behind him. Knowing what I do now, I see that the withdrawal of my £200 a year would not have been the disaster

to him which I thought it would , but, even so, Pauh would never have stood my breaking with him Not that he liked me —it is plain he never did so—but he respected mt and feared me He must have feared things coming round to me He would never have known what I might not say about him Physically he was* as brave as morally he was the reverse , if he had found himself threatened with disgrace he would never have *faced it* 1 his is my belief, and the more I think of it the more thankful I am that I never knew the truth until it was too late for my knowledge to tempt me into departing from the line of conduct which I had long decided upon

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Act 62

Besides, even though Pauh had not gone under in consequence of my breaking with him, if he had died, as he easily might in any of his winter colds years before the end actually came, I should have been haunted by the fear that I had been the cause of it to my dying day , whereas now my conscience is absolutely clear of all offence towards him save that of having made it so deplorably easy to do things which, if I had made them harder, he would have been less likely to do The thing is over I am thankful that it is so I can laugh at the way in which Pauh hoodwinked me, and, as I said to the solicitor, though he left me nothing in his will he has, in effect, left me from £200 to £210 a year, clear of all outgoings—for the luncheons must be taken into the account We both of us laughed somewhat heartily when I took in the luncheons

How far I am right in leaving this record of the transaction, I am more uncertain Jones thinks I should leave it I can at all events destroy it later and, unless I had taken advantage of my foreign trip to write it at odd times now, while the later incidents are fresh in my mind, I should never have written it at all I could never tear myself from the other work I have in hand while at home and able to get to the Museum If ever it is read, however, it should be remembered that it is an *ex parte* statement and that Pauh's version of the matter can never be known For I hardly think that he can have left any record concerning any part of it

Lastly, I cannot refrain from remembering what a thorn Jeudwine was in my grandfather's side for thirty-six years *Mutatis mutandis*, it is a very singular thing that for so nearly the same length of time I should have been so closely linked with one whose connection with me was, on the whole, I suppose I must admit, disastrous If I have borne my crux with anything like Dr Butler's self-command, surely that should be enough for me

ROME, *Frt'd* May 20th, 1898

Begun about April 14th and left in this rough state.

1898
Act 62

Pauli's death had naturally depressed Butler and we looked forward to our Sicilian tour. We started on the 6th April and went through Basel to Casale-Monferrato, and he picked up in health and spirits at once. Having to wait two hours at Novara, we lunched at the station in the restaurant which was kept by a polite little old man in a black silk cap and a gold scarf-pin set with diamonds. He knew us, for we had often lunched there on our way to and from Varallo. He had been made a cavaliere, not, so we were told, because of "any damned merit" as those words are ordinarily used, but for the very sensible reason that he had a genius for attracting good wine to his famous cellars. He gave us a bottle of his best Ghemme. Towards the end of our luncheon, Butler called him and complained that we really could not drink his wine. He was much concerned, took up the bottle carefully and began to pour out some to taste it himself. When he saw we had only left a couple of drops he laughed, and his son laughed, and the gentleman at the next table laughed, and so did we, and Butler said it was like the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus's chin, and we really must give an extra tip to the waiter. But we had a little shock afterwards. Before our train left, the cavaliere sat down to his own lunch and we observed that he drank beer.

At Casale, Cesare Coppo took us for an excursion to Camino and the Avvocato Negri came too. It was a lovely day and we drove through a country "all made up of Bellini backgrounds." At Camino we walked up the hill towards the castle, carrying our basket of provisions, till we came to a shady bower by the roadside with a fountain of water at hand. Cesare displayed his luncheon and we began. We had often seen slices of ham cut thin but the slices which Cesare produced were thinner than all the other slices put together—so to speak, we asked how it was done. Cesare replied that it required practice and a sharp knife. But there were people, he said, born able to do it, and they could dispense with the practice. They always, however, required the sharp knife. This reminded me of something Hans Faesch

had told me about the boys of his native town They ¹⁸⁹⁸ have a festa at Basel in the spring, when all the men beat ^{Act 6*} the drum without intermission for three days This has been going on for so many generations that now every boy born of Balois parents is able to beat the drum as soon as he can hold it, he does not require to be taught But he must have drum-sticks

" Now let me make a note of that," said Butler , " it supports the theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics "

While he was making his note, Cesare took one of the bottles of wine out of the fountain, where he had put them to cool, and filled our glasses

" Ah ¹ caro Cesare," said Butler, after tasting his wine, " Il Padre Eterno fu certo di buon umore nel giorno in cui crei Il famoso Gngnohno "

Then he returned to the ham-cutting and constructed a story about a prince condemned by the local witch, who had not been invited to his christening, to suffer from mental depression until he should meet with a real princess And in those days it was only real princesses who could cut ham thin So the prince made all the young ladies he met cut ham, and in this way discovered a real princess She cut the ham so thin that he was able to read his breviary even through the lean part of a slice, and thus he detected a misprint which had hitherto escaped him. Whereupon he marntd her, his health was restored, and they both lived happily ever afterwards

After lunch we saw the castle and then went to the church of San Gottardo The avvocato opened a little cupboard in the wall behind the altar and showed us that it contained two skulls, one broken by a nail six inches long that had been driven into it

" It looks like a murder," said Butler

" But who knows ?" said the avvocato, " and who will know until the Last Great Day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed ?"

" Oh, that's all very well' " exclaimed Butler, " but when it comes to that there will be too much going on. What though there lurk a little skeleton within my

THE FAMILY COPPO

1898
Act 62 cupboard, what though he have a screw loose in every joint, let me but hush the rattling of his bones and keep him from blundering out and running downstairs to answer the front-door bell and tell the visitors all about it, let me but keep him quiet until such time as everybody else's cupboards are also giving up their contents and—but this is to anticipate."

So we left the church and called on the parroco who knew no more of the murder than the avvocato, but he gave us a glass of Marsala and we photographed him, and, by his particular desire, in his canonicals, he had never been photographed in them before

Butler and I were always treated at the Albergo Rosa Rossa as though we were members of the family—so much so that for a long while we carried on what was nothing less than a family quarrel with the Signora Coppo and Cesare. It was all the fault of the signora she took it into her head that Butler had been very kind to Cesare and his brother Angelo when they were in England. I do not say that he had been unkind to the boys—quite the contrary—but their mother took an extravagant view of her rights, as I am sure she would have been told had she consulted any unprejudiced observer—myself for instance. She presumed upon her position as landlady and refused to deliver a bill. When it was time to leave and we asked for one she made a practice of bundling us into her omnibus and hustling us off to the station, saying she would get the bill ready for next year. Even in Italy, where time is of little consequence, trains will not wait for passengers merely because they have not paid their bills, and so it happened that several times we had to leave in debt to the albergo. Butler gave the house a barometer as a slight acknowledgement, but this only made matters worse and led to innumerable compacts, our fundamental idea being that we must have a bill of some sort, theirs, that they must have no more barometers of any kind, but all the treaties were broken, and the relations became so strained that at last we threatened to stay at Vercelli and come over only for the day. It ended in an agreement that we might

THE FAMILY SCHMITT

pay the same as is paid by the Italian officers who frequent the hotel, which was a victory for us in form, but in fact for the Rosa Rossa, because the amount was ridiculously small and we were more trouble than many officers

1898
Act 62

When we had settled with the signora, or been compelled to leave without settling, we went first to Florence, where we spent an evening with Miss Helen Zimmermann, then, after a day or two at Perugia, to Assisi, the birthplace of S. Francesco. We did not know much about S. Francesco and were interested to learn from the guide-book that he passed his youth in frivolity and was sobered by adversity. We saw the frescoes and specially noticed the one representing his nuptials with La Povera. Butler said he should prefer to take for his bride La Competenza Modesta and that he would be as faithful to her as the frailty of his nature would permit. This was a reminiscence of what he used to say during the ten years before the death of his father—that he had taken vows of modest competency, but seemed to be in a fair way to break them.

We went through the Abruzzi, stopping at Aquila and Solmona, by the railway that had recently been opened, and on to Naples and Salerno. Here we found among our letters a German newspaper containing a review of *The Authoress*, and took it with us to read in the train on our way to Paestum, where we were going to spend the day. But Butler had no German dictionary and could not make much of it. Suddenly he said to me, indicating our fellow-travellers.

"Do you think those people look as though they understood German?"

I considered them critically for a moment and replied in the affirmative, whereupon he stated his difficulty and showed them his review. They were Monsieur Hippolyte Schmitt and his two daughters, French people from Metz, and one of the young ladies satisfied him as to the contents of the review. They were going to Paestum also, and we spent a delightful day with them. They provided just what he wanted—some new, pleasant,

1898 friendly, sympathetic companions to play with The
Act 61 acquaintance thus begun continued to the end of Butler's
life, and since his death I have remained on friendly terms
with the Schmitts

We went by tram to Reggio, crossed to Messina, and
proceeded to Taormina, where I was taken ill, probably
the result of fatigue from travelling too continuously.
After about a week Butler left me to recover while he
went round the island and saw his friends

Butler to H F Jones

TRAPANI

9 May 1898—I ordered my breakfast at 8 At 8 sharp, a
knock at my door "Breakfast" said I to myself, but it was
Sugameli At 8 15 a knock at my door " B " s 1 to m , but
it was Giacalone At 8 25 a k a m d "B " s I to m , but it
was Tummarello At 8 40 I could stand it no longer , I said
they might go on talking, but I must get my breakfast I got
it at 9

While Butler was away, I idled about in Taormina,
or went for such walks as I could manage, or lay on the
grass in the theatre in front of the great view, recuperating,
and by the time he came back I was sufficiently recovered
to return home with him Before we left, we were in
the theatre one day looking at the fragments of the
stones that are strewn about in the orchestra, and he said
they were like the fragments of My Duty towards My
Neighbour that lay strewn about in his memory It
would take a lot of work to put them all back into their
places and reconstruct the original

We went to Messina and, as it was calm weather,
took the steamer to Naples, whence we travelled by land
to Rome, Genoa, Turin, Casale-Monferrato, and Basel
Here we saw Hans Faesch, who had come to Europe for
a holiday and to make arrangements for a change in his
life in the East,

Professor Joseph Galeoto to Butler

TRAPANI, 23rd May 1898

DEAR SIR—I am acquainted with Mr Peter Sugameli, a bosom friend of yours This makes me bold to ask you for some elucidations, as you are a literary man of repute I am about to publish an Abridgement of English Literature for the use of Technical Institutes in Italy I wish to know something about Alfred Austin, the present Poet Laureate, namely, the place and time of his birth, his studies, his masterpiece and minor works and his literary merits Is Lewis Morns inferior to the above writer? May I affirm that the principal poets of the present time are Swinburne, Morris, Austin and Mary Robinson? Awaiting your favour I thank you in advance and ever remain,—
Yours respectfully, Prof JOSEPH GALEOIO

CORSO V EMMANUELE,
N 228 1° Piano

Butler to Professor Galeoto

3rd June 1898

DEAR SIR—Alfred Austin was born at Headingley, May 30, 1835 He was educated at Stonyhurst College, 1849-1852, and took his degree as Bachelor of Arts at London University, 1853 He was called to the Bar, Nov 17th 1857 His works, which are very numerous, range from 1853 to 1895 I cannot say which are the most important of them, there are over thirty in all and I have never either read or heard of a single one of them A collected edition of his poems was published in 1892. He was appointed Poet Laureate on the death of Lord Tennyson in 1896

I have taken the foregoing from *A Duttonary of English Authors*, by R Parquharson Sharp, of the British Museum, published by George Redway, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, 1897, Price 7 shillings and sixpence net

I think you should omit Miss Mary Robinson from your list of leading poets, but you should, I think, mention Rudyard Kipling, about whom you will find all necessary details in the work above referred to

As for estimating the comparative merits of Alfred Austin and Lewis Morris, I could not attempt such a task without at any rate reading some of the works of one or both of these writers—a labour which I beg to assure you is far beyond my strength—Believe me, Dear Sir, Yours faithfully,

S BUTLER.

PERFECTION IN WRITING

1898
Act 62 Butler was now immersed in Shakespeare's Sonnets
He learnt them by heart, beginning by learning the first line of each with its number, as one might learn a set of nonsense verses, then he learnt each Sonnet and thus he remembered their order On 30th July he wrote to *The Athenaeum* with his reasons for dating them early in the life of the poet

He was also correcting the proofs of his translation of the *Iliad* I had gone abroad early in August and was staying with Hans Faesch in Switzerland Butler went for an outing of four days to Flushing

Butler to H F. Jones

FLUSHING

24 Aug 1898 -They have been deluging me with proofs lately [of the translation of the *Iliad*] There are only about eight pages more to come now, and then, of course, the preface I have got one or two nice emendations for the Sonnets which no one has got, one of them especially good, I think, as explaining how Sonnet 99 comes to have 15 lines, but you can imagine what with proof and Hushing I have not done much work at the Sonnets, but I have no more to learn by heart Also at Flushing I wrote one myself, a poor innocent thing but I was surprised to find how easily it came, if you like it I may write a few more

The Sonnet was the one beginning " Not on sad Stygian shore," given post, p 361 Of course I liked it very much and he did " write a few more "

My sister Lilian had been trying her hand at short stories, and we had submitted one to Butler for his opinion and advice, it was called " Mrs Waley's Sacrifice "

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

26 Aug 1898—As for your writing—pray believe me you write quite "pleasantly," "lucidly," and without being either * stilted or careless " at present Perfection in writing is an ignis fatuus, every one is at times both stilted and careless and more or less unpleasant Homer is so, Shakespeare is so, and so long as we are men and women we must be contented to be as we are and our readers must be contented to take us for what we are Look at Shakespeare's Sonnets (which I have committed to

memory that I might the better understand them)—they are written, I take it, hastily They abound with slovenliness, crabbedness, and obscurity, he thought he would take more pains and polish up "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" with extreme care—with what result? We can admire these last, but we do not want them, whereas we can read the Sonnets over and over and over and over again I take it Shakespeare got to understand that he had made a mistake in finishing too highly, and we have it on authority that in his plays but few lines were blotted The upshot of all this preaching is to urge you not to trouble about a style—not the least little bit—

In art, books, music, there's no other plan
To mend the style except to mend the man

And the same applies to woman as much as to man—as I need hardly say—but there is no comfortable rhyme to "woman"

Practically what, if I may venture to say so, you want is to develop some of the motives you have already introduced, there is Mrs Waley's wig, there are the brother's debts, there is the parrot, and surely poor James may in the end be revenged—might he not even sell the parrot, cage and all? However, I do not want to make suggestions

But I may add this much I have often at the beginning of a book found myself very uncertain what I would do, and appalled at the difficulty of knowing what to put where, and how to develop my incidents I never have that feeling now because I have always found that there is some one point or other in which I can see my way I immediately set to work at that point and before I have done and settled it I invariably find that there is another point which I can also see and settle, etc, etc

At present some of your incidents—as, for example, the brother's debts and the quarrel between the lovers—suggest mechanical arrangement, the only reason for this I believe to be that they are introduced a little too suddenly In lengthening your work, which I hope you will do, you will be sure to find some ways of letting things grow more gradually

And now I have let my pen run on too glibly but, like Shakespeare and Homer, I will let the thing go without attempting to tinker it

FROM BUTLER'S DIARY

Frt'd Sep 16-Tuesd Sep 27—To Amsterdam to the Rembrandt Exhibition returning via Haarlem (where I did not admire the Franz Hals) and the Hague My feet very bad all the time

1898
Act 62 Butler brought home with him the Catalogue of the Rembrandt Exhibition, and I have given it to the British Museum. It contains the pencil notes he made at the time, one to each of the 124 pictures. Sometimes he only says "very fine," "all very well," "admirable," "lovely," "I don't want it," and so on. Some of the pictures are marked X, which means that he would frequently look at them if he possessed them, others not so marked he admired in many cases very cordially but did not want them. When in doubt he put X. Those that he would rather not have he marked O. I give a few of the more detailed notes.

52 *Het corporaalschap van Frans Banning Cocq, gezegd de "Nachtwacht"*—If I knew what to say about this picture I would say something, but I do not know. All I know is that I find it too much for me in every way, and would not live with it in my house. But the mutilation of the picture in 1715 has made it impossible to judge it fairly. It is more full of vigorous life and motion, more able to take the beholder in as an actual solid scene, more convincingly characteristic of the time, place and circumstances, in a word, more effective than any picture that I can call to mind, but it overpowers me and, though I should be glad if we had it at the National Gallery, I don't want it in my own house.

65 Nicholas Berchem (the property of the Duke of Westminster, Grosvenor House, London)—There is nothing in the Exhibition much finer than this and 66 [i.e. the companion picture, the wife of Nicholas Berchem].

68 *Jin Six aan het venster, studie voor die ets* (Leon Bonnat, Paris)—An exquisite little gem, one of the most delightful in the whole exhibition.

75 *Studie naar Rembrandts broeder met een helm op het hoofd* (Keizer Frederik Museums Vereeniging, Berlijn)—I never saw such painting of a helmet. One would swear it was real. I admit it and admire it but do not want it. On second thoughts I think I do.

94 *Portret van een Poolsch ruitcr in de dracht van het regiment van Lysowsky, in een landschap* (the property of Graaf Tarnowski, Dzikow, Galicia)—A very curious subject for Rembrandt to have had to paint.

no *Portret van een heer* (Prins Joesepof S^t Petersburg)—Wonderful. I am not sure that this and its companion are not finer than the Nicholas Berchem and his wife. They are among the very finest work he ever did.

"SPLENDID SLOGGING"

in Portret van een dame met een struisveder in de hand 1898
(Pnns Joesoepof S^l Petersburg)—Wonderful I cannot make Act 62
out which of the two I prefer, this or the preceding It is
impossible to believe that painting can do more These two
pictures kept growing upon me all the time I was here

116 De Staalmeesters—If I had Jones and Gogin and
Ballard with me, one after the other, and had plenty of time to
think them all over I might know better what to think The
residuary impression produced upon me so far is "that the
picture would have been better if the painter had taken more
pains " I admit it and most respectfully admire it, but am vexed
with myself for not finding it kindle all the enthusiasm that I
should like it to do

Perhaps it is that I find the arrangements of light, shade,
colour and composition more carefully studied than the individu-
alities of the drapers Three of the heads are very characterless
and none of them carry full conviction

117 Homerus—Rubbish, but he does not seem to have
made Homer blind

123 Esther, Haman, and Ahasuerus (the property of Z M
de Koning van Roemenie, SinaU)—Everything subordinated to
splendid slogging of a yellow dress Composition disregarded,
arrangement of light and shade disregarded, figures without
interest or individuality, nothing in the picture to attract, except
the splendid slogging of a yellow dress and its cloak with ermine
lining In reality it is a magnificent piece of still-life painting,
but as this it says the last word that can be said about the
painting of yellow yitin and a gold brocaded cloak

Hans Faesch came from Switzerland to London about
this time to complete his arrangements before returning
to the East He was accompanied by Peter Hauff",
a Norwegian with whom he had gone into partnership,
and they went to Vien-tiane in the Shan States with the
intention of dealing in rubber Before they started
Butler gave them a farewell dinner at the Hotel d'Italie
in Old Compton Street at which Gogin, Alfred and I
were also present

On 15th October 1898, we received the first copy of
*The Iliad of Homer rendered into English prose for the use of
those who cannot read the original* The motto on the title-
page is from a letter from Baron Menan to Dr Butler " I
entirely agree with you after due rumination Homer and
Shakespeare are the only two poets in the wide world "

1898
Act 62

Butler's notion of the lines on which a translation should be made are thus stated in the preface

The genius of the language into which a translation is being made is the first thing to be considered, if the original was readable, the translation must be so also, or, however good it may be as a construe, it will not be a translation. It follows that a translation should depart hardly at all from the modes of speech current in the translator's own times, inasmuch as nothing is readable for long which affects any other diction than that of the age in which it was written. We know the charm of the Elizabethan translations, but he who would attempt one that shall vie with these must eschew all Elizabethisms that are not good Victoriansisms also

And so he strove to make his translation readable for those who are accustomed to modern English, and avoided the affectation of larding it with archaisms which would have made it look like a sham ruin

In November he was at Shrewsbury and wrote to me that at Cressage, where he had a farm, he had been told of this dialogue between a parson and one of his parishioners

Parson Such habits of intemperance not only ruin your character here, but gravely endanger your chances of happiness in a world beyond the grave

Parishioner Well, Sir, I know my character is not of the best, but as for heaven, I must stand the risk of that as other people do.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

1899 1900—PART I

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS RECONSIDERED

Butler to H F Jones

31 *st Jan* 1899—I have no particular news Alfred went out yesterday, when I was at the Museum, and had three stumps of teeth out one after the other He did not say a word to me for fear it should disturb my working at the Museum, but he brought all the three stumps to show me, they seem to have come out fairly easily Sadler called in the afternoon and he showed them to Sadler Then he took them home and showed them to the children By this time I suppose he had got tired of them, so he put them with some salt into an envelope and burned them I am glad he has had them out for they had been plaguing him for some time 1899
Act 63

Butler to Miss Butler.

4 *Jan* 1899—I have been deluged with Italian letters, two of them requiring long troublesome answers An old Italian Member of Parliament keeps wanting all sorts of details about the London School Board, all of which I have to find out, and it worries me, for it is out of my beat Then another wants all sorts of questions answered about the *Odyssey*, let alone the numerous New Year's letters that I have to answer

But this does not nearly exhaust the number of things that were interfering with the writing of his book about the Sonnets of Shakespeare.

On 5th March 1899, Giacalone Patti wrote from Trapani that a friend of his had the flag of one of the steamers in which Garibaldi and his Thousand arrived at

1899 Marsala in 1860 It was a large flag, white and blue
Act 63 stripes with the name of the steamer, *Lombardo*, across it The *Lombardo* was the steamer commanded by Nino Bixio and was sunk in the harbour of Marsala, Garibaldi himself commanded the *Piemonte* Butler was to find some rich Englishman, or some wealthy museum, to buy this historic object He made inquiries without success, and replied that the flag was not more likely to find a purchaser in London than a flag of the Mahdi, taken in the Soudan, would be to find a purchaser III Sicily

The flag was afterwards bought by Conte Agostino Sien Pepoli, and is now in the museum in the convent of the Annunziata at Trapani, where the count also placed the large collection of valuable and curious objects which he gave to the town He died in the spring of 1910, aged 62, the previous autumn I had had a long conversation with him one evening as we sat together outside the Grand Hotel at Trapani He was staying in Trapani partly to be near his museum, the arrangement of which was the hobby of his declining days, and partly because, as he grew older, life on the Mountain was too full of discomfort He told me a great deal about his museum, he had put *The Authoress of the Odyssey* and Butler's letter sending him the book into a special show-case with the autograph MS of a Ballata by Scarlatti which he had bought at the Hotel Drouot in Paris

There were two Scarlatti—Alessandro, the father, and Domenico, his son Domenico was a friend of Handel and so devoted to him and his genius that he always crossed himself whenever Handel's name was mentioned in his presence I reminded the count of this, and said that Butler would have been proud if he could have known that his book and his letter were preserved in the same case with a Ballata by Domenico Scarlatti He replied that this would not quite do, the Ballata is by Alessandro who was born at Trapani in 1658 or 1659. They sometimes tell one in Trapani that Alessandro was born not at Trapani, but at the village of Paceco, close by, and, if so, he would still pass for a Trapanese, because Paceco is in the Province of Trapani. Domenico was born in

Naples in 1685 There is nothing on the Ballata, as one sees it in the museum, to tell whether it is by the father or the son, only the word "Scarlatti" is visible because the MS is framed and the Christian name, if there is one, is hidden, but the Count bought the Ballata believing it to be by Alessandro, the Trapanese, and it probably is so because he wrote much for the voice, whereas Domenico is better known as a writer for the harpsichord I think Butler would still have felt proud to be in the same show-case with Alessandro Scarlatti

1899
Act 63

The Reverend Canonico Romano, who helped the count to arrange his museum, took me there afterwards and we copied the words of the Ballata

*Io piango, e tu noil m'odi E pur t'amo c t'adoro
Odimi almcno, e poi contento morro Ma con chi parlo ?
Ahi ' lasso porgo al vento 1 sospin*

On 13th March 1899, Mr (now Sir) Sidney Lee wrote asking Butler to join the committee which was being formed to present Garnett with his portrait on his retirement from the British Museum Butler, of course, accepted

I here was also much to attend to in connection with his small houses near London—for instance, the erection of a telephone pole at Ladywell, and a great deal to settle about his Shropshire property, the planting of trees at Harnage, the shooting in the woods, the cutting of timber, difficulties with the water, and so on Presently his nephew, who was growing oranges and grape-fruit in Florida, wanted him to find out where to get lace paper and tinsel filigree so that he could pack his goods in fancy style to make them attractive

All these interruptions worried him, I do not say more than they should have done, but more than they would have done before 1895, and more than interruptions of such a kind would ever have worried his grandfather His feet were still painful, and I used still to accompany him to Clifford's Inn because of the giddiness, but, as I have said, he would not always let me come He did not, however, go alone all the way,

1899 though I did not find this out till after his death Old
Act 63 Hatt, the night-watchman, who cultivated roses and
whose watch-box was at the Southampton Buildings
entrance of Staple Inn, had died and, in 1897, was
succeeded by a younger man who had been a marine
Butler used to get the new watchman to accompany him
as far as the corner of Chancery Lane , there he would
say

< "Thank you and good-night, good Mr Evans "

And the watchman would reply " Good-night, Sir "

Butler would not let him come farther because he
would not take him out of sight of his watch-box After
this had been going on for a considerable time, like a
versicle and response in the Church service, there came
an evening when Butler said as usual •

" Thank you and good-night, good Mr Evans "

And the watchman replied , " Yes, Sir , good—for
nothing "

He had been saying this to himself for weeks before
he had the courage, on this particular evening, to say it
out loud, and Butler was so pleased with him that he
gave him five shillings on the spot and adopted another
form of salute After Butler's death, Evans told this
to my friend R W K Edwards, another tenant of the
Inn, who told me I had already heard part of it from
Evans, but, just as old Tom at Barnard's Inn used to call
the hours quietly in order that the gentlemen might not
be disturbed, so Evans stopped short in his story before
coming to the interesting part about the five shillings, no
doubt wishing to avoid the appearance of suggesting that
I might follow Butler's example

At the end of March we started for our Italian tour
which this year did not extend to Sicily We went to
Basel to salute Madame Faesch, and then to Lucerne,
where we took the steamer to Fluelen. Dr Mandell
Creighton (Bishop of London) was on board with his
family The bishop took us away from the others into
a corner of the deck and made Butler talk This is
what he always did When Butler went to a party at
Fulham, the bishop took him off alone and made him

HANGING THE MAIDS

1899 churches baptizing Christ with the assistance of the river-god of
Act 63 the Jordan

Late in July 1899 Butler received two letters from Lord Gnmthorpe, who had read *The Authoress*, and accepted the theory that it was written by a woman—Nausicaa and all Lord Gnmthorpe in one of his letters sent some ideas of his own upon the stringing up of the housemaids in the *Odyssey*

*Butler to Lord Gnmthorpe*¹

1st Aug 1899—Finding that the writer when hanging the maids had not even tried to understand her own meaning, I rather shirked the passage When, however, I publish my translation of the entire *Odyssey*, which I hope to do in about 1 year's time, I shall have an opportunity of returning to the matter and, unless you forbid me, will use your scholia, with due acknowledgement, to make it clearer to the reader how absurd the story is

As you are taking so kindly an interest in my views about the *Odyssey*, I venture to add 1 little detail which unaccountably did not get printed I mean that Nausicaa—whom I am glad to see your lordship speak of as the authoress which she certainly was—intended to imply that her father's habitual guests were scoundrels by saying that they habitually made their final drink offering for the night not to Neptune but to Mercury (ὁ πρῶτος, etc.)

I am sure Dean Burgon was right in saying that your sword is not so rusty as you declare it to be, not to pretend that mine is less rusty than it is I will confess that I copied my accents from the printed text

PS — Having occasion on Monday to call on Charles Longman in connection with my new book, I flung your lordship's first letter triumphantly at his head and he was much impressed by it, knowing that Andrew Lang, who is his reader, had assured him that the whole theory was nonsense

Lord Gnmthorpe invited Butler to spend a day with him at St Albans He went and his host took him over the cathedral and showed him the alterations and restorations which he had designed and had had carried out Lord Gnmthorpe told Butler that when he had the honour of

¹ Butler only kept a draft of this letter and the extract here given may be incomplete, e.g. he may have written out the quotation in full, also the date may have been altered

showing them to the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII) 1899
the following conversation had taken place Act 63

"And now tell me, Lord Gnmthorpe," said the Prince, " who was your architect in carrying out these admirable restorations ?"

" I employed, Sir, the only architect with whom I have never quarrelled "

Butler said to me that no doubt the Prince knew all about that, and only asked the question so as to give the old gentleman *dn* opportunity of playing off his little joke

Longmans had agreed to publish Butler's book about the Sonnets, but not at their own expense , accordingly he had it printed at Cambridge, and on 2nd September 1899 we went to Wassen, on the S Gottardo, and stayed there sketching and correcting the proofs of the book and seeing it through the press On the 28th October 1899, after out return to London, we received the first copy of *Shakespeare's Sonnets reconsidered and in part re-arranged with introductory chapterJ, notes, and a reprint of the original 1609 edition* The motto on the title-page is from *Measure for Measure* (v 1 444-446)

**They say, best men are moulded out of faults ,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad**

Early in November 1899 Butler received a letter from Monsieur Fernand Henry, who had just published a translation into French sonnets of the Sonnets of Shakespeare, and had seen the announcement that Butler's book was about to be published , he sent a copy of his translation and proposed an exchange I omit the opening of Butler's reply , its purport was to thank Fernand Henry for his book and to say that he understood there had been no intention to make original research into the difficult questions which underlie the Sennets , he also praised highly the introduction which gives an excellent resume of the opinions expressed by the writers then most in favour with the public.

Butler to Fernand Henry.

1899 17-20 Nov—Your main object was to translate the Sonnets
Act 63 into French verse I state the foregoing merely to show that I fully realise what you intended to do and to applaud the manner in which you have carried out your intention

BUT—and here comes my difficulty French poetry is based on principles so foreign to English that very few Englishmen (and I alas ' am not among them) can understand French poetry at all, we admire and understand your incomparable French prose—Buffon to me is simply the *ne plus ultra* of prose—but your poetry is a *de id* letter to me I can see that you have caught and correctly rendered several of the most difficult sonnets, but there my power of entering into the spirit of your translation begins and ends I greatly regret that this should be so, but so it is

Let me confess further When Messrs Longman sent me your book, not being able to review it, I read your preface attentively and several of your translations and then, having very little room on my shelves, I took the volume to the British Museum, where I work most mornings, and asked them whether they would be likely to get it or be likely to have it given them They said that if I would give it them, they would be very glad to have it, and I accordingly gave it to them At that time I had not heard from you, and did not foresee that I should have the pleasure of doing so, but was simply anxious to put the book at once within reach of the many Shakespearean scholars who frequent the Museum

As for helping to get the book reviewed in England, I have mentioned it to two friends of mine, employees in the British Museum, and have asked them (for they both review books) to call attention to it if they can, but I *never* review books myself and have no connection with, or interest with, any of our journals or magazines, indeed I am terribly out of favour with all of them I never write on any subject unless I believe the opinion of those who have the ear of the public to be mistaken, and this involves, as a necessary consequence, that every book I write runs counter to the men who are in possession of the field, hence I am always in hot water, and I doubt whether any one of our English writers is in much worse odour with the reviewers than I am I cannot help this, but the complete isolation, or worse than isolation, in which I stand robs me of all power to do a good turn to anyone else, however much I might wish to do so I may mention as a proof of my total failure to attract the public that I am at present a loser by my books to the extent of over £900 (English pounds), this deficit

has extended over some 30 years, so that it has not been heavy in any one year and has occasioned me absolutely no inconvenience whatever, but it may serve to bear out my statement that I have no literary position in England Act 64

As I never write reviews, so neither do I try to obtain them for myself I he only reviews I value are those that correct me in mistake, and these I welcome gladly

If there are any others of my books (see advertisement at the end of my last book) which you would care to have, I shall have the utmost pleasure in sending them to you Pray pardon the length to which this letter has extended itself

Mr Garnett had not been sympathetic about *The Authoress*, as we have seen, so Butler did not expect from him much sympathy for his book about the Sonnets, nevertheless he sent him a copy which Garnett acknowledged in a long letter

Butler to Richard Garnett

15 Dec 1899

M Y DEAR M R GARNETT—I think it very kind of you to have entered so fully into detail as regards my book in your letter received this morning, for I am sure you have all one man's work on hand with literary undertakings Your letter is valuable to me as showing how my book strikes one than whom I know none more able to form a sound opinion concerning it, nevertheless men's minds are as steelyards graduated so differently that on no two of them will the same considerations record the same weight, and your steelyard and mine have been graduated very differently indeed in some respects, though very similarly in so many others

I he consideration that no youth of 21 would have been likely to be able to write the Sonnets weighs so heavily with you that it makes those which I have urged in support of Shakespeare's extreme youth at the time he wrote them "kick the beam "

With me the consideration that no such man as I can alone conceive Shakespeare to have been could conceivably have written Sonnet 23 at the age of 30 (much less of 35) outweighs by ten, twenty, or a hundredfold any a priori difficulty about supposing that so exceptional a man should have written such exceptional poems at an exceptionally early age Each supposition involves an impossibility in the mind of the one or other of us and there is no going beyond this

1899
Act 64 You think the Sonnets much freer from juvenile faults than the "Venus" or the "Lucrece", I think "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" far more polished and mature works than the Sonnets, the Sonnets to my thinking abound in juvenile slovenliness, not so either "Venus and Adonis" or "Lucrece" And so on throughout your letter It is a case of a profound difference in the values which we severally attach to the same considerations and, while I can fully understand that those which have weighed heaviest with you are indeed no light ones, there is not one of those you have urged—except the reading "foil" in the last line of Sonnet 89 (69 Q)¹—which appears to me to outweigh those that induced me to take up the position that I have taken I should think "foil" is right and in any (if any) second edition shall adopt it with acknowledgement

So it was with the *Odyssey*, to mt the evidence that it was written by a woman, and a very young one, is conclusive, but you found it utterly and absolutely worthless, or at any rate hopelessly insufficient I know that you have most, and very capable, people with you, but I know also that I have many, and not less capable, upon my side, among them Lord Grimthorpe, who wrote to me on the subject in the summer and added considerations which I regret not to have insisted upon with greater fullness

So it will be now with this book upon the Sonnets, both numbers and present weight are with you, but I know that I have enough both men and women who are cordially with me to prevent my feeling myself isolated

The history of literature is the history of the reversing of many a deeply-rooted opinion I have not the smallest fear that my book will be lost sight of and I confidently believe and hope that time will bring many to my opinion

As regards Sonnet 148 (125 Q), I carefully considered the question whether the "thou" of line 13 could refer to any other "thou" than the "thou" of line 10 and, after much hesitation, gravitated to the conclusion that it could not, to which conclusion I adhere, though my friend Jones argued the point rather forcibly against me

There ' After all the trouble that you have very kindly taken I feel somewhat ungrateful in maintaining such an uncompromising attitude, but I can thank you very cordially all the same, and am, with kind regards, Yours very truly,

S BUTLER

There are several entries in Butler's Note-Books about

¹ 89 is the number in Butler's proposed re arrangement of the order 69 is the number in the Quarto which is followed in most modern editions

Garnett and the Sonnets, and one in which he speaks of
this letter 1899
Act 64

My letter is, I know, insincere, but it is as sincere as I knew how to make it. Garnett and I have known each other for many years and I have a great admiration for him in not a few respects—especially I cannot forget that he wrote that wonderful book *The Twilight of the Gods*. I cannot therefore deal otherwise than very tenderly with him, but approve of him I certainly do not.

The Authoress of the Odyssey led to a correspondence between Butler and Mr Robert Bridges. I only give from the letters of Mr Bridges such short extracts as are necessary to understand Butler's replies.

Robert Bridges to Butler.

23 Dec 1899—There can be no doubt that it is one of the most valuable of the books on the Homeric question. There is no reason why the *Odyssey* should not have been written by a woman, only the woman was not to be Mrs Barrett Browning. It is of course difficult (in the absence of the works of those early poetesses) to imagine a woman having written the great καὶ τὰ φέρει of Bk xviii 135 in the speech of Odysseus to Amphinomus. That always seemed to me the biggest thing in the *Odyssey*—one of the biggest things in the whole of poetry—and it is so quietly said no one heeds it.

This is the speech which Butler quoted in his letter to Colonel Lean in 1893. I find no copy of Butler's reply to Mr Bridges, but it appears that he must have spoken of the small success that his books had met with, and offered to send him copies of any he might not have.

Robert Bridges to Butler

28/// Dec 1899—Your history of *The Fair Haven* astonishes me, so few copies sold. I have a copy—many thanks—and have almost all your books, the only gaps being due to the over-appreciation of borrowers. I always hold you up as one of our best stylists. You taught me a great deal.

Butler was no doubt led to tell Mr Bridges how his books had been selling because he had been making for

1899 his own use the statement of which the Table on p 311
 Act 64 is a copy It is given also in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912)

To this must be added my book on the Sonnets in respect of which I have had no account as yet but am over a hundred pounds out of pocket by it so far—but little of which I fear is ever likely to come back

It will be noted that my public appears to be a declining one I attribute this to the long course of practical boycott to which I have been subjected for so many years—or, if not boycott, of sneer, snarl and misrepresentation I cannot help it nor, if the truth were known, am I at any pains to do so

Butler made no analysis of the sales of *A First Tear in Canterbury Settlement* (1863) nor of his pamphlet on the Resurrection (1865) I do not know what he means by "A Book of Essays" It is possible that he incurred an outlay of £3 11 9 in connection with a projected republication of his *Universal Review* articles or of some of his Italian articles about the *Odyssey*

MYSELF AND DR FURNIVALL

My excellent friend Mr Bickley, of the MS department [British Museum], has for some days been bringing about a meeting between me and Dr Furnivall who had borrowed my last book [about Shakespeare's Sonnets] from him, and who, though he did not agree with it, was "very much interested" in me and would like to make my acquaintance So I was to come to the MS Room last Wednesday at 4 30 and be introduced I went, was introduced, and Dr Furnivall and I then adjourned to the A B C shop in Rathbone Place

As we walked thither Dr Furnivall—a most amiable, kindly old gentleman, absolutely free from "side" affectation, and very sensible (as I presently found) on some matters in respect of which most men are idiots—well, Dr Furnivall began to tackle me by saying that it seemed to him, and he heard others express a like opinion, that I had made up my mind to make Sonnet 107¹ refer to the Spanish Armada, and twisted everything else so as to make it fit in with this preconception

This interested me, for it showed me the line which the

¹ The references in this and later letters are to the Sonnets as numbered in the Quarto, and not in Butler's proposed re-arrangement

ANALYSIS OF THE SALES OF MY BOOKS, 28th November 1899

	Copies sold	Cash Profit	Cash Loss	Total Profit	Total Loss	Value of Stock
<i>Erewhon</i>	3842	£62 10 10		£69 3 10		£6 13 0
<i>The Fair Haven</i>	442		£41 2 2		£27 18 2	13 4 0
<i>Life and Habit</i>	640		4 17 1½	7 19 1½		12 16 3
<i>Evolution Old and New</i>	541		103 11 10		89 13 10	13 18 0
<i>Unconscious Memory</i>	272		38 13 5		38 13 5	[Burnt]
<i>Alps and Sanctuaries</i>	332		133 6 4		110 18 4	22 8 0
<i>Selections from Previous Works</i>	120		51 4 10½		48 10 10½	2 14 0
<i>Luck or Cunning?</i>	284		41 6 4		13 18 10	27 7 6
<i>Ex Voto</i>	217		147 18 0		111 8 0	36 10 0
<i>Life and Letters of Dr Butler</i>	201		216 18 0		193 18 0	23 0 0
<i>The Authoress of the Odyssey</i>	165		81 1 3		59 10 3	21 11 0
<i>The Iliad in English Prose</i>	157		89 4 8		77 6 8	11 18 0
<i>A Holbein Card</i>	6		8 1 9		8 1 9	
<i>A Book of Essays</i>	0		3 11 9			3 11 9
		£62 10 10	£960 17 6	£77 2 11½	£779 18 1½	£195 11 6

IN THE BREAD SHOP

1899 reviewers of my book are pretty certain to take If Dr Furnivall,
Act 64. without accusing me of preconception, had shown why it was unlikely that Sonnet 107 should refer to the Spanish Armada, or had pointed to some other event, between, say, 1590 and 1600, to which the Sonnet could be held preferably to refer, I should have paid great attention to him, but he made no such attempt, moreover I knew both that there was no such event, and also that I had been driven on to the Armada by the conviction that Shakespeare must have been very young when the earlier Sonnets were written Taking 21 as a hypothetical age for "very young," and once convinced, as I soon was, of Shakespeare's extreme youth, the Armada was inevitable for Sonnet 107 I confess that the ready accusation of preconception and of reasoning up to a foregone conclusion somewhat piqued me, but I hope and believe that no sign or pique escaped me

I then, when we were in the bread shop, Dr Furnivall demurred to my arguing from Sonnet 2, that Shakespeare was still very young He thought it was much more like the writing of an older person I said there was no arguing against impressions, that the same words not unfrequently leave diametrically opposite impressions on people who are both of them able and equitable, but that the impression left on me by a Sonnet which describes a man of 40 as one who is in an advanced state of decrepitude is that it can only have been written by one who had never known forty, or anything near it, and to whom forty still seemed very remote Whence Sonnet 3 I collect this not less decidedly

We left this point, therefore, each of us holding to his own opinion, but Dr Furnivall urged that the Sonnets belonged to the Hamlet period in view of their introspective and deeply philosophical character It was impossible that Shakespeare at the age of 21 should have either the mental grasp or the literary skill requisite for the production of the Sonnets

To this I rejoined inwardly—for I do not think that I said all that I shall now say—firstly that there is not a line in the Sonnets that betrays any deeper thoughts about life and things than must have occurred long before he was 21 to any man who has been mimed against his will at 18 and who has been greatly distressed for money, it is one of the commonplace Shakespearean criticisms to appeal to the philosophical character of the Sonnets, and if to come from the heart of a great poet who has passed through a baptism of fire at an early age is to be philosophical, then the Sonnets are philosophical, but I find nothing in them to show that Shakespeare could see through a brick wall more clearly than other young men of warm heart and indisputable natural genius, who have also suffered very bitterly at an early age, can do

As for its having been unlikely that Shakespeare should have had the literary power at 21 to write the Sonnets—Shakespeare proved to have such transcendent literary power that there is no arguing as to what he might or might not have been able to do when he was 21. The only question should be one of fact, as to whether the evidence leads us to suppose or no that he wrote the Sonnets at that age. We cannot argue in Shakespeare's case from what other young men are commonly able to do. If this kind of argument is permitted, may we not have some one presently maintaining that Pitt cannot have been born so late as 1759 because that would make him only 24 in 1783 when he became Prime Minister?

1899
Act 64

Again Dr Furnivall argued that Shakespeare was probably gay and more or less roystering in his youth, and that the Sonnets are the work of one who has been sobered. My answer is that by far the greater number of the Sonnets belong to a period covered by not more than a twelvemonth, during which Shakespeare had passed through an ordeal that would take all the gaiety and sprightliness out of anyone whose nerves were not of brass or hammered steel. Besides, there is no evidence on which we can rely with any confidence as to whether Shakespeare was a gay, light-hearted youth or no. The impression I derive from his works is that he was liable to quick alternations between extremes of depression and elation. But an impression is not a demonstration.

Then it transpired that Dr Furnivall had never really read my book at all. He had skimmed parts of it. I found it necessary to explain to him that my view of Shakespeare's offence is that it never went beyond intention, and was never repeated. I thought I had made these points so clear that no one could fail to catch them, but I had to explain my position. As for my chapters on the Ireland forgeries, he was unaware that I had mentioned the Ireland forgeries at all.

Dr Furnivall denied that there was anything in the Sonnets to indicate that Shakespeare had been fonder of Mr W H than he should have been. He said he really could not see that any such conclusion was warranted by Sonnet 20—the one on which the imputation was generally made to rest. I told him I agreed with him and had said this in my book, but I repeated Sonnet 23, of the drift of which he evidently had no idea. Then he admitted that he had never studied the Sonnets very closely—a fact which I had already discovered.

Then we conversed on other matters, and I found him kindly, genial, and sensible. I liked the old gentleman well enough, but I parted with him in some depression—for I saw more plainly even than before that no one in my life-time is likely to

1900
Act 64 read, maik, learn and inwardly digest either my book or the immortal poems of which it treats The more universal writing becomes, the more do people seem to have utterly lost the art of reading However, I shall go on writing just the same —[8 Dec 1899]

Butler to Robert Bridges

3 Jan 1900

M Y DFAR BRIDGES—I must not flood you with correspondence—a poor return for your valued frankness—but I cannot let yours of December 31st 1899 go without acknowledgement I have had influenza since the note I wrote to you on Pnday and, though able to sit to a table today, am still a very poor creature It came on all of a moment on Saturday

In your letter of December 28th you speak of gaps caused in your collection of my books by borrowers Pray let me know what they are and I shall have great pleasure in supplying them , the only book of which I am parsimonious is *Unconscious Memory*, which is going to be a scarce book and of which only four or five copies in my possession remain unsold Many sheets were destroyed some years ago at Ballantyne's Still, if you want a copy some one has got to have the few that remain , only I like those that have copies now to know that the book is one that they will not easily replace if they lose it

bor the rest I will restrain my animadversational mind qua you, but qua myself I shall write some few pages following your letter point by point and seeing how my rejoinders contrast with your objections Dr Garnett, who is evidently very much upset by my book, wrote me a long twelve-page letter on the subject flinging at my head everything that I had weighed and been unable to accept Evidently he did not much care what he said, but held that any stick would be good enough to beat me with To such letters I return whatever reply may seem most likely to bring the correspondence to an end Your letter evidently expresses what you bona fide think and is therefore very valuable to me as showing what will probably strike other highly capable readers as well as yourself

It is impossible that you should come to agree with me You repeatedly speak of the Sonnets as "a poem," *te* an organic whole In this case no one sonnet can be without its influence on the others nor without being more or less covered by others This view I cannot, and am sure that I never shall, accept, it is obvious therefore that, until it is settled which of us is right on this head, we might talk long enough infructuously

[Robert Bridges had written " My own key to the Sonnets

has been that Shakespeare saw that ideal love could be heightened by dissociation from sex and, feeling for W H something of this ideal love, he sought to give it poetic expression "] 1900
Act 64

Secondly [continued Butler] your key to the Sonnets is all very pretty for an elderly, or rather old, gentleman of 64 like myself, or for one who, like you, is still a good few years off 21 IVe can imagine that healthy, vigorous-minded young men of 21 can and do feel in this way, but I seem to hear "Venus laughing from the Skies " as I read that part of your letter

[Robert Bridges had exclaimed "Why did Shakespeare never edit his own works? Why did Socrates, Aristotle, and Christ show the same indifference?"]

You ask [continued Butler], Why did Shakespeare not edit his woiks? I thought there was much force in what Nisbet urged, a year or two ago,¹ that Shakespeare's retirement to Stratford was compulsory or, at any rate, on doctor's orders in consequence of paralysis or nervous breakdown which rendered further literary exertion irksome As for Socrates and Christ, they neither of them wrote I know nothing about Aristotle, but have we any reason to suppose that he did not leave his writings, or at any rate some of them, finished? I know nothing of Aristotelian literature Magnis componere parvum, I have for some months been almost exclusively occupied in "editing my remains" and have several more months' work before I shall be satisfied that I have done the best I can for myself and my executors

There ' When you have told me which of my books I can supply you with, you shall have peace —Yours very truly,

S BUTLER

Butler frequently did what he here threatens about his animadversational mind qua himself He used to say he never could form an opinion on a subject until he had captured his volatile thoughts and caged them in a note This enabled him to make up his mind, and he was then ready to write a letter, or perhaps a book, or else to leave the subject alone

The Bishop of London (Dr Creightori) to Butler

FULHAM PALACE, S W

Jan 6, 1900

DEAR BUTLER—I have read your Shakespeare's Sonnets with much interest You have done all that can be done in the

¹ Cf *The Insanity of Gentus*, by J F Nisbet 6th edition London, 1912

1900 name of common sense, but people like literary problems and
 Act 64. they refuse to admit that a poet is a man and records all his
 experiences. Nowadays we write for publicity and only give so
 much of ourselves as we choose. But in an earlier and less
 sophisticated time a man revelled in expressing what he felt and
 was more interested in the expression than in considering how
 he would look as regards the subject matter.

Acne is Sylvius when he became Pope Pius II neither
 attempted to suppress nor to apologise for early indiscretions in
 literature—Yours very sincerely,
 M LONDON

Butler to Fernand Henry

22 Jan 1900—I am glad the reviews of my book have left a
 more or less favourable impression upon you—my friends are
 dissatisfied with them, I am neither satisfied nor dissatisfied, the
 only criticism I care two straws about is criticism which reveals
 to me a mistake, happily so far (except in the matter of the
 Rev E Milone) I have seen no objection brought forward
 which gives me any uneasiness.¹

I am sorry your trench critics have treated you in a
 superficial manner, but I have always observed that it is only
 the shallow books that are received with a chorus of applause.
 The critics can understand these at once, but as for being at
 any pains to study what requires sustained attention—is it to be
 expected of them? Besides—do you write reviews yourself?
 If you do, by all means let the fact be known in literary circles.
 The reviewers themselves sometimes write books and, if they
 know that you may be able to belaud them, they will belaud
 you, otherwise if you write on a subject of which they know
 nothing, if they deign to notice you at all, they will make it
 quite plain that they have not thought it worth while to read
 what you have said. The art of reading is being rapidly lost,
 there is nothing in journalism now but skim and a show of
 smartness.

I fear you must not look for much sympathy here in
 England. It is as though we should expect the French to
 receive warmly an English translation of Molière. You have
 mocked himself and indeed I envy you, it is only a very few
 who would occupy themselves with an English translation of
 his works. The *Athenaeum*, *Spectator*, *Blackwood*, *Saturday*
Review, *Fortnightly Review*, *National Observer* and many other
 journals have had my book and so far have not paid the

¹ Butler headed chapter III of his book "The Rev Edmond Malone," thus
 niulverUntly usurping episcopal powers and ordaining the Shakespeare commentator

smallest attention to it beyond putting it (some of them, but not all) in their list of "Books received" English papers *never* acknowledge a book which they do not review otherwise than by putting it in their list of books received—they are so flooded with books that they would have to keep a clerk for the purpose I often think that it is more or less *infra dig* on my part to send my books to one half of the papers, but my publishers say that they had better be sent, and I do as other people do, but I am not fond of our English journalism

1900
Act 64

I do not wonder at the Sonnets remaining your great pre-occupation They are the most wonderful things, to me, in all literature You ask, "Can we conclude from the general spirit of his Sonnets that Shakespeare has intended and proclaims the superiority of friendship over love?"

I do not for a moment believe that Shakespeare intended to proclaim anything whatever by the Sonnets taken as a whole They are not a whole, they are a number of units or strings of units, they were dictated by the feelings of the moment and the circumstances of the moment, but there is no one idea running through them save what was running through every day of Shakespeare's life, * *e* his passion for Mr W H and his gradual estrangement from him I cannot think that Shakespeare had any *arriere pensee* when he wrote any single one of them, he meant just neither more nor less than what he said Sometimes, no doubt, he was telling lies, but he meant to tell them and he has told them, generally, however, he is speaking naked truth, and the more his words are taken *au pied de la lettre* the better they will be understood

Jan 23—To repeat In the letters which you are good enough to encourage me to inflict upon yourself there is such continuity as is dictated by continuity of time, *qua* both myself and you, and by consequent continuity of both subject and character, but there is no organised structure as of a scheme pre-conceived and its consequent execution I hold this view so strongly that I immediately reject *any* conclusions that I perceive to be based on the view that Shakespeare's Sonnets had any backbone of purpose running through them other than the expression of his own feelings at the moment, or such desire to serve his friend's real or supposed interests as the circumstances of the time dictated I believe half the mistakes that have been made about the Sonnets to be due to their having been regarded as an organised whole and not as a series of occasional letters

My dear Sir, take Sonnet 23, now can it conceivably be taken as an attempt to show that friendship is superior to love? It says that Shakespeare wanted something which he is pleased to call "the perfect ceremony of love's rite," but which he cannot

1900 bring his tongue to utter in words, being afraid to trust his friend
Act 64 1 his is what it says and what it means

I disapprove, as we all must, but I am **not** going to hold up hands in holy horror, all depends upon age and upon the conduct of the person whom Shakespeare was addressing. If Shakespeare was very young and had been lured (as I make no question he had been) by a comely, heartless youth who was amusing himself at Shakespeare's expense, the sonnet is regrettable. I will not say that it would have been better if it had not been preserved, for I am by no means sure that we ought not to be very thankful that we have it in evidence. I admit, however, that it is regrettable. But if written by a very young man who was being lured, I, for my part, find it venial. If written by a man of 30, it is not venial. Hence the extreme importance of dating the sonnets. All that we must think of Shakespeare must be tintured by the conclusions we arrive at as to his age at the time he wrote the Sonnets and, though I trust that I have not allowed my passionate eagerness to defend Shakespeare to influence my judgement one way or the other, I am satisfied that I am right in regarding them as the first things that Shakespeare wrote and dating them 1585-1588.

Take again Sonnets 57, 58. How can they be tortured into an attempt to proclaim the superiority of friendship over love? They express bitter chagrin at his friend's not coming to see him, while Shakespeare was watching the clock, hour after hour, for his coming. This is what they appear to say, and I regard it as in a high degree perilous to try and make more out of them than what appears upon the face of them. And so with all the Sonnets.

As regards Gerald Massey, I cannot take him to be a man of any weight. If you merely sent your book to him, without a letter accompanying it, he would not acknowledge it. I should myself acknowledge it in such a case, but when I send copies of my book unaccompanied by a letter I *never* receive an acknowledgement. If you write along with the book you should receive an answer. The answers I commonly receive are to the effect that the writer has received my book and will read it with much interest. I *never* hear anything more, and make it a rule not to give copies to anyone except those who have sent me some work of their own, or to personal friends, or to some few who write and ask for it—which shows that they want it.

Still, I think I should write, if I were you, to Professor Dowden, Buona Vista, Killiney, Ireland, and send him a copy. He is better **than** most of them, but you will have already seen that I reject anything that has been done since Malone in 1794. He is the King of Shakespeare Commentators of the old school, but no

longer up-to-date—still he is a better man than any of us I very ¹⁹⁰⁰ often agree with Dowden on points of detail, but he talks a good ^{Act 64} deal of nonsense, too, and my dates are cataclysmic if it be once admitted that they are well founded As I have already said, everything depends upon the question of the earlier or later date which is to be assigned to the Sonnets Every page of your preface would require alteration if the earlier date is accepted—I advise you, therefore, not to accept it

If, on the other hand, you accept it, really I cannot do better for you as regards the history of Sonnet-criticism than refer you to my own book in which I did the best of which I was capable I omitted nothing that I thought deserved attention

If you adhere to the later date, your introduction may be very well allowed to stand as a careful resume' of the most reputed authors I do not see Malone mentioned, nor yet Howard Staunton, many of whose emendations I have adopted He wrote no special work on the Sonnets but published Shakespeare's complete works in 1864 His emendations were communicated to *The Jthenaeum* I knew him slightly and thought very highly of him I have plenty more to say but no more paper

Robert Bridges to Butler

25 Jan 1900—I am very sorry indeed that you have been so clever as to make up so good (or bad) a story, but I willingly recognise that no one has brought the matter into so clear a light as you have done You are always perspicuous and nothing but good can come of such conscientious work as yours Still you must remember that you proved Darwin to be an arch-impostor, and there was no fault in your logic It is not the logic which fails in this book.

Butler to Robert Bridges

3 Feb 1900

MY DEAR BRIDGES—It is never kind to answer letters at once (unless under necessity) when the sender has sickness in his house "And therefore have I slept" in my reply to yours of Jan 25th

Neither will I reply now After a full two years, during which I had the Sonnets in my mind almost night and day, I formed my conclusions concerning them and I verily believe that I have, to quote the Bishop of London's words to me in writing about my book, "done all that can be done in the name of common sense" I am sorry that you dislike my theory, I have made it quite clear that I do not like it myself, but I believe it to

1900 be sound and I believe also that those whose moral support I
 Act 64 alone look to will in the end feel that I have done a pious act in
 writing what I have written 'There'

And now let me beg you to repair an omission—I don't think this is quite a correct way of stating the case, but let it piss in your last letter You were to tell me what lacunae in your collection of my precious works it may be my privilege to supply—There again ' I do not believe one can supply a lacuna, can one? but let it pass Anyhow, tell me which of my books I may send you and believe me with every good wish for the speedy return of your household to perfect health—Yours very truly,
 S BUTLER

Butler to Robert Bridges.

6 Feb 1900—I cannot supply a copy of the first edition of *Erewhottoy* but heard the other day of its having been seen on a second-hand bookstall marked "6d very readable" If I see one myself at that figure I will purchase it and send it on

As you very well know, I am a prose man *and*, except Homer and Shakespeare, I have read absolutely nothing of English poetry and very *little* of English prose What with music (and I am much occupied with the orchestration of *Ulysses*) and reading what I must read for my own subjects, and writing, I have no time for general reading and am far more ignorant of your poetry — beyond a strong residuary impression that you stmd at the top of the tree among living poets—than I can easily excuse myself for being If, then, your books are your own, kindly send me enough to inform me more particularly, but if they are publishers' books, do not send me any I pledge you my word I will get them out at the British Museum, where I go daily, and will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them

You say you have many books I have, I verily believe, the smallest library of any man in London who is by way of being literary I receive a goodish few books from Italy in the course of the year, and I always give them at once to the British Museum, which I consider my private library and where I alone do *dry* reading at all except the papers which, in these days, cannot be studied under from an hour to an hour and a half a day

By way of refinement I am going to the Grand Pantomime at Islington this evening and heartily hope that it may be amusing as well as vulgar

A passage in the foregoing letter will make it clear why Mr Higgs, in chapter 1 of *Erewhon Revisited*, had

recently heard that *Erewhon* had " been seen on a second-hand bookstall marked '6d very readable ' "

1900
Act 64.

Butler and I went to Harwich from Saturday to Monday early in February 1900, taking with us some of the books which Mr Bridges had sent

Butler to Robert Bridges

14 Feb 1900

MY DEAR BRIDGES—Of course we were of a mind that they were written " in polished form of well refined pen " and we were especially impressed with the beauty and perfect workmanship of " *Eros and Psyche* " which carried both of us with it from beginning to end The residuary impresson, which I had already formed by having read extracts, was fully confirmed, and we had no question that we were reading poetry of a very high order , but as regards myself, you know as well as I do that I am not a poetically minded man, and I am afraid I must admit that the same holds good as regards Jones I have never read and never, I am afraid, shall read a line of Keats or Shelley or Coleridge or Wordsworth except such extracts as I occasionally see in Royal Academy Catalogues I have read *'The Idylls of the King* and I do not like them I have never read a word of Browning—save as above I he poets of the day are names to me and nothing more I have read " *Venus and Adonis* " and " *Lucrece* " but neither of them kindles any warmth within me—admiration for marvellous workmanship, but nothing more I do assure you that if I were told and satisfied that " *Eros and Psyche* " was a third poem by the same hand as " *Venus and Adonis* " and " *Lucrece* " I should have felt no incongruity, except as regards the far greater degree of classical knowledge It abounds in " precious phrase by all the Muses filed ", but there is no concealing the fact that it is the business, practical side of literature and not the poetical and imaginative—I mean literature applied to the solving of some difficult problem which may be usefully solved—that alone fires me with hot desire to devour and imitate *t I hat, and the battering down of falsehood to the utmost of my poor ability

How then can I criticise and appraise your poems as I am fully convinced they deserve to be appraised ? Besides, who can appraise contemporary literature ? It is most certain that neither you nor I can form even an approximate idea of what our respective literary positions will be fifty years after we are dead , for it would be mere affectation on the part of either of us to doubt that a position of some sort will be awarded to us—to you as a poet, to me as a prose writer. There lives not the

1900 person who can tell either of us, and, for my part, did I know
 Act 64 such a person, I would implore him not to tell me Let us do
 what we can and be thankful for every year that we are allowed
 to work at all

Your play I have not yet begun to read It is my custom
 to read a play of Shakespeare's nightly before I go to bed for
 some twenty minutes, reading only those that I like—for some
 of them I dislike--over and over again He shall stand aside for
 a time and 'the Feast of Bacchus shall take his place — but I
 tremble still it shall be done

I feci an awful beast for not being other than I am, but beast
 or no beast, I am always very truly yours, S BUTLER

The statement that he only read poetry in Royal
 Academy Catalogues is a reminiscence of what T W G
 Butler used to say of himself (ante, I p 135) But
 Butler did occasionally exceed the limits of the Royal
 Academy Catalogue and even of *The Daily Telegraph*
 *ov instance, he came home once from staying at Wilder-
 hope, where he had found a volume of Wordsworth's
 poems selected by Matthew Arnold, and told me that it
 contained a great deal that he had admired Garnett
 gave him a copy of *Select Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley*
 (1882) which he had edited, and Butler read not only all
 the Garnett and some of the letters, but was led to look at
 Shelley's poems, which he said were too little the " business,
 practical side of literature " and too much " the poetical
 and imaginative " Business here, of course, has nothing
 to do with commerce He uses the word as he used it
 when saying, for instance, " It is an author's business to
 make his meaning clear He must see to it that the
 manner does not obscure the matter " While Fernand
 Henry was translating FitzGerald's *Rubchyd* I read
 Butlet a few quatrains of the English, and he was very
 much pleased with them He said they were sincere
 (which was perhaps the highest praise that could come
 from him), and far better than anything he remembered
 in Tennyson He had read a great deal of Tennyson at
 Cambridge, and occasionally quoted from the poems
 When it was rough at Boulogne at Christmas, or if we
 were in a gorge with a torrent in Switzerland or Italy, he
 was almost certain to say

"I hear the roaring of the sea, Onana Do you hear ¹⁹⁰⁰
the roaring of the sea, Onana?" Att 64

Butler to Robert Bridges

20 Feb 1900—I finished *The Feast of Bauhus* last night and can now reply to yours of Feb 16. I found *The Feast of Bacchus* very pleasant reading throughout, and was never tempted to desist, for the action does not drag anywhere and the dialogue is easy and natural. In fact I liked the play very much and I should think it would act well as well as read well. I should certainly say Send the other plays, but that I should really prefer to let them at the Museum. It is nothing to me to give away books. I always have many more printed than are likely to be wanted, and those that prove to be actually wanted are far fewer than those I imagined likely to be wanted, so thus I have abundance of copies actually doing nothing, but, as a compromise, let me ask you to send me two more and I will get the rest at the Museum.

I will not fail to read your Essay on Keats¹ which I can also see at the Museum.

I suppose I must have eaten something that has disagreed with me for I am out of sorts to-day, though not seriously, I will therefore only repeat my thanks for your goodness,

Butler to Robert Bridges

3 March 1900

MY DEAR BRIDGES—Seldom have I had a more difficult task than that of replying to yours of Feb 21 which accompanied your plays. Perhaps that is the reason why I have let some ten days go by without acknowledging their arrival and thanking you for them. There was also the better reason that I wished to have read at least a couple of them before I wrote, and I read little, as I have already explained, and that little slowly.

My trouble is this, that there is much that I cordially admire in the *Nero* Part II and *the Return of Ulysses* (which last I have not yet finished) but that I must frankly confess (how I hate that word "frankly" — a man is always going to hear when he uses it) that I should never have read either of them if they had been written by anyone else. I should never write this if I were not certain that you would rather have me write exactly what I feel.

¹ In *Poems of John Keats* [The Muses* Library], 1896

CRITICISM OF BRIDGES

1900
Act 64 For instance, in the *Nero* the versification is beyond praise—easy, dignified, and in accordance with the best literary canons. Take the speech of Thræsea lines 50-75, it is admirable in conception and execution The prose dialogue, too, is excellent in sc 11 (except that I do not like "Niobby"), sc III and sc IV. Two speeches of Seneca, nothing could be better I do not like "long-nosed cad" early in Act I I, just as I did not like "the governour" and "all's serene" and "Pam" for Pamphilus in *the Beast of Bacchus* But these are small blemishes

I will not go through the play, but I assure you I found it abound with finely-thought and finely-worded passages So I find *King Lear* and *Othello* abound with gems of the purest lustre, but I do not like either of these plays and never read them—for the horror and repulsiveness of the story The fault of being unable to delight in these great masterpieces, or rather of being repelled by them, is in myself not in them As my old and deplored friend Miss Savage used to tell me, I have a rite borné (I think t&te is feminine, is it not?) and unless I can take a warm, sympathetic interest in the main characters of any work, I do not like it

So with *The Return of Ulysses* Saturated as I am with the *Odyssey* I do not like having my conception of Kumæus and Ulysses treated in such cataclysmic fashion When you stick to the *Odyssey* (which I am sure you will not henceforth speak of as Homer's) I am thoroughly with you Would that it had pleased heaven to make you translate the whole *Odyssey* as you have translated or closely followed it in your lines 1700 to 1800 (thereabouts) Believe me, I want nothing better I should never have done the work into prose had such a translation existed or had I been gifted with that power of poetic expression which I know myself to lack

There ' I shall read all your plays from end to end and value them in spite of my conviction that I shall not probably be in full sympathy with any one of them I shall also read the Introduction to Keats, but I have already told you that Keats is a name to me and nothing more, if he was ever going to be more, some magnet would have drawn us together before now, and I assure you I am beginning to feel that my period of active work is manifestly drawing to a close

Thank you for pointing out the silly slip in contents of // Bk vin Brain fag can alone explain it I am not surprised that you do not find the *Iliad* readable as a consecutive poem I do, in spite of considerable tracts that would surprise me by their perfunctonnness if I had not fully persuaded myself that Homer wrote them perfunctorily on purpose and with an eye to an audience whom he had to flatter but whom he hated and

despised He was, I am confident, as much bored by them (but 1900
for the amusement it gave him to hoodwink his audience) as we Act 64
are —Believe me, with repeated thanks, Yours very truly,

S BUTLER

In *The Athenaeum* of 24th March 1900 the following letter appeared as part of a correspondence which was then proceeding about the phrase "onhe begetter" used in the dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets

Butler to the Editor of The Athenaeum

Canon Ainger in your issue of March 17 contends that the primary meaning of to beget is to bring about It follows that the primary meaning of begetter should be bnngr about

Thorpe's dedicatory address begins "To the onhe begetter of/these insuing Sonnets Mr W H" Pew will raise much objection to understanding these words as "To Mr W H the only bnngr about of these ensuing Sonnets "

Canon Ainger continues "In Mr Lee's interpretation of the famous phrase, W H is addressed as the man who 'brought about' the publication of the Sonnets , and it certainly seems to me that such explanation is perfectly legitimate "

Where is the legitimacy of smuggling in "the publication of" ? To bring about the Sonnets is one thing, to bring about the publication of the Sonnets is another. S BUTLER.

CHAPTER XXXIX

1900—PART II

THE ODrSSer RENDERED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

1900
Act 64 MR FULLER MAITLAND had written a magazine article of which he sent the MS to Butler for his advice as to how it could be improved, several editors having refused it, Butler recommended that it should be shortened.

Butler to J. A Fuller Maitland.

29 March 1900—I know how I kick when Waddmgton makes me cut out bars, but reflection always convinces me that he is right, and I have altogether jettisoned 22 bars out of 88 in the song on which I am now engaged [for *Ulysses*] I believe in nine cases out of ten the pruning-knife is the most effective remedy whether in writing or music

All the rest of the article seemed to me charming—I mean the poor man's verses about England and 75 per cent of the proverbs are racy and quite (to borrow a phrase I have seen in musical criticisms in *The Times*) " acceptable " I believe a little cutting down is all that is wanted

The reader should perhaps be reminded that Mr. Fuller Maitland was himself the musical critic for *The Times*, and that the Waddmgton who made Butler cut out bars was the Mr Sydney Pearce Waddmgton who, since Rockstro's death, had been helping us with *Ulysses* (ante, p 231)

On 30th January 1900 my mother died at Nice By her will she left me sufficiently provided for, and thereupon Butler stopped the allowance he had been making to me I proposed to repay him the amount I had



Woman, photograph by Alfred P. very other

12 of 12 1/2 1/2

*S. Butler at Home
in Clifford's Inn*

A BRITISH SUBJECT

received from him during the thirteen years since his father's death, but he would not hear of it. Before his death, however, I executed a covenant that my executors should, after my death, repay the amount to him, or to his estate

1900
Act 64

In March I went to Nice to stay with my sisters, who were making arrangements to give up my mother's apartment there. Monsieur Fernand Henry came over from his residence at Le Muy, not far from Nice, to lunch with us. He was considering what English poem he should translate into French to follow his translation of the Sonnets, and I gave him a copy of FitzGerald's *Rubdiydt* of Omar KhayyAm for his consideration. He was so much pleased with it that he started at once to turn it into French verse, and his version was published in 1903

On 13th April I left my sisters and went to Genoa, where I met Butler who had come by his usual route, stopping at Basel and Casale. We went together through Pisa to Rome where we saw Peppino Pagoto, who was there doing his military service. We met the Rev E. H. Burt, the English chaplain at Genoa, with whom Butler made the excursion to Mycenae (ante, p. 213). We went to Segni, Salerno, Paestum, and by train to Reggio, crossed to Messina and stayed at Taormina about a week. Mario Puglisi came up from Aci Reale to spend the day with us and to talk about the *Odyssey*.

On 2nd May we went to Siracusa and crossed to Malta. It was exceedingly rough and I was very ill, we arrived in Valletta harbour soon after midnight, and it was all I could do, even with Butler's help, to crawl out of the cabin and into the custom-house.

"Are you a British subject?" inquired the officer.

"Yes," I replied, "you wouldn't think it to look at me, but I am."

Whereupon Butler, who was not a bit ill, burst out laughing, but I saw nothing to laugh at.

We spent a week in Malta and saw Hagiar Kim, and the other early stone remains in the island and in Gozo. We returned to Siracusa and went through the island to

1900
Act 64 Palermo and thence to Calatafimi, where Ingroja met us and took us to the Albergo Centrale where we always stayed. One does not, of course, expect to find in a town so remote from the track of the tourist all the luxury and profusion of a modern caravanserai in Rome, Paris or London. Occasionally a commercial traveller puts up at the albergo, or the architect who comes to examine and report upon the condition of the temple or of the monument recording Garibaldi's victory, and every now and then some one may stay the night on his way to Segesta. Nevertheless we always found everything perfect. Moreover, supposing that the hotel had any drawbacks, we should have found more than sufficient compensation in making the acquaintance of Donna Maria and Don Paolo, two of the most charming old people imaginable. She must have been a beautiful woman in her youth, and when we told her so, as many did, she used to agree with a smile. It might not perhaps be so easy to come to any very general agreement as to precisely when she was at her prime. She told us she was three times twenty, plus eight, and Don Paolo four times twenty, minus three, but, according to some, she had been saying this for years, and must have repeated it at least as often as Garibaldi repeated "Roma o Morte". People who can neither read nor write, and who give the result of their calculations on their fingers, are perhaps not the most accurate arithmeticians. Ingroja, however, assured us that she was really not far out.

She was a Mrs. Quickly alia Siciliana, with a good deal of La Martina of Civiasco about her. When we first knew her she still possessed a tooth—a long one in front, this year the tooth was gone, it had fallen out and she was doing as well as she could with none. By way of comforting her for her loss Butler, thinking of Mrs. Jupp in chapter lxi of *The Way of All Flesh* went so far as to say

"Si puo suonare una bella melodia sul violino vecchio."

She acknowledged the compliment with a smile, but was disappointed that she could not persuade him to go farther.

It must have been this year that, as we were walking about the town with Ingroja, he called our attention to the inscription over the gateway of the Ospedale Lo Truglio, saying that the words would encourage the passer-by to visit the sick, whereupon Butler said

1900
Aet 61

"Well then, that won't do for me. Now, Jones, please to remember that when I am ill I am not to be brought here. Let's look at the words 'Infirmus eram et visitasti me' Oh 'I don't mind that, that is not an invitation, it is a reproach, it does not mean *Please come in,' it means, 'This must not occur again '"

And he repeated the inscription, filling up the harmonies in a tone of such stern disapproval that it would have broken any one's heart to have deserved the rebuke

We intended this year to drive to Trapani, but Ingroja would not allow it, although we had done so before. This year it was not considered safe. Once, at Girgenti, the landlord of the hotel would not let us drive to Sciacca, and once, when Butler went from Catania to Palermo through the island, soldiers were sent in the train, but that was because a deputato was travelling. In 1898, when we were at Taormina, there were strikes, and soldiers were sent to keep order, and the same year we crossed from Messina to Naples and there were prisoners in the steamer. With these exceptions, we never saw any indication that Sicily was a country particularly liable to disturbances, nor of its being a place in which one was more liable to be robbed of one's watch and chain than one is in London.

At Trapani we saluted all our friends, then returned to Palermo and went by sea to Naples. We were in Rome on the 20th of May and heard there of the Relief of Mafeking. We sketched for a week at Siena and for another week at Sammichele, in the valley of Susa, which was full of cuckoos crying to one another all day long, major thirds, minor thirds, fourths and even seconds. We then called at Casale-Monferrato and Basel and returned to London on 12th June.

NELSON AT PALERMO

1900
Act 64

In the Museum at Palermo there are two pictures representing King Ferdinand visiting the tunny fishery at Solunto, near Palermo. In one of them a boat is passing the King's barge and a gentleman in the boat is saluting His Majesty. This gentleman resembles Lord Nelson. We had seen the picture over and over again, and always spoke of the gentleman as Nelson. This year Butler determined to settle the question of whether it could be so. The costumes were about right, but the gentleman apparently had not lost an arm, still that might be poetical license, and then, at what date did Nelson lose his arm? and which arm? and what was the date of the picture? and how could he find out whether Nelson and Ferdinand were both in Palermo at the season of the tunny fishing? and if so, when? He had discovered portraits of Giovanni and Gentile Bellini, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Labachetti, if he could add to his gallery a hitherto undiscovered portrait of Nelson it would be another feather in his cap.

We had had some conversation with Ingroja about the picture and, on our return to London, Butler wrote asking him to make investigations into questions that could not be settled by referring to easily accessible printed books in the British Museum. Ingroja threw himself into the affair with enthusiasm, went to Palermo, saw Commendatore Salinas at the Museum there, consulted authorities as to the dates, and wrote down his conclusions in long letters which we had the greatest difficulty in deciphering. After tabulating the information Butler reluctantly came to the conclusion that the facts were against him and that the likeness to Nelson must have been accidental. So he did not have to write a book about it.

Butler to the Dean of Bristol

8 Aug 1900

DEAR SIR—Some time ago my cousin, Mr [Philip] Worsley, of Rodney Lodge, Clifton, told me that you had spoken, and also printed something about my book *Erewhon*. He said you had taken it seriously and he seemed surprised. I, on the other hand, was surprised (and, I may add, shocked) that anyone

could doubt my having been serious—very much so—in my own way 1900
Aet 64

My cousin promised to send me a copy of what you had written, but he has not been able to procure one, and in a letter which I received from him this morning he recommends me to apply to yourself, which I accordingly do

I am the more anxious to read your criticism, be it adverse or the contrary, because I am almost immediately about to make a second journey to I¹ rewhon in the person of my supposed son and to report sundry developments

With much apology for troubling you, Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully, S BUTLER

Dean Pigou, thinking that Butler would be the best judge, sent him a copy of a paper he had read " On the Relation of Disease to Crime " in which he had referred to *Erewhon* Butler's views on the analogy between crime and disease, as set forth in *Erewhon*, were still being treated, for the most part, as fantastic paradox, nevertheless there were some even then, and there are more every year, who understand and agree with him seriously

Butler to Lord Gnmthorpe

13 Aug 1900—I am putting my complete translation of the *Odyssey* through the press, and propose to adnotate the hanging of the maids by Telemachus as by the enclosed copy which you need not return

I think you gave me permission to use your letter a twelve-month ago, but I prefer to send you exactly what I propose to say If you wish anything altered, kindly let me know, if the thing may stand as it is, pray do not trouble to write, I shall understand

Lord Gnmthorpe had been ill, but was now better and writing to the papers about an " idiotic phantom deanery " and a new weathercock made of bell-metal with a piece of agate inside the cock He gave his consent, and Butler inserted his remarks about the hanging of the maids on p 298 of the translation of the *Odyssey*

In August Hans Faesch was in Europe again, and I went to stay with him and his family on the Rigi-Scheidegg Butler joined us there One very rainy day

¹⁹⁰⁰
Act 64 the guests, who were mostly Swiss and Germans, assembled in the salon and there was music. Many of the guests sang and played extremely well and none of the music was trivial. Presently a girl of about 14, accompanied quite sufficiently well by her aunt or governess, was set to play on the violin some arrangement of the "Preished" from the *Meistersinger*. The piece was so far beyond her powers that the performance would have been painful if we had not felt that we were merely giving the child an opportunity of playing before some kind of audience.

"That is very beautiful music she is playing," said Butler to me, "what is it?"

So intent was his mind upon the essential meaning of the composer that he was able to neglect the unessential defects of the performance, just as Handel walked through the absurdity of the words that were given him and seized upon and set to music the sentiment which he recognised as underlying them. Butler had heard the "Prushed" sung by Edward Lloyd at a Richter Concert some time before, but he had forgotten the fact, nevertheless the music was, I suppose, not absolutely new to his unconscious self. He must have been the only person in the room who derived any pleasure from the child's performance. When I was compiling the *Note-Books* I remembered this incident as an illustration of

CONVEYANCING AND THE ARTS

In conveyancing the ultimately potent thing is not the deed but the invisible intention and desire of the parties to the deed, the written document itself is only evidence of this intention and desire. So it is with music: the written notes are not the main thing, nor is even the heard performance, these are only evidences of an internal, invisible emotion that can be felt but never fully expressed. And so it is with the words of literature and with the forms and colours of painting.

Butler went to Wassen where he sketched while I visited various Swiss friends and made a short tour with Hans Faesch. We were both back in London by the end of September.

Fernand Henry had finished his translation of the *Rubdydt* and proposed to dedicate it to me. He sent the draft of his dedication for Butler's opinion. 1900
Aet 64

Butler to Fernand Henry

i October 1900

M Y DEAR M HENRY Nothing, it seems to me, could be better or more gracefully done than the dedication as it stands, and I have no suggestions to make

As regards your queries, "Mon cher ami" is quite right. Jones is plain "Henry testing Jones, Lsq," and nothing more. The "Ksq" is not de rigueur, but I see I have put it in in my dedications to other people.

"Si haute, si grave, si intensement psychologique" [applied to *Ia poësie anglaise*] By "psychologique" I presume you mean "dealing with mental rather than with physical ideals." If so, the word may stand. Otherwise I am not sure that I apprehend the exact meaning you attach to it.

"Si nuancée et si fortement condensée" is quite right [applied to *Ia pensee de FitzGerald*].

The only word about which I am in doubt is "fresque" as applied to a poem which was written and rewritten more than even twice, whereas a fresco must be done without any pentimento, each day's task being finished once for all then and there, but this is a very small criticism and your nation has wisely taught us that "le mieux est l'ennemi du bien."* I might add, in words with which you are indeed familiar,

Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?

(Sonnet 103)

So let "fresque" stand

Allow me, now, to congratulate you upon the completion of a task the arduous nature of which has been explained to me by Jones. Alas! I have never read FitzGerald's poem—it seems to me that I have hardly read anything at all—but, by Heaven, I will borrow it from Jones and read it. As for your translation, may it be crowned, as I have no doubt it will be, by that august body which did like honour to your earlier translation.

Jones tells me, to my great regret, that there is some doubt about your coming to London. I trust that your visit will not, at any rate, be very long delayed. As for me, I have just put my *Odyssey* through the press, and this, I very well know, will not be crowned with public approbation. "At mihi plaudo," as I am afraid I am only too apt to do.

1900 " Searcher of souls " I am tempted to exclaim, in words which
 Act 64 I will venture to quote in full as thinking it likely that you may
 not have seen them

Searcher of souls, you who in heaven abide,
 To whom the secrets of all hearts are open,
 Though I do lie to all the world beside,
 From me to you no falsehood shall be spoken
 Cleanse me not, Lord, I say, from secret sin,
 But from those faults which he who runs may see ,
 'Tis these that torture me, O Lord begin
 With them and let the hidden vices be
 If you must cleanse these too, at any rate
 Deal with the seen sins first, 'tis only reason,
 They being so gross, to let the others wait
 The leisure of some more convenient season
 And cleanse not all, even then , leave me a few,
 I would not be, not quite, so pure as you

One of my sins, which even the fastest runnets have not
 failed to note, is a tendency to be inordinately well satisfied with
 my own work

And so, my dear Sir, with much apology for having inflicted
 so long a letter upon you, pray believe me, Yours very truly,

S BUTLER

Butler was not familiar with the writings of Voltaire,
 so he probably did not know that among the *Contes en
 Vers* is one, " La Bcgueule, Conte Moral," which begins :

Dans ses ecnts, un sage Italien
 Dit que le mieux est l'ennemi du bien,

And in the *Dictionnatre Philosophique* the article
 ** Art Dramatique " ends with this quotation

Il meglio e* V Inimico del bene

I do not know whether we may conclude from this
 that the saying is of Italian origin, but if Butler had
 thought so he would have been even more apt to quote it
 than he was, and he quoted it very often

There are a few unimportant variations in the sonnet
 as written in Butler's letter and as given in *The Note-
 Books* Probably he wrote it in the letter from memory

In October Butler received a letter from William
 Rolleston who was on a visit to England and proposed a

meeting Rolleston was the "exceedingly humane and judicious bullock-driver" at the station where Butler put up for the night on one of his excursions when looking for country in New Zealand (ante, I p 78) I regret that I have not found anything showing for certain that they met and I do not remember, though my impression is that they did If so, it must have been a meeting full of strange echoes recalling half-forgotten incidents of their youth

1900
Aet 64

On the 18 th October 1900 we received the first copy of *The Odyssey rendered into English prose for the use of those who cannot read the original* The motto on the title page is

From some points of view it is impossible to take the *Odyssey* seriously enough, from others it is impossible to take it seriously at all, but from whichever point of view it be regarded, its beauty is alike unsurpassable

(Private letter to the author)

In his translation of the *Odyssey* he followed those principles which he laid down for himself in the preface to his translation of the *Iliad* (ante, p 298)

In October Fernand Henry came to London for a few days Butler took him to the British Museum and showed him, among other things, the first edition of FitzGerald's *Rubdydt* My sister Lilian had left Nice and established herself in a flat at Hampstead, we got her to invite us and also Fernand Henry to dine with her there

Signora Coppo, from the Rosa Rossa at Casale, was in London with her son Angelo, and we made use of the flat again to entertain them Butler also had them to dine at the Holborn Restaurant, but a restaurant is less interesting than a private house for a foreigner who wants to see something of the life of the people

In November Hans faesch was in London, to make preparations for returning to Vien-tiane in the Shan States, and again we used the flat to entertain him Early in December we saw him off from Waterloo Station for Havre en route for Vien-tiane, and this was the last time we saw him

Some years before this, at the house of the Fuller

1900
Act 64 Maitlands, we had met Miss Edith Sichel; we had been to her house and she and Mrs Fuller Maitland had been to tea with Butler and also with me. Miss Edith Sichel knew Mr Augustine Birrell and he desired to make Butler's acquaintance. After a few attempts a meeting was arranged at Miss Sichel's house for one afternoon in December. I was also invited and arrived first. Then came Mr and Mrs Birrell. He recognised me for we had been undergraduates together at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He had also seen my name in some of Butler's books and had been told he was to meet me, but he had not realised that the Jones in the books was the Jones he remembered at Cambridge. When my identity had been settled Butler came. He was never at his best if he felt he was expected to show off, and on this occasion he was out of health and tired. Altogether I am afraid the meeting was not everything that Miss Sichel had hoped it would be. Butler scarcely spoke, and Birrell nobly sacrificed himself and, to avert a complete fiasco, took matters into his own hands. He gave us an account of how he had gone to Sheffield to lecture, and was entertained in the house of some wealthy people in the neighbourhood. After dinner they drove into the town and the young men of the house refused to come to the lecture—they preferred to go to a show where there were sea-lions—"And quite right of them, too," said Birrell. During this Butler sat silent and uninterested, but "genial" as he probably thought. When it was over and we were preparing to take our departure, something was said about Shakespeare, whereupon all his animation returned and, as Miss Sichel said to me afterwards, Birrell and Butler carried on a conversation which, though short, was as brilliant as any she had ever heard. I am afraid I had forgotten this conversation about Shakespeare till she reminded me of it. When I saw Butler so nervous and uncomfortable I was too anxious to get him away to pay much attention to anything else.

CHAPTER XL

1901

EREWHON REVISITED

BUTLER was always ready to show his MS to any one ¹⁹⁰¹ whose opinion he valued. He showed *Erewhon Revisited*, Act 65 on which he had been busy for some time, to Mrs Fuller Maitland, whose opinion he valued very highly. She took exception to a passage as being likely to cause offence and he altered it.

Butler to Mrs J A Fuller Maitland

6 Feb 1901—Perhaps you know what the famous cook Uccetta did when the late King of Italy and his brother (then young) were dining at Fobello. Uccetta had exerted all his skill and had turned out a dinner which he fondly believed would do him credit. But alas! it was a Friday, and he had made the dinner grasso, whereas at the last moment it was discovered that the princes would only eat magro. In two hours he turned his grasso dinner into a magro one, and the princes never found out how much grasso was inevitably left in what they declared to be the most exquisite magro dinner that they had ever eaten.

This is what I have attempted to do with my book. It did not require many changes, and I am afraid some wicked grasso will still remain, but when you read the book in print you will be surprised to see how little change has effected how much.

The worst of it is that the book is far more dangerous in its present greatly less offensive form than it would have been had I failed to realize how much of what I had written would pain those whom to pain is a severe pain to myself.

Uccetta was a native of tobello near Varallo-Sesia, and retired to his village to end his days there. Once

1901 when we were at Fobello we went to see him and his
 Act 65 wife and Butler photographed them This story of him
 may perhaps recall that other story of the Sultan challeng-
 ing his jester, Ebn Oaz, to invent an excuse that should
 be worse than the crime it was intended to excuse, referred
 to (ante, I p 175) apropos of the hiatus in Butler's letter
 to Miss Savage of 9th March 1873 about *The Fair
 Haven*

Mrs Fuller Maitland wrote approving of the alteration
 and Butler replied

Butler to Mrs J A Fuller Maitland

10 Feb 1901—Thank you—with the utmost pleasute I will
 come to lunch with you on Sunday next at 1 30

I see from your very kind lettci that there has been some
 misapprehension about my MS Pray believe me I never meant
 any allusion whatever to the Founder of Christianity I fear
 you must have thought I meant to suggest likeness to him in
 the Sunchild I meant to show how myth, attended both by
 zealous good faith on the part of some and chicane on the part
 of othcis, would be very naturallv developed in consequence of a
 supposed miracle, such as a balloon ascent would be to a people
 who knew nothing about such things, and I meant to suggest a
 parallelism not between the Sunchild and Christ (which never
 even entered my head) but between the circumstances that would
 almost inexorably follow such a supposed miracle as the escape of
 the Sunchild, and those which all who think as I do believe to
 have accreted round the supposed miracle, not of the Ascension,
 but of the Resurrection And I did not mean to poke fun at
 Christianity Anything but However, I must not do any-
 thing that can be mistaken for this I do not and never did wish
 to do so I have given the amended MS to Streatfeild and have
 urged him to call my attention to anything that is even bordering
 on "bad taste" Before I see you I shall have heard what he
 thinks and we can talk it over then I thought calling the
 King "Cocksure" was very bad taste, and I changed him into
 "Wellbeloved" in the only place where it was necessary to give
 him a name and elsewhere simply call him the King

This time, please, *no amwer* You shall talk to me on
 Sunday, and I will listen, mark, learn and inwardly digest

We were to go to Sicily in the spring of 1901, but
 Butler wished first to finish and polish *Erewhon Revisited*

and, if possible, to conclude negotiations with Longmans for its publication, so I started first alone. 1901
Aet 65

Butler to H F Jones

23 March 1901—Longman declines to publish my book for fear of giving offence to his connection among the High Anglican party I replied, I did not gather that he thought the book would shock the general public, "short of this," I wrote, "not having any connection with the High Anglican party, nor any immediate intention of trying to form one, I must aim at the general public whom I really do wish to please rather than at a class whose power, to my thinking, has increased, is increasing and ought to be abated." I shall call on him next week and try and pump him, meanwhile on strong entreaty from Walker didd Cockerel! I have sent the MS to Bernard Shaw and asked him to advise

Butler to George Bernard Shaw

22 March 1901—Longmans have had the MS nearly a month and will not publish it even at my expense, they say it will give offence to their connection among the High Anglican party—which I should think not improbable, for it is far more wicked than *Erewhon*

I want, if I can, to find a publisher who will take the book at his own risk—not because I cannot afford to take this myself, for I perfectly well can, but because I know it will fall flat unless it is a publisher's book, and if in the hands of a capable man it ought to do very well. If you can recommend me to a man in whom I can have reasonable confidence and who will have the like in me I shall hold myself much your debtor. At any rate, I will try him

I should say that I leave town on April 4 for Italy and Sicily and shall not be back till about June 4. The concluding pages will be written before I go

Again I ask your pardon for troubling you so seriously on so small an acquaintance

Bernard Shaw replied on the 24th of March and, after giving his opinion of Longman for refusing the book, continued thus

But I should think you could have any of the younger publishers for the asking, or without it, if they knew that you were open to an offer.

1901 My own publisher 4S a young villain named Grant Richards
 Act 65 who has no scruples of any kind You had better let me show
 him to you on approval If you will come to lunch with us at
 I 30 say, on Wednesday or Thursday, I will invite Grant
 Richards, too If you can persuade Walker or Cockerell or both
 to come along with you, do We shall then feel at home and
 independent, as Richards will be in a hopeless minority My
 wife is a good Erewhonian, and likes Handel, you won't find
 her in *any* way disagreeable And 10 Adelphi Terrace is within
 easy reach

I shall, of course, say nothing to Richards except that he will
 meet an eminent author, so that he will come as a palpitating
 fisherman Publishing a sequel to *Erewhon* is an absolutely safe
 financial operation, as a sale sufficient to cover expenditure is
 certain And as a young publisher would be glad to take you
 on at a loss for the sake of getting you on his list of authors, I
 shall be extremely surprised if you find the slightest difficulty so
 long as you avoid your own contemporaries, who are naturally
 all Buononcinists, so to speak

Let me have a line to Adelphi Terrace to say which day
 you'll come, so that I may write to Richards

I have started reading your MS instead of doing my work
 So far I am surprised to find that so confounded a rascal as your
 original hero did not become a pious millionaire, otherwise he is
 as interesting as ever More of this when I finish him.

Naturally I wanted to include Bernard Shaw's letter
 in my book, but it seemed to me that his description of
 Mr Grant Richards ought to undergo a little judicious
 editing before it appeared I sent him a copy of the
 letter and asked what I should do He appreciated my
 point and suggested an alteration, he also made an
 alternative proposal

On the other hand he [Mr Grant Richards] might like to
 have his connection with Butler recorded Therefore I think
 the best course is to send him a copy of the letter and say that I
 could not consent to its publication without his approval If he
 refuses, you can cook the letter as I have suggested in red ink

I followed the alternative proposal and received this
 reply from Mr Grant Richards

g ST MARIIN s STREET,
 LEICESTER SQUARE, W C, May 27/A, 1915

DEAR MR FESTING JONES—I have not the slightest objection
 to the Bernard Shaw letter appearing exactly as it was written

Mr Shaw does me an injustice in thinking I should prefer it to be edited. Indeed I very well remember meeting Samuel Butler. I believe I am right in saying that I was the first publisher to take any financial risk in the publication of any of his books. 1901
Act 65

I have a photograph here in my office inscribed "To Grant Richards, Esquire, with S B's very kind regards," and he gave me the Press copy with his autograph corrections of *Erewhon Revisited*. He lunched with me on several occasions.

Shaw did tell me that I was going to meet Butler. I am under the impression that he told me why I was to meet him, but he also told me that I should find him "a shy old bird"—
Sincerely yours, GRANT RICHARDS

I considered myself unfortunate in being out of England, so that I could not accompany Butler to lunch with Bernard Shaw; true, I was not invited, but that initial difficulty need not have been prohibitive. It must have been an amusing party, and Butler told me nothing about it except the business result, which was that Grant Richards agreed to publish the book, but he wanted it to be finished at once and printed in England so that he could take the sheets with him to America, starting about the middle of May. He also agreed to publish a new edition of *Erewhon* for which Butler was to supply enough new matter to give it a fresh copyright, and the two books were to be published simultaneously. Consequently Butler could not join me so soon as we had intended and I stayed at Pisa waiting for him. He finished *Erewhon Revisited* at Harwich, where he went for a week-end, and the proofs began to come.

Butler to H F Jones

27 April 1901—I have 16 pages of proof. I think the page ugly but Walker and Cockerell pass it, so I expect it will be all right, and after all it does not matter. Streatfeild is reading it for me—and Alfred, who found three slips which both Streatfeild and I had overlooked. Streatfeild is a very engaging person and he is quite eager about it.

What is your practice as regards the meat which has made a soup? I have rather taken to making myself a nightly soup, boiling the meat some two and a half hours in the morning, letting it cool, taking the fat off in the evening and boiling again.

1901 with vegetables for *an* hour and a half Is the meat then good
Act 65 for anything or no? I tat some but find it rather uninteresting,
though the soup is excellent The wood-pigeons have hatched
two young ones in the middle of our square

When the printing was finished Butler started, and travelling by Basel, to see the Faesch family, and by Casale-Monferrato, to see the Avvocato Negri and the Coppo family, joined me at Pisa in the middle of May

We went down through Rome to Naples whence we crossed by sea to Palermo, arriving to find the city in a cold, drizzly Scotch mist Our friends Miss Bertha Thomas and Miss Helen Zimmern were in the hotel and Ingroja had come down from Calatafimi to meet us We went to Trapani and up the Mountain, saluting all our friends, then through Castelvetro back to Palermo and on through Catania to Taormina where we found William Logsdail, the painter, with his family We went to Aci Reale for a day and saw Mario Pughsi, then to Messina and returned by sea to Naples All the time Butler was fairly well, but on arriving at Naples he complained of feeling ill, he could not, however, make up his mind to alter his plans, and we went straight on through Rome and Ancona to Pesaro, where we saw the picture by Giovanni Bellini which for years he had talked of showing me

After dinner at Pesaro, Butler, still feeling unwell, said to me

"Do you see the lady and gentleman at that table—those English people who were looking at the Bellini this morning—do you think either of them is a doctor?"

1 considered them and, saying I would inquire, went and sat down at their table

"Please excuse my interrupting you, my friend, Mr Butler, is not at all well, and we thought if one of you happened to be a doctor you might be able to——"

By this time Butler had joined us and we spent a most agreeable evening together. They knew all about his books, and did him more good with their conversation than any doctor could have done with his prescriptions

Next morning we exchanged cards; they were Mr and Mrs Arthur Strong 1901
Aet 6\$

The improvement in Butler's health was only momentary, it did not last into the next day, and as we continued our journey through Rimini to Bologna he became worse and worse, and could hardly do more than be put into the train to travel by day and be put into the hotel to sleep by night. But he would not alter his plans; he even insisted on making the excursion to S Marino by carriage. He had meant to go to these places and see them, and go to them he did, though it can hardly be said that he saw them. At Bologna he collapsed on a seat in the picture gallery and insisted on my going round alone to see the pictures.

After Bologna we struggled on through Parma and Piacenza to Casale-Monferrato, where we stayed several days. Here he succumbed and agreed to see Dr Giorcelh, who could not make out what was the matter with him. He picked up, however, in a remarkable way—possibly the cooler air was beneficial—and was almost himself again during the journey back to London where we arrived on 24th June.

Butler to the Avvocato Negri

July 15/^, 1901

MY DEAR CAVALIERE—I got your kind letter of July 9 on Friday last, and am extremely sorry to hear of the difficulties that have arisen in connection with the publication of your work on Tabachetti. I do not wonder that after so many years of research you should be "seccato di tante contraneta"—any man must be, and I assure you of my cordial sympathy.

The great thing I fear is that you may be tempted to lay your MS on one side through being tired out with so much disappointment, and I need not say how great a loss this would be, not to me only, nor to M Oger, nor to the shade of that great genius to whom we are both of us so devoted, but to the history of medieval art, for no one can do so much for Tabachetti's fame as you can, and no one, I am sure, would do that much so well.

What do you think of sending me the MS that I may see how long it is, and try to get some of our illustrated monthly papers to publish it as a translation by me of a work by you?

1901 Murray, with whom I am on very good terms (he published
Aet 65 my *Life of Dr Butler* for me), publishes a monthly review which
always contains one long, profusely illustrated paper on some
artistic subject Again there is *The Portfolio*, I do not know the
editor, but I think it would be worth trying

I am anxious to do the work before I set about anything else,
for if I begin on something different, I shall get engrossed with it
and just at present, having finished the book that is to come out in
October, I am free Besides, I am getting older, and likely
enough shall never do the thing at all unless I do it now What
do you think of this?

I am quite well again now, and none the worse for my little
attack of malarial fever Pray let me hear from you soon, and
believe me with kindest regards to Signora Negri and your sons,
Always most truly yours, S BUTLER

The following letter relates to the development of the
Whitehall property at Shrewsbury

Butler to Messrs Henry Wade Esq Son

27th July, 1901

DTAR SIRS,

Whitehall Building Estate

I am sorry to be unable to comply with your wishes in either
of the two matters mentioned in your letter

In the first place, I cannot interfere when I have put a matter
MI my agent's hands—all I can do is to tell him of your wish,
which I will do at once, and leave him to act according to his own
judgment

As regards the second point, I named Bishop Street as
an allusion to Dr Butler, Canon Street as one to my father,
Clifford Street because I live in Clifford's Inn, and Alfred
Street after my clerk, who has been my faithful servant for
a great many years, and whom I should not like to disappoint
Nevertheless, I went to Messrs Russell Cooke this morning and
asked them whether they objected to the change of name, and I
found they decidedly did object, seeing how long the street has
been named Alfred Street in their office

I am afraid, therefore, that it must remain Alfred Street Let
us suppose that it was named after Alfred the Great and thus, in
a way, is King Stieet after ail—Believe me, Yours very truly,

S. BUTLER.

ALFRED

Alfred was, almost from the very day he came to me, at once 1901
servant and friend I began to feci, almost immediately, that I Act 65
was like a basket that had been entrusted to a dog I had Alfred
and myself in view when I used this simile in *Erewhon Revisited*,
p 217 He liked to have some one who appreciated him and
whom he could run and keep straight I was so much older that
to him I was a poor old thing, with one foot in the grave, who
but for his watchful eye and sustaining hand might tumble into it
at any moment

A bill sent by some East End firm of bill collectors reached
me making out that I owed 4s iod for groceries to some shop-
keeper in Wapping It was absurd and Alfred said

"Do you think, Sir, that I should have been with you all
these years and allowed you to owe four and tenpence for
groceries?"

Did I want a new hat? Alfred knew very well that I should
rub on with the old one unless I was kept up to getting a
new one

"Here, Sir, is a reminder for you, you must keep it in your
waistcoat pocket and keep on repeating it to yourself" And the
reminder was slipped by him into my waistcoat pocket It ran
"I am to buy a new hat, and a new pair of boots"

On another like occasion I received the following

"This is the last notice from Alfred to the effect that
Samuel Butler, Esqr is to buy himself a new Hat on Wednesday
morning the 8th of November 1893 Failing to do so there will
be an awful scene on his return to Clifford's inn — ALFRED "

Heie are others —

"You are to work here to-morrow (Tuesday) until 12 o'clock
Then you are to go to Peele's or Wilkinson's and get your
dinner I hen reach Drury Lane by 5 to 1 (not later) Pit
early door, 2/6 When you are inside, and cannot get a seat in
the middle, go to the left-hand side and you will see better.
Feb 8 1892"

"March 15, 1893 I have taken a great *fdncy* to the plant
we bought at Peckham on 7 uesday and should be very pleased
and gratified if you gave it to me and got yourself a geranium
when next we go down there — ALFRED "

"Du 20, 1894 Please, you are to change your flannels and
socks to-morrow morning — ALFRED "

In 1895 I spent several mornings in the MS Room of the
British Museum, rubbing out pencil marks that I had made on
many of Dr Butler's letteis while I was writing my *Life of Dr.*
Butler Before giving the letters to the Museum I wanted these

1901
Aet 65 marks rubbed out and, the letters being alicady in the keeping of the Museum, though not yet their property, it was arranged that Alfred and I should have a quiet corner in the MS Room and rub out marks till we had cleaned up the letters Alfred and I sat side by side and presently I found the following scrap thrust under my notice

" You cannot rub out half so nice as Alfred can "

" Friday 3 15 P M -DEAR SIR—Do not forget to give Mr. Goi*in the things I hive put in the arm chair , if you do there is no excuse for you The brown paper is to wrap up what he wants of them —AIFRED "

"Nov 13, 1901 " (to quote the latest)—"MY DEAR SIR— You are lequested by Alfred to leave off your music composing at 8 o'clock sharp, and to go for a walk on the embankment (weather peimitting) Please don't forget for there will be no excuse for you "

Here is one to Jones " Nov 28/92—DEAR SIR—When you are booking scats at the theatie for yourself and Mr Rockstro, kindly book one for the Governor as I consider it necessary that he should see *In 'loivn* as it would then give him an idea of what kind of music the public have a taste for Am sorry you have to leave Barnard's Inn , I will keep a look out for chambers for you -With love from yours veiy truly, ALFRED "

I am prouder of having received and treasured these scraps of Alfred's than I am of all my books put together

Almost immediately after he had been well established as my cleik (hours from 9 30 to 12 45 and from 2 to 5 30) he wanted to be married I was then only giving him 25/- a week and he had nothing behind him, so I said that if he married now, he had better stay with me till some better place tinned up and then take it The lady, finding that Alfred could not marry at once, married some one else, and I am not sure that Alfred was altogether displeased We immediately began putting by a fund at the Savings Bank and by the time he was 30 he and I between us had got it up to / 150 He then broached the subject of marriage again and, there being no reason why he should not mirry, I raised no objection He has three very engaging children the eldest of whom is now about 8 years old

He has been with me just 15 years , his savings—I believe I may say chiefly my doina:, except that if I give him the money he saves it—are about ^230 He has from me (including ^10 for a holiday of 4 weeks at the seaside for himself and family) about ^150 a year, but I know that this will have to be increased as the children get bigger I do not believe that two men were ever thrown together more suited to one another My place is exactly the one for which he is most adapted, and he is absolutely

the sort of man I like to have about me There is in fact "a ¹⁹⁰¹ semblable coherence between his spirits and mine," than which I ^{Aet 65} can imagine nothing more enviable or more likely to be enduring

Returning for a moment to Alfred—readers of *Erewhon Revisited* will find him described with his name in full as solicitor to the Higgs family This was done in answer to a complaint from Alfred that I had never put him into any of my books

"You know, Sir, you have put Mr Pauh in and Mr Jones and Mr Gogin, and I think you ought to put me in too "

So I put him in and I believe he is now quite contented

Here is another of Alfred's letters to Butler, who gave it to Miss Edith Sichel, who gave me a copy of it in 1911

Saturday Nov 30/// 1901

Please do not forget to trim your Beard this afternoon, so as to look nice and prim at Miss Sichel's to-morrow

Also don't rub out your accounts, as I can't make the Totals agree We will settle it on Monday (D V)—Yours ALFRED

About the middle of August I went to Sicily alone to see the procession of the Personaggi on Monte San Giuhano Butler had apparently quite recovered from his illness in the spring during our return from the south , but, having seen the Personaggi in 1894, he did not care to undertake the long journey, he went instead to Wassen where he stayed quietly sketching and " editing his remains" — that is arranging and adnotating old letters and notes As we were separated there was some correspondence, and I give extracts from his letters and postcatds from London and Wassen I had been reading *Guy Mannertng*

Butler to H F Jones

LONDON, 22 *Jug* — I read *Guy Mannertng* many times as a boy and young man, and always liked it, I think, the best of all of Scott's I also liked *Rob Roy* next best, but not many years ago tried *Ivanhoe* and could not get on with it

LONDON, 29 *Aug* 1901—I am compelled to write a letter because I want to send you a word of Alfred's coinage which cannot be written on a postcard It is this His youngest child (3i y^{ears} old), it seems, is of a most affectionate disposition

"Even though I have slapped her for something, she will

1901 come to me directly, fling her arms round my neck and fawnicate
Act 65 upon me "

I have explained to him that the word is too like another word which he vowed he had never heard of and I was obliged to show it to him in the dictionary before he would be convinced. On seeing it, he agreed with me that he must amplify the word "fawn" in future with greater care.

WASSEN, 2 Sept 1901—At Basel met a lady and gentleman with whom I talked very amicably for an hour but who proved to be brother and sister to Ray Lankester. I laughed and said I was very sorry but could have no truck with their brother. They told me that Mrs Arthur Strong, whom we met at Pesaro, was Miss Lugdnie Sellers whose name we have heard. I got Vol III of Tennyson's *Life*¹ at Calais. Quite as delightful as the preceding vols. Throws even *Guy Mannering* into the shade. I gather that you were not disappointed with the *Personaggi*. I hope not. As for Demodocus, he is intleed wonderful—quite independently of his being Demodocus. I hope you heard him sin[^] the lovely 4 verses which I have preserved².

WASSEN, 6 Sept 1901—1 he hotel was quite full on Sunday but all have gone except an Italian novelist, Verga, and a countess who requires explanation, but would be a very nice person if she did not sing and was not 1 goose.

WASSKN, 15 Sept 1901 - There have been two Aunt-Alice-Harne-and-Mily old ladies here, one of them said to me that she supposed Signor Veiga and the countess were husband and wife. I said

"Oh yes, certainly—I mean husband and somebody else's wife."

I said it with so much propriety as to escape giving offence, but it was touch and go.

If you see Avvocato Negri tell him that I am afraid I have bored him about his work on Tabachetti. Give my best love to tear Cesare and all sorts of kind things to all the others.

By this time I was at Casale on my way back from ncily. The story about the husband and wife illustrates something I have often noticed in the writing both of Sutler and of Miss Savage, whether one caught it from the other or not I cannot say. It is something in the treatment, not in the subject. Had any one else treated the story he might have ended it with the word "offence,"

¹ In the Tauchnitz edition.

² This was the blind singer on Mount Fryx, whom he heard in 1893 (inte, pp 59, 160) and whom I had told him I heard there.

"SELFISH AND EGOISTIC "

if not with "somebody else's wife," and it might have passed as just worth telling. By adding the six last words, " But it was touch and go," Butler impresses his own personality upon it, he throws back over it a light that re-animates an expiring joke We see him with the idea coming into his head , he wonders whether he can possibly put it like that to the two old ladies , he battles with the temptation, as Mrs Wadman battled with the temptation to lay her finger upon the very place where Captain Shandy was wounded

" I cannot say it What would they think of me if I said it ? I wish I could say it There can be no harm in saying it I will say it "

And then he makes the plunge and succeeds in giving no offence—at least he says he succeeded, but we have only his word for it, one would like to hear the old ladies' account, just as he wanted to hear what the gazelles had to say about the young lady's statement in Moore's poem that when they came to know her well they loved her

Butler to H F Jones

WASSEN, 18 Sept 1901—I have brought on my drawings considerably by snatches but have had no comfortable steady light at all, and it is quite cold I have got on with Miss Savage's and my correspondence—being now just half way through I am shocked to see how badly I treated her, always thinking and writing about myself and never about her If I have been as selfish and egoistic to you as I was to her, it will explain a good deal I must endeavour, late as it is, to mend my ways

If Miss Savage had lived to write Butler's life—and how I wish she had '—she could not have passed this without a protest Nor can I To me he was the dearest, kindest, most considerate friend that any man ever had He was never selfish or egoistic, nor was there ever anything that required explanation If any one was selfish just at this time it was I for going off to Sicily to satisfy my curiosity about the procession on Mount Eryx and leaving him alone at Wassen to make stepping-stones of his dead selves and " jump upon them to some tune "—a kind

1901 of self-torture in which he was only too apt to indulge
 Act 65 It was while he was at Wassen, editing and destroying
 old letters, brooding over the past, alone, depressed and
 out of health, that he made on his correspondence some of
 those notes reproaching himself for his ill-treatment of
 Miss Savage which are reproduced at their proper places
 He also tried to express his remorse in these sonnets.

She was too kind, wooed too persistent!},
 Wrote moving letters to mc day by da> ,
 The more she wrote, the more unmo\cd was I,
 The more she gave, the less could J repay
 Therefore I grieve not that I was not loved
 But that, being loved, I could not love again
 'I liked , but like and love are far removed ,
 Hard though I tried to love I tried in vain
 hor she was plain and lame and fat and short,
 bony and over-kind Hcnec it befell
 That, though I loved her in a certain sort,
 Yet did I love too wisely but not well
 Ah • had she been more beauteous or less kind
 She might ha\c found me of another mind

II

And now, though twenty)cars ire come and gone,
 'I hat little lame lady's face is with mc still ,
 Never a day but what, on every one,
 She dwells with mc as dwell she ever will
 She said she wished I knew not wrong from right,
 It was not that , I knew, and would have chosen
 Wrong if I could, but, in my own despite,
 Power to choose wrong in my chilled veins was fro/en
 'Tis said that if a woman woo, no man
 Should leave her till she have prevailed , and, true,
 A man will yield for pity if he can,
 But if the flesh rebels what can he do ?
 I could not, hence I grieve my whole life long
 The wrong I did in that I did no wrong

I do not remember now whether the first of these
 sonnets was actually written at Wassen, but it was a by-
 product of the melancholy occupation which he called
 " editing his reYnains " It appeared in *The New Quarterly*
 of June 1908, among "Extracts from the Note-Books of

Samuel Butler " I was at once sorry I had published it and did not publish the second, nor did I say anything about either of them in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912), because it seemed to me a mistake to make them public without giving more information about Miss Savage than could be given either in the review or in the *Note-Books* 1901
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The second of the sonnets was certainly written at Wassen He sent it to me from there in a letter, 13th September 1901, and after his death I found in a sketch-book he had with him there another copy of it opening thus

**And now, though twenty years are come and gone
Since I beheld her, I behold her still**

In the first of these sonnets Butler speaks, of Miss Savage as being 40, and in the second he quotes her as saying she wished he knew not wrong from right Miss Savage was 40 when, in the letter to Butler dated " About 7 April 1876," she wrote "I wish you did not know right from wrong" In commenting upon this (ante, I p 237), I said I supposed her to be alluding to his scrupulousness in matters of business I suppose so still, and I think that Butler was mistaken in the construction which, in the sonnet, he appears to put upon her words Unfortunately he destroyed the rest of her letter and only kept a copy of extracts, so that to us, who do not know what the context was, her words may appear ambiguous ; but if the context supported his construction, it was unlike any passage in all her undestroyed correspondence

In a note, quoted ante, I p 443, after declaring that he never was and never pretended to be in love with her, he wrote " I valued her, but she perfectly understood that I could do no more I can never think of her without pain " From this we may conclude that he did not seriously believe she intended the words in the sense he appears to give them He had just shown, in *hrewhon Revisited*^ that although the ascent of Mr Higgs was not miraculous, nevertheless the assumption that it was gave it strength to support a religion , so here, with the poet's ability to see a thing in, two senses at once, he assumed a

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Act 65 meaning for her words in which he did not believe, and thus gave them strength to support a poem I suppose that he was taking advantage of their ambiguity to develop in verse this passionate cry of penitence " If she really intended that, my God, what a brute I was " "

In the sketch-book where I found the second sonnet I found also a third, incomplete, and several fragments intended either for a fourth sonnet or to be used in alternating and completing the third These verses are too unfinished for publication It was in this sketch-book that I also found the beautiful line already quoted

Death bound me to her when he set me free

Butler was back in Clifford's Inn by the end of September and I followed, bringing Remi Faesch, who came from Basel to London to learn English, as his brother had done

Butler to Cesare Coppo

Oct 5 1901

MY DEAR GOOD KIND CESARE—Thank you very much for your nice letter of Oct 1 from which I am glad to learn that you are all well Oh yes ' Jones came back on the evening of the 1 st and told me he had enjoyed his visit to Casale very much, and that he had had a delightful day with you at Crea—but I feel sure that he had drunk more of your good wine than was good for him ' *Four bottles* to take to Crea ' But as you know I am a poor hand at wine Only yours is so *very good* that when one begins one cannot stop

I am extremely sorry to hear that, in spite of the " cannoni," the hail did so much damage At any rate I should think that you will hear no more of that absurdity

Here the weather is broken and to-day it is quite cold and a fire is very pleasant My new book is to come out on Wednesday, and I am very anxious to see how it is received As regards my health, I am very fairly well, but I doubt whether I have ever quite shaken off the attack I got in the spring When I was at Wassen I had a return of it, and at once, was in half a mind to run over to Casale and show myself to Cavaliere Giorcello, but I got better again—though I am still not quite as I should be

Angelo has sent postcards to both Alfred and myself, but there is no address on them Please when you write thank him both for me and Alfred and send him our kindest regards. I am very glad to hear that he is in a good situation

THE RETURN TO EREWHON

Both Alfred's little girls are in the fever hospital, but they ¹⁹⁰¹
 are going on well With all kindest good wishes to your dear Att 65
 mother, father, Angiohna, and best love to yourself—Believe me
 always very affectionately yours, S BUTLER

The "cannoni" were cannon which they fired into the sky in the hope that the explosion would disperse the gathering hail-storms Cavahere Giorcelli was the doctor whom we used to meet at the Avvocato Negri's house, he brought both Cesare and Angelo into the world I do not think that Butler's illness, which returned at Wassen, was really malaria, he speaks of it so because one of the doctors had called it malaria It is more likely he was already suffering from the pernicious anaemia which, according to the certificate, was one of the causes of his death in the following year

On nth October 1901 we received the first copy of *Erewhon Revisited twentyyears later, both by the original discoverer of the country and by his son*, and also the first copy of the new edition of *Erewhon* Into the latter he introduced about fifty additional pages, enough to start a fresh copyright in the book as revised

The motto on the half-title of *Erewhon Revisited* is a passage in Greek from the *Iliad*, IX 312, 313, with this translation—

Him do I hate even as I hate Hell fire
 Who says one thing, and hides another in his heart

He wrote this book more easily than any other of his books, possibly because the idea had been in his mind for so many years, some of his notes for it are given in the *Note-Books*, but I cannot tell at what date he first contemplated" it because he sometimes added the titles to his notes when copying them out at a date later than that of their composition But he did not look through his *Note-Books* for material, he wrote the book straight off,

EREWHON REVISITED

Jones says 1 am to make a note of the fact that many things, such as the clothes having been put upon a dummy, the two buttons given to Yram, the fact that the hero had announced
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1901 more dissatisfied they are, and the more they show their dis-
 Act 65 satisfaction, the better I shall be pleased, for I think that they
 will understand the satire

I believe it to be high time that some such book was written, and that the present moment is, to use the slang of the day, a "psychological" one (why not simply "opportune"?) for its appearance. I am especially glad that you like page 280, this, and the similar pp 289, 290, are the conclusion of the whole matter so far as I am concerned. I also like President Gurgyle's pamphlet in chapter xi.

If *The Guardian* notices the book, for it has a habit of pissing me over in silence, and never reviewed either my *Life of Dr Butler* of Shrewsbury, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, or my *Authoress of the Odyssey*, I will send you the review and you will, as you say, return it, in the meantime I rather gather that you have not seen the reviews of *Erewhon Revisited* in *The Times* and *Daily Chronicle*, so I send them and will ask you to return them. They both appeared on the day the book was published. *The Times* is the best.

As for *Narcissus*, we dare not go to the great expense of getting it performed. Our best chance lies in my becoming better known as a writer. I have since completed my half of a serious secular oratorio, *Ulysses*, in which—except in the choruses which are as Handelian as it was in my power to make them, one of them being on a ground bass—I have recognised the existence, under protest, of Mozart and Beethoven, though keeping mainly to Handelian modes of expression and mental attitude. Both my friend Jones and I should regard any poking fun at Handel as a *mauvaise plaisantene* of the most odious kind. We adore him.

The reviews of *Erewhon Revisited* were in the main favourable, among them was one by Mr (now Sir) Arthur Quiller-Couch in *The Daily News*, about which Butler wrote to the editor

31 October 1901—After the very handsome way in which you have treated me, I am ashamed of appearing to express any kind of dissatisfaction, but shall nevertheless be glad if you will allow me to make the following explanation

Speaking of *Erewhon Revisited*, Mr Quiller-Couch says

"But when it comes to inventing for an Erewhonian woman named Yram (which is 'Mary' reversed) and her husband a situation which at once calls up, and scandalously, the nuptials of Christ's Mother with Joseph, then I must submit that he is either offensive by inadvertence almost incredible or—" etc

If I have been offensive in the manner above alleged, it is assuredly by inadvertence, for the idea of parallelism between the nuptials of Mr Strong and Yram, and those of the Mother of Christ and Joseph never crossed my mind. I do not see the parallelism even now, for to make it at all close Higgs ought to be the son of Yram, nor has any one of the other fifteen reviewers who so far have reviewed *Erewhon Revisited* shewn any signs of detecting either advertence or inadvertence in this connection. I am none the less shocked that a single reviewer should have done so.

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The name Yram was fixed, quite guilelessly, some thirty years ago, and could not be changed. That she should have had a son by Higgs was an after-thought not contemplated till I began to write *Erewhon Revisited* and saw how useful an ally a son would be to him. Moreover, this after-thought gave occasion for the second leading idea of the book, which so far no reviewer has noticed. I mean the story of a father trying to win the love of a hitherto unknown son, by risking his life in order to show himself worthy of it—and succeeding. The marriage of Strong and Yram was dictated by my inability to see any other way of saving Yram and of putting her son in a position to help his father.

Mr Quiller-Couch replied privately to Butler apologising for the injustice he had done him, and offering to own the mistake in *The Daily News*, but Butler begged him to dismiss the subject from his mind.

A few days later Butler wrote to Mrs Fuller Maitland "I send by to-morrow's post a copy of my wicked book," and added a postscript calling her attention to the second leading idea, in words almost identical with those in the foregoing letter.

COFFEE AT WILDERHOPE

I am in disgrace at Wilderhope just now. I went there on the 8th of last month, and in the evening unfortunately took up the *Life of Archbishop Benson*, with which I was immediately fascinated, much as I had been with the present Lord Tennyson's *Life of 'lennyson*. However let this be. I was devouring the *Life of Archbishop Benson*, and made no secret of the amusement it afforded me. This gave great offence.

"But I assure you, Sam, the book has been very highly spoken of. Quite a number of people, really good people who know when a book is good as well as anybody, have enjoyed it extremely."

1901 "I assure you, my dear Harrie, they cannot have enjoyed it
Act 65 more heartily than I am doing "

On this there was a severely abrupt change in the conversation
Next morning at breakfast there was no tea It was a year since
I had stayed with them, and I concluded they had forgotten that
I always took tea, not coffee, when staying with them But this
was not so

May said, " Oh, Sam, I think you like tea for breakfast, do
you not? We can have some made in a moment "

I assured her that I like coffee very much, which I do, it is
not coffee, but Wilderhope coffee, that I do not like I was not
going, however, to explain this, and declared that when I was
abroad I always took coffee for breakfast, which is quite true
But I could see I was in disgrace

In the course of the morning I went up into the town to
look at the papers, and found to my surprise the excellent review
of *krewhon* and *frewhon* *Revisited* in *The Times*, Oct 9 (on
which day the books were published), and also the hardly less
excellent review in *The Dalty Chronicle* I knew that I ought
not to say anything about these reviews to my sisters, but there
are few so holy *is* to be able at all times to resist the temptation
to rub a success in, although it be known that it will irritate
So I showed them to my sisters Harrie made some short slight
remark indicating disapproval May said not a word They
will probably have their revenge when the books are reviewed by
the *Spectator* and *Guardian*

In the evening I again took up the *Life of Archbishop Benson*
and came upon the passage on p 122 of the abridged edition
(Macmillan, 1901) wherein the writer describes his meeting with
Mr Gladstone It runs " 14 July, 1871 Last Sunday I had
a singular and interesting change I went to Windsor to preach
to the Queen, and saw something of, and *much admired*, Mr
Gladstone His eyes alone afford sufficient reason for his being
Prime Minister "

At this I tittered, and read the passage aloud " It must
have been his nose," said I " The bishop must have written
' nose ' and young Mr Benson changed it into ' eyes ' "

Harrie fired up and desired me not to read anything more to
her On the following morning the *Life of Archbishop Benson* had
disappeared

Harrie was very cross at breakfast

" You still continue to like coffee ? " said she , " we can have
tea made for you if you like "

I still continued to like coffee But when it proved that
there was not enough to give me a second cup, I was firm, and
she had to send for more May was breakfasting in bed, so

it rested with Harne who ate up all the four little pieces of toast without offering me a single one The next day I was leaving, and I think it was felt that I had been sufficiently punished, for she insisted on my having two of the usual four pieces of toast 1901 Act 65

What a beast I am for laughing at her ' But I cannot help it, it was too comic [Nov 1901]

Near the opening of the foregoing note the reader may have observed some dots , they were substituted by me for a passage consisting of critical remarks upon the biographies of Tennyson and Archbishop Benson—a passage which I omitted in deference to one for whose opinion on a question of literary taste I have the highest regard I did not understand his opinion to extend to what Butler says later about Mr Gladstone's eyes, nevertheless I will here depart from my usual practice of leaving the reader to settle for himself when Butler is serious and when he is jesting, and state clearly that in this case he is jesting He was burlesquing the commentators of the *Odyssey* and the Sonnets, and throwing out a conjectural emendation which he would not have supported seriously if challenged In printing it I intend no disrespect either to the memory of Mr Gladstone or to that of the Archbishop or to the Master of Magdalene Nor did Butler aim his remark at them or at any one of them. It was all part of that laughing at Mrs Bridges for which the conclusion of the note is an apology.

CHAPTER XLI

1902—PART I

EDITING HIS REMAINS

1902
Act 66 ON our return from Boulogne, where we had been, as usual, for Christmas, I went to Hampstead to stay for a few days with my sister Lilian in her flat at Uownshire Hill, and developed pneumonia My sister nursed me, and I did not return to Staple Inn till 10th March During my illness Butler came to see me frequently, and when he could not come he wrote It was a long journey from Clifford's Inn to Hampstead, the weather was cold and he was ill, though we did not realise till afterwards how ill he was, consequently he wrote a great many letters—some were addressed to my sister and some to me, but they were all written with the intention of entertaining me "Mrs Gallup's cipher," in the first extract, is a reference to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy

Butler to Miss L I Jones.

6 Jan 1902—I am keeping for him a copy of this day's *Times* with facsimiles of some of the italic writing from which Mrs Gallup's cipher is derived, and an exhaustive explanatory article therewith

My sonnet is in this week's *Athenaeum* Gogin has written—all well—so has [Lionel] Smythe It seems we don't understand the humour of *Old Mortality* He says "It should be read slowly with much imaginary north country accent, thus what he [H F J] takes for dullness will be seen to be humour, Scottish, and possibly a joke at the reader's expense The verbosity is of his period and far and away better than Bulwer Lytton whom he

[H F J] admires " I would not tell Jones this till he is pretty far ¹⁹⁰² advanced towards recovery As for his admiring Bulwer Lytton ^{Act 66} I must hear it from his own hpb before I believe it

This is the sonnet mentioned in the foregoing letter It appeared anonymously in *The Athenaeum*, and is given in *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (1912)

MeAAorra TUUTO,

Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen
Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those
Among the dead whose pupils we have been,
Nor those great shades whom we have held as foes ;
No meadow of asphodel our feet shall tread,
Nor shall we look each other in the face
To love or hate each other being dead,
Hoping some praise, or fearing some disgrace
We shall not argue saying "' Twas thus " or " Thus,"
Our argument's whole drift we shall forget,
Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill be all one to us ,
We shall not even know that we have met
Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again
Where dead men meet, on hpb of living men

Butler to Miss L L Jones.

7 Jan 1902—A man has written to *The Athenaeum* that he wishes the right hand of the man who wrote my sonnet had been paralysed before he wrote it ' But he likes the two last lines

Butler to the Editor of the Press, NZ

January 1902—Your very kind letter of November 18th and copies both of the *Jubilee Weekly* and the daily *Press* reached me a few days ago, but an influx of foreign visitors on whom I have to attend and the dangerous illness of my friend, Mr H F. Jones (who is now on the mend) have prevented me from thanking you until now

The *Weekly Press* is really an astonishing performance as well as a most interesting one—I need hardly say that I shall value it very highly The illustration which affects me personally most is the one of Dr Sinclair's grave which is on my own run (that was) I was away down at Chnstchurch when poor Dr Sinclair, who was staying at my station, was drowned, and never heard of what had happened till I actually reached home and found that the body had been already buried—with a service, I blush to say, read from my bullock-driver's Mass-Book by Dr Haast, as he

1902 then was, no Church of England Prayer Book being found on the
Act 66 station Possibly I had taken mine with me for use at Christ-
church, but at this distance of time—nearly forty years—who
can say ?

I am glad also to possess photographs of my old friend, Mr William Sefton Moorhouse, who dwells ever in my memory as one of the very finest men whose path I ever crossed, but who also haunts me bitterly as one of the very few men—at least I trust it may be so—who treated me with far greater kindness than I did him His memory is daily with me, notwithstanding all these years, and ever will be, as long as I can remember anything But, alas ' it is as that of one who showed nothing but extreme kindness and goodwill to me and who did not receive from me the measure which he had meted out Not that I ever failed in admiration and genuine affection but (it is true, under great stress) I did not consider things which a larger knowledge of the world has shown me I ought assuredly to have considered¹ Enough¹ He dwells ever with me as, perhaps, the greatest man all round that I have ever known I was also very glad to have the photo of my old and valued friend J Colborne Veel whose inimitable articles on " Public Gardens " (I need not say, a parody on the *Canterbury Standard*), " Kaiapoi Address," and " Shall Mr Ollivier have a Statue ?" are often read by me to friends with never failing appreciation on their part and delight on mine

I thank you for your most kind and too flattering article on the announcement of my *Erewhon Revisited* I immediately sent it to Mr Grant Richards and asked him to send you copies You will see reminiscences of my own first crossing the hills above Lyttelton and riding across the plains in chapter xxvii, but I have deliberately altered a good deal, for I had to make the writer get up the Rakaia Gorge, whereas I have really taken him to the Rangitata

I suppose I am probably the last survivor of those who rode on the trial trip of the first locomotive that ever travelled in New Zealand Moorhouse, Reeves, myself and one other (but of this I am not certain) were the only ones on the engine as it started from Christchurch and ran to the Heathcote

As an after-thought, I may express my gratitude to the writer of the *Odyssey* for not having taken anything like the same liberties with the neighbourhood of Trapani that I have taken, both in *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited*, with the topography of Canterbury Had she done otherwise, I doubt whether I should have ever felt so confident of having hounded her down and brought her back to her own people as I now fearlessly am

Strange—the way in which Baker and I discovered the pass to the West Coast over the head waters of the Rakaia is drawn closely from fact. We went up the Rangitata and actually over-looked the pass over the Rakaia ranges that was exactly opposite us and which we should not otherwise have found. Alas' that our having found it should have cost poor Whitcombe his life 1902 Act 66

The foregoing letter was published in the Jubilee number of *The Press* (N Z) on 25th May 1911. Dr. Gerald Harper sent me a copy in time for me to read the letter at the Fourth Erewhon dinner in July. When I came to the part about the Prayer Book the guests laughed, and, I believe, thought that his saying that possibly he had taken his to Chnstchurch was a polite fiction. But I believe it was the fact. It was on 14th August 1862 (ante, I p 98) that he wrote to Marriott: "As for going to church I have left it off this twelve-month and more." Dr. Sinclair was drowned in 1861, and Butler might easily have been at church in Chnstchurch at the time with his Prayer Book. Perhaps he also took with him the Bible given to him by "his affectionate Godmother and Aunt Anna Worsley," the prototype of the one which Ernest Pontifex kicked into a corner before going to call upon Miss Maitland in chapter lx of *The Way of all Flesh*. In any case it is satisfactory to know that some one on the run had a book of services of some kind, otherwise Dr. Sinclair's funeral might have had to be conducted with, if not a chapter from *Tristram Shandy*, perhaps one from *The Origin of Species*.

Butler to Miss L. I. Jones.

9 Jan 1902—I have edited several of your brother's 1883 letters from Venice, Padua, and Verona, if he has any of mine, and if they contain as much treasonable matter as his to me, I trust he will allow me, when he gets better, to edit them by writing over those parts that give my true opinion concerning those most near and dear to me as follows.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
 May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
 And never but in unapproached light
 Dwelt from eternity, etc —

1902 lines which, I take it, no one will credit me with knowing
 Act 66 and which I assuredly should not know if I had not had to write them and the next 45½ lines of the third book of *Paradise Lost* many a hundred times over when I was a boy at school They are the most abiding of all the lines that I ever learned at Shrewsbury—[here follows a line cancelled by writing a line of Milton over it] cancelling as per line cancelled

Read that, Mrs Gallup, if you can '

He was editing his correspondence, and sent some of Miss Savage's letters to be read to me Of my letters he said "Treated with a moderate application of * Hail, holy Light' they are quite safe, in all cases of doubt I apply the Milton."

Butler to Mus L I Jones

16 Jan 1902—I am editing the very painful years in my correspondence, 1883-1886 I am at the point when I was sent for post-haste to Shrewsbury to a supposed perfectly hopeless illness of my father who recovered and lived three years longer I see I wrote to Miss Savage that it was Orpheus and Eurydice only the other way about

She wrote back "Your father will be sure to take great care of himself, bronchitis patients always do take care of themselves—I have told you so before It is a most interesting occupation—more satisfying even than a hobby for collecting things—always to be taking thought for oneself and looking at the weathercock and thermometer If I had plenty of money there is nothing I should like better than to be a bronchitis patient "

I tear that being a pneumonia patient will not be found quite such a delightful occupation by your poor brother

But/er to Miss L I Jones

20 Jan 1902—I have been to the Old Masters There are a few good things, especially a very fine and well preserved Jan Steen "Grace before Meat," which I hope your brother will be able to see, and a large, important, and certainly genuine work by Raffaele, which I hope will do his reputation the harm that it ought to do

That odious paper *Literature* is dead, I am delighted It is now amalgamated with *The Academy*, which appears as *The Academy and Literature*

The Times has taken to publishing a Weekly Literary Supplement on a separate sheet or sheets of a size different from that of the rest of the paper. This contained last Saturday an article (I should think by Miss M E Coleridge) on Aldis Wright's last volume of FitzGerald's *Letters*. The extracts given do not strike me as quite to my taste, but I am getting the book from Mudie's, for I want to make up my mind about FitzGerald more definitely than I have yet been able to do.

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Act 66

I went to Mrs X's yesterday afternoon. X and the man who married the daughter were there. Mrs X was most affectionate. She said my hands were cold, which they were. She placed them on the sofa by her side, without, I need hardly say, detaching them from the rest of my body, and laid her own beautiful paws upon the top of them, saying that she should keep them there till mine were warm. I said that that would be delightful, but I writhed inwardly, happily, she did not carry out her threat to the bitter end. There were lots of enquiries about your brother, and I was to convey all sympathy, etc.

The son-in-law is a very nice man, about 45, plain, quite bald, but acute, sympathetic, and without any kind of side. He was most attentive and friendly to me, and this, as your brother will readily believe, inclined me to think highly of him. His wife has just presented him with a little boy.

Who should come in while I was there but Mr and Mrs Z, who said they thought I had dropped them altogether, etc, etc. This comes of calling on anybody at all. I was very angry but I was caught, and I suppose shall have to call there next Sunday. Then Mrs X brought out my photo, and they admired it so much that I was each moment in alarm lest I should have to spend 2/9 in giving them one. Happily they did not ask for a copy, and I breathed freely when the conversation flowed into another channel. Of course they were properly sympathetic about your brother.

I forgot to tell your brother that Waddington, who was to have come on Friday, did not turn up, and has not written. I sent a p.e. last night to enquire.

Alfred this afternoon began to show signs of wobbling about Rudyard Kipling. He asked me what an "oaf" was. "It is an abbreviation," said I dogmatically, "for loafer." I knew that this would be plausible enough to catch him, and also that he would be indignant with Kipling for calling football-players loafers*. I believe I have done for Kipling's high estate with Alfred much as I did with my tobacconist years ago in respect of Gladstone's reputation as a financier, and about as truthfully

¹ This is an allusion to Kipling's poem "The Islanders" in *Tie Five Nations*.

1902 [cf *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler*, p 165] I fear I have a
 Aet 66 good deal of my younger sister in me I see I wrote to Miss
 Savage in 1884 "My sister May has been sending for my
 nephew from Liverpool and has been telling him some truths,
 this seems to have made her ill for some days If she really has
 been telling the truth to anyone I wonder that it did not kill
 her outright She seems all right now, so I suppose she has got
 back to lying again " *Milton, please*

As for poor dear Miss Savage, she has only a very few months
 to live, and I can see now that she is forcing herself to a light-
 headedness which she does not feel

Alfred sends his best respects to you, and his love to your
 brother, about whom I am very unhappy No doubt I shall
 have a pe to-morrow to say what Sir Douglas Powell's opinion
 is I trust that no operation will be necessary, and that he will
 make us all comfortable about the rise in temperature, but I
 confess to being very much afraid that tapping may be necessary
 Please to give him my best love

In reading FitzGerald's Letters Butler hit upon some
 praise of Crabbe, it was probably this passage ¹

I wish some American Publisher would publish my Edition
 of *'tales of the Hall*, edited by means of Scissors and Paste, with
 a few words of plain Prose to bridge over whole tracts of bad
 Verse, not meaning to improve the original, but to seduce hasty
 Readers to study it

This occurs in a letter to Professor C E Norton of
 22nd December 1876, and in 1879 FitzGerald's *Readings
 in Crabbe* was issued Butler knew nothing about Crabbe,
 so I sent him this passage from a note to the preface to
 the imitation of Crabbe in *Rejected Addresses*

It is not a little extraordinary that Crabbe, who could write
 with such vigour, should descend to such lines as the following —

Something had happened wrong about a bill
 Which was not drawn with true mercantile skill,
 So, to amend it, I was told to go
 And seek the firm of Clutterbuck & Co

Surely Emanuel Jennings compaired with the above rises to
 sublimity

These are the lines which Butler refers to in the next
 letter They may occur so in some editions of Crabbe,

¹ *Letters of Edward FitzGerald*, vol II p 211, Macmillan, 1894

but in the edition which I possess (Pans Gahgnani, 1902 1829) in *Tales of the Hall*, No VII, "The Elder Brother," Act 66 they occur in this form, which would have done as well as the other for the preface to *Rejected Addresses* *

Something one day occurred about a bill
That was not drawn with true mercantile skill,
And I was asked and authorized to go
To seek the firm of Clutterbuck & Co.

Butler to Miss L I Jones

22 Jan 1902

DEAR MISS LILIAN—I was much relieved yesterday morning by the account you gave of your brother I trust that he will now go on conquering and to conquer till every enemy to his recovery be subjected and pneumonia itself, etc etc I doubt whether "subjected" is the right word but my New lest, memory is getting very unsafe—or does the passage come from Dent's Family Prayers? But let that pass

I note the lines from Crabbe. Now what did FitzGerald mean by being so enthusiastic about a man who could write like that? Is it possible that a man who could stand that should be one of those that should redeem Israel? God knows whether such a man shall inherit his kingdom, but, for my own part, I am doubtful. Enough, again, of this

And now Mrs X wants to come to tea Give that woman an inch, etc Her husband got an *Iliad* and an *Odyssey* out of me They are just like Gaetano See how they made me hump my big camera twice to photograph their rooms, and would have made me hump it a third time only I vowed that I had sold it They were quite cross about it

As I was going out of the Museum yesterday and getting my umbrella, MacColl¹ came up looking very dull and cross and heavy They handed him his coat and I helped him to put it on, but, as I had my umbrella and packet of papers in my hands, I did not do it well, and I heard several stitches crack as he struggled to get his arm in Of course I ought to have put my umbrella and parcel down before I helped him on, but I was too lazy, and I was not altogether sorry that the stitches cracked He walked with me to the gate, or rather shambled, for he does not walk, and on the way said he had seen my sonnet in *The Athenaeum* and had thought it very fine He had asked Rendall who wrote it, and when I heard this, I was quite sorry about the stitches

¹ Mr Norman MacColl, formerly editor of *The Athenaeum* He retired early in 1901, and Mr Vernon Rendall succeeded him

1002 I said now far more beautiful the Shakespearean form of
Act 66 sonnet was than the Petrarchian He said " You must not say
this to Watts-Dunton He was always very angry with me when
I put in a sonnet in the Shakespearean form He says that any-
one can write a sonnet in the Shakespearean form "

"Very likely," said I, "but nobody can write one in the
Petrarchian—at least I have never yet seen one that I could read
with pleasure " To my surprise he endorsed this, and called the
Petrarchian form Procrustean, whereon I was even more penitent
about the stitches I told him about your brother's illness and he
was duly sorry—but he is a dull thing But he blew on Kipling's
" Islanders "

By the way, it is borne in upon me that it was very possibly
Watts-Dunton who wrote that atrocious review of my Sonnet
book in '*the Athenaeum* ' Yes , it shall be Watts-Dunton He
tried to cotton up to me years ago in the old *Erewhon* days, but
I detested him and would have none of him

I have heard from Mrs Waddington Her husband had not
yet come back from Germany, but was to return to-morrow If
he does, he is to come to me on Friday I will then give him
your brother's message, and all news about him I shall have my
chorus, I believe, complete for him to cut about

There have been articles both in '*The limes* ' and in *Nature*
about Stonthengc It is declared to be a Solar Temple, and, if
so, by various astronomical calculations is declared to be of date
from 1780-1680 BC This seems a reasonable date The flint
implements unearthed during the excavations and evidently then
used upon the stones, confirm the supposition that it belongs to
a pre-bronze age Exit, therefore, all the nonsense talked by
Flinders Petrie about its being post-Roman of the 6th or 7th
century AD

Alfred and I went to Drury Lane last night and found it all
or nearly all spectacular He is to take me to the Surrey
next week as an antidote We are not to go to Drury Lane
any more

I am to dine at the Morses' on Feb 6 so they condone
Erewhm Revisited And I am to lunch at Miss Sichel's next
Sunday at 1 30 Renseignements about how to get from
Downshire Hill, Hampstead, to S Kensington will be gratefully
received

If Waddington comes on Friday I shall be unable to write
much on that day, but I have a letter of Miss Savage's jumping
upon me for one of mine, which will be an efficient substitute I
have copied out the last of her letters, but have a few more to
copy from other people in respect to her I am sorry, but am
also glad

Please to give my best love to your brother and believe me, 1902
with a few additional postcards,—Yours very truly, Act 66

S BUTLER

The postcards were addressed to himself so as to save my sister trouble, she was to use them for bulletins about my progress

Butler to Miss L I Jones

24 Jan 1902—Thank you for your letter received last night with its good account of your brother. I note your renseignements but will explain on Sunday how I think I can do better. I won't waste space on this now.

I forgot to say that I met Y in the street. He was looking quite well and evidently still under the impression that he had solved the mystery of the Sonnets once for all, by classifying them according to their subjects. God may forgive him but I never can.

I have the second volume of FitzGerald's *Letters*. I have read 40 very monotonous pages not one of which, I should say, is worth publishing at all. I shall read some more, but I do not believe that FitzGerald will ever take higher rank than that of a most amiable man of very average ability who once made a great hit which he could not live up to.

I called on Grant Richards this morning but he is out of town. I find that up to 31st December, 638 copies of *Erewhon Revtted* had been sold, and 480 of *Erewhon*. The manager considered this to be very satisfactory. No more reviews save one in *The Tablet* for December 14, quite genial. I have sent for it and will send it later.

There is an article in this day's *Times Literary Supplement* declaring that the *Dictionary of National Biography* abounds with the grossest inaccuracies in respect of dates, facts, and references and appealing for a supplementary volume to consist entirely of corrigenda. I am pleased and perhaps spiteful.

Cavaliere Negri has written saying that his paper on Crea is definitely to be published in the *Casale Archaeological Magazine* about May, and asking for any blocks I may be disposed to let him have. This means that I can now proceed with my work on Tabachetti. I am in doubt as to form and whether I will not do it by way of a completely new edition of *Ex Voto*. I lunched with Bernard Shaw to-day (by accidental coincidence) and left him an *Ex Voto*. He is to advise, the desideratum is to get Grant Richards to publish, at his own risk, either a work on Fabachetti or a new *Ex Voto*. I have told Negri that he shall

1901 have some blocks, but that it will be some days before I can give
 Act 66 exact size I have asked him by what date he will want the
 blocks The Shaws were *most* gracious and enthusiastic about
 the *Erewhons*

Waddington came He will write to your brother My
 chorus was declared to be somewhat too like the poor curate's
 egg, but before he left it was quite creamy and new-laid It is
 settled and really I believe very good now He has started me
 with the scoring

Butler to Miss L I Jones.

27 Jan 1902—I write to-day because I know I shall not be
 able to do so to-morrow by reason of the Surrey Pantomime and I
 am sure your brother will be glad to have the *Times* facsimiles of
 the types on which Mrs Gallup relies I think these facsimiles
 want supplementing with Mallock's article in (I feel sure) the
National Review for November There is a letter from Mrs
 Gallup, if *le style e'est l'homme* holds good also for *la femme*, I
 do not think we need hesitate about knowing where to place her
 I enclose her letter

I note that in the forthcoming *Cornhill* there is to be an
 article on the Sonnets Now I wonder what we shall have there '
 Some rubbish no doubt

At Miss Sichel's I was shown a short but most friendly review
 of *Erewhon Revisited* by Miss Sichel in the *Monthly Review* for
 January They were all of them very friendly, but I got no such
 choice morsel for your brother's delectation as one that I told him
 of months ago—I mean about having to do without art or nature¹

A lady whom your brother knows told me that she was on
 the top of a bus one summer's afternoon and saw Leslie Stephen
 cross in front of the bus in an undecided sort of way, whereon the
 driver said, "Now then, come up, Monkey!" I wonder, as
 Kennedy said, that the earth did not open and swallow him up
 What a pity that Leslie Stephen should be so deaf

I received a message from Mr Fuller Maitland that I was not
 to go on to Phillimore Gardens, inasmuch as it was his first day
 of coming down stairs Some virtuoso was to come and play
 before him and this, he thought, would be as much as he could
 stand He is mending, but only slowly

I cannot get on with FitzGerald's *Letters*, they are all right,
 but so fearfully monotonous—and uninterestingly monotonous
 I shall be glad to change them for the *Cornhill*, but really the
 blame rests with Aldis Wright and not with FitzGerald

¹ This is introduced in the conversation at the dinner party in *Erewhon Revuttet*

I suppose now that I may write to your brother direct, may
I not? 1902 Act 66

Mr Roskill (Cooke's son-in-law) sent me a translation of parts of the famous speech of Pericles, by Frederic Harrison, and I was to admire it I did not admire it, and translated a few sentences of it myself as an example of how I thought it should be done. He has written me a very obliging letter to the effect that he now agrees with me, and I am confirmed in the good opinion that I had already formed of him.

Miss Coxhead has asked me to dine at her club in Albemarle Street on Feb 13 at 7.45 I have accepted.

I have no more Miss Savage, and am at the end of the notes I had made of things that your brother might care to hear, so will add no more.

Butler's solicitor, Russell Cooke, married the widow of Ashton Dilke, whose daughter is the wife of Mr John Roskill, K C, so that strictly Butler ought to have written "Mrs Cooke's son-in-law."

Butler to Mr T Roskill

25 "Jan 1902—Frederic Harrison's translation is his own, at any rate it is not Dale's nor Crawley's, but on reading it more critically I do not think it is what it ought to be. It does not flow musically on from sentence to sentence. I will not go into detail. I find it too often clumsy, stilted, Johnsonian, and affected.

I spent an hour this morning in translating ten or a dozen lines more as I think they should be translated, and on doing so found that I should want at least another hour before I could get what I wanted, so I gave it up, but overleaf you will find both Harrison's and my own attempts.

F HARRISON

The republican government is one that feels no jealousy nor rivalry with the institutions of others. We have no wish to imitate them, we prefer to be an example to them. It is true that our constitution is a democracy, for it is framed in the interest of all, not of any privileged class. Yet while the law secures to all in their private claims equal justice without favour of persons, we still recognise the claims of personal superiority, when a citizen is in any way distinguished by his attainments, and he is raised to eminence in the public service not as a matter

1902 of privilege but as the prize of his merits Nor again is poverty
 Act 66 a bar with us to hinder a citizen who can confer some service on
 the state

S BUTLER

It is not we who look with envy on the polity of our neighbours, we hold our own, rather than theirs, to be the more worthy of imitation We are a democracy inasmuch as we look more to the well-being of the many than of the few, and hence it is that our laws are no respecters of persons but will redress the grievances of any man without fear or favour Moreover, as regards public honours, according as a man may deserve well of the state so will he be preferred, whether he be high or low, apart from class considerations If again he is poor, no poverty will keep him down so long as he can do good service

Butler to H t Jones

31 Jan 1902—And now for what little gossip, and it is very little, that I can collect I have edited a few of your letters this morning—no Milton required—you are at St Montz—the Riston, Mr Browning, Mrs Bloomfield Moore, Sogho and Promontogno year That was the year, I think, in which I saw your mamma in her petticoats and stays at Bassano—but this incident was later—or was it the following year? I shall find out as I go along

The Surrey Pantomime was a success Victor Stevens was as good as ever—and when he came on in full fig, I was quite surprised to see how young he still was His, "No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, NO" was as quick as ever, but the vulgarity was a good deal toned down from what it was in the (Jd days True, there was still some vulgarity, the dear old familiar allusions to delirium tremens, of which there had been no trace at the Grand or at Drury Lane, were at the Surrey once more in evidence, indeed, one man made quite a long speech whilst he "had got them" Then the Sultan had taken advantage of his Grand Vizier's hospitality and accepted a night's lodging, but he had got up early and gone away with two shillings which the Grand Vizier had imprudently left on the mantelpiece I he reiterated references, on the part of the Grand Vizier, to this 2/-forms one of the subjects, diversified treatment of which holds the piece together, but the clothes were too good, and we missed the tattered and torn apparel of years ago We missed the last seven pounds of coal being all slate, the funny man did not talk seriously to the cat and tell it that "it would get it at

the oil shop" or enquire "if its mother had said that it was to leave tuppence on the jar " Still, there was a baths and wash- house scene in which Victor Stevens in stays, bathing-drawers, and long dishevelled black hair, as also all the other protagonists in extreme dishabille, came almost up to the old Grecian level

The article about the Sonnets in the *Cornhill* [February 1902] is It is by a Rev H W Beeching, Professor of English Literature at King's College, London¹ He speaks of Sidney Lee with much respect, but does not agree with him Of me he says that my prolegomena are good reading enough when I am demolishing my predecessors, but that my own conclusions "are negligible," and he says not a word about them Sonnet 107 ("Not mine own fears nor the prophetic soul" (Alfred shakes me)) can be *certainly* dated 1603 I think we may neglect him

There are two scathing letters on the *Dictionary of National Biography* in this morning's *limes Literary Supplement* aimed chiefly at Lee

Lee has an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on oral traditions about Shakespeare—adding nothing to our knowledge

Butler to Miss L I. Jones

4 Feb 1902—This letter is going to be so stupid that I inflict it upon you rather than your poor brother and you can retail as much of it to him as you think fit The fact is that on Sunday I never left my rooms after I once got into them, and saw nobody, yesterday I was at the Museum, but again saw not a soul save Alfred, and never stirred out in the evening To-day I have been to see some houses that I have in Attwell Road, Peckham, and you can tell your brother that though I shall have to lay out a great deal, I shall get out of it better than I expected, but it has been very raw and cold work standing about I do not think, however, that I have taken any harm

I am to lunch at the Shaws' to-morrow and have said I will eat vegetarian I shall then hear what courses he recommends re my projected work on Tabachetti When I last lunched there I met a man named Salt who has sent a prospectus of "The Humanitarian League," of which he is honorary secretary, and a card for a lecture by Mr Leighton Cleather on "Wigner as a pioneer of Humanitarianism" Have we not here Mrs Gallup in another form? He has also sent me a pamphlet on

¹ Butler means the Rev H C Beeching (now Dean of Norwich) He was Professor of Pastoral Theology (not of English Literature) at King's College, London, 1900-1903

1902 Animals' Rights—"The immediate question that claims our
 Act 66 attention is this If men have rights, have animals their rights
 also ? " This sentence, on which I lighted at random, is so
 absurdly suggestive of the Rights of Animals chapter which I
 have intercalated into my enlarged *Erewhon* that Mr Salt (who
 published his pamphlet in 1900) may be excused for thinking
 that I had him in view when writing my own chapter—but I
 am innocent of all knowledge of his pamphlet. By the way,
 Shaw said that he regarded my chapter on the Rights of
 Vegetables as a direct attack upon himself—but he was not
 serious

I saw the following in *The limes* 2L ddy or two ago Fannelli
 (Handel's Pannelli) having made a large fortune in England
 returned to Italy and built himself a villa which he named
 " England's Folly "

I may get some pabulum at Shaw's to-morrow, or again at
 the Morses' where I dine on Thursday If I do it shall be duly
 chronicled, but till then I am afraid my stock is exhausted

Butler to H F Jones

Feb 7, 1902—Waddington has come and gone—full of
 enquiry about you, and of kind messages He has cordially
 approved the alterations I have made in my chorus, and I believe
 I may say thinks the whole chorus very satisfactory The two
 parts together make 108 bars We have begun to score it

1 he dinner last night [at the Morses'] went off, I should
 say, excellently, but on beginning to undress [after getting
 home] I found that my trousers, which I had tucked up on
 leaving the Tube, were still tucked up and I have no doubt were
 so during the whole evening Poor me ' But I do not think it
 much mattered for I was distinctly the lion of the evening, all
 the guests being eager to talk about *Erewhon Revisited* except
 one man, who deflected me on to *Life and Habit* and would not
 let me leave it He and another man asked if I had read
 Helvetius, and said that Schopenhauer had declared that if the
 Almighty had to limit his reading to a single book he would
 choose Helvetius I hey said it would be a nice subject to
 select half-a-dozen books for the Almighty's reading I said that
 at any rate we may H e sure he would not read the Bible There
 were several other things, but you must get them out of me on
 Sunday, as also whatever I can get from Gogin.

Butler to the Editor of The Spectator

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, E C,

8 Feb 1902

SIR—I called your Ap 20, 1872, review of *Erewhon* 1902 "favourable" and so it was, I should have been captious if I had Act 66 called it anything else, for it, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* article of Ap 12, 1872, at once lifted the book into the position which, with all its faults, it has maintained. But I did not say that I liked, much less endorsed, everything in its whole four columns. On the contrary, I disliked extremely the passages quoted by your reviewer in your this day's issue

Your reviewer of to-day does not say that his predecessor in 1872 had also written as follows

"What he" (the author of *Erewhon*) "seems to want to impress upon his readers is the wisdom of quietly taking your notions of what is best from the society round you. In one page the author confesses that the 'high Ydgrunites,' *te* the higher worshippers of Ydgrun (Mrs Grundy) have got 'about as far as it is in the right nature of man to go'—a judgment which he only modifies by saying that they ought to speak out more clearly what they think. Of course this, too, may be veiled satire, but if it is, the book is without definite drift, which no one who reads it carefully will readily believe."

I should hope not. In the above passage comes to this that my "object" and "intention" was sufficiently plain, viz to uphold the current conscience of a man's best peers as his safest moral guide. I intended this, intend it, and I trust always shall intend it. What sane man will uphold any other guidance as generally sifer—exceptis, of course, excipiendis?

My "object" and "intention" having been thus clearly and correctly expressed, I disregarded the subsequent passage quoted in your this day's issue, as merely a reviewer's parting kick, and as rendered comparatively harmless by the fuller one that had gone before. The subsequent passage runs

"It is certainly quite true that if anyone will accept the implied satiric teaching of the book, he will find himself morally and intellectually 'nowhere,' *i e* in *Erewhon*, when he has done."

Your reviewer of to-day, ignoring the first of the two passages quoted above, tries to fasten it on me that I regard the second as "praise" inasmuch as speaking of the article as a whole I called it "favourable." Hence he deduces that "it rightly describes Mr Butler's *object*, and correctly indicates the result to which his satire is *intended* to lead." (Italics mine) He, or she, evidently

2 does not consider these words as involving a very disgraceful
 66 imputation, if he (as we will say for brevity) did indeed so
 consider them, he would not use them so lightly I differ from
 him, and out of respect for the good opinion both of your readers
 and yourself must request you to publish the foregoing letter

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Butler to H F Jones.

February 11th, 1902

MY DEAR JONFS—How I am to fill this sheet I know not
 If I succeed, the feeding of the 5,000 will be a small miracle in
 companionship, for I have, as it were, but a single literary loaf and
 fish for my nucleus

Talking of fishes did you see what I am told was in the
Daily Mail about the sea-gulls? I was going last Friday over
 London Bridge to Delph Street where I have a big job on
 (everything seems to come at once) and saw thousands of gulls
 and people on the bridge feeding them They were lovely, but
 they are unprincipled A man was walking over London Bridge
 last week with a crate of fresh herrings on his head The gulls
 swooped down on the fish in such numbers that he was powerless
 against them and half his fish were gone before he could get his
 crate down on to the pavement

I he job at Delph Street will cost me near £100 Sanitary
 inspector of course, but it is a good job done—entire recon-
 struction of drains, and a lot more The houses are freehold and
 will stand a large increase of rent, so that I shall be a gainer
 rather than loser by the job

Alfred and I have again been to Attwell Road this afternoon
 and were again starved, but I do not think we have taken any
 harm Sanitary inspector, of course I don't suppose I shall get
 out of it all under £400, and lucky if that covers it The rents
 here, too, will stand some increase, but it is a nuisance

I told you of my visit to the Fuller Maitlands, but I forgot
 to say that they told me Nice is very full of small-pox now So
 you had better not go and stay with your sister Cattle They
 were very full of going to Sicily in April and May, and it seems
 quite on the cards that I may meet them and put them through
 Trapani and Mt Eryx We shall see

I sent my letter to *The Spectator* I submitted it first to
 Rendall as well as to Grant Richards, and they both cordially
 approved of my sending, but they doubted whether the editor
 would insert it Rendall said that several people had written to
 him admiring my Sonnet, and one or two indignantly, but these
 last fewer and less important

"MY LOAF AND FISH"

By the last post I am sure to have a line from Longman 1902 declining to publish a new edition of *Ex Voto* at his own risk I Aet 66 was bound to offer it to him before trying Grant Richards As soon as he has declined it, I can see whether Grant Richards will do it or no If he will not, I shall again appeal to Shaw for counsel

I have this morning received a long and most flattering review of *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited* from the New Zealand Canterbury Press They are very proud of the fact that *Erewhon* began in their own paper, and nothing is good enough for me I must show it to Grant Richards when I take him *Ex Voto*, and will send it on to you when he has seen it It is far the most flattering article that I have ever had

I am puzzled by something in my correspondence Do you remember our getting two bottles of some spirit or liqueur from Varese, one of which I was to take to my father? I remember sending him some honey from Promontogno as soon as I got home, but I am pretty sure that on an earlier occasion—say 1883 or 1882—I had taken him a bottle of liqueur which he examined in my presence to see whether or no it had been tampered with Do you remember my ever saying anything to you about this? I find that some years ago I made a note to this effect as regards the Promontogno honey, which note letters now read prove to have been wrong, but the incident is so strongly vivid to my mind that I cannot believe it to be an unconscious invention of my own Please help me if you can

Erewhon (the old book) was casually mentioned quite friendly wise in last Friday's *Times Literary Supplement*

Monro, an Oxford don, has published the last 12 books of the *Odyssey* Merry did the first twelve some years ago Not a word about my theory I am told, but have not seen the book, that there is no mention of what I have said about Trapani and Mt Eryx in Douglas Sladen's *Sicily* I shall not break my heart in either case

There—my loaf and fish have held out better than I feared they would, but I fear the loaf has been rather unleavened and the fish but as one of those Mediterranean gray mullets which we get in train restaurants However, I have done my best

With very kind regards to your sister,—I am, Yours,

S BUTLER

I do not know whether his father really was suspicious, and perhaps Butler himself did not think he was He said so much about the examining the liqueur and the honey as to make me think that he was trying to persuade himself In the end it was settled that there was some-

1902 thing wrong in his notes, and that he had brought or sent Act 66 his father (1) the liqueur from Varese, (2) the Promontogno honey, and (3) some honey from Bertoli, the famous bee-master of Varallo-Sesia. He talked it over again with me at this time (1902) and inserted a correction in his Note-Book, wherein he wrote that I remembered his telling me about it so long ago as during his father's life-time, and that I intimated that he had "frequently returned to the subject." That is quite correct, and I remember now that I conveyed this intimation in a form which made him laugh by quoting the Duke of Wellington's reply when the King, speaking of the Battle of Waterloo, said

"I was there, wasn't I, Duke?"

"I have heard your Majesty say so."

I sent to Mudit's for Douglas Sladen's book about Sicily, and found that what Butler had said about Trapani and Mount Eryx is mentioned in it, and I told him so. His is referred to in the next extract.

Butler to H F Jones.

Feb 14th, 1902 -I thank you for two letters, one of Feb 12th, the other of yesterday. Your illustration about the immortality of the tune and not that of the fiddle is very fine. I told it to Streatfeild (as yours) this morning, and he admired it very much. I have edited your 1885 letters, they are very good indeed, and Milton is only necessary in a passage or two about "the horns," our feelings towards whom need not now be expressed. There is also one passage which I have bowdled and which I enclose on a separate piece of paper that you may tear it up. If you wish it unbowed I can easily re-insert it in your letter. I am sorry to lose it, but I suppose it had better go.

Certainly my note about my father's examining the lid of the Promontogno honey-jar is wrong. I sent it by parcel post and received a letter next day acknowledging the receipt. I shall wait till I have got through the 1886 letters to see if I can find a clue to what really happened. I cannot think that I dreamed or invented the story, but I am puzzled.

Thank you for telling me about Douglas Sladen's book. I will see it as soon as they get it at the Museum.

Very glad that you are so distinctly gaining ground, but be

careful I have caught cold—the cooling rooms at the Turkish Bath last Wednesday were much too cold I was very doubtful about going to Miss Coxhead's, but went, and do not think it did me any harm I am sitting in my great coat all day, and have been out twice, once to see Streatfuld, and again this afternoon to Islington, where I found all well Now I am keeping snug and warm and expect to be able to go to Harwich to-morrow I want a day or two's change

At Miss Coxhead's the conversation turned, inter aha, on what one was to do when people consulted one about whether they should get married or no I said I had a very simple rule If I thought I should have to give them a wedding present I strongly advised them to refrain, otherwise I left them to follow their own instincts I advised Cesare Coppo not to marry, but I think in this case I should have given the same advice, wedding present or no.

P S —To thwart the American attempt to monopolise the English tobacco trade, I have at Alfred's instigation got 300 cigarettes of Lambert & Butler's, but most of them draw so badly that it is no pleasure to smoke them Serve me right'

I do not know why he should have told the illustration about immortality to Streatfeild as mine I read it in I forget what book and never claimed it as mine The author may have been thinking of the illustration about the harmony and the lyre which Simmias introduces in the conversation with Socrates before his death in the *Phaedo* At the time neither Butler nor I was reminded of Plato ; and perhaps the author was not thinking of the passage, for his object was not the same as that of Simmias He was drawing the contrast between the life of the corporeal fiddle and the life of the incorporeal tune played on the fiddle The fiddler perhaps symbolises "the ineffable contradiction in terms whose presence none can either ever enter, or ever escape" (*Luck or Cunning?* P 153), but I do not remember that anything was said about Him Nor was it pointed out that neither the life of the fiddle nor that of the tune is, strictly speaking, immortal, the first can continue only so long as the wood holds together, and the second only so long as there are men to remember the tune, to be influenced by it, and to pass it on.

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But using the word loosely, as one may do for the sake of an illustration, he was illustrating the contrast between the immortality in a material sense of the body, and the immortality in a spiritual sense of the work done by the body, the inference being that the latter is the only desirable or comprehensible immortality. I told this to Butler because I knew that he would consider it "very fine." I knew that he was thinking of himself when he composed the Epitaph, reproduced in chapter x of *Erewhon Revisited*, for Mr Higgs to copy while resting in the Musical Bank at Fairmead.

I FALL ASLEEP IN THE FULL AND CERTAIN HOPE
THAT MY SLUMBER SHALL NOT BE BROKEN
AND THAT THOUGH I BE ALL-FORGETTING
YET SHALL I NOT BE ALL-FORGOTTEN
BUT CONHNUE THAT LIFE IN THE THOUGHTS AND DEEDS
OF THOSE I LOVED
INTO WHICH WHILE THE POWER TO STRIVE WAS YET VOUCHSAFED ME
I FONDLY STROVE TO ENTER

This is the true life of the world to come, this life which we, like the tune played on the fiddle, live in the hearts and memories of others. It may be objected that this is all very well, but that every man is endowed with this immortality at birth, for everything, however slight, that any one ever does produces an effect which in some way influences others, there is no escape. We can however strive, while the power to strive is yet vouchsafed us, that those others in whose hearts and memories we are to live hereafter shall remember us with love and not with loathing.

Mrs Boss, though she be all-forgetting, is not all-forgotten. She lives, and is at this moment influencing me as she influenced Butler when, in the foregoing letter, he alluded to "the horns" immediately after the passage about the fiddle and the tune. In moments of depression she used to exclaim "Oh, I wish the horn would blow for me and the worms take me this very night!" She would never have understood if she had been told that Butler, by putting this aspiration of hers into the mouth of Mrs Jupp in *The Way of All Flesh*, had conferred

immortality upon her When she wished the horn to blow for her she meant she was impatient for the sound of the last trump By some figure of rhetoric, of which she consciously knew no more than she knew of theology, she skilfully shifted the name of the instrument to any person whose earthly loss she considered would not be irreparable And we caught the trick from her

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*Butler to Mr O T J Alpers, Christchurch,
New Zealand*

17 Feb 1902

MY DEAR SIR—I cannot allow the receipt of the extremely kind and gratifying article which reached me a few days ago to pass without a few lines expressive of the pleasure it has caused me The only fault I have to find with it is that it praises both books too highly As for *Erewhon*, it wanted re-writing, but as that tree fell so it had to be, save for what additions were necessary in order to secure it a new copyright *Erewhon Revisited*, I confess, I prefer, and though scales will doubtless fall from my eyes in respect to it if I live a few years longer, at present I am afraid I am better pleased with it than perhaps any author ought to be with his own work

When I was studying painting in my kind old friend Mr Heatherley's studio, I remember hearing a student ask how long a man might hope to go on improving Mr Heatherley said "As long as he is not satisfied with his own work" Absit omen ' May dissatisfaction greater than I now feel ere long discipline me in great revenue '

Alas, it is not only "more than 30 years" since the embryo of *Erewhon* appeared in *The Press*, but close on 40 ' What a great gap of time yawns between now and then ' And so in those days I was enthusiastic about Titian? No doubt, but he has not held his own with me as Handel has done Handel, like Homer and Shakespeare, grips me ever with tighter hold, what hold Titian, Leonardo, Raflaello, and Michael Angelo have over me (and—well, to speak quite plainly, I like none of them) is a hold on brain, not on heart But let that pass

If you knew, as none but myself and a few intimate friends know, how fiercely and continuously I have been vituperated almost from the very day on which *Erewhon* ceased to be anonymous, you would understand the relief it is to me to have at last written a book that has met with a cordial, generous reception There have been few reviews of *Erewhon Revisited*

1902 to which the most captious author could take exception, but the
 Act 66 intermediate books have all been dead failures, so much so that I am now more than £1,100 to the bad with my books as a whole—a sum which being spread over 30 years has never pinched me. I cannot appeal ad misericordiam, I am exceedingly comfortably off", but I mention the sum to show how utterly flat the books have fallen as regards the numbers of their readers, though I doubt whether there is a single one of them that has not made a certain mark.

How could I expect anything else? With *Erewhon* Charles Darwin smelt danger from afar. I knew him personally, he was one of my grandfather's pupils. He knew very well that the machine chapters in *Erewhon* would not end there, and the Darwin circle was then the most important literary power in England.

I fear *Erewhon* did not find favour again with the religious world. Still less did its successor, *The Fair Haven*, do so. With *Life and Habit* the fat was in the Darwinian fire, and it was war to the death between us. This, and its successors, *Evolution Old and New*, *Unconscious Memory*, and *Luck or Cunning?*, to quote the words of a leader of the Darwinian party that were reported to me, "made Butler impossible." I sandwiched *Alps and Sanctuaries* in between the two last-named books, but I had got too bad a name for it to find favour with more than a very few, who, however, were delighted with it. Then came *Ex Voto* in which I fell foul of Layard, and unearthed a whole school of sculpture of which the pundits of art knew nothing. No man can do this and be received with open arms. Then came my *Life of Dr Butler*—a book which was well received enough, but over which I was thankful not to have dropped much more than £200, and by tilting at Arnold I angered all Arnold's still powerful worshippers. Then came *The Authoress of the Odyssey*. Why more? The fact is that I have never written on any subject unless I believed that the authorities on it were hopelessly wrong. If I thought them sound, why write? The consequence is that I have throughout, I am profoundly thankful to say, been in a very solitary Ishmaelitish position, and I heartily trust that the temporary success of this last book may not tempt me to abandon the attitude which for so many years I have maintained, on the whole greatly to the satisfaction of my own conscience. Pardon me, dear Sir, for the length to which this letter has extended itself (which it would not have done, but for the warmly sympathetic tone of your own article), and believe me,—Yours very truly,

S BUTLER.

Butler to H F Jones

Feb 19, 1902

M Y DEAR JONES—I write a few lines before going to *Alexander Balus*, but I have hardly a thing to tell you, and if it was not for *Alexander Balus* and Handel I should not stir out again this evening, for my cold is still heavy, chiefly through my own fault. This long spell of cold has stopped my I hursday outings, and my Sunday outings (for it is really the cold and not your illness that has stopped them), and put me off twice from Harwich, so that I am not quite at my best, and have stuck too closely to editing correspondence and copying and scoring music. However, I shall do nothing this evening, and to-morrow Alfred and I mean to go for a walk.

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Aet 66

Talking of doing nothing, did I tell you that in one of Miss Savage's letters she wrote of a man who had an unexpected holiday on a summer's day and could not make up his mind whether he should go to the Green Park and lie out all day under a tree, or whether he should do nothing?

My knees continuing very stiff and rheumatic, I went to Jaeger's and bought myself a pair of woollen knee-warmers which I hope will mend matters, price 2/9

I called on old Mrs Tylor and Mrs Morse on Sunday afternoon, and learned that the Mr Guthrie who was very civil to me when I dined at the Morses' was F Anstey, author of *Vice Versa*, etc. You must tell me what pretty things to say to him if we meet again. He was a very pleasant little man.

Grant Richards has not yet returned the article in *The Press*, but I am to have it to-morrow morning and will send it on. Meanwhile there has appeared a quite friendly review—not very long, but enough—of *Erewhon Revisited* in the *Antologia Nuova*, the leading literary Italian paper. Cesare Coppo copied it out and sent it. Grant Richards has it, and I will send it on when I get it back. I saw him this morning but neither asked nor was told his views about *Ex Voto*.

I have settled my correspondence now as far as the death of my father, Dec 29th, 1886, and am thankful to have done so, for the period is not a pleasant one to resuscitate, and I think I shall find all subsequent years easier and quicker editing. I am, however, piling up an accumulation of rubbish in this correspondence with you, which when I reach 1902 I shall find troublesome. Pray get well quickly. On the other hand, for the present I know that you are better where you are.

May [Miss Butler] has seen my letter to *The Spectator* and "we are a little sorry you said that about the *he* or *she*—however true the *she*—as your letter seemed to lose a little dignity by it."

1902
Act 66 I wonder what hole-picking Shrewsbury neighbour has called and put them up to this I hope you do not see anything to object to in what I said Streatfeild, Barwick, Rendall, Grant Richards, and you—none of you made any comment and I can see nothing to object to in the passage Tell me if you do

And now, pray get well as *soon as ever you can*, but not faster than is prudent With kind regards to your sister,—I am, Yrs

S BUTLER

But/er to Grant Richards

20 Feb 1902—Play do not return the copy of *Ex Voto* unless, that is to say, you do not even feel inclined to give it house room I am not surprised at your not being inclined to risk money on a new edition, and I agree with you that it is only the oft-chance of getting some young publisher to wish to get my name on his list that would incline any other publisher whatever to take it up—and this is *infra dig*

I propose, therefore, to change my scheme and write a new book of about 200 pp (though how to fill so many, I don't know yet—but they will come) entitled *Fean de Wispin* (i.e. *Giovanni Tabacheth*) with whatever additional condiment consideration may suggest, giving a good deal of what I have already said in *Ex Voto* about him, and all that I have since learned, and shall learn from Cav Negn's forthcoming monograph about him The illustrations should give (from new blocks) most if not all those given in *Ex Voto* Those in *Ex Voto* are collotype and no more can be got

I propose to say nothing about the other Valsesian sculptors, but to limit myself to Jean de Wespín (alias Giovanni Tabachetti) and I think a pretty book enough might be made on this subject

My point is this At Namur the Archaeological Society and at Casale Monferrato my friend Cavaherc Negri are begging me to help them with blocks of Tabachetti's chapel I have promised them some which, of course, I must have made at my own expense, but I shall insist on having the blocks returned to me for use in my own book The size of those used in *Ex Voto* would suit them very well, and I should think would suit my book Kindly consider whether you think the *Ex Voto* page a suitable one for the work I contemplate I will call in a day or two and hear your opinion I want if possible to have blocks made that will suit the Namur people, the Casale people and myself

Perfidious man ' You have not returned the *Antologia* review It will do quite well if you give it me when next I call I write to Alpers at once

I know you will give me a chalk for showing you exactly the poverty of my hand in respect to sales of *Ex Voto* 1902
Aet 66

Butler to H. F. Jones

21 Feb 1902—Grant Richards is very reasonably afraid of taking up *Ex Voto* so I change my tactics and contemplate a short book entitled *Jean de Wespin*^ otherwise known as *Tabachettt*

Waddington has been here this afternoon full of sympathetic enquiries about you as usual. He said Stanford was a great admirer of *Narctssus*—but I think we have heard that before. I went to *Alexander Balus* and stayed to the last note. The overture is excellent. "Calumny," of course, tremendous. They murdered "Convey me to some peaceful shore" by dragging it past endurance. There were two fine airs that I had forgotten, "Strange reverse of human fate" and "To God, who made the radiant sun." No part was dreary except the recitatives, but there was a good deal which did not rise above Handel's more common form music.

By this time I was recovering and beginning to go out and so the "accumulation of rubbish in this correspondence" with me began to lessen. The next extract refers to my going down to Clifford's Inn to see him.

Butler to H. F. Jones

22 Feb 1902—Any afternoon will suit Alfred and me (Alfred, by the way, has been telling me that he does not mean to allow me to be cremated in my teeth—meaning my false teeth with the gold frame) except Tuesday, when we go again to Peckham, and Thursday till 4.30. By 4.30 we are sure to be at home.

Butler to H. F. Jones

25 Feb 1902—Thank you for returning the *Antologia*. I do not suppose it will make a single Italian read the book but it will get talked of in Sicily and indirectly do some good to my *Odyssey* theory.

I send you now a long and very illegible letter from Rendall (*Athenaeum*) about my book on the Sonnets. What a comfort it is to find that someone else besides yourself is gifted with intelligence.

Butler to Mr O T.J Alpers, Christchurch, New Zealand

6 March 1902

1902
Aet 66

DEAR SIR—My answer to your very kind letter of Jan 29, posted by me by anticipation on Feb 17, is already by this time half way on its journey to Christchurch, and as it was, I fear, rather long I will ask you to be kind enough to consider this as a simple P S When I wrote the body of the letter I supposed myself indebted to you for the copy of your article, which, pray believe me, is much the most appreciative that any of my books has ever received, and much the most flattering to myself

When Sir Julius von Haast was here in 1887 I gave him a complete set of all the books that I had published up to that date, with a request that he would place them in whatever public library (I rather think he named that of the College) was the most appropriate I have often wondered whether his death, which happened not long after his return to New Zealand, might not have prevented the carrying out of my intention Since 1887 I have written about as many books as I had done up to that date Perhaps you or Miss Colborne-Veel would be kind enough to see whether the books were placed in any of the public libraries, and if so, in which I shall be very glad to send a complete set (except my book about Canterbury of which I have only one copy and which has been long out of print) or the balance of those that have appeared since 1887 in case the earlier ones are already in your library On being advised, by you, or Miss Colborne-Veel, or Mr Tnggs, as to what is wanted, I will send them at once I should perhaps say that *Unconscious Memory* is a very scarce book—some years out of print I have only 3 copies Again thanking you, and resolute not to overrun the page—I am, Dear Sir, Yours very truly,

S BUTLER

Butler to Mr T L Agar

28 March 1902—One line before I start for Sicily (as I do in an hour's time) to say that either the Coin Room people have modified their opinion, or I (which is perhaps more probable) misunderstood them, and that they now do not see much analogy to Eryx and Segesta coins in the Iakm coin [*The Authoress of the Odyssey*, p 227] and do see considerable analogy to Catanian coins in the head of the river-god Therefore, without professing to be confident either way, they incline to place the coin as coming from the neighbourhood of Catania

This does not touch the fact that the coin on one side is

intended to represent Ulysses's brooch We are all agreed about that Nor yet that the subject was chosen as indicating some special connection with the *Odyssey*, here again we are all agreed 1902
Aet 66

The question is why a city on the West side of Sicily should claim connection with the *Odyssey* and why they should be Ionians

For reasons far too long to write I can understand this perfectly well The city was wrong, but within ten miles north of Catania we have Aci-Trezza (always by the common people called Iaci-Trezza), Aci-Reale, Aci-Castello (also pronounced by the vulgar Iaci), and Aci-Trezza claims to this day to be the site of Ulysses's adventure with Polyphemus I therefore give up the Ionian city near Trapani and think it likely that the coin came from some Ionian town on the East side of Sicily, the sea that washes this is given in the maps of to-day as the "Mare Iomo," so that Ionians as well as Dorians were probably settled there

My own argument that the *Odyssey* was written entirely at Trapani remains where it was I always said I gave the coin as a hors d'oeuvre If the Coin Room people continued to place it as an Eryx and Segesta coin I should have stuck to it, but as they do not I very willingly abandon it

CHAPTER XLII

1902—PART II

LAST DAYS

¹⁹⁰²
Aet 66 BUTLER left London for Sicily on Good Friday 28th March 1902 He had been looking forward to the journey and had written to his friends in the south that he was coming Mr and Mrs Fuller Maitland were going to Sicily also , they were to meet him and he was to accompany them to Trapani and to show them the country of the *Odyssey* I was not sufficiently recovered to go, but it was settled that I should start later and meet Butler in North Italy on his return

From Pans Butler wrote to me that on the boat, crossing to Calais, he met a man he slightly knew who told him—

. . . a very singular thing, i e that Eustathius, the earliest commentator upon Homer in post-Christian times, circ AD 900-1100, says that Homer took much of his poems from a poem written by a woman, which was preserved in the temple of Memphis in Egypt At Rome I will verify I hope you are mending I am all right now.

He followed his usual route to Casale-Monferrato where he found himself so unaccountably weak that he sent for Dr Giorcelh and stayed two days to recover The Negri family and the Coppo family both tried to make him rest. " Stay here a fortnight," they said, " you are not well enough to travel, recover your health and then go " But he only replied that he had promised to go to Sicily and intended to keep his promise. They

return (if it fails to reach)
to S Butler. 15- Cliford's Inn
London E.C.

Bertolini's Palace Hotel
Naples Wed May 14. 1902
a perfect Hotel

Dear Mr & Mrs Fuller Martland

I did not answer Mr
Fuller Martland's very kind letter
sent to Palermo, for lack of sufficient
address This may, & I trust will, be forwarded
from Rome. I now write to say that there
is no doubt that I am far more gravely
ill than was suspected by any of us, & am
only being hurried home as a prelude to consulta-
-tions, operations, and artificial prolongations of
what X'tian charity should curtail -

So be it! Alfred starts from London to-
day - He & the nurse are to accompany me
both of them to Braxle & Alfred to London. The
doctor fully believes that I may reach London
much as now, and there may be weeks or even
months before the end comes, but I can see he has
not the faintest doubt what the end is to be -

Therefore with infinite thanks for infinite
kindness received from both of you and every cordial
good wish for many years of happiness & health to
you both I bid you both heartily farewell -

No answer, please - Always very affectionately
to both of you

S. Butler -
You will not forget the pretty roundness of my literary
career! On Sunday 22 January 1902.

continued to try to persuade him, and he continued to put them off; at last he told them that his father, at the end of his life, had gone one day to his farm at Harnage against the advice of his family, there he had caught a cold from which he did not recover, he said that he was like his father and intended to go to Sicily if it cost him his life. For many years after Butler's death, when I went to Casale, they referred to this, and repeated that if he had stayed with them, he would have recovered and could have gone to Sicily later on. I do not think they were right, but I did not tell them so; I believe that he was already too ill for any resting or moving about to make much difference one way or the other.

1902
Act 66

Butler to II F Jones

ROME

6 April 1902—Feeling very good for nothing at Casale I called in Giorcelh, who did not think there was much the matter with me, gave me a prescription which I never had made up, and told me to take a couple of sulphur baths at Rome. This was last Wednesday morning. Later in the day it struck me with much force that the real mischief was a return of last summer's malarial fever, much as it had returned at Wassen in September. I could not consult him further because I had not taken his medicine, but Cesare and Cavahere Negri agreed with me.

Thursday—I left at 8 AM and reached Rome towards 111 the morning.

Friday—I was dog-tired but saw the Fuller Maitlands and discussed plans. I did nothing but rest and became more and more aware of what was the matter with me. Took a sulphur bath which did me harm.

Saturday—I saw the homoeopathic doctor in the Via Frattina who said "Neglect everything else, it is all unimportant, but attend to the fever." He prescribed quinine to an extent which I thought heroic. I was to begin this morning, but last night I consulted an English doctor who happens to be staying in the hotel and is an enthusiastic admirer of my books—a nice man I should say—and I spoke to him this morning. He is to overhaul me thoroughly this evening and to decide whether I am strong enough to be allowed to go on to Sicily, or whether I should at any rate wait here for some days. At present I am decidedly more feeble than when I left England, and more anaemic, but I do not feel as though there was permanent mischief.

1902
Act 66 There ' now you see why I cannot give you an address
Better write here I miss you very much, but at the same time
am *most thankful* that you are not with me It is a great relief to
me and makes things much easier for me, for I can run myself
quite well I sauntered to the Collegio Romano yesterday
and found my passage It runs

" Tis said that one Naucrates has recorded how a woman of
Memphis, named Phantasm, a teacher of philosophy, daughter of
Nicharchus, composed the stories of the war before Ilius and the
wanderings of Ulysses, and placed the books in the temple of
Hephaestus at Memphis Whereon Homer came there and
having obtained copies of the originals wrote the *Iliad* and the
Odyssey Some say that either he was an Egyptian born, or
travelled to Egypt and taught the people there "

How like this is to the corruption of the story of Owen
Parfitt given in my *Life of Dr Butler*, or to the change of Stefano
Scotto in the "Ecce Homo" chapel [at Varallo-Sesia] into a
portrait of Tanzio d'Enrico in vulgar Varallo tradition the
truth being that the next figure to Stefano Scotto was a portrait
of his brother, Giovanni d' Ennco Eustathius died A D 1023
Bishop (or Archbishop) of Thessalonica

The English doctor who was staying in the hotel was
Dr Rowland Thurnam I made his acquaintance a few
years after Butler's death , he came to the Fifth Erewhon
dinner in July 1912 and made a speech telling us about
his meeting with Butler It seems that Dr Thurnam
got into conversation with a stranger during dinner at
the hotel in Rome , something was said about Sicily—I
think Thurnam was returning from there—and the
stranger said he was on his way to Trapani and Mount
Eryx and added something about the *Odyssey* Thurnam,
who had read *The Authoress*, said :

" Oh' but in that case you ought to talk to old
Butler "

" I am old Butler," replied the stranger

So they sat up talking till about three in the morning,
with the waiter looking in time after time to see how
soon it would be possible for him to turn out the lights
and go to bed And this midnight conversation with
"an enthusiastic admirer," like the conversation at
Pesaro with Mr and Mrs Arthur Strong the year before,
did him more good than any medicine.

It happened that there was also staying in the hotel Mr John H Baker whose daughter, at the table d'hote, pointed out Butler to her father saying

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"Do you see that old gentleman with the shaggy eyebrows sitting over there ? I've nicknamed him the Philosopher."

Baker looked at the gentleman and felt as though he had come into his life at some time, but could not remember under what circumstances. An idea occurred to him and as soon as an opportunity offered he went and sat next the Philosopher, and said

" Were you ever in New Zealand ? "

" Yes About forty years ago "

Baker looked at him again and then said:

" You're Sam Butler "

" Yes—and, by God ! you're John Baker "

These two had not met since the days of their prospecting for country in New Zealand—the days when they had found the pass, afterwards crossed by Whitcombe, which is described as the entry to Erewhon, the days when they lived, when they were all agog for " country " ; as Colonel Lean says in his letter to Butler (ante, p 170)—

when I found you at the club with a rim above your sun-and-glacier-burnt mask which told me of your explorations before your own narrative You found a better thing than ' country'—you found Erewhon

After a rest in Rome he considered himself well enough to go to Naples and by boat to Palermo, where he arrived 12th April, the Fuller Maitlands arriving there about the same time. He wrote asking me to send him a sixpenny novel or two, he had read *Man and Wife* and had looked into *Phroso* and liked it fairly well; but, as he did not like *Qutsante*, which he found in the hotel in Rome, he thought he would not try any more Anthony Hope. He wrote to me from Palermo

No, please send me a volume of George Meredith (I think there is a cheap edition) and my blood be upon my own head

Later on No, I am not better and must stay here a day or two, I think, but will see how I am to-morrow and will let you know

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So it went on for a month He wrote that he was better and repeatedly said how thankful he was I was not with him to add to his anxieties Nevertheless, if I had been well enough I should have gone to him and chanced his objecting to my doing so, and I should have found him very much worse than he would admit Mrs Fuller Maitland was ill also. Fuller Maitland spent most of his time between the two sick-rooms and the chemist's shop, and sometimes Mrs Fuller Maitland sent her maid to offer help to Butler After he had been in Palermo about a fortnight the doctor made him have a nurse, a very competent Austrian woman The coming of the nurse cheered him up and he wrote that he had turned the corner There were also Ingroja, who came down from Calatafimi, Angelo Li Bassi, and Ingroja's nephew, Michele Utveggio, they all came to see him and he found them about as much as he could stand; but I think he would have missed their visits if they had left off coming, and he merely put it as he did to support his statement that he did not want Alfred or me

One day he received a letter from one of his sisters and talked about her to Fuller Maitland, taking the line adopted by Edward Overton in the passage from chapter lxxxvi of *The Way of All Flesh* where he speaks of Ernest's sister Charlotte

There is a *de haut en bas* tone in all her letters, it is rather hard to lay one's finger upon it, but Ernest never gets a letter from her without feeling that he is being written to by one who has had direct communication with an angel "What an awful creature," he once said to me, "that angel must have been if it had anything to do with making Charlotte what she is" Her letters are supposed to be unusually well written and I believe it is said among the family that Charlotte has far more real literary power than Ernest has I daresay she writes very well but she has fallen under the dominion of the words "hope," "think," "feel," "try," "bright," and "little," and can hardly write a page without introducing all these words and some of them more than once All this has the effect of making her style a little monotonous

"Come now," said Fuller Maitland, bantering him, "aren't you rather hard on your sister? Isn't she really

a very good sort of woman? I'm sure of one thing When she dies she will go straight up to Heaven, ¹⁹⁰² **Act 66** whereas you——"

"I'm not afraid of anything of that kind," interrupted Butler, "the Almighty's taste in literature is far too good to allow of his committing such an error"

Then he talked to Fuller Maitland about his books and how *Erewhon* was his Alpha and *Erewhon Revisited* his Omega This is the conversation he alludes to in the P S of the following letter.

Early in May he was considered well enough to be moved and on the nth the nurse brought him to Naples, and he sent for Alfred to go out and help to bring him home

Butler to Mr and Mrs Fuller Maitland

Return (if it fail to reach) to S BUTLER 15 Clifford's Inn, London E C

BERTOLINI'S PALACE HOTEL
NAPLES Wed May 14, 1902

A perfect Hotel

DEAR MR AND MRS FULLER MAITLAND— 1 did not answer Mr Fuller Maitland's very kind letter sent to Palermo, for lack of sufficient address This may, and 1 trust will, be forwarded from Rome I now write to say that there is no doubt that I am far more gravely ill than was suspected by any of us, and am only being hurried home as a prelude to consultations, operations, and artificial prolongations of what Christian chanty should curtail

So be it I Alfred starts from London to-day He and the nurse are to accompany me both of them to Basle and Alfred to London The doctor fully believes that I may reach London much as now, and there may be weeks or even months before the end comes, but I can see he has not the faintest doubt what the end is to be

Therefore with infinite thanks for infinite kindness received from both of you and every cordial good wish for many years of happiness and health to you both, I bid you both heartily farewell No answer, please —Always very affectionately to both of you,

S BUTLER.

You will not forget the pretty roundness of my literary career ' a *Erewhon*, a *Erewhon Revisited*

FAREWELL TO TRAPANI

Butler to J A Fuller Maitland

1902
Act 66 16 May 1902—Alfred is expected hourly but not yet
come I am no better and dread the journey to England,
but I doubt whether the doctor takes quite so gloomy a view of
my ultimate chance as he did when I wrote

You shall hear as soon as we reach London—if we reach it—
but please send an address We travel as fast as we can. No
more please, but all love to you both

Alfred arrived and they travelled straight through,
dropping the nurse at Calais and reaching London on
19th May. The editor of *Quo Vadis* ? sent from Trapani
a copy of his newspaper which I suppose contained some
allusion to Butler or his books.

Butler to the Editor of Quo Vadis ?

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, E C

Magto 22, 1902

CARO SIGNORE—Tomato a casa con grande difficolta, un
paio di giorni fa, sotto le ah di una guardia di ammalato da
Palermo, e del mio domestico chiamato da me a Napoli, in uno
stato di estrema debolezza, e con poca speranza di guangione,
scnvo queste nghe per nngraziarla di aver mi spedito due numen
del *Zuo Vadis* ? di Apnle 2, 1902, 1 quah ho letto con vivo
piacere Al medesimo tempo, saluto gli amici Trapanesi, h
abbraccio, alzo mio cappello, e h dico cordialmente addio.—
Sono sempre ll suo servitore aff^{mo} e dev^{mo} S BUTLER

translation)

15

CLIFFORD'S INN, E C

May 22, 1902

DEAR SIR—Having returned home with great difficulty a
couple of days ago, under the wing of a nurse from Palermo and
of my servant whom I sent for from Naples, in a state of extreme
weakness and with little hope of recovery, I write these lines to
thank you for having sent me two copies of the *Quo Vadis* ? of
April 2nd, 1902, which I have read with real pleasure At the
same time I salute my Trapanese friends, I embrace them, I
raise my hat and I bid them a cordial farewell—I am always,
Your very affectionate and devoted servant, S. BUTLER

The doctor at Naples had alarmed Butler , he started
too suddenly and travelled **too fast** for **me** to join him on

the Continent, but as soon as I knew he was in London I followed By an odd chance Mr and Mrs Fuller Maitland were in the train by which I travelled from Basel to Folkestone, and Fuller Maitland told me many of the particulars given above about Butler's illness in Palermo

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On reaching London I went at once to the nursing home to which Dr Dudgeon had had Butler moved from Clifford's Inn Physically he had changed very much since I had last seen him, two months before He was shrunk, feeble, and shockingly pale His complexion had always been florid—Gogin complained of the difficulty of painting it in 1896—and even before starting for his last journey to Sicily his face was the colour I had always known it, but now he was as white as the sheets of his bed. His letters from Palermo had shown me that he was not himself mentally, he forgot whether he had written yesterday, he told me the same thing twice, he had an idea, and this worried him terribly, that if one of us were to die there would be trouble about our respective rights in the music we had published together, whereas the matter had already been considered and dealt with by his will and mine When I saw him in London I noticed at once that mentally he was himself again; the thing that troubled him most, after his physical health, was his will which he wanted to revise But he knew that in a few days he could re-make his will, and Dr Dudgeon had assured him that the doctors he had seen in Italy were wrong and there would be no need for any operation

In altering his will he directed Mr Clark, who came from Russell Cooke's office, to put himself down for a legacy of £100 On reflection, he said it was hard lines to dangle £100 before the poor man and then get well

"When you have told anyone you have left him a legacy the only decent thing to do is to die at once, and here am I getting better and better and stronger and stronger every day."

So Alfred had to fill up a cheque for £50 for Clark to go on with until such time as the legacy might become payable

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In spite of his gaiety and cheerfulness it was obvious that he was very ill—far worse than he had ever been before. I also knew, as soon as I saw him, that he had really wanted me at Palermo and that I should not have added to his anxieties if I had been well enough to travel so far. My presence there could not have made any real difference, he was far too ill for that, but I shall never cease to regret that things fell out so that I could not be with him.

He was not comfortable in the home, and Alfred and I moved him to another which Dr. Dudgeon found in St. John's Wood where there was nothing to complain of. He wrote and told his sisters the provisions of his new will as soon as it was executed, because the knowledge might influence them in dealing with their own property; and he wrote this letter himself in case they might not have liked to receive a letter touching on their private affairs in Alfred's handwriting.

He talked about his books and of what he intended to do if he got well. There was the novel to be revised, a new edition of *Ex Voto*, with the mistakes corrected, to be prepared; the book about Jean de Wespm, alias Tabachetti, to be written; the *Universal Review* articles to be reconsidered and perhaps republished, more sketches to be painted and more music to be composed. While lying ill and very feeble within a few days of the end, and not knowing whether it was to be the end or not, he repeated to me something like what he had said to Fuller Maitland in Palermo about "the pretty roundness" of his literary career.

"I am much better to-day, I don't feel at all as though I were going to die, of course, it will be all wrong if I do get well, for there is my literary position to be considered. First I write *Erewhon*—that is my opening subject, then, after modulating freely through all my other books and the music and so on, I return gracefully to my original key and publish *Erewhon Revisited*. Obviously now is the proper moment to come to a full close, make my bow and retire, but I believe I am getting well, after all. It's very

inartistic, but I cannot help it. However, we shall see" 1902
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I tried to comfort him by telling him that his recovery would give him an opportunity for a coda of considerable length on a tonic pedal "You might make that very artistic indeed, you know you always liked a tonic pedal."

But it was not of much use, for in himself he believed he was dying, but he was not going to say so

One day he asked me to bring *Solomon*, that he might refresh his memory as to the harmonies of "With thee th' unsheltered moor I'd tread" It was almost the last thing he ever asked me to do for him And I did not do it I knew he was not equal to looking at the music, and next day he had forgotten all about it

Dr Dudgeon told him that when he got well he must not go back to Clifford's Inn, he must have a flat in a more airy situation So he gave notice to quit Clifford's Inn, and I gave notice to quit Staple Inn and was to look for a flat for myself, not too near his new flat, about as near as Staple Inn is to Clifford's Inn In the meantime, as my sister Lilian was going to Sweden for a holiday, it was arranged that she should lend us her flat at Hampstead during his convalescence Next day it was

"Have you done anything about your flat?"

Then the water came in at his flat, and he could not play his piano for fear of disturbing the neighbours That was because Vernon Rendall had been to see him and had complained of the inconveniences of his own flat So then he was to have a whole house and I was to have a house too Alfred brought his accounts from which it appeared that his income was just over £1100 a year and he could afford a leasehold house at a low rent. Next day it was

"Have you done anything about your house?"

So Alfred and I looked for houses, and then suddenly it was to be a freehold This was because Mr W H. Gray, a solicitor whom he had met at the Phipson Beales' and had known for many years, had been to see him and

1902 told him he lived in a freehold house in Curzon Street,
Act 66 and found it a great comfort to have no landlord

" I don't know how he got hold of his bit of land," said Butler to me; "I suspect he found it in some abstract of title "

So Alfred and I looked for freeholds, and at last actually found one at Hampstead for which £1500 was asked, and Reginald Worsley went to inspect it and report Then he said .

" I am not behaving like a man who is going to die I make my will, and tell my sisters all about it, and then here I am buying a freehold house at Hampstead! "

He was being attended only by Dr Dudgeon, who was eighty-two and deaf, and Butler also was a little deaf The question of a second opinion was started , whereupon Butler said to Dudgeon

" I am perfectly satisfied with you , but if you would like a second opinion, say so, and get any one you like."

Dudgeon replied " I am sure I know what is the matter with you, and I am perfectly satisfied with your progress , but if you would like a second opinion, say so, and I'll get one in a moment "

It sounds like a deadlock , but next day, 6th June, Dr Byres Moir was called in and said that the patient was suffering from pernicious anaemia I had a private talk with him and told him how ill Butler had been in 1895, when he went to Greece and the Troad, and that he had never been really well since, and about his recent symptoms All of which confirmed his view

So things went on He lay there cheerful and very good, in no pain, but growing feebler every day. He complained that he did not want to smoke and that they would not let him have any wine , but then, he admitted, he did not want any wine nor did he want to smoke

" I don't suppose," he said, " that I shall ever drink mother glass of wine or smoke another cigarette "

To comfort him, I said he must not be impatient and in a little time he would be returning to all his old vices This made him smile but he was not convinced

Sometimes he complained of rheumatism, but, except

for that, he had no pain, though he had some discomfort arising, as it seemed to me, chiefly from weakness 1902
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Presently there came a change for the worse, and on the 18 th June he had great difficulty in breathing They took him out of bed and put him into an armchair I was with him in the late afternoon and he seemed to be asleep When I got up to leave he opened his eyes and said

" I'm going away soon I'm to be left alone "

I fetched his cousin Reginald Worsley and brought him in with Alfred He knew us I said

" I've brought Reggie to tell you about your house. He has been to Hampstead and seen it "

" Well, and what do you think of it, Reggie? "

" It's a very nice house, Sam , it will do very well for you "

" Drains all right ?"

" Yes, the drains are in very good order "

" Very well; then you'll send your report to Russell Cooke "

The next thing he said was that he knew he was dying He spoke with difficulty and was breathing heavily

As I went away I told him I should come and see him in the morning, but he replied that he did not suppose he should be there in the morning

Miss Patten, the lady of the house, would not let me leave I stayed downstairs and presently Alfred came for me. We went into the room He knew us and said it was a dark morning It was really a very fine evening ; I think he supposed it was the next day Then he said •

" Have you brought the cheque-book, Alfred ?"

After that he lay in his chair and in a little while became unconscious In half an hour, at about 8 40, he breathed for the last time

We met at Waterloo on the 21st June his cousins Richard and Reginald Worsley, Amy Worsley (daughter of Reginald), and Richard Burton Phillpson (who married

1902 his mce Elsie Butler)—these were the members of the family , Jason Smith, William Phipson Beale, Alfred Marks, Gaetano Meo, Miss Patten and Nurse Cawley, Charles Gogin, Richard Alexander Streatfeild, Russell Cooke, Edward Tanner (who used to collect the rents of his small houses near London), Alfred, and I , counting the undertaker we were altogether sixteen

We found carriages at Woking and drove to the crematorium The coffin was put on trestles, there was no pall, there were no flowers, and there was no service We waited Presently the doors were opened and the coffin was taken through and put into the furnace

Formerly he used to wish to be buried at Langar, and as I have said at the end of chap xxiii he wished to have on his tombstone the subject of the last of Handel's six grand fugues But he left off wanting any tombstone or epitaph long before he died, and when cremation became practicable he determined to be cremated. The question then arose as to what was to be done with his ashes At one time he wished Alfred and me to scatter them over the grass plot in Clifford's Inn But my mother was cremated at Woking in 1900, and I saw her ashes and told him that they did not consist entirely of dust, but that there were pieces of calcined bone among them I pointed out that we could not scatter calcined bones over Clifford's Inn garden , we should have to borrow a spade and bury them properly, and this might easily lead to trouble Besides I did not like putting his ashes where the laundresses came to " lose their cats," and the place would no doubt be sold for building purposes sooner or later, and——He said I was making difficulties Alfred then begged to have the ashes, saying he should like to keep them on his mantelpiece. Butler agreed to this and the subject dropped

After a time Alfred said one day " Do you know, sir, I don't think I care to have your ashes after you are dead "

Which landed us back in the original difficulty So he directed by his will that his body should be burnt and

the ashes not preserved Accordingly, on the Saturday 1902 after the funeral Alfred and I returned to the crematorium at Woking and received the ashes We took them into the garden and watched the attendant dig a grave among the bushes We dropped the ashes in, covered them over, and left nothing to mark the spot.

CHAPTER XLIII

1902-1916

ON LIPS OF OTHER MEN

1902

¹⁹⁰² **T H E** following is a short statement of the main provisions of Butler's will which is dated 31st May 1902

He desires that his body shall be cremated and the ashes not preserved

He appoints his cousin Reginald Edward Worsley and Richard Alexander Streatfeild his executors

He bequeaths the following legacies

To Alfred Emery Cathie £2000 and until payment Alfred is to receive his usual weekly wages

To Alfred E. Cathie his furniture (excluding his oak chest) his clothing and household effects watch and chain and plate (excluding two silver spoons with " S B " on them and excluding his drawings pictures and books) also his photographic cameras and materials and the negatives of Alfred and his family and any two negatives of the testator that Alfred may select

To Alfred E Cathie and his aunt Ann Cathie his carpets rugs bedding sheets etc

To Charles Gogin his picture "The Robing of Joseph by Pharaoh's Order" believed by the testator and by Charles Gogin to be an early work by Rembrandt

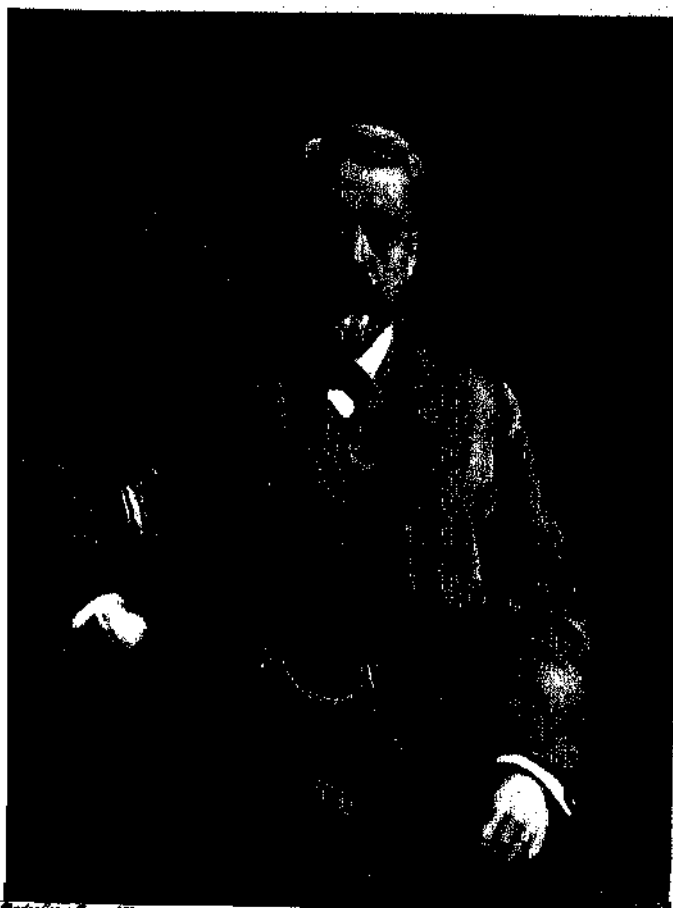
To his sisters Mrs Harriet Fanny Bridges and Miss Mary Butler £200 each

To each of his executors £200

To each of the daughters of his sister-in-law Mrs. Henrietta Phillips Butler £100

To John Taylor Sather £100

To Herbert Robert Clark £100



Master (H. Jones) 302

Keating 1000

Henry Keating Jones

To Henry Festing Jones £500 and all interest in musical compositions upon which they had been jointly engaged and all copyrights etc in all works published in common by them 1902

To William Russell Cooke £15 15 0 to purchase a memento

To Jason Smith his picture of " Mr Heatherley's Holiday " as a slight recognition of his kindness to the testator in the time of his poverty

To his nephew Henry Thomas Butler his two big silver spoons marked " S B " which had belonged to Dr Butler and his carved oak linen chest which was given him by Mrs Henry Butler of the Stone House Kenilworth

He appoints R A Streatfeild his literary executor and bequeaths to him all unpublished manuscripts notes etc and all his copyrights

He bequeaths all his pictures sketches and studies to his executors to be destroyed or otherwise disposed of as they may think best the proceeds (if any) to fall into residue

To Charles Gogin for life and after his death to his wife Alma Gogin during her widowhood an annuity of £100

To Mrs Ann Cathie an annuity of £1 a week for life

He devises his freehold estate at Watford Gap Northamptonshire upon trust for Mrs Henrietta Phillips Butler for life with remainder to her son Henry Thomas Butler absolutely

He directs that all duties are to be paid out of his estate

He devises and bequeaths his residuary estate to his nephew Henry Thomas Butler absolutely

The entry in the register gives as the cause of Butler's death " Intestinal catarrh, two months pernicious anaemia, one month . certified by R E Dudgeon, M D " This, I know, does not agree with what Dr Byres Moir told me Doctors proverbially disagree, and we have not the information necessary to enable us to decide between them

After Butler's death my sister Lilian and I agreed to start housekeeping together I had already given up my rooms in Staple Inn, she gave up her flat at Hampstead, and, following Butler's idea of living on one's own freehold, we bought the house and garden 120 Maida Vale

1902 In that house I have written this book And in the garden I have a campanula given me by a friend , it is descended from one that grew in the garden of Charles Darwin at Down I also have *Apium graveolens* grown from seed given me by the gardener of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who took it from the plants which came up from the seed Butler procured at Selinunte I also have wild yellow auriculas—the sort which we used to find growing on the Alps I have no doubt that those I have are descendants of some which Butler brought back from the Canton Ticino and gave to his father , mine were sent to me from Wilderhope by Mrs Bridges and Miss Butler Butler would sometimes bring back a few auricula blossoms after staying at Shrewsbury, just as he would sometimes bring back a few cowslips which we picked on our Sunday walks, and keep them in water in his rooms But he did not altogether approve , it saddened him to watch them gradually decomposing, and he preferred, if he was to have flowers in his rooms, to see them in pots with their roots His view was that plants have limbs and organs as we have, and that it is a shame to cut them about; it is especially cruel to mutilate a plant at the moment when it is laying the foundations of the next generation This is why there were no flowers at his funeral It was only his very great love of auriculas, cowslips, and, I should add, fntillaries that excused him for being so inconsistent as to ill-treat them " Logic and consistency," as he says somewhere, " are luxuries for the gods and the lower animals "

I went to Shrewsbury from the 30th June to the 2nd July and stayed at Wilderhope with Mrs Bridges and Miss Butler The last time I had been there was some years before when I went with Butler for a week-end On the Sunday morning after breakfast, Mrs Bridges began

" You know, Sam, we don't wish you to think that we expect you to go to church We know you and Mr Jones always go into the country on Sunday for a walk, and we want you to try and think you can do just as you would wish. We shall go to church , and, if you think

you would like to come with us, you would find it a bright little service, that I can promise you. And the music is good Or, there is St So-and-so's where you would have a sermon from the vicar But of course you can go into the country if you think you would prefer it, and we shall not be in the least offended All we wish is that you should try and understand that we want you to think you are free to try and do exactly as you think you would like " 1902

This rambled on like a first movement by Beethoven ; the two skilfully contrasted themes of Church and Country-walk were worked out and developed, and led to a coda which threatened to assume considerable dimensions In imitation of the master, Mrs. Bridges introduced " points of independent interest, variety of modulation and new treatment of the themes of the movement being alike resorted to, to keep up the interest until the last."¹ Presently she paused, not that she had exhausted her themes or herself, but she paused, and I interpolated

" Suppose we toss up ? "

It had the effect of silencing Mrs Bridges

" Come away " said Butler sternly.

Thus we got off for our walk But he was quite cross with me He said I had disgraced myself and should never be invited to Wilderhope again I refrained from saying that I might survive such a punishment And it amused me afterwards to know that I was asked again, that is, he was asked to bring me, but, like Ernest, he had formed a theory and did not tell me of the invitations, I only found out about them indirectly It happened, therefore, that the next time I went to Wilderhope was in response to a direct invitation, after his death

I had written to Miss Butler telling her about his illness, how much out of health he had been for years, and what the doctors had said, and I added that, if Dr Byres Moir was right, the pernicious anaemia might perhaps have been the cause of the attacks of giddiness of which he used to complain so long ago as 1895, when he

¹ Grove 8 Dictionary of Music and Musicians (Ed 1904), Art " Coda "

1902 was working too hard at the *Odyssey* She replied thanking me for my letter, and saying that she had not told Mrs Bridges about the giddiness, fearing it might make her nervous about herself, because Mrs Bridges sometimes had attacks of giddiness And she begged me not to allude to my letter, as she had not mentioned it to her sister, whose health was not good, and more to a similar effect

Almost the first thing Mrs Bridges did when I arrived was to take me aside and tell me confidentially that Miss Butler was very delicate, far from well, and very full of nerves in some ways, I must be careful in speaking to her about Sam's illness lest I should make her uneasy and nervous about herself She added that her sister did not sleep easily, and that many things were not good for her which she (Mrs Bridges) could bear and liked to hear. This was so like what Miss Butler had written to me about Mrs. Bridges that I re-read her letter, and was startled to find that even the actual words were identical

Presently Miss Butler took me aside and talked about her brother, asking questions about his illness and death And now perhaps he saw things more clearly than he had seen them during his life—perhaps he now understood his father better She then asked me point-blank and rather suddenly whether he had not, after all, come to believe in immortality I had no doubt that she was thinking of the immortality of the fiddle rather than of the immortality of the tune, and could only say that her brother's opinion on that point had remained unaltered up to the last moment of his life She accepted my reply as though it were what she had expected, and continued to talk She admitted that life was an enigma, full of contradictions and difficulties " But if," and here her eyes filled with tears as she raised them towards the ceiling, and her voice trembled as she continued, " if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, everything becomes quite simple "

I did not think it did , but I felt sorry for the poor woman, and cast about in my mind in search of some drop of comfort to offer her All I could find to say

was that when I left Sam a few hours before his death, ¹⁹⁰² promising to come and see him in the morning, he had replied that he did not suppose he would be there in the morning. This, I suggested, might be taken to mean that he contemplated being somewhere else. She was not much impressed by my feeble bit of sophistry, and showed an inclination to continue talking about her own faith as though she had lost all interest in her brother's views.

Presently we spoke of his last book, *Erewhon Revisited*, which she said she had not read. I understood her to say that, like her father, she had read none of her brother's books, and, again, like her father, she saw nothing to be ashamed of in this. I said that I thought it a pity she should not have read, for instance, the passage in chapter v. of *Erewhon Revisited* when Mr Higgs meets George and knows that he is his son, but George does not know that Mr Higgs is his father, or that other beautiful passage in chapter xxv when they part.

"No," she said, "no. I hate irony," and she emphasised "hate" with so much vicious determination that I saw it would be useless to tell her that these passages are free from any trace of irony.

When we rejoined Mrs Bridges the conversation turned on the subject of portraits of Sam, and especially the reproduction he had given them of Gogin's portrait of him which faces the opening of chapter xxxv of this Memoir. They said they were much pleased with the reproduction. It was a capital likeness. I asked if they would care to see Gogin's original picture.

"Oh no, we should not like to see it at all; indeed not."

"But you think your reproduction of it very like him?"

"Yes, but we did not think so till we touched it. It is now very like him, but we considered it very bad before we touched it. We do not know what was wrong with it, but there seemed to be something about the head and the hair. It was not like him. But now that we have touched it, it is quite good, and we are both so very

1902 pleased to have it But we could not bear to see the picture "

Of course I told Gogin, and he wrote :

I do so like what you told me about Mrs Bridges and the photograph It is curious what a trifle may turn a horror into a perfect portrait Did she touch up the copy herself or was it done by a local photographic genius ? Well, you and I perhaps flatter ourselves we feel things, but, with all our experience, I am afraid we have not reached that insight and subtlety of appreciation which lift their possessor quite above the plane of human artists

Thinking that Mrs Bridges and Miss Butler might wish to see their brother's rooms in Clifford's Inn before they were dismantled, which had to be done by the 29th September, I said that, if they were coming to London, or if either was coming, I should be happy to meet them and show them over And they might like to be introduced to the lady who kept the Nursing Home in St John's Wood, and to see the room in which he died This was nearly as bad as the suggestion that they should see Gogm's picture They could not think of such a thing

Accordingly, after I returned to town, I received a letter from Mrs Bridges saying that she was coming to London and would I meet her at Clifford's Inn on the 22 nd July Of course I complied She did not stay long, and I could not induce her to come on and see my rooms in Staple Inn Her visit was followed on the 30th by a similar visit from Miss Butler I met her at Clifford's Inn and showed her everything Afterwards she came on to see my rooms Here she sat in the chair her brother used to sit in, and played with the brass bowl which he used to play with and which my brother Edward brought from India She also called at the Nursing Home in St John's Wood, and saw over the house and went into the room in which Butler died.

I had told Mrs Bridges and Miss Butler that their brother had, and that it was still hanging in his rooms, a black and white water-colour portrait of himself made by Thomas Sadler from a faded photograph taken when he was about twenty-three, of which they had a print. A reproduction faces chapter IV ante I promised to show

them Sadler's drawing if and when they came to their brother's rooms As soon as they saw it they exclaimed •

" Oh ' then it is an enlargement? "

I said, " Well, it's larger than the photograph, but it is not enlarged by photography This is a copy enlarged and painted by hand "

They said, " Oh ' but what a pity ' Now, why wasn't it enlarged by photography and then touched ? That would have been so much better It is not at all like Sam Why, it's more like his cousin, George Lloyd "

Nevertheless, they thought they had better have it as a family portrait, and it was sent to Wilderhope

When I say " they " said so-and-so I mean that first Mrs Bridges said it, and when Miss Butler came she repeated what her sister had said Their unanimity in this matter of Sadler's portrait was like their unanimity when they spoke about their healths , but I could not determine in either case whether it was the result of a pre-arranged scheme or an effect of their having lived so much together I incline to think that it was due to the latter cause, and that Butler had noticed something of the kind so long ago as when he was writing *The Way of All Flesh* In those early days, no doubt, it was less pronounced, especially while Mrs Bridges was living at Ventnor , but I suppose it deepened and grew after she joined her father and sister at Shrewsbury, and it became very obvious after the death of Canon Butler I imagine that during the progress of the novel a prophetic instinct suggested to Butler the propriety of imitating the conjurer who rolls two rabbits into one, and that he therefore rolled his two sisters together into one indivisible Charlotte Pontifex.

In November Ingroja wrote me that the Communal Council of Calatafimi had resolved by acclamation that the street leading from the Nuovo Mercato towards Segesta should be called "Via Samuel Butler, thus honouring a great man's memory, handing down his name to posterity, and doing homage to the friendly English nation " The name of the hotel at Calatafimi

1902-3 was also changed from Albergo Centrale to Albergo Samuel Butler. The street is still (1911) called Via Samuel Butler; but when I was at Calatafimi in 1908 the hotel had been closed in consequence of the death of Don Paolo, and poor old Donna Maria was selling newspapers. She died a year later

1903

In the spring of this year I went to Italy and Sicily, taking with me some of Butler's sketches and the MSS. of three of his books, viz *Ex Voto*, *The Odyssey rendered into English Prose*, and *The Authoress of the Odyssey*. I went to Casale-Monferrato, and gave to the Avvocato Negri an oil sketch made by Butler in 1871 from the steps of the church on the Sacro Monte at Varallo-Sesia, showing the mountains as one looks towards Monte Rosa. I chose this sketch for him because he knows well both the mountains and the Sacro Monte. I gave Cesare Coppo an oil sketch of Hendon made by Butler, and I chose this for him because it is an English view, and he sometimes says that the happiest time in his life was when he was in England.

I went next to Varallo-Sesia and gave to the Municipio the MS of *Ex Voto* and an oil sketch made by Butler in 1871 of the church on the Sacro Monte, historically interesting because it shows the building as it was before the new facciata was built. After the presentation I was entertained at dinner by the Municipio.

I then went to Milan where I saw the painter Cavahere Angelo Morbelli and his family, and gave them the negatives of several photographs Butler had taken of the children playing in the garden of their country house.

Then I went to Messina where I saw Peppino Pagoto and gave him a card-case of Butler's and a sketch he made on Monte Erice.

At Catania I saw Giovanni Platania and gave him a negative of himself in the railway station at Catania, taken by Butler, and also the MS of *The Odyssey rendered into English Prose* for the Accademia de' Zelanti of Aci-Reale of which he was at the time acting as secretary.

At Trapani I gave to the Municipio the MS of *The Authoress of the Odyssey* and I was entertained at luncheon by the Sindaco and the Municipio 1903-4

On the way I stayed at Calatafimi and saw Ingroja, and at all the places where I stopped I saw and talked with Butler's friends and told them of his last illness and death.

In August, Remi Faesch, who was in London in a bank, came one morning to see me with a telegram he had received from Peter Hauff, in the Shan States, announcing the death of his brother Hans on 5th August, aged 32. The people of Basel publish a *Easier Jahrbuck* which comes out from time to time and contains records of the lives of those of their citizens who distinguish themselves in anyway. In the volume for 1906 the third article contains an account of Hans Faesch, giving particulars of his life and many extracts from his letters home. It is entitled "Erlebnisse eines Easier Kaufmanns in Laos (Indo-China) Autobiographische Skizzen von Hans Rudolf Fasch." Madame Faesch gave me a separate copy of this article, which I gave to the British Museum where it is indexed under Hans's name.

It had been an understood thing that Gogin, who painted Butler's portrait in 1896, should paint mine. He was also to paint his own. Butler would have liked to possess a gallery of portraits of himself and his friends all painted by Gogin, but during his lifetime only his own portrait was made. In the course of 1903 Gogin painted mine, I going to Brighton where he was then living and sitting to him. Emery Walker has reproduced the picture and it appears at the opening of this chapter. I am aware that it is considered in doubtful taste for an author to include a portrait of himself in his book, I trust that these volumes do not contain any more serious breach of taste than this.

1904

Thinking that Butler's friends in England ought to hear what I had done and how I had been received in North Italy and Sicily in 1903, especially as those to

1904 whom I gave the MSS were anxious that their gratitude for the gifts should be known, I wrote an account of my journey *Diary of a Journey through North Italy to Stctly undertaken tn the Spring of 1903 for the purpose of leaving the MSS of three books by Samuel Butler at Varalio-Sesia, Aa-Reaky and Trapam* The frontispiece of this pamphlet is a reproduction of Gogin's portrait of Butler

Among Butler's friends to whom I sent a copy of my *Diary of a Journey* was Dr Dudgeon In reply I received a letter from his daughter saying that he had been in bed for three weeks, that the doctors thought it impossible he could recover, and that he would be glad to see me I went, and we talked about Butler He said that no one had influenced him so much I assured him that he also had had a great influence on Butler His house on Carlton Hill was close to mine in Maida Vale, and I went almost every day and had many conversations with him until near his end when he became too feeble to see any one I always found him perfectly happy and cheerful and not in any pain, except when they dressed his blisters He liked my coming because he knew no one else to whom he could talk about Butler I reminded him of how Butler used to prescribe homoeopathic medicines for himself, how he used to take aconite out of a little bottle when he had a cold, and how he used to insist on my taking some too, whether I had a cold or not—"It can't do you any harm," he used to say—and taw he made me go and consult Dudgeon every now and then when he thought I appeared to be out of sorts

"Well," said Dudgeon, "I hope he was right and that the medicines did not do you any harm"

"Oh no," I replied, "that was one reason why he became a homoeopath He used to say that if you did urn no good at all events you did not chuck him about with your medicines as the allopaths did with theirs"

At one of our last interviews he said "The best chingI can do now is to go to Sam, I am no use lying lere like this, and I can never get well"

I said "We must all go some day, you know, but

there is no occasion to be in a hurry about it Sam 1904-5
won't mind waiting for us "

He smiled and said " Ah well, I think his views about meeting again were very much the same as mine For my part I have never been able to form any clear idea of what people mean when they talk of immortality "

I told him that in any other sense except that which is intended in the sonnet " Not on sad Stygian shore" Sam used to say that immortality was for him unthinkable , and Dudgeon was much comforted

He died on the 8th September, aged 84 I went to his funeral at Golder's Green where he was cremated on the 12th.

1905

On 3rd April *Ulysses* was sung through at 32 Clannacarde Gardens, the residence of Mr H. J T Wood. The solos were taken by Miss Betty Booker (soprano), Miss Grainger Kerr (contralto), Mr R A Streatfeild (tenor), and Mr Francis Harford (bass), Mr Hurlstone accompanied on the piano, and Mr Wood conducted. This performance was practicable because the pianoforte score of the oratorio had been published in the preceding October by Weekes & Co It contains this

Note — At the time of his death, 18 June, 1902, Samuel Butler had completed his part of *Ulysses* Since then I have finished my share and am now able to fulfil one of his last wishes by publishing the work I am sure he would have approved of my taking this opportunity to acknowledge the great assistance given to us both by our friend Mr S. P. Waddington September 1904, H F J

For some months after my sister and I had moved to Marda Vale Alfred came there daily, just as he used to go to Clifford's Inn ; but presently he made up his mind to start in business and, in the spring of 1905, bought a small general shop in Canal Road, Mile End This did not use up more than about £100 of his legacy , the rest was invested, and he, with his wife and his three children, continued to live on the profits of the shop and the dividends of the investments

1905-6 In September 1905 Ingroja died at his villa near Calatafimi. He was a man who would have made a considerable mark if his intelligence and his energies had not been confined to such a small place as Calatafimi

1906

I had long wanted to see Langar and in the autumn wrote to the rector, the Rev D. F. Wright, to propose a visit. He replied that I should be welcome. I went on 6th November 1906. Mr Wright met me at Barnstone station and drove me to Langar. He told me that he was of the family of Wright of Derby. He showed me the church and in the church-yard the tombstone to Butler's brother, William Butler, who died 4th January 1839, aged six months, his father and mother "sorrowing but not with bitterness." I thought of how, if Butler was present when people were talking of the earliest events they could remember, his contribution usually was that he remembered seeing the dead body of his brother William lying naked on a bed, Butler being at the time three years and two months old. And I thought of how he would then assume a wistful expression, cast up his eyes and exclaim

"My poor little brother William." The only one of my relations with whom I never quarrelled."

The pews used to be high, all of carved oak, Canon Butler pulled them down when he restored the church (ante, I 116), and Mr Wright regretted that the oak was not used for panelling the church. I looked for a brass or stone to Canon Butler, but there was none. I half remember having heard that there is a stained-glass window in some church in Shrewsbury, put up in his memory by "two ladies of this town," or something of that kind, but I have never seen it.

Mr Wright had to consult with his churchwardens about altering the paths and grass, and I went in to tea with Mrs Wright in the drawing-room, the scene of Butler's picture "Family Prayers." The arch and the window beyond it, shown in the picture, were additions

made to the rectory house by Canon Butler, in the real ¹⁹⁰⁶ room there are behind the row of servants two windows in the wall on which Butler has made the clock and the landscapes throw their contradictory shadows I went round the garden with Mrs Wright and found the view of which Butler made a sketch I gave the sketch to his nephew Harry Butler who, as a boy, used to go to Langar and remembered it It shows the grass paths and the door in the wall which Ernest sees when he returns to Battersby to his mother's death-bed (*The Way of All Fleshy* ch lxxxm) •

Ernest found himself looking hard against the blue door at the bottom of the garden to see if there was rain falling, as he had been used to look when he was a child doing lessons with his father

This passage is, of course, a personal reminiscence And so it is earlier in the same chapter when Ernest is being driven from the station, and Battersby church tower draws near and he sees the rectory on the top of the hill and throws himself back in the carriage and covers his face with his hands

When I went to live in Staple Inn, that part of Barnard's Inn in which my previous chambers were situated was demolished, but other parts, including the Hall, were left standing Mr Dolmetsch used to give concerts in. the Hall, and Butler and I went to some of them One evening we arrived too early and spent the time in visiting my old rooms The doors were off, the walls were bare, and the boards were up. We picked our perilous way across the rafters, through the sitting-room into the bed-room and the kitchen And Butler's eye> filled with tears It was, I admit, a melancholy occasion, but it surprised me that he should be so deeply affected It was the first time I had observed how peculiarly susceptible he was to those emotions which we all experience in some degree on returning to a place after an interval during which changes have occurred in the place or in ourselves There are many indications of this in his writings, and when I was helping to correct the

1906 proofs of *The Way of All Flesh* the passages referred to above reminded me of our visit to the ruins of Barnard's Inn.

Presently Mr Wright came back from his meeting He showed me over the house and took me into the room in which Butler was born I knew which it was because Butler made this note

I was born in what was afterwards the best spare room, *i e* the westernmost first-floor room on the left as you look towards the house * The room which my brother and I had, and which was always called "the boys' room," was the one next to this with nothing but a thin partition between the two, and two windows looking north

We went downstairs and sat in the study, and he pointed out two curious depressions on the mantelpiece He said that Mr Gregory, a former rector, used to stand in front of the fire, leaning against the mantelpiece, and that he made these marks by constantly rubbing his forehead against the painted wood or plaster In the garden Mrs Wright had shown me the place where Mr Gregory's observatory used to stand, and told me that Canon Butler pulled it down and used the material in restoring the church.

MR GREGORY AT LANGAR

He was my father's predecessor but one, and held the living from about 1700-1820 He used to ride on horseback to London, and the fields near Mr Harrison's farm are still called the London Fields because he so styled them He was an astronomer, I can just remember his observatory being pulled down to give place to my father's coach-house He built two little steps against the wall nearly opposite our study window, from which to watch the sunset over the garden wall Mr Isaac Hall told me that he saw him standing on these steps watching the sunset a day or two before he died As it was going down he said

Good-bye, Sun, Good-bye, Sun—

And then went in—never to come out again

Butler used this note in telling of the death of old John Pontifex in *The Way of All Flesh*

While in the house I thought of the bees going up 1906-8
and down the paper in the drawing-room at Battershy

BEEES

The paper at Langar was at one time of a pattern full of roses red and white, or camehas, I forget which. I have seen the bees come in on a summer's afternoon and try flower after flower of them, going from sofa to ceiling and then down the next row. They found it impossible in the presence of so many of the associated ideas to believe in the absence of the one they set most store by—honey

I looked for this paper, of course it was not there, but Mr. Wright told me that when he came, in 1903, the drawing-room had been repapered and he remembered seeing roses on some of the old papers that were stripped from the walls. His recollection of the pattern was that it was not rows of roses up and down but rather a border of roses along the skirting, up the corners, and along under the ceiling. Butler did not paper the room with it in his picture, his reason being, I imagine, that he felt unequal to it. Mr Wright also remembered that when he came the roof was still full of bees, and they had got rid of them.

1908

Professor Marcus Hartog, in a conversation with me, suggested that there should be an Erewhon dinner. Having consulted Streetfeild, Desmond MacCarthy, Emery Walker and others, I prepared a list of all who, we thought, were interested in Butler. We fixed the 16th July for the dinner so as to suit Marcus Hartog, arranged preliminaries with the manager of Pagani's, and sent out reply-postcards.

THE LREWHON DINNER

A few admirers of *Erewhon* and its author intend to dine together at 730 PM on Thursday 16th July at Pagani's Restaurant, Great Portland Street. If you can come you will be welcome. Kindly sign and return the annexed card so that arrangements may be made accordingly. The price of the dinner

1908 will not exceed 5/-exclusive of drinks and there will be two menus
(a) ordinary (b) vegetarian Evening dress optional

Mr Emery Walker generously prepared for the menu a reproduction of the portrait which Butler painted of himself in 1878—the one he gave to me It is reproduced as the frontispiece to vol I of this Memoir Under the portrait on the menu were printed these words

Above all things, let no unwary reader do me the injustice of believing in *me* In that I write at all I am among the damned If he must believe in anything, let him believe in the music of Handel, the painting of Giovanni Bellini, and in the thirteenth chapter of St Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians (*Life and Habit*, close of chap 11)

I here were about thirty-two persons present I was in the chair, with Professor Hartog on my right and Julius Beitram, who knew Miss Savage, on my left I put Julius Bertram next to me partly because he was a Member of Parliament, and I wanted him to instruct me in the duties of a chairman, of which I knew nothing After dinner I rose and said

" Gentlemen, I he King "

The company rose and we drank the health of His Majesty In a few moments I rose again and delivered a speech which I had prepared I do not suppose I said all I had intended to say, but this resume will give an idea of the spirit which we intended should prevail at these dinners

Gentlemen When my friend Professor Marcus Hartog suggested that we should have this dinner—for the proposal came from him—he said

" I do not know what Butler himself would have thought of it ?"

And I replied "I think I can tell you He would have been very much pleased And especially pleased because he could not himself be present in a material sense "

We know Butler's views about immortality—that it is the living in the thoughts and deeds of other men , and in that sense he is present among us now But we must be careful that no future meeting shall degenerate into anything like a religious

SECOND EREWHON DINNER

celebration We must so conduct ourselves that if he were to return in a material sense to this Erewhon of ours he would never find us doing what Mr Higgs found them doing when he returned to the real Erewhon That is why those words from *Life and Habit* are printed on the menu under his portrait which his friend Mr Emery Walker has kindly reproduced for us 1908-9

I have written to about twenty Italians and Sicilians telling them of this dinner They have all replied promising to be present in spirit and Dionigi Negri, of Varallo-Sesia, has sent us a pot of honey made by Bertoh's bees from the flowers of Monte Rosa We may be sure that all his friends out there are now thinking of us and that they are all drinking a glass of wine to The Memory of Samuel Butler Let us do the same

Whereupon the guests stood up and in silence we drank to his memory

Speeches were made by Professor Hartog, Professor G S Sale who, having retired from the University of Dunedin, was living in London, and by Butler's fellow art-student, Mr. H R Robertson Some one came and told me that the company would like to hear particulars about Alfred, so I told them all about him, and assured them that he would be much pleased to hear that they had asked after him After this Streatfeild said a few words and we separated

1909

On July 15th we had the second Erewhon dinner at Pagam's, that date being fixed to suit the convenience of Mr George Bernard Shaw There were about fifty-three persons present, including Alfred, and Dionigi Negri sent some more of Bertoh's honey The Rev Canon M'Cormick said grace

I proposed The King, followed by The Memory of Samuel Butler Among those who spoke were Canon M'Cormick, who told some anecdotes of Butler at Cambridge, including the mishap to the Johnian boat when Butler was steering it in 1857 (ante, I, 52), Mr John H Baker, who was in New Zealand with Butler, and who told us how he had accompanied him on the journey which is described as the entry into Erewhon, and about his pathetic meeting with Butler in 1902, forty years later, in

THIRD EREWHON DINNER

1909-10 Rome (ante, p 391), Mr H R Robertson, Professor Marcus Hartog, and Bernard Shaw,

1910

In February I read a paper on Butler before the British Association of Homoeopathy at 43 Russell Square, W C The paper was practically the obituary article which I had written for *The Eagle*, December 1902, revised, and with references to homoeopathy inserted Some of Butler's music was performed by Miss Grainger Kerr, Mr R A Streatfeild, Mr J A Fuller Martland, and Mr H J T Wood (the Secretary of the Association)

On 14th July the third Erewhon dinner took place at Pagam's The date was fixed to suit the convenience of Mr Augustine Birrell There were about fifty-eight persons present, and Dionigi Negri sent some more of Bertoh's honey After the toasts of The King and The Memory of Samuel Butler, speeches were made by Marcus Hartog, by Mr (afterwards Sir) Johnston Forbes Robertson, to whom, when he was a boy, Butler gave a copy of *Erewhon*, not for him to read but for him to take home to his father and mother, by Richard Whiteing, who said we were not digging out a forgotten reputation, we were building up and creating a new reputation, and by Bernard Shaw, who reminded us that Butler laid great stress upon the importance of money, poverty was a crime, that he also laid great stress on the importance of luck, to be unlucky was a crime The real reason (he said) why Butler was unknown during his lifetime was that he was always showing wherein accepted people were wrong, so that they were afraid of openly approving of him lest he should turn and rend them Butler, he said, would not play at being a lion, and these dinners were only possible because he could not be present in person and tell us wherein we were wrong to hold them Mr H R Robertson and Dr Nairn also spoke I then called on Birrell, who told us about his meeting with Butler at Miss Edith Sichel's.

On 16th November I read a paper on Butler before 1910 the Historical Society of St John's College, Cambridge. The paper was founded upon my previous address, with the omission of the homoeopathy and the insertion of recollections of school and college days. The Historical Society met in the combination room of the college, and the Master (Mr R F Scott), who was also Vice-Chancellor of the University, was in the chair. A vote of thanks was proposed by Professor William Bateson, FRS.

In the autumn Mr Jason Smith died, and his daughter consulted me about Butler's picture, "Mr Heatherley's Holiday," which, since 1902, had been hanging in her father's dining-room in Lancaster Gate. I spoke to Sir Charles Holroyd, Director of the National Gallery, about it. Eventually Mr Jason Smith's representatives gave the picture to the nation, and it was hung in the National Gallery of British Art.

In December I received from Miss Butler *A Kalendar for Lads* (A R Mowbray & Co, Ltd, 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W and 9 High Street, Oxford). It is dedicated to Patrick Henry Cecil Butler, the son of Butler's nephew, Harry Butler. There is a note thanking various publishers for leave to use extracts from works issued by them, and this note is dated Shrewsbury, 1910, and signed with Miss Butler's initials, but the full name of the compiler is nowhere given. On the back of this note occurs the following

NEMO NISI CHRISTUS*

THE MOTTO ADOPTED BY SAMUEL BUTLER,
SOME TIME BISHOP OF LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY,
AND FORMERLY HEAD MASTER OF SHREWSBURY
SCHOOL

* None save Christ

A text from the Bible is allotted to each day, and is followed by a quotation in verse or in prose, sometimes more than one. They are perhaps not all of them, strictly speaking, quotations, for some are signed M B and others are unsigned, but they are chosen and placed so as to emphasise the teaching of the text, thus.

JANUARY

4. *They will go ft om strength to strength,—Ps lxxxiv 7*
 Good—Better—Best,
 Never let it rest,
 Till your Good is Better,
 And your Better, Best

JUNF

- 21 *Even Christ pleased not Himself—Rom xv 3*
 Choose, lads, which shall it be—self-will, self-conceit, self-indulgence, or the poet's "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control"
M B

AUGUST

- 20 *The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way —Num xxi 4*

A wise traveller goeth on cheerily through fair weather and through foul,

He knoweth that his journey must be sped, so he carries his sunshine with him M TUPPER

Be the day weary or be the day long
 At last it ringeth to Evensong

In thanking Miss Butler for her present I was careful not to say that I had met with "Be the day weary" etc in Ernest's bed-room at Battersby (chap lxxxni), or to let her suspect that I remembered his comment

"There's not enough difference between 'weary' and 'long' to warrant an 'or' " he said, "but I suppose it's all right"

I was probably intended to recognise her in the initials M B My recollection is that I taxed her with having composed also some of the unsigned selections, and that she treated this part of my letter with ostentatious silence I remember especially thinking that she composed the verse "Good—Better—Best," but I repeated it recently to a friend, who assured me that he was familiar with it as an old rhyme, so I daresay she also selected the others

JUST AND UNJUST

This incident, settling that a supposed author was 1910
merely a selector, reminded me of a similar incident
which also occurred recently about a passage in one of
Miss Savage's letters In the postscript of her letter to
Butler of the 13th August 1881 (ante, I 359) she enclosed
some scraps of conversation at her club. This is the
final one

Mrs A hears from her friend of the good fortune of some
bad people (dissenters probably) and exclaims "Deir, dear,
to think now of their having such good luck ' " Her friend
says "Well, well, it rains alike on the just as well as the
unjust" I, smarting with a sense of wrong, say from the other
end of the room " It rains more on the just, for the unjust take
the umbrellas " I hope you will laugh at my little joke They
did not

In his reply Butler wrote . " I liked your plum about
the umbrellas I must try and get it in somewhere " *He was writing Alps and Sanctuaries* at the time, and
meant that he must put her remark into the book , he
used to say that one can get anything in anywhere if one
sets to work , but I have not found this particular plum
in the book

I read Miss Savage's postscript to another friend, who
mused and muttered

" L et me see One moment ' The rain it rainth'—
yes—that's it

'The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust fellers,
But more upon the just because
The unjust take the just's umbrellers'"

And this rhyme it seems is also well known as an
old saying Evidently Butler assumed that Miss Savage
originated the jest, which she was quite capable of doing ,
but I suppose he was wrong and that he omitted it from
his book because she explained to him verbally that she
was not claiming it as her own ; she thought he would
know she was alluding to a common saying I omitted
the plum from her postscript because it appeared to me
then that the necessary explanation would be cumbrous ;

FOURTH EREWHON DINNER

1910-n but I want it now, because it points the contrast between the literary taste of Miss Savage and that of Miss Butler

1911

In March 1880 Butler finished and dated a portrait of himself and soon afterwards gave it to Gogin, who in 1911 gave it to Shrewsbury School, it was hung in the headmaster's dining-room

I gave this year to St John's College, Cambridge, the portrait of himself which Butler painted in 1878—reproduced as the frontispiece to vol I of this Memoir

On the 14th July we had the fourth Erewhon dinner at Paganfs The date this year was fixed to suit the convenience of Mr William Phipson Beale, afterwards Sir William Phipson Beale, Bart 1 here were about seventy-five persons present After the two toasts, speeches were made by myself, by Mr H W Nevinson, Desmond MacCarthy, Phipson Beale, J H Baker, W H Gray, and Di Reginald Hughes William Bateson also spoke, and referred to the changes which had taken place in public opinion since the publication of *Erewhon*, for instance, legislation had lately been proposed for the isolation of those suffering from consumption, which reminded him of the imprisonment of sick persons in the satire He was also pleased to think that Butler's portrait was now hanging in the Hall of St John's College, on equal terms with ecclesiastics in wigs and lawn sleeves—another significant change

There is a passage in *Etewhon* (pp 100-102 in the early editions, and pp 120-122 in the 1901 edition), in the chapter headed "Malcontents" (which is chapter xii in both editions), it begins "I write with great diffidence, but it seems to me that there is no unfairness in punishing people for their misfortunes, or rewarding them for their sheer good luck," and ends, "because lunacy is less infectious than crime" One cannot always remember things at the right moment or, apropos of Bateson's speech, I might have told the guests of this passage, and I could have told them further that in the second-hand

DEATH OF DIONIGI NEGRI

copy of *hrewhon* which I bought in 1906 (referred to 1911 ante, I 363), this passage has a pencil line and crosses all down the margin, and where it begins are these words in Butler's handwriting " Meant seriously " Perhaps my omission was not of much consequence, for I do not think that at the Erehwon dinners we have ever had many of those who protest that they never know when Butler is jesting and when he is serious

Dionigi Negri sent no honey for this dinner, and I wondered why In the autumn I went to Varallo, where they told me that earlier in the year he had had a fall, from which he never recovered, and in October he died, aged 67, about the same age as Butler was at the time of his death

Mr (now Sir) Francis Darwin, when President of the British Association, in September 1908, in his Inaugural Address at Dublin, had spoken with approval of Henng's theory connecting the phenomena of heredity with memory, and quoted from Butler's translation of Henng's *Lecture on Memory*, which is contained in *Unconscious Memory* There had been a fire at Ballantyne's, as I have said before, and this book had become scarce Streatfeild and I considered that it ought now to be made accessible, in case any one might wish to read Butler's translation of Henng's lecture, either in consequence of Mr P Darwin's reference to it or otherwise We therefore published through Fifield a new edition which appeared during the spring of 1910 Almost immediately after the book was out I received from Mr Sydney C. Cockerell, Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, a letter addressed to him by Francis Darwin asking him to find out whether any one was writing Butler's *Life*, and saying that he had letters from Huxley and Leslie Stephen containing information which ought to be seen by Butler's biographer I replied direct to Francis Darwin, saying that I was writing the *Life*, but that I hardly saw how letters from Huxley and Leslie Stephen could find a place in it, nevertheless if he thought I ought to see them I should be pleased to consider them. Thus began the

1911 correspondence which is referred to at the opening of chapter xviii. ante I concluded my first letter thus " Of course I reserve absolute liberty of action, and must be free to treat my subject as I think fit " I said this because I had inherited Butler's distrust of Charles Darwin, and remembered his saying somewhere that Francis Darwin and his brothers had descended from their father with singularly little modification Perhaps I ought not to have said what I did I ought to have remembered Francis Darwin's public references to Butler, not merely the one at Dublin in 1908, but also the one at the Cardiff Meeting of the British Association in 1891, mentioned ante, p 116, and another in 1901, when Mr F. Darwin delivered a lecture at the Glasgow Meeting of the British Association *On the Movements of Plants* The report of this lecture in *Nature*, 14th November 1901, contains this sentence " If we take the wide view of memory which has been set forth by Mr S Butler (*Life and Habity* 1878) and by Professor Hering, we shall be forced to believe that plants, like all other living things, have a kind of memory " And I ought to have remembered that it was partly because of these public allusions to *Life and Habit* by Francis Darwin that Butler had come to be more considered, and that people were beginning to understand that a very serious purpose underlies his humour

Nevertheless I am glad I used the words, because Francis Darwin, in replying, commented upon them thus • " I do not think my letter to Mr Cockerell showed any wish to interfere with your liberty , I certainly have no such desire " Then after reading the papers he sent me, which I did with the greatest interest, I saw what a different light they threw on his father's silence, and I was able to write to him about my liberty in treating my subject " You have not interfered with it, but you have done something else—you have altered the subject I have to treat "

Mr. Francis Darwin and I corresponded about these letters until December 1910 In the course of our correspondence I asked him whether he consented to my making public the fact, disclosed in the letters he sent me,

that he and some of his brothers disapproved of the 1911 advice given by Huxley and Leslie Stephen, at the same time I inquired whether he had had any other special reason for sending me the papers. He gave his consent, and added "I had hoped that the general impression of the papers sent you would have led you to suspect that Butler was mistaken, but I do not mean to complain if this is not in any degree the case."

I understood him to mean mistaken in supposing that Charles Darwin had undertaken his book, *Erasmus Darwin*, because of or with reference to *Evolution Old and New*. Even in 1879-80, when the events were proceeding, I had suspected that Butler might have been mistaken in this, and I therefore told Francis Darwin so. I could not tell him that my suspicion arose in consequence of reading the letters he sent me, but I told him that on reading them, and thinking them over again, I had become convinced that Butler must have been mistaken. Further, I said that if he had known what was contained in the letters he would have been confirmed in what he wrote in his preface to the second edition of *Evolution Old and New*, that Charles Darwin may have been right and he wrong, and would have taken or made an opportunity of, putting the matter straight.

The case then stood thus. Butler's accusation was in three counts •

(1) That Charles Darwin undertook *Erasmus Darwin* because of or with reference to *Evolution Old and New*,

(2) That his preface contained an error,

(3) That he made a mistake in the line he took when the error was pointed out to him.

Francis Darwin admitted (3) by saying that he disapproved of the way in which the matter was treated, I gave up (1) by admitting that Butler must have been mistaken, and we agreed about (2).

Having reached this point, Mr F Darwin wrote in a subsequent letter "I have often regretted that when the quarrel began I did not go to Butler and have it out viva voce. I also think I was mistaken in not publishing in *Life and Letters* [of Charles Darwin] a full account of the thing."

1911-12 AH this correspondence was utilised by me in preparing a pamphlet, *Charles Darwin and Samuel Butler A Step towards Reconciliation*, which was published by Fifield in November 1911, and, as is said at the opening of chap xvni ante, the expenses of publication were shared equally by Francis Darwin and myself at his request

1912

During this year the British Museum held an exhibition of prints and drawings, and included two of Butlei's water-colours

Soon after Butler's death Gogin handed to me the portrait of Butler which he had painted in 1896, and it hung in my house in Maida Vale until 1911, when it was given to the National Portrait Gallery, where it was hung soon after the 18th June, 1912. They have a rule not to hang portraits until ten years after the death of the subject. When I opened negotiations with the Gallery I told them that this portrait belonged to Gogin, and that he was giving it to them. On my telling Gogin I had done so, he objected, saying that he considered he had given the picture to me, and that I was giving it to the Gallery. "Besides," he said, "Butler would have liked the picture to have on it our three names. Portrait of Butler, painted by Gogin, presented by Jones." Knowing that this was the case, I went to the Gallery and saw Mr Holmes, who, as I understood, promised that it should be so recorded. But when the picture was hung I saw that this had not been done. I suppose I must have been too insistent with my first idea, and that the red tape was too strong.

The fifth Lrewhon dinner took place at Pagani's on 12th July, the date being fixed by Mr Edmund Gosse, C B, LL D. There were about ninety persons present.

After the two toasts, The King and The Memory of Samuel Butler, I told the guests about the discovery of Butler's lost "Dialogue on Species," which is related more fully in chapter vn ante. Speeches were made by Mr Edmund Gosse, Phipson Beale, Dr Rowland Thurnam, Desmond MacCarthy, and Sir Charles Holroyd.

1913

I gave to St John's College, Cambridge (1) A water- 1913-14
 colour sketch made by Butler, when an undergraduate, of
 a part of the river, (2) the two copies of his pamphlet,
The Evidence for the Resurrection, cut about and bound
 into one, mentioned ante, (3) the two copies of the
 Greek Testament, full of marginal notes in Butler's hand-
 writing, also mentioned ante

The sixth Erewhon dinner was held at Pagani's on
 the 11th July. The day was fixed to suit the Master of
 St John's College, Cambridge (Mr R F Scott), and
 there were about 112 persons present. After the two
 toasts, The King and The Memory of Samuel Butler,
 speeches were made by Professor W H Hudson, who
 was an undergraduate at St John's with Butler, and
 by Mr William Aubrey Willes, who accompanied Butler
 from New Zealand to London in 1864, and gave us an
 account of the voyage, the substance of which is contained
 in his letter, ante, I 109-110. The Master of St John's,
 Mr Spenser Wilkinson, and Mr E S P Haynes also
 spoke.

Mr John F Harris, of St John's, wrote an account
 of the proceedings, which appeared in *The Cambridge
 Magazine* of 11th October, 1913.

1914

The seventh Erewhon dinner was held on 3rd July.
 John Harris came and stayed with me for a few weeks
 before the dinner, and made himself extremely useful
 in sending out the cards and generally assisting in the
 preparations. He wrote an account of the dinner and the
 speeches, which appeared in *The Press* (Christchurch,
 N Z). There was an innovation on this occasion and
 ladies were present; also we had to move from Pagani's,
 because there was not room for us all there, and the dinner
 took place at the Holborn Restaurant. There were about
 160 present. The date was fixed by Mrs Bernard Shaw,

19*4 who was accompanied by her husband After the two usual toasts, The King and The Memory of Samuel Butler, and an opening speech from me, the Right Hon Mr Justice Williams gave some account of his friendship with Butler during early years in New Zealand

The Hon Mrs Richard Grosvenor, formerly Mrs Alfred Bovill, spoke of the honour conferred on her in being asked to speak at the first Erewhon dinner to which ladies were invited She introduced herself by quoting Butler's note about the clergyman being a kind of human Sunday, his sister being a kind of human Good Friday, and Mrs Bovill a human Easter Monday or some other Bank Holiday (ante, p 94) This, she said, was the greatest compliment that had ever been paid to her in words She concluded with several anecdotes, including the one about Butler's losing his "bloody ticket" (ante, p 119), and a description of Butler as she remembered him

Among the other speakers were Desmond MacCarthy, who spoke of Butler's philosophy and humour, and said that his religion might be described as "a good rollicking broad church paganism", George Bernard Shaw, Gilbert Cannan who, alluding to Butler's declining to take orders in 1859, said that the doing of something "awful" was a necessary preliminary to finding oneself, and Henry Marriott Paget, who gave some reminiscences of his student days with Butler at Heatherley's Among those who did not speak was Miss Grace Stebbing, a daughter of the Rev Henry Stebbing, who is mentioned ante, I 230 The fact that her father wrote the opening review in the first issue of *The Athenaeum*, and was for many years closely connected with the paper to which Butler so frequently contributed, made Miss Grace Stebbing an appropriate link with the past

I had Mrs Shaw on my right and Mrs Grosvenor on my left, and when the dinner was over I signed to Alfred that I wanted him He came and shook hands with Mrs Grosvenor He did more, he patted her on the back and said

" Thank you, Mum I heard every word you said, 1914 and you done it very nice and very feelin* "

On the 16th August Alfred's son, Alfred John Cathie, the nipper who in 1897 got lost in Leather Lane and was brought home by a policeman, " otherwise he would or rather was being taken to the police station," went to France and served with his regiment He had enlisted in the Royal Field Artillery in February 1914 Here are some samples of his letters home

Alfred John Cathie to his Mother

Thursday, Oct 8th, 1914

DEAR MOTHER—Many thanks indeed for parcel received on Oct 7th There was only one fault with it, that was, the smell from the soap had penetrated into the cake and chocolate which gave it a beautiful flavour , still we got through it alright So please don't send any more soap as we now get well supplied with it

I am glad to say I am still well and hope to remain so We have been very busy since we arrived here, but hope it will soon be over so as to get back We get on alright under the circumstances, the food is alright and we don't do at all bad

When we arrived at Boulogne we had a fine reception, arriving on Wednesday morning and remained in the town until the evening, then left for a camp about three miles outside the town There we stopped till Friday afternoon when we entrained for Veaux We had a *fine* journey , the French people gave us a splendid reception all along the line At each stopping place there was refreshments of all description, one could have anything they required Arriving at Veaux at midnight we disentrained and billeted in a field about half a mile from the station After fixing up the horse-lines it was three o'clock, so we had two hours sleep

We left there at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning, and started on the march and were marching all day and, it being very hot, some of us felt it In the evening we came to a halt and had a few hours rest and resumed our marching on Sunday morning

Crossing the frontier we arrived in Mons Sunday, midday, when we stayed in a field to have dinner. We had not been in there half an hour when we received an order to pack up and the brigade had to go into action We were then in action the remainder of the day On Monday the firing was resumed until the afternoon when an order was given for a general retirement.

1914 We were then retiring for two weeks towards the South of France, to a place called Fontenoy just below Meaux There we started our advancing towards the Aisne I think I'll finish now and let you know more *m my* next letter

Give my love to Dad and the girls, and I shall be very pleased to hear from them

Hoping to hear from you soon and with very best love
From your affectionate son, A L F

Alfred J Cathie to his Father and Mother

3 Nov 1914—We are at present in the thick of it, having shifted our position from the Aisne and gone further north My word 1 we did have a warm time there, we were in action for thirty days Our Headquarters are now billeted in a farm-house, and we had rather a quiet time until three days ago, when two French batteries came into action in the next field, and since then we have had it rather warm

The Germans have been dropping shells all about us, trying to find these battelles The colonel has given orders for us to dig trenches, so as to take cover when a hot fire is on Here I am at present writing this letter in my trench shared by a chum, and the batteries are keeping up a constant fire, and shells bursting all around—it's very exciting Still, apart from this, we haven't done so bad, of a morning, first thing, when there are no shells about, a couple of us go out and milk a cow

Alfred J Cathie to H F Jones

9th Nov 1914—We found it very trying on the retreat from Mons, we were marching on the average twenty-five miles every day with little rest How pleased we were when we reached Fontenoy, a small town a few miles below Meaux, and started advancing on Sept 6th Then we knew something was being done, but on the retreat we seemed to be running away every day from the enemy and making no attempt to stop their advancing This greatly disheartened the troops, of course we did not know the scheme at the time

Alfred J Cathie to his Father

Ind Dec 1914—We are still in the rest camp. I can tell you we are living like lords at present, but God knows we have earned it It's quite a pleasure to get out of range of the beastly Jack Johnsons and shrapnel shells, and this is the only time we

THE OFFICERS' CART

are able to have a good time The drivers take their horses out 1915-16 for exercise in the morning, then turn them in the fields to graze I now hear that one of our batteries have gone into action fourteen miles away to support the Indian Division, so that leaves us with two batteries

We have with us a small French cart which the officers use to put their food in, the colonel bought it on the retirement at a place called Guise When we were coming out of our last position we had a slight accident with the cart As we left the farm-house where we were staying and got on the road, the fellow who was leading the horse at the time (it was the colonel's servant) did not know the road, and about 50 yards down there was a big shell hole and, of course, it had been raining very hard two or three days previous to this, so the hole got filled up with mud and water and not noticeable When we got to this a part of the harness broke, the wheels of the cart went into the hole and the body and shafts went up in the air and the driver went walking on with the horse Lauah—I thought I should have died, it was so funny, we were all standing in mud up to our knees trying to get the cart out And we were all sweating in case a shell coming, before this we had had a heavy shelling, anyhow we got out of it alright I sometimes take the cart out into Hazebruck to get supplies for the officers I go with one of the trench interpreters (we have two in the brigade), and he goes mounted and I drive the cart I think I best ring off now and tell you some more another time

I am happy to say that this boy, Alfie, is still (June 1916) "in the pink," as he expresses it He has been home on leave twice, on each occasion he came to dine with me, and we went to a theatre His two sisters are living at home with their parents Florne is assistant in the Home and Colonial Stores in the Roman Road, Bow; and Annie is machinist to a firm that makes underclothing in Bunhill Row

1916

Miss Butler died at Shrewsbury on the 6th of January

In March Mr Edward Clodd wrote that he was preparing a book of Reminiscences, and wished to include in it some letters he had from Butler Streatfeild had no objection, but asked him to send copies of them They were written at the time Butler was finishing *Life and Habit*, and disclosed what was to me a new and interesting

1916 fact, namely, that Mr Edward Clodd was the friend who introduced him to Mivart's book, *The Genesis of Spectes* (ante, I 258) This friend is referred to again, with his name again suppressed, on p 34 of *Unconscious Memory* (1880), "How I wrote *Life and Habit*"

Butler's pictures, sketches, and studies were distributed, some to the British Museum, others to friends, but no list was kept The destination of some of them has been already mentioned Alfred has several, and I took those that were left over One of his portraits of himself was sent to Christchurch, New Zealand, and hung in the Museum there, where also hangs his portrait of Mr Cass (ante, I 128) Gogin took one of the early portraits—a very curious one—and I have another

The MSS of his books and music have been nearly all given away, and particulars will be found in the bibliography at the beginning of this Memoir We did not find the MS of *A First Year in Canterbury Settlement*, it may have been lost or destroyed, in any case it was not likely to be among Butler's papers, because the book was seen through the press by his family Nor did we find any MS of the pamphlet, *The Evidence for the Resurrection* All his other papers and MSS are with Streatfeild, including a translation of the *Works and Days* of Hesiod, which he made while he was engaged upon the *Odyssey* It has not yet been published, and it is the only work of his which has not hitherto been referred to in this Memoir

As a consequence of Mr A T Bartholomew's publication of Butler's Simeonite Tract in *The Cambridge Magazine* of March 1, 1913 (ante, I 47), I made his acquaintance on the 7th of May following, and soon after the seventh and last Erewhon dinner I was talking to him about this Memoir I had written it, in the sense that I had covered the canvas, before the publication of *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* in 1912 The reception of that book showed me that I had laid the Memoir on lines that were unnecessarily reticent I spent about eighteen months in going through the MS and in putting in many more letters, reminiscences, and notes Then I

had it copied and gave it to Bartholomew to read There ¹⁹¹⁶ were reasons why it could not be published immediately, and, in the meantime, I was growing older and becoming less able to work I knew that the printing of a book is always a troublesome business, and was beginning to feel the force of what Elmsley must have meant when, in one of his letters to Dr Butler, he wrote of an author as being the worst person to put one of his own works through the press Butler quoted this in his Note-Books, and added " It seems to me that he is the worst person also to make selections from his own notes or indeed, in my own case, even to write them " Whether I am the worst person to write a Memoir of Butler is a question not to be decided by me , it cannot be decided by any one until some other person shall write another Life of Butler which may be compared with mine I realised, however, that during the necessary delay in publishing my work I should inevitably be growing still older and becoming a still less suitable person to put it through the press I told Bartholomew of my difficulty, and he urged me to print the book at once and keep it ready This idea commended itself to me, especially as he was willing to help Early in 1915 I was so fortunate as to make terms with Messrs Macmillan, and by June 1915 we had gone to press.

I cannot say how much Bartholomew has helped me with the preparation of the MS for the press and with the correction of the proofs , and besides all this, he has compiled the bibliography and the index If I were to attempt adequately to express my obligations to him he would give me more trouble than I could successfully contend with, and at the end of a book of this length one may be permitted to shrink from a struggle with the scruples of modesty

It was one of his many wise counsels that formal mention should not be made in this chapter of the publication of the novel, or of new editions of Butler's books, or of the books and articles about him which have appeared since his death They are included in the bibliography, and the omission of them here has helped to

1916 make this chapter less scrappy and diffuse than it would otherwise have been. Nevertheless I fear that, more than any other chapter in the book, it lays itself open to the charge brought by Mr Murray against *The Life and Letters of Dr Butler*—that it is an omnium gatherum. I console myself by remembering that Butler replied, "Yes, but life is an omnium gatherum," thus converting a defect into a merit. If I could discover the many other defects which I am sure must be lurking in these volumes, I would do my best to convert them also into merits if I could not remove them before it is too late.

I have one other consolation. My final chapter is, as Butler said of "The Righteous Man," "the end, at any rate, of a very long thing." His "very long thing" being a discussion of ethical problems, and mine being a biography, our two cases are not strictly parallel. There is length and length. This Memoir is, I admit, long in the sense that it contains many thousands of words, it could not be otherwise, Butler would have been displeased with me if I had given him fewer words than he gave his grandfather. Numbers of words, however, may escape censure unless they result in tediousness, and I do not admit that this book is tedious. But that is to raise another question, which can only be decided by the reader.

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APPENDIX A

REVIEW OF *EREWHON*, BY MISS SAVAGE, FROM
THE DRAWING ROOM GAZETTE (8 JUNE 1872)

(Cf MEMOIR, I 158)

EREWHON Trubner & Co

CHAMFORT says in one of his maxims that " what generally 1872
makes the success of a book is the affinity between the mediocrity
of the ideas of the author and the mediocrity of the ideas of the
public " We will hope for the sake of the author of *Erewhon*
that this aphorism does not contain more than the usual measure
of aphoristic truth, otherwise we should predict for his book only a
very limited appreciation, for it is abounding in ideas of which not
one may be accused of mediocrity We do not think, however,
that *Erewhon* will fail to be popular It is a satire sharp and caustic
enough, but tempered throughout by fun so irresistible that we
laugh while we wince, and even when we might think the
author's satirical powers misdirected we feel disposed to forgive
The hero of the tale, who tells his own adventures, is what he
himself would call "a young gentleman" He is a very good
young gentleman, of a religious turn of mind , one may say of
him, as Mr Disraeli said of Mr Gladstone, that he is "a man
without a single redeeming vice" , and he is possessed of an
inestimable treasure in the shape of a never-failing spring of
serene self-satisfaction He is orthodox in all his opinions and
glories in the fact that his mother was the daughter of an arch-
deacon In spite of his clerical descent, however, he is consider-
ably misinformed with respect to the ceremonies of the English
Church and fancies that baptism and christening are two distinct
rites He jumbles up Paley's *Evidences* with Butlei's *Analogy*,
and charmingly misquotes Shakespeare But he is always pleased
with himself, he is always deeply impressed with his own superi-
ority In fact, he is a prig, and never has the character been
more amusingly set forth Moliere would not have disowned

1872 it, and, indeed, there are touches hue and theie, which, if it were possible for departed spirits to be moved by earthly passions, would mike him writhe with envy. Such, for instance, is the pissage where he slys that "the recollection of the many falsehoods he was obliged to tell would render his life miserable were it not for the consuions of his religion." Now and again, however, the author drops the mask and makes his hero speak as he would himself. It is in these intervals that we are treated to the few charming bits of description that are scattered through the book—brief and but sparingly introduced, they add picturesqueness and vividness to the narrative without in the least overloading it. We extract from the first chapter a description of the scenery in the colony whence the adventurous hero started on the journey that resulted in the discovery of the kingdom of Erewhon, the signification of which name our readers will probably be able to find out for themselves.

The country was the grandest that can be imagined. How often have I sit on the mountain side and watched the waving downs, with the two white specks of huts in the distance, and the little square of garden behind them, the paddock with a pitch of bright green oats above the huts, and the yards and wool-sheds down on the flat below, all seen as through the wrong end of a telescope, so clear and brilliant was the air, or as upon a colossal model or map spread out beneath me.

Never shall I forget the utter loneliness of the prospect—only the little far-away homestead giving sign of human handiwork, the vistness of mountain and plain, and river and sky, the marvellous atmospheric effects—sometimes black mountains against a white sky, and then agiin, after cold weather, white mountains against a black sky—sometimes seen through breaks and swirls of cloud—and sometimes, which was best of all, I went up my mountain in a fog, and then got ibove the mist, going higher and higher, I would look down upon a sea of whiteness, through which would be thiust innumerable mountain tops that looked like islands.

I am there now, as I write, I *fancy* thit I can see the downs, the huts, the plain and the river-bed—that torrent pithwi of desolation, with its distant roar of waters. Oh, wonderful ' wonderful • so lonely ind so solemn, with the sad grey clouds above, and no sound save a lost lamb bleating upon the mountain side, as though its little heart were breiking. I hen there comes some lean and withered old ewe, with deep grutf voice and unlovely aspect, trotting back from the seductive pastuie, now she examines this gully, and

now that, and now she stands listening with uplifted head, 1872
that she may hear the distant wailing and obey it Aha ' they see, and rush towards each other Alas ' they are both mistaken , the ewe is not the lamb's ewe, they are neither kin nor kind to one another, and part in coldness Each must cry louder, and wander farther yet, may luck be with them both, that they may find their own at nightfall But this is mere dreaming, and I must proceed

He could not help speculating on what might lie on the other side the ranges, and hoping to find good pasture land and, perhaps, gold, he set forth on a voyage of discovery accompanied by an old native called Chowbok, whom he endeavours to convert to Christianity Chowbok, however, has an invincible repugnance to crossing the main range, and deserts his master just as the latter is on the point of discovering a pass over the nearer mountains But undaunted by the probable dangers of the enterprise our hero pushes on alone, and, as he says himself, " by good luck, Providence being on his side," he reaches the kingdom of Erewhon, after passing through many and various perils, very graphically related, and being frightened almost to death by a circle of gigantic stone figures of fiendish aspect that guard the last pass, and that utter fearful and most unearthly noises, their heads and bodies being, as he afterwards discovers, hollowed out into a sort of organ pipes which sound with every breeze The inhabitants of the country are a magnificent race of people, and they treat the adventurer with much kindness and some distinction They hold that physical health and beauty is the highest good, and our hero has inherited from his clerical ancestors an excellent constitution and a splendid physique as well as blue eyes and yellow hair, which being extremely rare in Erewhon are very greatly admired His health and his complexion, therefore, win for him a good deal of respect, but at first he was regarded with suspicion , he had a watch in his possession, and that in Erewhon is considered a capital crime It appears that some centuries ago the Erewhonians had reached our stage of civilisation, overpassed it, and then, frightened by a book written by a learned professor, and convinced by his arguments that the perfection towards which machinery was so rapidly tending would result in the subjection of the human race to the machines, they decided after long years of civil war to destroy all machines that had not been in use for 271 years, this period being fixed so as to exclude a certain kind of mangle in use among the washerwomen, and held to be dangerous The learned professor's essay is translated, and his arguments are so logical and so precise that they almost carry conviction to the reader's mind and cause him to look upon the simplest mechanical contrivances with much

1872 the same sort of uneasiness as tint with which Goethe's student of magic must have regarded the broomstick

These strange people have other peculiarities They look upon all diseases as crimes to be punished severely, in some cases even with the penalty of death Consequently they conceal with the greatest cunning any tendency to ill-health We have an account given us of the trial of a young man for pulmonary consumption, who, though his disease is the result of necessary antecedent causes, is treated as if his health was completely under his own control, and condemned to imprisonment with hard labour for the rest of his life, the only curative treatment adopted towards him being the administration of two tablespoonfuls of castor oil daily On the other hand, Erewhonians are perfectly frank and open about their moral failings, and they have among them a sort of soul-doctors called "straighteners," whom they consult, as we do our physicians Mr Nosnibor, a gentleman of vast wealth, who received our hero into his house, is, at the time of the visit, undergoing medical treatment for having swindled a confiding widow out of the whole of her fortune The treatment prescribed by the "straighteners" consists mainly in money fines and floggings We are also introduced to a young lady who conceals her real weakness of health under the mask of dipsomania The meaning of this satire on the treatment of our own criminals is easy enough to read, and may be profitably pondered in our minds We have not space enough to enlarge on the other institutions of the Erewhonians, their religious dogmas, their theory of the pre-existence of souls, their worship of the dread goddess Ydgrun, who is the personification of the "Que dira-t-on?" that frightens so many honest people It is enough to say that the lash of the author's satire falls fiercely on many of our social and religious hypocrisies and unrealities

In the account of the Colleges of Unreason we have an amusing parody of the education bestowed in our own universities The young men are instructed principally in the science of hypothetics and the hypothetical languages, the study of possibilities and remote contingencies being considered as an infinitely better preparation for the business of life than that of actualities, a knowledge of which they are expected to pick up as they go along This part of the satire, though the driest in the book, is nevertheless sufficiently diverting, especially the defence of "Unreason" and the account of the schools of Inconsistency and Evasion, in which last science the more "earnest" and "conscientious" students acquire a proficiency that is quite amazing Many besides narrow-minded old Tories will enjoy the sly hit at the present Government, and chuckle over the inscriptions above the doors of the lecture rooms of the professors

MISS SAVAGE'S REVIEW

of these two sciences " Consistency is a vice which degrades 1872
human nature and levels man with the brute " , and " It is the
glory of the Parliament to make a law—it is the glory of the
minister to evade it "

After a residence of two years in the country, the hero, who
has fallen in love with a young lady, elopes with her in a balloon.
The narrative of the escape is told with much power and is very
interesting. After various adventures he arrived with his wife in
London where he is now, supporting himself, he tells us, by
writing good little stories for the magazines. He has decided on
purely arbitrary grounds that the Erewhonians are the descendants
of the lost Ten Tribes of Israel, and he is ambitious of converting
them to Christianity, as by doing so he would secure a position
such as has not been attained by more than fifteen or sixteen
persons since the creation of the universe , he would rank above
the minor prophets, and possibly above any Old Testament
writer except Moses and Isaiah. But he is not ambitious of
religious distinctions only , "Il vise au solide," and wishes to
combine a commercial enterprise with his missionary efforts.
He has, therefore, elaborated a plan for a joint-stock company
which shall bring vast profits to the shareholders. In this
scheme, suggested by a speech of Lord Norman by reported in
The Times, the author's irony throws so clear a light on the
unrighteous nature of the dealings of certain of our colonists with
the Polynesians that it should make them hang their heads for
very shame.

APPENDIX B

SUMMARY OF LETTER FROM BUTLER TO THOMAS WILLIAM
CAIE BUILER ABOUT THE *LIFE AND HABIT* THEORY
(18 FEBRUARY 1876)

(Cf *MEMOIR*, I 234)

1876 1 Actions which we have acquired with difficulty we now perform almost unconsciously, *eg* playing the piano, reading, writing, walking As soon as we know how to do a thing exceedingly well, consciousness in respect of it vanishes As long as we know that we know a thing we do not know it, we only know it when we do not know of our knowledge

2 Whatever we do in this way is all one in kind, the difference is in degree We play the piano almost unconsciously, we write more unconsciously, we read very unconsciously, we walk and talk still more unconsciously, our breathing is, to a certain extent, under our control, our heart's beating is perceivable but not under control, our digestion is unperceivable and beyond control

3 A baby cannot grow itself in the womb unless it knows how to do it, and to know how to do it, it must have done it before or it will be contradicting all human experience Its unconsciousness is the result of over-knowledge

4 It learnt to do it when it did it before, that is, on the previous occasions when it was an impregnate ovum

5 It has attained to unconscious knowledge of how to do it by doing it a very great number of times in the persons of its ancestors

6 But how about identity? There is no identity of matter between me as I am now and me as I was when I was **in* impregnate ovum, but there may be continuity of existence And there may be a modified identity between me as an impregnate ovum and my father and mother as impregnate ova Let us consider my ovum as the means adopted by my parents* ova not for reproducing themselves but for continuing themselves, and let us see the intermediate lives as a long potato shoot from one eye to the place where it will grow its next tuber

7. Given a single creature capable of reproducing itself and 1876
it must reproduce a creature capable of reproducing itself and
so on *ad infinitum*

Then comes Descent with Modification. Similarity tempered with dissimilarity and dissimilarity tempered with similarity—a contradiction in terms like almost everything else that is true or useful or indeed intelligible at all. A begets A' which is A with the additional experience of the dash. A' begets A'', which is A with the additional experience of A' and A'' and so on to Aⁿ, but you can never eliminate the A.

8. Let Aⁿ stand for a man. He begins as the primordial cell splitting himself up for ever, and for ever gaining experience, always doing as he did before when last he was in the same position but always with the additional experience gained by his having done it once oftener than when he did it last. First he will do his tadpoles by rote, so to speak, on his head, from long practice, then he does his fish trick, then he grows arms and legs, all unconsciously from the inveteracy of habit till he comes to doing his man, and this lesson he has not yet learnt so thoroughly. Some part of it, as the breathing and oxidation business he is well up to, inasmuch as they form part of previous roles, but the teeth and hair, the upright position, the power of speech, though all tolerably familiar, give him trouble—for he is very stupid, a regular dunce in fact. Then comes his newer and more complex environment and this puzzles him—arrests his attention—whereas consciousness springs into existence, as a spark from a horse's hoof.

Thus we are all one animal, and reproduction and death are phases of the ordinary waste and repair which go on in our bodies daily.

1.

Butler to Darwin

January 2nd, 1880

Charles Darwin, Esq, F R S, & c

DEAR SIR—Will you kindly refer me to the edition of 1880 *Kosmos* which contains the text of Dr Krause's article on Dr Erasmus Darwin, as translated by Mr W S Dallas?

I have before me the last February number of *Kosmos*, which appears by your preface to be the one from which Mr Dallas has translated, but his translation contains long and important passages which are not in the February number of *Kosmos*, while many passages in the original are omitted in the translation

Among the passages introduced are the last six pages of the English article, which seem to condemn by anticipation the position I have taken as regards Erasmus Darwin in my book *Evolution Old and New* and which I believe I was the first to take. The concluding and therefore, perhaps, most prominent sentence of the translation you have given to the public stands thus

Erasmus Darwin's system was in itself a most significant first step in the path of knowledge his grandson has opened up for us, but to wish to revive it at the present day, as has actually been seriously attempted, shows a weakness of thought and a mental anachronism which no one can envy

The *Kosmos* which has been sent me from Germany contains no such passage

As you have stated in your preface that my book, *Evolution Old and New*, appeared subsequently to Dr Krause's article, and as no intimation is given that the article has been altered and added to since its original appearance, while the accuracy of the translation as though from the February number of *Kosmos* is, as you expressly say, guaranteed by Mr Dallas's "scientific reputation together with his knowledge of German," your readers will naturally suppose that all they read in the translation appeared in February last, and therefore before *Evolution Old and New* was written, and therefore independently of, and necessarily without reference to, that book

I do not doubt that this was actually the case, but have failed to obtain the edition which contains the passage above referred to, and several others which appear in the translation

I have a personal interest in this matter, and venture, therefore, to ask for the explanation which I do not doubt you will readily give me.—Yours faithfully,

S BUILER

2.

Darwin to Butler.

January 3rd 1880.

1880 M Y DEAR SIR—Dr. Krause, soon after the appearance of his article in *Kosmos*[^] told me that he intended to publish it separately and to alter it considerably, and the altered MS. was sent to Mr. Dallas for translation. This is so common a practice that it never occurred to me to state that the article had been modified j but now I much regret that I did not do so. The original will soon appear in German, and I believe will be a much larger book than the English one; for, with Dr. Krause's consent, many long extracts from Miss Seward were omitted (as well as much other matter) from being in my opinion superfluous for the English reader. I believe that the omitted parts will appear as notes in the German edition. Should there be a reprint of the English *Life*[^] I will state that the original as it appeared in *Kosmos* was modified by Dr. Krause before it was translated. I may add that I had obtained Dr. Krause's consent for a translation before your book was announced. I remember this because Mr. Dallas wrote to tell me of the advertisement.—I remain,
Yours faithfully, C. DARWIN.

3-

Butler to Darwin.

15 CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.,

Jan. 21, 1880.

DEAR SIR—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst. which I should have done sooner had I not been in great doubt what course to adopt in regard to it.

I have now decided on laying the matter before the public and have accordingly written to *The Athenaeum* stating the facts.—I am, Yours faithfully, S.BUTLER.

4.

*Butler in "The Athenaeum" (31 Jan. 1880).**"Evolution Old and New."*

I beg leave to lay before you the following facts :

On February 22, 1879, my book *Evolution Old and New* was announced. It was published May 3, 1879. It contained a

comparison of the theory of evolution as propounded by Di 1880 Erasmus Darwin with that of his grandson, Mr Charles Darwin, the preference being decidedly given to the earlier writer. It also contained other matter which I could not omit, but which I am afraid may have given some offence to Mr Darwin and his friends.

In November 1879, Mr Charles Darwin's *Life of Erasmus Darwin* appeared. It is to the line which Mr Darwin has taken in connexion with this volume that I wish to call attention.

Mr Darwin states in his preface that he is giving to the public a translation of an article by Dr Krause, which appeared "in the February number of a well-known German scientific journal, *Kosmo*," then just entered on its second year. He adds in a note that the translator's "scientific reputation, together with his knowledge of German, is a guarantee for its accuracy." "I his is equivalent, I imagine, to guaranteeing the accuracy himself."

In a second note, upon the following page, he says that my work *Evolution Old and New* "has appeared since the publication of Dr Krause's article." He thus distinctly precludes his readers from supposing that any passage they may meet with could have been written by the light of, or with reference to, my book.

On reading the English translation I found in it one point which appeared to have been taken from *Evolution Old and New* and another which clearly and indisputably was so. I also found more than one paragraph, but especially the last—and perhaps most prominent in the book, as making the impression it was most desired the reader should carry away with him—which it was hard to believe was not written at myself, but I found no acknowledgment of what seemed taken from *Evolution Old and New* nor any express reference to it.

In the face of the English translation itself, it was incredible that the writer had written without my work before him, in the face of the preface it was no less incredible that Mr Darwin should have distinctly told his readers that he was giving them one article, when he must have perfectly well known that he was giving them another and very different one.

I therefore sent for the February number of *Kosmos* and compared the original with what purported to be the translation. I found many passages of the German omitted, and many in the English article were wholly wanting in the German. Among these latter were the passages I had conceived to be taken from me and the ones which were most adverse to me.

Dr Krause's article begins on p. 131 of Mr Darwin's book. There is new matter on pp. 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138,

1880 139, while almost the whole of pp 147-152 inclusive and all the last six pages are not to be found in the supposed original

I then wrote to Mr Darwin, putting the facts before him as they appeared to myself, and asking for an explanation I received answer that Dr Krause's article had been altered since publication, and that the altered MS had been sent for translation "This is so common a practice," writes Mr Darwin, with that "happy simplicity" of which *The Pall Mall Gazette* (Dec 12th, 1879) declares him to be "a master," "that it never occurred to me to state that the article had been modified, but now I much regret that I did not do so" Mr Darwin further says that, should there be a reprint of the English *Life of Dr Darwin*, he will state that the original as it appeared in *Kosmos* was modified by Dr Krause He does not, however, either deny or admit that the modification of the article was made by the light of, and with a view to, my book

It is doubtless a common practice for writers to take an opportunity of revising their works, but it is not common when a covert condemnation of an opponent has been interpolated into a revised edition, the revision of which has been concealed, to declare with every circumstance of distinctness that the condemnation was written prior to the book which might appear to have called it forth, and thus lead readers to suppose that it must be an unbiassed opinion

S BUTLER

PS —A reviewer in *The Pall Mall Gazette* (Dec 12th, 1879) quotes the last sentence of the spurious matter, apparently believing it to be genuine He writes "Altogether the facts established by Dr Krause's essay thoroughly justify its concluding words 'Lrasmus Darwin's system was in itself a most significant first step in the path of knowledge which his grandson has opened up for us, but the wish to revive it at the present day, as has actually been seriously attempted, shows a weakness of thought and a mental anachronism which no one can envy'" On this (which has no place in the original article, and is clearly an interpolation aimed covertly at myself) the reviewer muses forth a general gnome that "the confidence of writers who deal in semi-scientific paradoxes is commonly in inverse proportion to their grasp of the subject" When sentences have been mis-dated, the less they contain about anachronisms the better, and revieweis who do not carefully verify Mr Darwin's statements should not be too confident that they have grasped their subject

I have seen also a review of Mr Darwin's book in *The Popular Science Review* for this current month, and observe that it does "occur to" the writer to state (p 69), in flat contradiction to the assertions made in the preface of the book he is reviewing,

that only part of Dr Krause's original essay is being given by 1880 Mr Darwin. It is plain that this reviewer had seen both *Kosmos* and Mr Darwin's book.

The writer of the review of *Evolution Old and New*—which immediately follows the one referred to in the preceding paragraph—quotes the passage above given as quoted by *The Pall Mall Gazette*. I see it does "occur to" him, too—again in flat contradiction to Mr. Darwin's preface—to add that "this anachronism has been committed by Mr Samuel Butler in a little volume now before us, and it is doubtless to this, which appeared while his own work was in progress [*italics mine*], that Dr Krause alludes in the above passage."

Considering that the editor of *The Popular Science Review* and the translator of Dr Krause's article for Mr Darwin are one and the same person, it is likely that *the Popular Science Review* has surmised correctly that Dr Krause was writing at *Evolution Old and New*, yet he seems to have found it very sufficiently useful to him.

5

Darwin to "The Athenaeum"

PROPOSED LETTER NO I

DOWN, BFCJCNHAM
January 24th, 1880

SIR—Mr Butler in his letter in your last number seems to think me guilty of intentional duplicity in not having stated in the preface to my notice of the *Life of Erasmus Darwin*, that Dr Krause had considerably altered the article in *Kosmos* before he sent it to Mr Dallas for translation. In my private letter to Mr Butler I said that it was so common a practice for an author to alter an article before its republication, that it never occurred to me to state that this had been done in the present case. Afterwards a dim recollection crossed my mind that I had written something on the subject, and I looked at the first proof received from Messrs Clowes and found in it the following passage, here copied verbatim

Dr Krause has taken great pains, and has added largely to his essay as it appeared in *Kosmos*, and my preliminary notice, having been written before I had seen the additions, unfortunately contains much repetition of what Dr. Krause has said. In fact, the present volume contains two distinct biographies, of which I have no doubt that by Dr Krause is much the best. I have left it almost wholly to

1880 him to treat of what Dr Darwin has done in science, more especially in regard to evolution.

This proof sheet was sent to Dr Krause, with a letter in which I said that on further reflection it seemed to me absurd to publish two accounts of the life of the same man in the same volume, and that as my notice was drawn up chiefly from unpublished documents, it appeared to me best that my account alone of the life should appear in England, with his account of the scientific works of Erasmus Darwin, but that he could, of course, publish the extracts from Miss Seward, etc, in the Getman edition Dr Krause, with the liberality and kindness which has characterised all his conduct towards me, agreed instantly to my suggestion, but added that he thought it better that the text of the German edition should correspond with the English one, and that he would add the extracts, etc, in a supplement or in foot-notes He then expressly asked me to strike out the passage above quoted, which I did, and having done so, it did not occur to me to add, as I ought to have done, that the retained parts of Dr Krause's article had been much modified It seems to me that anyone on comparing the article in *Kosmos* with the translation, and on finding many passages at the beginning omitted and many towards the end added, might have inferred that the author had enlarged and improved it, without suspecting a deep scheme of duplicity Finally, I may state, as I did in my letter to Mr Butler, that I obtained Dr Krause's permission for a translation of his article to appear in England, and Mr Dallis agreed to translate it, before I heard of any announcement of Mr Butler's last book

He is mistaken in supposing that I was offended by his book, for I looked only at the part about the life of Erasmus Darwin, I did not even look at the part about evolution, for I had found in his former work that I could not make his views harmonize with what I knew I was, indeed, told that this part contained some bitter sarcasms against me, but this determined me all the more not to read it

As Mr Butler evidently does not believe my deliberate assertion that the omission of any statement that Dr Krause had altered his article before sending it for translation, was unintentional or accidental I think that I shall be justified in declining to answer any future attack which Mr Butler may make on me—Sir, Your obedient servant, CHARLES DARWIN

[Note—The passage "He is mistaken not to read it" is marked as having been objected to, and there is a note showing that the whole letter was disapproved of by all Mr Darwin's family]

6.

Darwin to "The Athenaeum"

PROPOSED LETTER NO II

DOWN, BUCKENHAM, KENT,
February 1st, 1880*"Evolution Old and New"*

SIR—In regard to the letter from Mr Butler which appeared 1880 in your columns last week under the above heading, I wish to state that the omission of any mention of the alterations made by Dr Krause in his article before it was re-published had no connection whatever with Mr Butler. I find in the first proofs received from Messrs Clowes the words "Dr Krause has added largely to his essay as it appeared in *Kosmos*" These words were afterwards accidentally omitted, and when I wrote privately to Mr Butler I had forgotten that they had ever been written. I could explain distinctly how the accident arose, but the explanation does not seem to me worth giving [his omission, as I have already said, I much regret. It is a mere illusion on the part of Mr Butler to suppose that it could make any difference to me whether or not the public knew that Dr Krause's article had been added to or altered before being translated. The additions were made quite independently of any suggestion or wish on my part.

As Mr Butler evidently does not believe my deliberate assertion that the above omission was unintentional, I must decline any further discussion with him—Sir, Your obedient servant,

CHARLES DARWIN.

7-

*Darwin to Huxley*DOWN, BUCKENHAM, KENT,
February 2nd, 1880

MY DEAR HUXLEY—I am going to ask you to [do] me a great kindness. Mr Butler has attacked me bitterly, in fact accusing me of lying, duplicity, and God knows what, because I unintentionally omitted to state that Krause had enlarged his *Kosmos* article before sending it for translation. I have written the enclosed letter [Proposed letter No II] to *The Athenaeum*, but Litchfield [Mr Darwin's son-in-law] is strongly opposed to my making any answer, and I enclose his letter, if you can find

1880 time to read it Of the other members of my family, some are for and some against answering I should rather like to show that I had intended to state that Krause had enlarged his article On the other hand a clever and unscrupulous man like Mr Butler would be sure to twist whatever I may say against me, and the longer the controversy lasts the more degrading it is to me If my letter is printed, both the Litchfields want me to omit the two sentences now marked by pencil brackets, but I see no reason for the omission

Now will you do me the lasting kindness to read carefully the attack and my answer, and as I have unbounded confidence in your judgment whatever you advise that I will do whether you advise me to make no answer or to send the enclosed letter as it stands, or to strike out the sentences between brackets?—
Ever yours sincerely,

CHARLES DARWIN

P S—Since writing the above I have received another letter from Litchfield with a splendid imaginary letter from Butler, showing how he probably would travesty my answer He tells me that he took *The Athenaeum* to Mr P—and asked him (without giving any hint of his own opinion) whether Butler's attack ought to be answered, and he said "No" But I wait in anxiety for your answer *as this will decide me*

[Note —The two sentences marked by pencil brackets are "I could explain . . . worth giving," and "As Mr Butler • with him "J

8.

Darwin to Huxley.

DOWN, BECJENHAM, KENT.

Feb 4 [1880]

M Y DEAR HUXLEY—Oh Lord, what a relief your letter has been to me ' I feci like a man condemned to be hung who has just got a reprieve I saw in the future no end of trouble, but I feared that I was bound in honour to answer If you were here I would show you exactly how the omission arose You have indeed done me a lasting kindness.—Yours affectionately,

CH DARWIN

The affair has annoyed and pained me to a silly extent, but it would be disagreeable to anyone to be publicly called in fact a liar He seems to hint that I interpolated sentences in Krause's MS, but he could hardly have really thought so. Until quite recently he expressed great friendship for me, and said he had learnt all he knew about evolution from my books, and I have

no idea what has made him so bitter against me You have done 1880
me a great kindness

9

Extracts from Chapter iv of "Unconscious Memory"
{published 1880}

By far the most important notice of *Evolution Old and New* was that taken by Mr Darwin himself, for I can hardly be mistaken in believing that Dr Krause's article would have been allowed to repose unaltered in the pages of the well-known German scientific journal, *Kosmos*¹ unless something had happened to make Mr Darwin feel that his reticence concerning his grandfather must now be ended

This [Darwin's letter of 3 January 1880] was not a letter I could accept. If Mr Darwin had said that by some inadvertence, which he was unable to excuse or account for, a blunder had been made which he would at once correct so far as was in his power by a letter to *The Times* or *The Athenaeum*, and that a notice of the erratum should be printed on a fly leaf and pasted into all unsold copies of the *Life of Erasmus Darwin*, there would have been no more heard of the matter from me, but when Mr Darwin maintained that it was a common practice to take advantage of an opportunity of revising a work to interpolate a covert attack upon an opponent, and at the same time to misdate the interpolated matter by expressly stating that it appeared months sooner than it actually did, and prior to the work which it attacked, when he maintained that what was being done was "so common a practice that it never occurred" to him—the writer of some twenty volumes—to do what all literary men must know to be inexorably requisite, I thought this was going far beyond what was permissible in honourable warfare and that it was time, in the interests of literary and scientific morality, even more than in my own, to appeal to public opinion. I was particularly struck with the use of the words "it never occurred to me" and felt how completely of a piece it was with the opening paragraph of *The Origin of Species*^x. It was not merely that it did not occur to Mr Darwin to state that the article had been modified since it was written—this would have been bad enough under the circumstances—but that it did occur to him to go out of his way to say what was not true. There was no necessity for him to have said anything about my book. It appeared, moreover, inadequate to tell me that if a reprint of the English *Life* was wanted (which might

¹ The opening paragraph of *The Origin of Species* is quoted by Butler in his letter to *Nature* of 3 Feb 1881 given post, p 460

1880 or might not be the case, and if it was not the case, why, a shrug of the shoulders and I must make the best of it), Mr Darwin might perhaps silently omit his note about my book, as he omitted his misrepresentation about the author of *The Vestiges of Creation* and put the words "revised and corrected by the author" on his title-page

When I thought of Buffon, of Dr Erasmus Darwin, of Lamirck, and even of the author of *The Vestiges of Creation* to all of whom Mr Darwin had dealt the same measure which he was now dealing to myself, when I thought of these great men, now dumb, who had borne the burden and heat of the day, and whose laurels had been filched from them, of the manner, too, in which Mr Darwin had been abetted by those who should have been the first to detect the fallacy which had misled him, of the hotbed of intrigue which science has now become, of the disrepute into which we English must fall as a nation if such practices as Mr Darwin had attempted in this case were to be tolerated, when I thought of all this, I felt that though prayers for the repose of dead men's souls might be unavailing, yet a defence of their work and memory, no matter against what odds, might avail the living, and resolved that I would do my utmost to make my countrymen aware of the spirit now ruling among those whom they delight to honour

Here, then, I take leave of this matter for the present. If it appears that I have used language such as is rarely seen in controversy, let the reader remember that the occasion is, so far as I know, unparalleled for the cynicism and audacity with which the wrong complained of was committed and persisted in. I trust, however, that though not indifferent to this, my indignation has been mainly roused, as when I wrote *Evolution Old and New* before Mr Darwin had given me personal grounds of complaint against him, by the wrongs he has inflicted on dead men on whose behalf I now fight, as I trust that some one—whom I thank by anticipation—may one day fight on mine.

10

Butler in "The St James's Gazette" (8 Dec 1880)

MR DARWIN AND MR BUTLER

I should fail in respect to your readers if I were to let your review of my book, *Unconscious Memory*, pass entirely without notice

Your reviewer is mistaken in thinking that I have any quarrel with Mr Dallas, who, it seems to me, was placed in a

difficult position and behaved very well Dr Krause should not have taken passages from me without acknowledgment, but "this is so common a practice that it never occurred to me" to be angry at it My complaint is against Mr Darwin only, and rests upon the following grounds

In February, 1879, Dr Krause published an account of Dr. Erasmus Darwin in a German periodical, *Kosmos* At the end of the same month my book, *Evolution Old and New*, was announced It was published May 3, 1879 It contained a comparison of the theory of evolution as propounded by Dr Erasmus Darwin with that of his grandson, Mr Charles Darwin, the preference being decidedly given to the earlier writer It also contained other matter which I could not omit, but which I am afraid Mr Darwin and his friends did not like

In the summer of 1879 a translation of Dr Krause's essay with a preliminary life of Dr Erasmus Darwin was announced as forthcoming from the pen of Mr Charles Darwin In November, 1879, it appeared In his preface to this work Mr Darwin stated that he was giving a translation of the article by Dr Krause which had appeared in *Kosmos*, he said the accuracy of the translation was guaranteed by the well-known attainments of the translator, Mr W S Dallas He further expressly stated that my work *Evolution Old and New* appeared since Dr Krause's article At the time he said this he was not giving the article as it stood before *Evolution Old and New* was published, but another and very different one—namely, the article after it had been modified by the light of, and with a view to, *Evolution Old and New*, so as to become practically an attack upon that work

When I say modified, I do not mean a little modified, but greatly and materially so, pages together of the original article being omitted, and pages together of entirely new matter introduced I may say that one new passage of nearly two pages, consisting of translation from Buffon, was obviously derived from *Evolution Old and New* itself, I thus prove that Dr Krause had *Evolution Old and New* before him while revising his work Another new passage is presumably from the same source The concluding six pages of the professed translation are entirely new

The last, and perhaps most prominent, sentence is as follows "Erasmus Darwin's system was in itself a most significant first step in the path of knowledge which his grandson has opened up to us, but to wish to revive it at the present day, as has actually been seriously attempted, shows a weakness of thought and a mental anachronism which no one can envy" This passage is in itself an anachronism, as I have elsewhere said, for it is antedated Through Mr Darwin's preface it professes to have appeared in February, 1879 It did not appear till November 1879 Mr

1880 Darwin says it appeared before my book *Evolution Old and New*, it did not appear till six months afterwards. It is spurious—not what it professes to be, for it professes, through Mr. Darwin's preface, to be translated from a certain article in *Kosmos*, whereas the article contains no such passage. It is an interpolation directed at myself. Professedly written by one who had never seen *Evolution Old and New*, in truth written at that book by one who had it before him.

I wrote to Mr. Darwin, and said in substance: "There is an attack upon my last book apparently interpolated into a work for which you are responsible, and you have expressly stated that the attack appeared before my book was published, will you explain?" Mr. Darwin replied that Dr. Krause had indeed altered his article before it was translated, and continued, "This is so common a practice that it never occurred to me to state that the article had been modified, but I now much regret that I did not do so." Should there be a reprint of the *English Life* I will state that the article as it appeared in *Kosmos* was modified by Dr. Krause before it was translated. The rest of the letter is irrelevant. His ignored my complaint. Mr. Darwin's letter, though it sounds like an apology, is a skilful evasion of the gravamen, and, as such, an aggravation of the offence. He neither admits nor denies that a covert attack upon myself had been interpolated and antedated. He does not attempt to repair the mischief temporarily by any of the many and easy means of doing so. The only reparation he offers is contingent upon a second edition of the *Life of Erasmus Darwin* being called for. As a matter of fact, a second edition has not been called for.

The substance of the foregoing appeared in a letter which I wrote to *The Athenaeum*, January 31, 1880. The charge was grave, it was made with great publicity, I gave my name, and referred to accessible documents, but there was no rejoinder. I have therefore gone more fully into the matter in *Unconscious Memory* in the hope of drawing attention to what, on public grounds, should not be allowed to pass over in silence.

For the rest, let me ask your readers to turn to *Unconscious Memory* itself. The book is short, and printed in a clear large type, which will render it easy reading.

I would also ask your reviewer to be kind enough to refer your readers and myself to those passages of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Psychology* which in any direct, intelligible way refer the phenomena of instinct and heredity generally to memory on the part of offspring of the action which it bona fide took in the persons of its ancestors. I shall be delighted to make acquaintance with them.

Dec 4. [1880]

11.

*Butler to Messrs Macmillan fcf Co*15 CLIFFORD'S INN, E C
Feb ist, 1881

Private

GENTLEMEN—I have received a letter from the editor of 1881 *Nature* declining to insert my letter unless I modify it so as not to make it "a vehicle for attacking Mr Darwin " It is obvious that this is impossible if I am to reply adequately to Mr Romanes' article and Dr Krause's letter

I received proof direct from the printer yesterday evening, corrected it, made some additions and posted it before I received the editor of *Nature's* letter The proof as *returned corrected* is the only reply which will set my case adequately before the public I consider therefore that the editor of *Nature* declines to insert my rejoinder and reply to Dr Krause

If I understand my position rightly—and I should say that the counsel's opinion which my solicitors are taking has not yet reached them—the matter is not one between myself and the editor of *Nature* but between myself and you as publishers of the matter complained of I must inform you therefore that unless my letter as returned amended to the printers last night is inserted in the next number of *Nature* I consider you to have refused the redress which I have applied for

This letter is written without prejudice to any course I may be presently advised to take—I am, Yours faithfully,

S BUTLER

12

Butler tn " Nature " (3 Feb 18 81).

MR S BUTLER'S UNCONSCIOUS MEMORY.

I must reply to the review [signed by Mr Romanes] of my book *Unconscious Memory* in your issue of the 27th inst, and to Dr Krause's letter on the same subject in the same issue.

Mr Romanes accuses me of having made " a vile and abusive attack upon the personal character of a man in the position of Mr. Darwin " which I suppose is Mr Romanes' way of saying that I have made a vile and abusive personal attack on Mr. Darwin himself It is true I have attacked Mr Darwin, but Mr Romanes has done nothing to show that I was not warranted in doing so I said that Mr Darwin's most important predecessors as writers upon evolution were Buffon, Dr Erasmus

1881 Darwin, Lamarck and the author of *The Vestiges of Creation*
 In the first edition of *The Origin of Species* Mr Darwin did not allude to Buffon nor to Dr Erasmus Darwin, he hardly mentioned Lamarck, and he ignored the author of *The Vestiges of Creation* except in one sentence This sentence was so gross a misrepresentation that it was expunged—silently—in later editions Mr Romanes does not and cannot deny any part of this

I said Mr Darwin tacitly claimed" to be the originator of the theory of evolution, which he so mixed up with the theory of "Natural Selection" as to mislead his readers Mr Romanes will not gainsay this Here is the opening sentence of *The Origin of Species*

When on board H M S *Beagle* as naturalist, I was much struck with certain facts in the distribution of the inhabitants of South America, and in the geological relations of the present to the past inhabitants of that continent These facts seemed to me to throw some light on the origin of species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest philosophers On my return home, it occurred to me, in 1837, that something might perhaps be made out on this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on it After five years' work I allowed myself to speculate on the subject and drew up some short notes, these I enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusions, which then seemed to me probable, from that period to the present day I have steadily pursued the same object I hope that I may be excused for entering on these personal details, as I give them to show that I have not been hasty in coming to a decision"—(*Origtn of Species*, p 1 ed 1859)

What could more completely throw us off the scent of the earlier evolutionists, or more distinctly imply that the whole theory of evolution that followed was an original growth in Mr Darwin's own mind?

Mr Romanes implies that I imagine Mr Darwin to have "entered into a foul conspiracy with Dr Krause, the editor of *Kosmos*" as against my book *Evolution Old and New*, and later on he supposes me to believe that I have discovered what he calls, in a style of English peculiar to our leading scientists, "an erroneous conspiracy" The idea of any conspiracy at all never entered my mind, and there is not a word in *Unconscious Memory* which will warrant Mr Romanes' imputation A man may make a cat's paw of another without entering into a conspiracy with him

Later on Mr Romanes says that I published *Evolution Old and New* in the hope of gaining some notoriety by deserving, and

perhaps receiving, a contemptuous refutation at the hands of Mr 1881 Darwin I will not characterise this accusation in the terms which it merits

I turn now to Dr Krause's letter, and take its paragraphs in order

1 Dr Krause implies that the knowledge of what I was doing could have had nothing to do with Mr Darwin's desire to bring out a translation of his (Dr Krause's) essay, inasmuch as Mr Darwin informed him of his desire to have the essay-translated "more than two months prior to the publication of" my book *Evolution Old and New* This, I have no doubt, is true, but it does not make against the assumption which I made in *Unconscious Memory*, for *Evolution Old and New* was announced fully ten weeks before it was published It was first announced on February 22, 1879, as about to contain "copious extracts" from the works of Dr Erasmus Darwin and a comparison of his theory with that of his grandson Mr Charles Darwin This announcement would show Mr Darwin very plainly what my book was likely to contain, but Dr Krause does not say that Mr Darwin wrote to him before February 22, 1879—presumably because he cannot do so I assumed that Mr Darwin wrote somewhere about March 1, which would still be "more than two months before" the publication of *Evolution Old and New*

2 Dr Krause says I assume that "Mr Darwin had urged him to insert an underhand attack upon him (Mr Butler)" I did not assume this, I did not believe it, I have not said anything that can be construed to this effect I said that Dr Krause's concluding sentence was an attack upon me, Dr Krause admits this I said that under the circumstances of Mr Darwin's preface (which distinctly precluded the reader from believing that it could be meant for me) the attack was not an open but a covert one, that it was spurious—not what through Mr Darwin's preface it professed to be, that it was antedated, that it was therefore a spurious and covert attack upon an opponent interpolated into a revised edition, the revision of which had been concealed This was what I said, but it is what neither Mr Romanes nor Dr Krause ventures to deny I neither thought nor implied that Mr Darwin asked Dr Krause to write the attack This would not be at all in Mr Darwin's manner

3 Dr Krause does not deny that he had my book before him when he was amending his article He admits having taken a passage from it without acknowledgment He calls a page and a half "a remark," I call it "a passage" He says he did not take a second passage I did not say he had I only said the second passage was "presumably" taken from my book, whereas the first "certainly" was so The presumption was strong, for

1881 **the** passage in question was not in Dr Krause's original article, it was in my book which Dr Krause admits to have had before him when amending his article, but if Dr Krause says it is merely a coincidence, there is an end of the matter

4 Dr Krause, talcing up the cudgels for Mr Darwin, does not indeed deny the allegations I have made as to the covertness and spunousness and antedating of the attack upon myself, but contends that "this is not due to design, but is simply the result of an oversight", he is good enough to add that this oversight "could only be most agreeable" to myself When I am not in the wrong I prefer my friends to keep as closely as they can to the facts, and to leave it to me to judge whether a modification of them would be most agreeable to myself or no What, I wonder, does Dr Krause mean by oversight? Does he mean that Mr Darwin did not know the conclusion of Dr. Krause's article to be an attack upon myself? Dr Krause says, "To every reader posted up in the subject this could not be doubtful," meaning, I suppose, that no one could doubt that I was the person aimed at Does he mean to say Mr Darwin did not know he was giving a revised article as an unrevised one? Does he mean that Mr Darwin did not know he was saying what was not true when he said that my book appeared subsequently to what he was then giving to the public? Does he pretend that Mr Darwin's case was not apparently made better and mine worse by the supposed oversight? If the contention of oversight is possible, surely Mr Darwin would make it himself, and surely also he would have made it earlier? Granting for a moment that an author of Mr Darwin's experience could be guilty of such an oversight, why did he not when it was first pointed out, more than twelve months since, take one of the many and easy means at his disposal of repairing in public the injury he had publicly inflicted? If he had done this he would have heard no more about the matter from me As it was, he evaded my gravamen and the only step he ever proposed to take was made contingent upon a reprint of his book being called for As a matter of fact, a reprint has not btcn called for Mr Darwin's only excuse for what he had done, in his letter to myself, was that it was "so common a practice" for an author to take an opportunity of revising his work that "it never occurred to" him to state that Dr Krause's article had been modified It is doubtless a common practice for authors to revise their work but it is not common when an attack upon an opponent is known to have been interpolated into a revised edition, the revision of which is concealed, to state with every circumstance of distinctness that the attack was published prior to the work which is attacked

To conclude—I suppose Mr Romanes will maintain me to

be so unimportant a person that Mr Darwin has no call to bear 1882-5
in mind the first principles of fair play where I am concerned,
just as we need keep no faith with the lower animals. If Mr
Darwin chooses to take this ground, and does not mind going on
selling a book which contains a grave inaccuracy, advantageous to
himself and prejudicial to another writer, without taking any
steps to correct it, he is welcome to do so as far as I am concerned
—he hurts himself more than he hurts me. But there is another
aspect of the matter to which I am less indifferent. I refer to
its bearing upon the standard of good faith and gentlemanly
conduct which should prevail among Englishmen—and perhaps
among Germans too. I maintain that Mr Darwin's action and
that of those who, like Mr Romanes, defend it has a lowering
effect upon this standard.

S BUTLER

[Butler's Preface to the Second Edition (1882) of *Evolution Old and New* written on the occasion of the death of Chales Darwin appears in the text of this Memoir, vol I p 370]

Translation by Butler of an Extract from "Charles Darwin "
by Ernst Krause (Leipzig, 1885), pp 185,186

Unfortunately there was an oversight in connection with this version [Erasmus Darwin] which, though of trifling importance, gave occasion to vindictive attacks upon Darwin. He had forgotten in his preface to say that my essay had been revised and added to before being translated. One of the additions was the concluding sentence of the essay, which ran as follows

Erasmus Darwin's system was in itself a most significant first step in the path of knowledge which his grandson has opened up to us, but to wish to revive it at the present day, as has actually been seriously attempted, shows a weakness of thought and a mental anachronism which no one can envy

These words referred to an English author Mr Samuel Butler, who three months after the appearance of my essay had published a book (*Evolution Old and New* London, 1879) which, among other absurdities, sought to show that the theory of evolution put forward by Erasmus Darwin was much more sensible and moie near the truth than that of his grandson

1885 As soon as the English version of my essay, with Darwin's introduction, had appeared, this not very scrupulous writer, in his endeavour to make it a means of gaming notoriety, accused Darwin in several English journals of having had the translation made for the sole purpose of endeavouring to discredit by anticipation his book *Evolution Old and New* which, when the translation was begun, had not yet been published. He contended that, with this end in view, Darwin had purposely said nothing about the revision of my essay, and given the revised translation as though it were an accurate version of the original essay. In vain did Darwin write to his accuser expressing regret for his "serious oversight" and promising in a future edition to remove the cause. Samuel Butler came out remorselessly with a bulky book [*Unconscious Memory* London, 1880] against "the falsifier." The cause was ridiculous, for, if the oversight had been intentional, the only person whom it could have benefited was Mr. Butler himself, inasmuch as if the essay was what it professed to be the fact of its having been written three or four months before Mr. Butler's book showed that the author could not possibly have been intending to class Mr. Butler with the weak-minded people mentioned in the article. A document which mentions Charlemagne cannot have been written before the birth of Christ, and one who is forging a pre-Christian Codex will be careful to avoid alluding to him.

The occurrence is worth referring to" for two reasons—firstly inasmuch as many readers may have heard of it without at the same time hearing the explanation, and secondly because it shows that in spite of the superficial respect that was paid to him there was an ever-smouldering dislike for the disturber of men's peace, indeed many of the best reviews and newspapers in England were not ashamed to notice these attacks which were no less frivolous than absurd, and this shows what their real disposition was. Did it never occur to any of these before receiving such an odious attack to ask themselves why Mr. Butler should attack with such severity a simple act of forgetfulness which hurt nobody and was fraught with the most obvious advantage to himself?

15.

Butler's Note on the above Extract (No. 14)

Dr. Krause omits to say that though Mr. Darwin forgot to say that the essay had been revised, he did not forget to go out of his way to say something which he perfectly well knew to be untrue. My gravamen is not the omission of reference to

the revision, but Mr Darwin's express declaration on the first 1887 page of his preface that he was giving an accurate translation of the essay as it originally appeared, and his no less express declaration on the second that *Evolution Old and New* appeared subsequently to what he was giving to the public, though at the time he said this he was fully aware that what he was giving had been remodelled by the light of *Evolution Old and New* and transformed into a covert attack upon it. The concluding sentence gave the reader to understand that what I had done was something which others had already been doing, and which was notoriously silly. For Dr Krause's contention of forgetfulness and his argument about Charlemagne to hold good something should have been said which could not have referred to anyone except me. This, of course, was avoided.

16

Butler in "The Athenaeum" (26 Nov 1887).

MR DARWIN AND MR S BUTLER

15 CLIFFORDS INN, FLEET STREET, NOV 22, 1887

In Mr Francis Darwin's recently published *Life and Letters* of the late Charles Darwin I find the following passage

The publication of the *Life of Erasmus Darwin* led to an attack by Mr Samuel Butler, which amounted to a charge of falsehood against my father. After consulting his friends, he came to the determination to leave the charge unanswered, as being unworthy of his notice.^x Those who wish to know more of the matter may gather the facts of the case from Ernst Krause's *Charles Darwin* and they will find Mr Butler's statement of his grievance in *The Athenaeum*¹ January 31st, 1880, and in *The St James's Gazette*, December 8th, 1880. The affair gave my father much pain, but the warm sympathy of those whose opinion he respected soon helped him to let it pass into a well-merited oblivion.

If the affair "well merits oblivion" why does not Mr Francis Darwin leave it alone? It has caused as much pain to myself as it can have caused the late Mr Charles Darwin, and drawn upon me an obloquy not more easy to bear for being

¹ He had, in a letter to Mr Butler, expressed his regret at the oversight which caused so much offence. [Note by Mr F Darwin]

1887 unmerited I had resolved never to return to the subject, and, though very angrily attacked in respect to it by Dr Krause in his German work *Charles Darwin* was advised to say no more unless attacked in English. In *Luck or Cunnmg*?, therefore, published a year ago, I refrained even from remote allusion to it. Now that Mr Francis Darwin has reopened the matter let me ask why he has omitted to refer his readers to my book *Unconscctous Memory* and to my letter to *Nature*, February 3rd, 1881, in both which places he is well aware that I stated the case with far greater fulness than in your columns or in *The St James' s Gazeth* , and why does he not refer to some English publication for a statement of his father's case, instead of to a German book which few of his readers are likely to see?

In *Unconscctous Memory* I have explained that the letter to myself, in which Mr Francis Darwin says his father expressed his regret, was in reality an aggravation of the offence. It is very short, why, I wonder, if it was a sufficient expression of regret, has not Mr Francis Darwin printed it? He now contends that I brought a charge of falsehood against his father so frivolous that there can have been no necessity to reply to it. I, on the other hand, contend that Mr Francis Darwin is trying to justify at my expense a high-handed action of his father's and to evade challenges repeatedly made which neither the late Mr. Darwin nor any of his successors has ever ventured to take up. I repeat, then, that the late Mr C Darwin's pretended translation of Dr Krause's article was a garbled, antedated, and hence misleading version, that Mr Darwin knew the article had, since its original publication, been manipulated in a sense seriously hostile to me and favourable to himself, that, in spite of this knowledge, he said in his preface to *Erasmus Darwin* that he was giving the original article, expressly stated that my own book had appeared subsequently to this, though he knew that what he was giving to the public had been modified by the light of, and turned into an attack on, my book, and on complaint from me he took not one single step towards a public correction of his misstatement.

S. BUTLER

17-

Butler in " *The Academy*" (17 Dec T887).

" *Erasmus Darwin* " and " *Evolution Old and New* "

LONDON, Dec 14, 1887

On Saturday last a new edition of the late Mr Charles Darwin's *Erasmus Dat win* was advertised, of which till then I

knew nothing In this edition a foot-note, which runs as 1887 follows, is added to the original preface

Mr Darwin accidentally omitted to mention that Dr. Krause revised, and made certain additions to, his essay before it was translated Among these additions is an allusion to Mr Butler's book, *Evolution Old and New*

Mr Francis Darwin, who appears to be responsible for this foot-note, fails to see that what I have always complained of was not an accidental omission, but a deliberate suppression In the original preface the late Mr Darwin told his readers he was giving them a certain article and went out of his way to state expressly that " Mr Butler's work, *Evolution Old and New*" had appeared "since the publication" of that article When Mr Darwin said this he knew that he was not giving the original article which he said he was giving He knew that Dr Krause had recast his article, had had *Evolution Old and New* before him while doing so, and had turned the revision into an attack upon that book It is idle to say that Mr Darwin did not know he was suppressing a material point, which, if expressed, would have done away with the appearance of independent condemnation of my views which, as it was, was offered to the public

In his recently published Autobiography Mr Darwin refers to his *Erasmus Darwin* as follows

In 1879 I had a translation of Dr Ernst Krause's *Life of Erasmus Darwin* published, and I added a sketch of his character and habits from material in my possession Many persons have been much interested with this little life, and I am surprised that only 800 or 900 copies were sold

There is not here a word of compunction about the alleged oversight The only thing that seems to exercise him is that he did not sell more copies, and yet in Mr Francis Darwin's *Life and Letters* of his father we read that " he had a keen sense of the honour that ought to reign among authors, and had a horror of any kind of laxness in quoting" (vol I p 157)

Mr Francis Darwin has now stultified his father's original preface, and this, I suppose, I ought to take as an amende Very well, I take it, somewhat, I am afraid, in the same spirit as that in which it is offered, and shall return to the silence which I had kept for some years and which, if Mr Francis Darwin had not recently reopened the subject, I should not have broken

SAMUEL BUTLER.

APPENDIX D

CHRONOLOGY AND ADDENDA FOR *THE JUVAT OF ALI FLEAH* CHRONOLOGY OF THE NOVEL

^{MS}		
p. I	1727	Old Mr and Mrs Pontifex born.
	1800	Christina born chap IX
	1801	John Pontifex born
p 1 p 20	1802	I born p 1, and Theobald (my name is Edward p 7)
	1750	Old Pontifex married p 11
p 12	1765	George Pontifex born in January
	1780	Mrs Fairlie came to stay with old P p 15.
	1790	G P went into partnership p 19
	1797	He married p 19 a woman 7 years younger than himself
p. 67 & 73	1798	Xtina born
	1805	Aleth-ca Pontifex born and her mother died p 20
	1811	Old Mrs Pontifex died aged 84 p 22
	1812	Old Mr P „ „ 85 p 23
		Theobald's correspondence with his father found by Ernest and given to myself on Theobald's death 51
	1825	spring Theobald took his degree p 58
	„	autumn was ordained p 58
	1825	Nov went over first to the Allabys
	1831	July—married—p 93
	1832	January I go and stay with them Ellen born
	1835	Ernest born Sep 6
	1838	Old Pontifex died aet 73 or in the 73 ^d year
	1836	Sep Joseph Pontifex born Vol I pt 2 p 18
	1837	Aug the daughter born
	1848	Jany He is 12 and goes to school Chap

- 1848 Jany He goes to school
 1849 Augt his aunt Alethaea goes down
 1850 Easter she dies
 „ Ellen went to Battersby aged 18 born 1832.
 1851 Mids his bad character
 „ „ The Ellen row
 1854 Oct He goes to Cambridge.
 1856 Sep 6 came of age
 1858 Feb took his degree
 5, Ember weeks was ordained and goes up to
 London
 1859 Spring, wrote his mad letters.
 „ Mar 26 was arrested
 „ Sep 28 „ released
 „ Oct 15 „ married—he just turned 24
 1860 Easter prosperous—his wife begins to drink.
 1860 Sep a girl born
 1861 „ A boy „ All his prosperity now at an
 end His wife ruins him Then he saw
 what the devil had been at with him
 1862 Mar 25 he sees John and finds out that he
 is not married
 1862 Ap 15 Goes abroad with me
 1863 Sep 5 is 28 yrs old and comes into his
 money
 „ November Xtina dies
 1867 Chap xlv and chap lxxxix.
 1881 Theobald died

ADDENDA FOR THE PONTIFEX NOVEL¹

Dawson 2 write a letter to Ernest as per one o' Joe M'Cormick's 2 me Ernest says " if a man has remembered his creator in e days o' hs youth &c "

But no one ever knew better than Shakespeare that one touch &c.

Have you sd that Theob and X'na loved Ernest " too wisely but not well " ?

Ernest to know nothing but half pennies

" May I have the baby when it is worn out "

We unfold our days as one who plays patience

There are people who will shake their wills at those nearest to them up to the last moment of their lives—no matter how old

¹ At the time Butler wrote these addenda he had adopted on trial a method of abbreviation here preserved, eg 2 for two, o' for of, v for very

their children It is all v well to say that it is a person's own fault if he allows this &c He often cannot help it

If it includes y^e bishop, and such men we wl say as Prof Huxley and Tyndal— kt it include y^e fortune teller too

That God is a respecter of money, whether he respects persons or no and he seldom goes behind y^e money See remarks in C P bk. pp 822, 823¹

If a man sins agst money it is y^e sin agst y^e H. G

Y^e rarer virtues 2 be treated as botanists treat rare plants and exterminated

Give Theobald an epitaph

Have you got " how hardly shall they that have riches &c " ?

Ernest to say of Chai lotte " She is an idyllic cat " after reading her letter

Bishop Ellicott on y^e furtive progress o' high churchism—see *limes* Jan 17 1885 (for note to y^e episode re this in the deathbed o' Xtina chapters)

Charlotte to make Mrs Hcnty's speech C P bk 228

Let us settle about y^e facts first and fight &c 744 &c

If manners make y^e mm much more do they make the woman 818

That we shall all one day lose our money is as certain as that we shall all one day die 822, 823 k 824

Amy's dogs carrying a bit of ham in their mouths

" Happily they are rotten at y^e core "

Xtina's kitten might have grown into a formidable cat if Theobald hd not killed it when he did

For y^e same scene " He reflected that he and Christina were united it must be for years and it might be for ever "

My father's Woodsias

Boss—her backbone curdled and her heart jumped out of its socket

The natural child

" He is Mr B's child not mine "

" Its a shilling off y^e rent "

What chance wd St Paul's Epistles or y^e gospel o' St John have o' being admitted into a Xtian journal

See extract from Bishop Ellicott's charge C P bk 801 or rather *Times* Jan 17 1885

Xt is indeed abt our bed and abt our path &c 624

Bishop Butler worsted in an encounter with y^e evil one when he published y^e analogy 630

Charlotte put herself on y^e family pedestal, or ws put there by Xtina and all were to bow y^e knee before her

¹ C P bk = Commonplace Book, 1 e the Note Books

If God would only marry her daughter she cd do all y^e lest herself

Y^e mixture o' y^e black and white notes being so beautiful

She was a very Gothic woman like a recumbent crusader

" She committed her soul to him on whom she relied as alone worthy of its care "

She was sensible—as sensible that is to say as she ever was—nearly to the last

All the house linen was marked " Worsley "

How I called on Aunt Sarah after Uncle John's death

For Pont Novel—"At that time every Jewish mother thought herself &c" I give the Jewish mothers credit for more sense

Mrs Jupp said she thought two gentlemen together was so very insipid

She enounced herself like the subject of a fugue

Charlotte to write and say she " believes it is not unfrequently done " (to tip servants)

Charlotte on his father's death offers him his father's under clothing

The same old fluff " and the mousedirts was cruel "

" He was a shabby man in his ways and rather busy and not very sincere In fact thty are all shabby This young man's aunt sold all her father's sermons for waste paper at 1J a lb to wrap butter and bacon m, at a shop in this town, and many of the inhabitants out of respect to their old vicar gave 2d for a whole sermon "

Extract from a letter from my gt Aunt Mrs Pacey of Fasingwold (daughter-in-law of the Evidences &c mother of Prof F A. Paley) to my grandfather
date abt May 20, 1835

Let Ernest make some remarks about Casablanca

APPENDIX E

INVENTORIES FOR OUTINGS

[Note—Butler began drawing up Inventories for Outings because, when away from home, he so frequently found that he had brought things he did not want and forgotten things he did want. He reconsidered the lists during every outing until they finally shaped themselves into those which follow, the MS of which is in Alfred's handwriting. The one headed "Foreign Outing" includes *Erewhon Revisited*, but as he does not say whether he was to take an advance copy or the published book it is not clear whether it refers to the spring or the autumn of 1901 or to his last journey in 1902.]

BOULOGNE

Night-shirt 3 pr Socks 6 Collars 8 Handkfs Necktie
Laces Menthol Slippers Medicine Chest Sponges, etc.,
wrapped in Towel Sticking-plaster Portfolio fully charged
MS Music Book and paper Small Note Book Cigarettes and
Mouthpieces Clothes and Hat-brush Scissors Court-plaster
Looking-glass Copying-ink Map

Sling Bag Foreign money Large Rug Overcoat. Cap
Paperknife Field Glasses.

SHREWSBURY

Night-shirt 2 pr Socks 3 Collars 6 Handkfs Dress
Suit Shirt Studs Tie Dress Boots Medicine Chest
Portfolio Copying-ink Menthol Cigarettes Mouthpieces
Clothes-brush Slippers Sponges Hair-brushes, & c, wrapped
in Towel

Sling Bag. Overcoat Rug

INVENTORIES FOR OUTINGS

FOREIGN OUTING

Handle Half of Gladstone Bag—MS Music Book Copying paper Driers Oil Sheets Spare drawing-paper Best Coat & Vest Flannel Shirt Rulers Case for paint-brushes and pencils Japanned Tray Slippers Strop Medicine Chest Looking-glass Hat & Clothes-brush 2 pr of Socks 12 Handkfs W C paint-box and bottle Top of Camp-stool

The Other Half—Best trousers Collar-box, contg Collars, Horn Cup, Bootlaces, Ties, Cotton-wool Towel *Erewhon and E Revisited*

Sandwich-box, contg Menthol, Bread-box, Toothpicks, Scissors, Water-colours, Sponges, India-rubber, Cork of drawing-pins, Sticking-plaster, Elastic bands, Mouthpieces, 2 Note-Books, Studs, Corks, Corkscrew, Spare knife, Stiletto, Paper-fasteners, Waverley pens, Red Chalk, Pencil, Caustic, Compasses, Diarrhoea pills, Magnifying-glass

Night-shirt Sponge and Case Hair-brushes Tooth-brush Soap Tooth-powder Vaseline Spare specs

In the Flap—Lint Diachylon plasters Powders Paint rags Visiting Cards Newspaper Wrappers Curlpapers

Sling Bag—A/c Book Passport Ticket Small Sketch-book Sketching Portfolio charged Writing Portfolio charged Paperknife Cap Copying-ink Telescope

In Overcoat Pocket—Cigarettes Mouthpieces Gloves

Roll—Rug Umbrella Under Vest Drawers Camp tripod

foreign money Linen Bag.

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Printed by R & R CLARK LIMITED INDIA

