

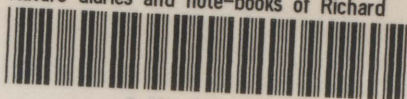




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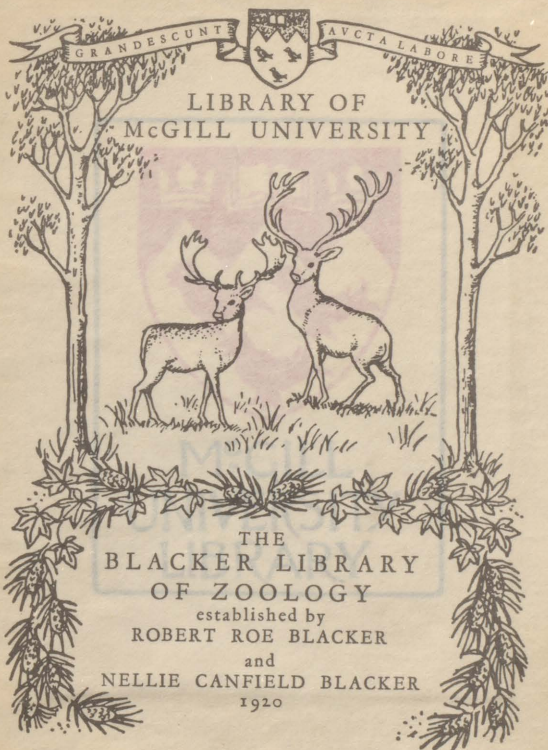
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Nature diaries and note-books of Richard



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The Nature Diaries  
and Note-Books  
of Richard Jefferies



*edited by Samuel J. Looker*



JEFFERIES' ENGLAND  
JEFFERIES' COUNTRYSIDE  
RICHARD JEFFERIES' LONDON  
THE SPRING OF THE YEAR  
RICHARD JEFFERIES, A TRIBUTE  
THE STORY OF MY HEART  
THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS  
THE OLD HOUSE AT COATE  
CHRONICLES OF THE HEDGES  
THE JEFFERIES' COMPANION



THE NATURE DIARIES  
AND NOTE-BOOKS  
OF  
RICHARD JEFFERIES

edited  
with an introduction  
and notes  
by  
SAMUEL J. LOOKER

LONDON  
THE GREY WALLS PRESS LTD



*First published in 1948  
by the Grey Walls Press Limited  
7 Crown Passage, Pall Mall, London S.W.1*

*Printed in Great Britain  
by Lee and Nightingale Limited*

*Liverpool*

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QH81 J447  
Jefferies, Richard,  
The nature diaries and  
note-books of Richard Jeffer  
M7J35na 71123684

For  
my grandson  
Peter Nigel Jacques



For  
my grandson  
Peter Nigel Jacques

## Contents

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES	<i>page</i> 9
INTRODUCTION	11
NOTEBOOK 1876	21
FEBRUARY 1878 TO MAY 1879	25
MAY 24 TO JULY 30 1879	49
JULY TO OCTOBER 1879	71
MARCH TO JULY 1880	89
OCTOBER 1880 TO SEPTEMBER 1881	99
SEPTEMBER 1881 TO MARCH 1883	117
APRIL TO SEPTEMBER 1883	131
NOVEMBER 1883 TO APRIL 1884	155
MAY TO OCTOBER 1884	171
OCTOBER 1884 TO MARCH 1885	193
JUNE TO AUGUST 1886	211
JANUARY TO FEBRUARY 1887	219
FEBRUARY TO MARCH 1887	239
APRIL TO MAY 1887	253
MAY TO JUNE 1887	271



# Contents

Page	BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES
11	INTRODUCTION
21	NOTEBOOK 1876
22	FEBRUARY 1875 TO MAY 1875
26	MAY 24 TO JULY 30 1875
31	JULY TO OCTOBER 1875
38	MARCH TO JULY 1880
50	OCTOBER 1882 TO SEPTEMBER 1881
117	SEPTEMBER 1881 TO MARCH 1881
121	APRIL TO SEPTEMBER 1883
122	NOVEMBER 1881 TO APRIL 1884
124	MAY TO OCTOBER 1884
125	OCTOBER 1884 TO MARCH 1882
127	JUNE TO AUGUST 1888
128	JANUARY TO FEBRUARY 1887
129	FEBRUARY TO MARCH 1887
132	APRIL TO MAY 1887
134	MAY TO JUNE 1887

# John Richard Jefferies

1848–1887

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## *Short Biographical and Bibliographical Note*

Born at Coate Farmhouse, near Swindon, November 6, 1848. Married Jessie Baden, of Daye House Farm, Coate, in July, 1874. They had three children, Richard Harold, Oliver Lancelot (died in infancy) and Jessie Phyllis. In 1866 Jefferies began work as a reporter on a Swindon newspaper. Many unsuccessful attempts at the writing of fiction, 1866–1872. In the latter year achieved notice by letters to *The Times* on the Wiltshire agricultural labourer, henceforward his work readily accepted by editors of periodicals. In 1877 left Wiltshire to live at Surbiton, Surrey, 1882; at Brighton, 1884; at Eltham, 1885; at Crowborough, 1886. Removed to Sea View (now Jefferies' House), Sea Lane, Goring-on-Sea, near Worthing, Sussex, where he died August 14, 1887. He had suffered much from ill-health during the last five years of his life, but endured his illness with great courage, and the decay of his physical powers showed no decline of creative mind energy; in fact, these five years were his most truly creative period.

## *Chief Works*

(Various pamphlets and small brochures between 1873–1875, also a *History of the Goddard Family*, 1873.)  
*The Scarlet Shawl*, 1874.  
*Restless Human Hearts*, 3 vols., 1875.  
*World's End*, 3 vols. 1877.  
*The Gamekeeper at Home*, 1878.  
*Wild Life in a Southern County*, 1879.  
*The Amateur Poacher*, 1879.  
*Greene Ferne Farm*, 1880.



*Hodge and his Masters*, 2 vols., 1880.  
*Round About a Great Estate*, 1880.  
*Wood Magic, A Fable*, 2 vols., 1881.  
*Bevis: the Story of a Boy*, 1882.  
*Nature Near London*, 1883.  
*The Story of My Heart*, 1883.  
*Red Deer*, 1884.  
*The Life of the Fields*, 1884.  
*The Dewy Morn: A Novel*, 2 vols., 1884.  
*After London: Or Wild England*, 1885.  
*The Open Air*, 1885.  
*Amaryllis at the Fair*, 1887.

#### *Posthumous*

*Field and Hedgerow*, 1869.  
*The Toilers of the Field*, 1892.  
*Jefferies' Land, History of Swindon*,  
edited by Grace Toplis, 1896.  
*Hills and the Vale*, 1909.  
*The Old House at Coate and Other Hitherto Unprinted Essays*,  
edited by Samuel J. Looker, 1948.  
*Chronicles of the Hedges*, 1948.

#### *The following Works may be consulted*

*The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies*, Walter Besant, 1888.  
*Nature in Books* P. Anderson Graham, 1891.  
*Jefferies, A Study*, H. S. Salt, 1894.  
*Jefferies, His Life and Work*. Edward Thomas, 1909.  
*Jefferies*, R. Arkell, 1933.  
*Jefferies' England*, 1937.  
*Jefferies' Countryside*, 1944.  
*Richard Jefferies' London*, 1944.  
*Spring of the Year*, 1946.  
*Richard Jefferies, A Tribute*, 1946.  
*Jefferies' Companion*, 1948.  
All edited by Samuel J. Looker.



## Introduction

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### I

THIS book is a transcription of sixteen leather-covered note-books size  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ ", kept by Richard Jefferies, the great English Naturalist (1848-1887). They were his field note-books and diaries, in which he wrote down on the spot and at the time of his walks and explorations in the fields, woods and Downs of Wiltshire, Somerset, Surrey, Kent, and Sussex, the thoughts and observations of a quick-moving and accurate mind. They comprise short nature-notes, little pieces of quiet yet effective observation, description of sea, sky and Down, notes on the weather from day to day, general thoughts on life and habit as well as a whole series of miscellaneous notes on the plots and incidents of his novels, entries, too, as to his reading, interspersed with comments on the habits of insects, birds and animals, descriptions of flowers and plants growing in field and hedge and by the wayside, often illustrated by curious yet charming little pencil drawings of considerable skill, and, lastly, the more metaphysical thoughts of his closing years.

The note-books here transcribed are all those now extant or known to remain, There were in all twenty-four, of which eight have disappeared, leaving the sixteen which form part of my Richard Jefferies Collection and are now transcribed *in extenso* for the first time.

In the hurriedly written pencil notes of these note-books, a script most difficult to read, one can trace, step by step, day by day, the working of Jefferies' mind.

This guide to his methods and proof of his thorough and characteristic study of nature, as well as the light it sheds on his brooding and introspective habit and way of thought, should prove of great interest to all Jefferies' students. In the early note-books especially may be found the germ of most of the essays. They show a most close and loving observation of the sights and sounds of the fields, woods and Downs. For example, see the entry for 28th June, 1879, or that for



the following day. He was no arm-chair nature writer. 'He sometimes forgot his books, he never forgot the grassy fields, and there, under the green spray, among the hazel boughs where the nightingale sang, he found a secret, a feeling, a sense that filled his heart with an emotion never to be forgotten.'

Here is the raw material of the finished later essays, the sketches and drawings of the artist's studio, which, in the case of so great and original a writer, must always prove of interest and value.

It has often been remarked that Richard Jefferies had little or no sense of humour, and I am ashamed to say that in the past I have myself given currency to this view, but a study of many of the entries in these note-books shows clearly that he did possess a queer, impish sense of fun—not boisterous humour by any means, and certainly very little obvious wit, but a true sense of the incongruous in life and a sardonic appreciation of the use of the ironical. Many entries, to my mind, prove this beyond all doubt.

## II

Among these note-books are some written during the last five years of his life, and indeed no less than four actually written by his own hand within a few months of his death when he was confined to the house by illness. These five years were years of suffering and increasing weakness, and during this period Jefferies' thoughts turned more and more inward. He had published his remarkable autobiography, *The Story of My Heart* in 1883, and the entries in the later note-books show that he intended to issue a revised and enlarged edition of that book. In fact, the four note-books, those written during the last twelvemonth, are almost entirely concerned with this projected re-writing and form a commentary, as it were, on the text of *The Story* itself. I find them of absorbing interest and very painful reading. They are the bare bones of Jefferies' thought and have an almost pathological intensity of utterance. I subjoin a few entries from Note-book 23 for example, entries written during April, May and June, 1887 (Jefferies was in his grave by mid August). They are remarkable and revealing:

'The end comes at last and still ignorant. In the end I shall find out nothing. Has anything ever been found out?'

'The flower only lives to carry on the pollen. The Man only lives to carry on the soul.'

'The Flesh really has its joys. At the end I shall know nothing. I shall only be conscious of the immensity of the problem.'



'If I had had a great body to have enjoyed the earth or a great mind to have done or found something, I could have been content to have had neither, and to perish without adding one atom to knowledge is bitter.'

'No hope—no gratitude—to whom—no love—no heart to turn to. No prayer to. Yet the mind is not satisfied. At the end I shall sink into the Great Beyond; not into the ocean, not into the material.'

'The Soul lifts itself utterly above the material, above philosophy, above religion, above immortality, above all, and is satisfied with nothing but the unknown, with unknowingness, illimitable with the Beyond. The aspiration within it will accept nothing less—will accept no tangible or defined fate. Is this then the answer? That the feeling of the depth Beyond is the right and true feeling? In its very vagueness perhaps its birth. At least it is a higher ideal—no punishment—than hitherto!'

'I have been through Nature, I am weary of Nature, nothing there. I have in long illness, I have let my mind think on itself. Nothing there. On the sense of the Illimitable!'

'When shall I awake—when shall I awake?'

'I hate Nature. I turn my back on it. Works of man greater than nature—Nature works without a mind!'

'Analyse away the soul: the soul returns!'

(And towards the end of June Jefferies wrote the last entry in his last notebook, most probably the last sentence he wrote in this world.) It ran: '*I dream of Ideality.*'

Now the quality of much of Jefferies' thought in *The Story of My Heart* has often been attacked by critics of a more practical and unspiritual sort as somewhat cloudy and confused, and I suppose such people, a minority indeed, will feel the same about many of the entries in the note-books. It is as well, therefore, to point out to such persons in advance that the general tenor of Jefferies' cogitations on these matters is very much in line with the reasoning of the greatest of all modern psychologists, C. G. Jung, and Jefferies' notes on the Psyche looked at from that angle are truly remarkable.

### III

Psychotherapy is still a comparatively new study although Kant and Leibniz over a century ago and Carus towards the end of the nineteenth century, all recognized the importance of the unconscious. There is no evidence whatever that Jefferies was familiar with the



concept as outlined by these thinkers, but none-the-less he did write on the subject and when, confined to the house by illness and no longer able to study nature in the fields, his thoughts turned inward and became more metaphysical; he was concerned with the Psyche. The last few note-books, as I have said, were almost entirely occupied by the theme. Unfortunately, we have next to no record of his dreams, which would throw still further light on the matter. But we have got the very full notes he wrote under the immediate shadow of approaching death. We are looking at the day-by-day progress of Jefferies' psychic development. His body was feeble and outworn long before its time, but the flame of his mind burnt bright and clear until the very end. In youth on Liddington Hill and on the Wiltshire Ridgeway, the aspiration and the prayer had first come to him. Pondered on for many years and with many attempts and many failures, to write down the experience, Jefferies at length was able to compose *The Story of My Heart*. In thus doing he had cleansed his bosom of much perilous stuff, but still he had not revealed all, not rendered the final account, and his mind, as the note-books clearly show, was still preoccupied with many of the same class of thoughts and ideas as those that haunted his youth. He returns constantly to the same theme, the Spirit and the Material, the Body, the Soul, the Beyond, the place and purpose of the Psyche. And naturally it was difficult for him to find his bearings; his thought was sometimes clouded, sometimes, as it seems, almost irrelevant, in that region of the nebulous 'where the ideas of the artist germinate'! Jefferies was a lonely thinker, an honest and courageous one, ploughing a lonely furrow, unhelped, uncounselled, and in the shadow of fell disease. But Jung has said that our world is so exceedingly rich in delusions that a truth is priceless, and it is for truth that Jefferies fought and strove with all the power of his passionate nature.

Jefferies said that we know nothing about the methodical development of the Psyche and its functions and he wished to 'build a bridge over that abyss'.

And why should we be so cocksure in these matters, and dismiss Jefferies' thought and his strivings to understand as of no account, or as mere irrational theory? I think that the truth is as stated by Jung where he writes: 'I try to free myself from all unconscious; and therefore uncriticised assumptions as to the world in general, I try to save myself at least from the crassest prejudices, and am therefore inclined to recognise all manner of gods provided only that they are active in the human psyches . . . I am far from knowing what spirit



is in itself, and equally far from knowing what instincts are. The one is as mysterious to me as the other, yet I am unable to dismiss the one by explaining it in terms of the other.' Certainly instinct and spirit are beyond my understanding. They are terms that we allow to stand for powerful forces whose nature we do not know. Now what is all this but the attitude and the effort of Richard Jefferies? And who am I to attack him for trying to arrive at a conclusion on problems that the most modern thinkers still face and wrestle with, not always with success or much enlightenment?

#### IV

The more I examine and ponder the manuscripts and note-books of Jefferies, the more I am astounded by the depth and range of his thought and the versatile curiosities and range of his mind. P. Anderson Graham, in his otherwise perceptive study of Jefferies in the volume *Nature in Books*, calls him a 'half-educated peasant'. This is simple nonsense, for in the first place Jefferies was not a peasant and in the second he was certainly not half-educated. On the contrary, his mind was equipped with learning and with a range of information which might well be the envy of men with twenty times his opportunities. As a matter of fact, he went to a good school at Swindon and for some while to another, whilst living at Sydenham with his uncle and aunt the Harrilds, while his general reading in early years was incessant and catholic. Any thoughtful reader who gives a glance at the note-books, let alone the finished essays of his maturity, must conclude that Richard Jefferies was highly educated in the true sense of the word and remarkably well informed, not only in the classics but also in most aspects of the modern science and enquiry of his time. With regard to the last, I would remark that some of the most remarkable entries in the later note-books are concerned with the principles of flight. These are headed in each case Fl., and most of the entries are accompanied with pencil sketches and diagrams to illustrate his thesis, which was, that aerial navigation was possible and before long would become commonplace. This is an aspect of Jefferies' thought which hitherto has been completely unknown or overlooked. Obviously none of his biographers, neither Besant nor Thomas, ever made a really close examination of the contents of the note-books, although Besant actually printed a few nature entries from one. As a matter of fact, this was not Thomas's fault, for he was not allowed to see them. Besides these note-book entries on flight and the possibility



of aerial navigation, there is an extended and deeply interesting excursion on the subject in a long autobiographical essay, hitherto unprinted, *The Old House at Coate*,<sup>1</sup> which is among my Jefferies' MSS., written not long before his death, and in which is much germane observation on the flight of birds and insects, because it was upon these observations in the first place that Jefferies' mind was led to assume the early possibility of man's conquest of the air.

Jefferies' preoccupation with the problems of flight towards the end of his life and his confident predictions that aerial navigation would become possible in the near future, is one more remarkable thing in the history of this forward-looking and original writer, who has never received due recognition from critics and nature writers, some of whom, without acknowledgement, have themselves climbed to success on his shoulders.

I quote the words of P. Anderson Graham, which summarise what I feel on the subject:—

'Easily-made reputations easily die, and the fiery rushing genius of today, swiftly and easily as he flies up the hill of fame, discovers no rest on its summit, but is compelled to hurry still more rapidly into the thick irrevocable darkness of the thither side. If we think of the number of recent reputations that have died with the owners of them, and how many potent names of the century are shrinking and fading, it terrifies us from lightly assuming that this or the other poet or novelist has really won a niche in the gallery of immortals. Yet the unique work of Jefferies so continues to gather to itself admirers, so absolutely proves itself inimitable that (he) seems in a fairer way to enduring remembrance than many of those who rolled in wealth while he scrambled in poverty.'

## V

There are some wise, beautiful and moving passages to be found in these note-books. It may be thought that here and there the rugged picturesque passage has perhaps an even greater force than the finished piece of prose of which it is the germ. There are a number of these to my mind, of which the following are typical:—

'The rhythm of nature is music.

'The strain (or music) of humanity, with its melancholy long drawn organ note stretching back to beyond Egypt.

'Love is a continual dawn.

<sup>1</sup>Now in the press



2 Woodside

Tisbury

Sunny

April 10<sup>th</sup>

Gentlemen.

I was much pleased to  
hear that you intend to issue an  
illustrated edition, & I should imagine  
that no better artist could have  
been selected. His illustrations of  
St. John's Book are praised by every  
one.

I remain, Gentlemen

Faithfully yours

Richard Jefferies

Messrs Smith, Elder & Co

---

Facsimile of letter from Jefferies to  
his publisher





'Old man like ancient sundial now broken or illegible but recalling the lights and shadows which swiftly passed over its face in the years gone by.

'Intervals of sunshine, the green corn so light and green under the sunshine; but what makes it so beautiful is the continual motion of its leaves, flutter, flutter, flutter endlessly, and the changing shadow. Antares, the summer star.

'Night, beautiful stars, all shining brightly. The morning star high glowing as with inward light.

'Stars, orchard—summer night—no darkness—only the shadow of the earth between us and the sun like a mountain.

'The lark warming the cold earth with his warm breast, his beating heart. Thoughts come as wild flowers grow, in unexpected places, anywhere, without arrangement, or premeditation.'

In his note-books, as in his masterpiece, *The Story of My Heart*, Jefferies' theme is Time and Eternity, but the latter alone is real to him and even then, like the Abbé Dimnet on the country road, he seems to hear a voice saying: 'This is only a dream, and you too are only a dream, and nothing really exists'.

A few words from a lover, or a line of poetry, or a short passage of prose, or a landscape, or suddenly the sight of the sky or sound of the sea, can change our outlook for ever; for this is the sight or sound of discovered beauty, the mortal which puts on immortality. The first reading of Richard Jefferies has meant just that for many, and life is never the same again.

## VI

Seven years ago I edited a selection from four of Jefferies' field note-books. This was an extremely partial selection from the four and no less than twelve others were left entirely untranscribed. The book appeared at the most difficult period of the war and the transcription of the four note-books was carried through in the face of every conceivable difficulty and handicap. Jefferies' writing, at all times fairly difficult, was at its worst in these quickly written pencil notes, mostly composed in the open air on the spot. I had to keep the note-books, with my other large collection of Jefferies' manuscripts, in a place away from bombs, and I could not give them that undivided and scrupulous examination that work of the sort demands. However, at that time I thought I should not live to complete the work of editing my Jefferies' unpublished material, and when the opportunity came,



even in war time, and in face of all the difficulties, I thought it better to publish than not to publish.

The time has now come to supersede this most imperfect and partial edition with a more complete and comprehensive transcription. One note-book alone, that for the year 1876, must be largely omitted, for most of it is written in shorthand. Pitman's shorthand, it is true, but three experts to whom I have submitted it confess that they cannot transcribe its contents. So, with the exception of a few entries in longhand, it must remain unprinted for the time being. With that exception I have made a fairly extensive reduction of the whole of the note-books, sixteen in all, which are all that survive from the original number of twenty-four.

I must say a brief word about the principles I have adopted in editing and annotating these note-books. The entries are transcribed as they stand, with little emendation even of punctuation except where Jefferies' punctuation, or the want of it, makes complete nonsense of the meaning. In such a case the punctuation has been slightly amended, but many of the separate entries have been paragraphed to save space and some cognate entries placed together. Repetitive or trivial entries are omitted, and I have also left out a number of notes describing the plots of Jefferies' novels. I have taken immense pains with the transcription and the rendering has been twice compared word for word with the original and revised three times. Most of it had to be done with the aid of a magnifying glass, and even then many entries took a considerable time to decipher. It has been an arduous task.

The method of annotation, apart from here and there supplying an explanatory reference, has been to quote a short selection of parallel passages in the text, from the published books and essays of Jefferies, to show his method of composition. The result is extremely interesting and informative. Here we have, as it were, the raw material of the note, made on the spot in the heat of the moment, and side by side with it sufficient annotation of the finished version as finally printed by its author quite irrespective of my own beliefs and convictions, I have allowed Jefferies to speak for himself.

One thing this method shows beyond a peradventure, and that is the strict mental integrity, the complete honesty of Richard Jefferies as a naturalist and thinker.

The annotations are marked off from the transcriptions of the actual text of the note-books, in that they are all enclosed between square brackets, and the reader therefore should have no difficulty in



distinguishing them. Any words between round brackets are Jefferies' own.

I do not much care for long and portentous lists of acknowledgements of trivialities. It has always seemed to me that such lists are a kind of literary brag and snobbery. Essential help is another matter and there are four people to whom I must pay sincere tribute. First, my wife, as always, for constant encouragement and wise counsel; second, Mrs. Hargrave, Jefferies' daughter, who I am proud to call friend; third, Mr. A. V. Hull, of the British Museum, for his valuable and ungrudging help and constant friendship, which proved of inestimable benefit to me, and fourth, Mr. H. L. Bradfer-Lawrence, F.S.A., who, with the greatest kindness, placed information in my way from his magnificent library.

The work to which I have dedicated so many sad and happy hours, that of editing the manuscripts, note-books, and papers of Richard Jefferies, of which I own so comprehensive a collection, draws towards its climax. I began the task when his memory was in decline and his books practically neglected and unread. I now find his name and reputation on every common tongue. It would be idle to pretend that I have not been saddened and even deeply grieved by the somewhat melancholy toil of deciphering the text of the note-books, three or four of which were written by Richard Jefferies on the verge of the grave and in the face of the most unutterable suffering. At a time when he could not hold a pen, and was dictating his last essays to his wife, he yet used the pencil to record the thoughts set down in the four note-books composed in the last months of his life, and wrote the last entry only a week or two before his death. I have found the task of editing in this case painful indeed almost to the point of mental and bodily torture, moreover, I have been deeply conscious of my own shortcomings. But I felt impelled as a sacred duty to proceed and complete the task, although, like Dr. Johnson, I know that the voices of two or three of those whose approbation I would most desire are for ever silent.

I take leave of this transcription of the note-books of the man who to me is one of the greatest writers of the nineteenth century, with the strengthened belief that Jefferies was a man of genius, passionate, pure, and single-hearted.

SAMUEL J. LOOKER

1 August, 1947.  
Billericay, Essex.



Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.



NOTE-BOOK

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*Dated 1876*



NOTE-BOOK

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Bound 1876



## Note-Book dated 1876

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*Pages not numbered*

*All pencil entries in Jefferies' holograph*

*Unfortunately, most of the entries are in shorthand, which is indecipherable. The following are the few entries in longhand.*

NOVEMBER. Study the writings of Charles Reade. The construction of French Plays. Thackeray's style, Charles Reade's system, notes. There is a great deal in style alone in Thackeray and Ouida.

Style. The proper choice of a word. A polished style yet simple Saxon words.

A Rural Play. The scenes must be actual.

All the World's a snob.

The force of little circumstances in modern life.

The world would give any price for a new pleasure. Like Xerxes.

Cornfields of the World. Russia, Hungary, America, A Splendid subject.

Every man has his ghost, i.e., is haunted by some secret. Never a tree without a dead branch.

Coarsely stated, man has an instinct for religion. The belief in some One above who hears, makes him cling to something higher, even the roughest.

Inspiration is an accident of thought.

There is no History of Wit. It would be most interesting.

Rising from nothing, proud of it. Held up as so good and grand. Examine it. It is a tissue of brass lies, cheating if not fraud. Everything snobbish and vulgar. The art of getting over people. Success in life depends on this in many cases. Some have the gift of it.

No dialogue like Shakespeare's.

General Notions. Begin with *New Monthly* at Once. Try *The World*

Note-Book  
dated  
1876

with stories. Agriculture (writings) General Articles. Follow it up most carefully. Most important of all, it may give me regular work for a time. It may give me a reputation which will lead to better work still. In these days [reputation] the most important thing in life. Among other things, the story (Iden).

[This last sentence is of great interest, for it shows that Jefferies was thinking of one of the chief characters in *Amaryllis at the Fair*, his last novel, published in the year of his death, as early as 1876.]

That the characteristic of this Age is a total absence of any arcana—Nothing secret in the sense of mysterious.



NOTE-BOOK

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*February 1878 to May 1879*

NOTE-BOOK

---

February 1878 to May 1879



## February 1878 to May 1879

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*Pages 1 to 120*

*Entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph  
A few in shorthand which are indecipherable*

THE COUNTRYSIDE—Wold, Water and Woodland—Notes and Letters—Footsteps of Pan.

[Suggested titles for Jefferies' books which were never used.]

Ivy—Many species variegated besides the technical species. Some with dust of reddish brown. Leaves on oak and beech till spring, chiefly on the lower boughs. The bark as a tube, suction. Tongue of woodpecker its sensitiveness under the hard substance. There may be minute pores, as in doves. Spear herons: trowel nest pincers. The aspen—little slits as if drawn open on the bark, as if cut with the point of knife and then swollen: Oak apples, on till spring, used to string on wire: Woodlice, a score under fungus covering a hole in decayed wood: top of oak limb cut off. Reeds, country, made into arrows and pan-pipes: a straw to cause a noise in: dead nettle square stem the same: willow into whistle, also sycamore which slips bark as easily: bark of willow stains like tan and marks knife: used to light fires, from willow poles, and tough to tie with like string.

Key. Hear it turn in keyhole outside—Ghost story. You inside and hear noises and can do nothing.

Beak as a pickaxe. Martin on wall and sometimes tomtit.

I admire Beauty itself, not the person who carries it. The person who carries it is apt to be a fool.

Burning log splits surface in squares. Woodbine very early leaf [Feb. 22]. Early as earliest Blackthorn.

Should be not more than three or at most four characters and entirely country and entirely pleasant as apart from revolting. Enlarge indeed which experience has shown and personal interest in one or



February two: in fact best if not more than three characters. Three at the  
1878 most. [Jefferies thinking over a novel he was planning.]

May Ground ash used by the village blacksmith to hold the wedge with  
1879 which cuts off red hot iron. Beer: Oasthouses: Spoons in thatch.

American axe. The object of the curve of the handle is to put the  
left hand a little forward, and the right hand a little back, a position  
which harmonizes with the anatomical attitude of the muscles as a  
man stands with his left shoulder slightly advanced to chop at  
a tree.

Kitchen-garden and peasant plot—the difference and how it mis-  
leads: kitchen garden worked by Capital and all for sale, peasant plot  
without capital, and in many cases little direct sale, and a large part  
for personal consumption.

The experiment is now in process of being carried out whether or  
no houses can be purchased: whether it succeeds or not (and it must  
be remembered that 21,000 is a small No hardly enough to compare  
results. It raises questions which temporary success will not settle.)

Thistledown—enough collected to make a pillow—beautifully soft.

Dress, cheap, and wife to advise in an Idea. No present adviser does  
this.

The harrow breaks up clods and is a preparation for birds and  
rooks—they throng after it. Fable: How men work for the birds and  
the rook talking.

Social. Joscelin St. Scott, Abbot's Rangers—historic: Ever since  
Wm. Conqueror 'set store by the hares and they must go free and  
loved the tall Deer as though he were their father.' See Thiers.

Cat climbing up and getting partly into straw rick—mice.

Wood-pile—rats—birds' nests: under damp log, lizard.

Astrology: Necromancy: Alchemy.

Fawn-shooting: Deer shooting, with ball from double-barrel, 40  
yards tree, with swan shot.

People never do see things close around them.

['They (the Italian painters and the old poets) had eyes to see that  
which was around them. Open your eyes and see those things  
which are around us at this hour.' 'Venice in the East End.' *Life of  
the Fields.*]

Great Axe—lineal descendant of Saxon axe—see Bayeaux Tapestry:  
Use in splitting and roots—American cuts tree off 3 or 4 feet high, we  
almost grub them.

Length of shadow at sunset is the same in all longitudes and  
latitudes?



In *vino veritas*—it is not the public house, it is the natural character of the people which the liquor displays in coarse profile: if it was champagne it would be the same.

At 45 a woman, if very clever, begins to see things like a man.

Blackbird's clear notes audible at a distance. Mem. How far are birds' notes to be heard? Cuckoo three-quarter mile? I think so as it, the cuckoo, fond of an echo.

*All for the Best*: Title. Point that it is really generally so stupid as to be all for the worst.

Cruelty of desolate places. Point, locality, great power of. Rooks fly with wings like old windmill sails. Pigeons without tails, feathers cut out in middle, leaving a gap.

Water falling. Could be made to give musical notes, or the pleasant deception of voices, rising and falling, two or more tiny cataracts. The bridge pier bottom scooped away there, a sudden deepening instead of a heaping up of sand, so that under a bridge the brook is deeper. The rhythm of nature is music. Spring sunshine gives one the delicious sense of convalescence, of gathering strength and spirit after the torpor of the winter.

Grass. The seeds which work themselves down the throat by their barbs. Grass cutting the hand like a knife.

Beech tree. Boughs smooth like eels, not short sharp curves or angles, but rounded. The circularity of trees, some irregularly round as horse-chestnut, beech not quite round, birch a tendency to flatness in places, apt to look like the rolls of cinnamon and the peeling bark rolls up like cinnamon.

Spring stars. Orion, Arcturus. All the large constellations, March, Pale blue sky.

Apple scoops of sheep shank bone. Skeleton of sheep on hills like the skeleton of the camel on the sands. Skeleton of hares and rabbits on the hills, picked clean, the heads whitening, the hollow winds whistle. Various sounds of the wind, through the bennets on the hills with a swish, swish: firs with a dull sough, pine howls a shrill srrr. [See 'Winds of Heaven.' *Field and Hedgerow*.]

Bark from a few lines to two inches on old elm oak, or bottom part of brick: withey poles bark slashed roughly like the slashed—pinked?—trunk hose on doublets of olden time.

The starling in flight every few seconds closes its wings and darts as it were along, as if the wings would oppose progress and are shut till further effort is required.

Bird catchers March. Chaffinches. Any cockbird in cage, song or

February

1878

May

1879



February  
1878  
May  
1879

challenge attracts other cocks to *fight* it, cannot draw the hens in this way. Near the cage a stuffed chaffinch with back turned to it, the sound of the challenge therefore appears to the bird in the tree to come not from the cage but from the apparent bird on the ground. Over this is a pointed arch formed by two curved pieces of whalebone covered with bird lime, On alighting the bird is caught. Sells at 6/- a dozen. Can catch 50 or 60 a day: only in the breeding season. Do not catch other finches in this way, they want a net. [Jefferies writes of the bird catchers in two essays in *Nature near London, Flocks of Birds* and *The Crows*, and in two other hitherto uncollected pieces.]

The old house, deserted. Wall scribblings. The swallows building inside the broken window, attaching their nests to the ceiling.

The robin that came every summer morn and perched upon the tester, footrail of my bed: sometimes a wren: often the impudent tomtit looked in. The wren on the iron catch of the old window singing loudly, window left open, warm.

Windows used to tremble a mile or three-quarter from the railway, clay soil. Windows do not always tremble as if some conditions were more favourable, dry weather? To transmit vibration as sound through air.

The having failed in things or character is no reason, why not study to succeed in them?

Lime flowering, water faintly undulating. Homology of Senses. Experiment in touching metals: fly March 20th and instance, in the eye causing odour of saffron or like bean flower in the nose smelling, often had it in the summer.

Bees' eyes for colour, birds for insects in grass, yet do not see anyone behind the hedge.

The strain, or music of humanity with its melancholy long drawn organ note stretching back to beyond Egypt, motif tone, undertone. Sesostris and the Sun and grain of sand. ['With all the energy the sunbeams had poured unwearied on the earth since Sesostris was conscious of them on the ancient sands.' *The Story of My Heart*.]

Hawk sails more frequently. Cuckoo does not fly like Hawk, flies straight and *level* with a gentle fluttering of the wings which never seem to come forward but are behind the centre of the body all the time, and has a longer and more pointed tail, and has a resemblance to a very large swallow flying straight: like horse-shoe arrow or crescent head convex edge forwards.

Tomtit fluttering wings and making a noise like mice when love time. They make love on rails as other birds on trees.



Stagnant stream bayed up, the film on it floating here or there with the light wind wandering from bank to bank.

Jackdaws. Four or five on the rail. Darting down on the hen's food. Hen rushing at them like a knight with lance full tilt, another slips down behind. One sometimes went right in among the hens and up again in a second before they could move.

Hot sultry fields waiting for game; no sound in the heat but the buzz of the flies in your ear.

The *Rooks* two main morning flights, north and east, meadow and hills, why? Hereditary, Why not west because large woods that way with other colonies. [*Wild Life in a Southern County*, published in the following year, has many interesting passages about rooks.]

Downs. Archangels' Chorus, Starlight, it is as old and grey. Thy works as bright as on Creation's Day. [This is a quotation from Goethe's *Faust* of which Jefferies was very fond.]

Farmer's wife, old couple. When they go out together always walks five yards behind as if quite disconnected, never side by side or arm in arm. [Jefferies wrote a whole series of papers dealing with country habits and curious ways, most of which appear in the posthumous collection *Field and Hedgerow*. But some of this lore was also published in the four early country books, especially in *Wild Life in a Southern County*. He had obtained a good deal of curious and old-world information from his father. The above note, as a matter of fact, was actually used in *Round About a Great Estate*, Chapter VII.]

*Index to Contemporary Agricultural Literature*, Magazines and Journals. [One of the many projects conceived but never carried out.]

Experiment with choke bore. March 9th *Country Papers* [title].

In snowstorm 14 tomtits: hanging pendant at end of tiny birch bough. As if at the end of a string and swinging to and fro as the rough wind blew. These 14 made the tree seem alive, slender dark branches against the snow 24 March, 78. Some of them remained an hour or more. The young buds.

Dusty road, beautiful moonlight—a rosy sunset.

March 27.—7 p.m. Single milk-white brilliant streak of cloud spanning whole sky from low bank of vapour to low bank of vapour through zenith arch defined for five minutes visible. The rest of sky perfectly clear and no flecks, stood out remarkably. The parallelism of clouds. Wind quite still then: west or north-west all day: cloud drifted S.E.

Farmhouse. Grandfather paying £40 to substitute not to go to war. Name of man who went. Snow in July, intrenchment on the hills.

February

1878

May

1879



February Farmhouse. Money galore from wheat, the family history and its  
1878 stupidity. The melancholy chord of the work, work, work all life, yet  
May the mortgage, the hawthorn bloom gone, the great sun still going  
1879 onwards—*humanity* and in the lower class, old, stupidity, the smoke,  
*Les Miserables*. The sun at near zenith, the shadow of the projecting  
eaves of thatch. Farmhouse at the mouth or just below the coombes  
of the chalk-springs.

Effect of seasons on birds. Rook rising over copse against rough  
wind tries to double round it—beaten back—tacks—traverses—does  
it at an angle.

Cottagers put oyster shell in kettle to prevent cake on kettle. It then  
cakes on shell. Village trade from travellers now. Many labourers can  
point to the farms their forefathers occupied and even owned.

Are these City-corporations to take everything and be masters of  
the land? Under the pretence of a sanitary and benevolent scheme the  
real plan is to grant a huge commercial undertaking permission to  
sell the water and to give 'jobs' to some scores of thousands and  
consequent petty patronage. After a while Manchester will declare that  
the Land itself is necessary to supply them with bread and will pass a  
bill to take possession of it. Like the Venice tin sealed tenders not  
bound to accept, leaves an open door for *private feelings* in voting.

*In Greening Fields* [title]. Humble-bees in at window token a  
visitor. Humming-bird moth hovering over the geraniums in the  
window.

Old man like ancient sun-dial now broken or illegible but recalling  
the lights and shadows which swiftly passed over its face in the years  
gone by.

Biscuits dropped on paper and baked in the sun—delicate old  
country receipt.

The inscrutable grandeur of villadom people. Insanity in every  
family if you enquire back.

Local Industry. Rope making under the willows with lane. The post  
remained. [A Rope-walk, a long piece of ground used for twisting  
rope. It was a familiar sight in villages of the past.]

Ducks, heron low down evening over farmhouse. Nightbirds, moor-  
hen, cry of. Flat ceilings a mistake, old ceilings were never flat. Dome,  
arch, or pointed, like a ship.

Atalanta. Take a classic name: heroine so interesting as to be far  
more interesting than the plot. [In his novel *The Dewy Morn* (1884)  
Jefferies created just such a character in Felise, who dominates the  
book and makes the plot look pale.]



April 2.—10 minutes to 8,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  degrees under Cassiopa slant west, size thrice Sirius, colour bright, white tail, two diameters of head, long thin red disk duration 3 seconds, but gable hid.

Gipsies like foxes never poach or steal *near* their vans and if they are close to the house it is safe.

Colour, Form, Group, To express in words what painters do by the palette: as going to market, Rome. The colours of century [April 5]. Includes all art, poetry, sculpture, nature. Therefore, art and nature to study first as materials.

The new moon like palm branch. Koran. See palms in Ecclesiastical shops, Tavistock or Henrietta Streets.

My ideas of the human body—as the knee and its beauty: the shoulders, and the artists' sense in it. [See the beautiful description of Felise bathing in *The Dewy Morn*, and also the essay 'Nature in the Louvre', *Field and Hedgerow*.] Could a man stand in such a position that one limb should apparently measure longer than the other, like the V. d. M. [Venus de Milo] I think so.

*The Hunting Picture. Its Defects and Difficulties.* Nothing passes so easily for a picture, nothing so difficult as a good one. Too ambitious, too many figures. Sketches in pencil are often the best, better than laboured productions. Locality. Interesting to those who know it and if they can, merging what does duty for a true thing they know. A brook they have jumped, or a huntsman they have followed. They are quite satisfied, 'by Jove, isn't it good!' Then if you like the more truly artistic and better, but one hound or stag, there is lack of interest to many. Then again the fancy picture, fancy landscapes. The High Society is better than this because it has an historical value at the present day. Indeed, to hunting we owe no little knowledge of men and manners, social history. The stiffness and woodenness of the trees: impossible drawing. Chief characteristic, green ground, and a grey horse. No one paints the foggy days the southerly wind, the rain; the dead leaves; the soaking grass; the cold of the real hunt. Its melancholy landscape. Why does not some one paint the natural hunt? with the cottager and his bill hook, looking up, and then the scarlet dulled by the rain or splashed by a fall, and the fence tearing the coat, and the forlorn four or five near the finish along the Dusky Hedge of the winter afternoon. Why these fancy horses going at full speed have not a speck of dust upon them, and where is the steam that rises from the hunter as he stands? No one has painted the waiting for the start in the cold. There is a romance in the rain, but no one has seized it yet. They have seized the humour, and they are the best. They have seized the

February

1878

May

1879



February  
1878  
May  
1879

local. They have not seized the artistic, and they have not seized the true natural. ['Field Sports In Art,' *Field and Hedgerow*, deals with this subject to some extent.]

April 12.—1878. Nightingale heard. First white butterfly same day. 5 mins. past 7, moon, naked eye, prominence of light distinctly on upper part [small pencil drawing of moon] dark.

April 13.—A swallow. It is locality (though disguised) which gives all the point. Go in for revival of open-field shooting. Swallow caught by wave while dipping—did not drown—floated.

April 14.—Fieldfares and red-wings passing over to the north north-eastwards in small flocks. Down. Couch fires like a battle-mirage.

April 15.—Cuckoo first heard. Larks calmer, self-contained.

Interlude. Only fancy, says the Intelligence, what an existence, not to be able to tell a moment beforehand what is going to happen to you, say as you take your morning walk. How can they endure it? They have no more knowledge these human beings than trees. None.

Before mirror study the present [of the gun in shooting]. There is so much in bringing the gun to the present easily and with uniformity that it can hardly be studied too closely, being in fact the very foundation of all good shooting. [See *The Gamekeeper at Home* and *The Amateur Poacher* for a development of these ideas.]

*Pastoral Life, Natural Home.* Has this ever been used before? *The Greening Field, The Book of Nature, The Manuscript of Nature, Natural History Notes* [titles].

Maggie in cornfield in spring, walks in zig zag lines, long zig zagging lines, his white underpart showing as he turns sideways with a flash of white above the green corn. When facing you he looks black, and seeing a snail or grub, goes at it with a rush, and throws his head [body struck out] with a jerk of the whole body on it as if he thrust his head into the ground.

Mouse (spring, April) on hawthorn branch, horizontal, nearly foot from bank, nibbling the tender top leaves of the [word illegible] plant, dragging it towards him, he could get at it easily thus elevated, being level with the top of the plant (which the geese are so fond of). Does the mouse eat it as a dog does grass?

Carriage, polished black, shows revolving wheel reflection and Diorama of dirty road. Starlings in the old oak nest in the water. Wire in bread from wire bound sheaf. Water, small stream, plaiting like 8 rushes in and in, the broken current crossing as it runs past.

Wayside. Two men to one woman (often the case). Three women to one man. Never square—not true gipsies these.



Nightingale sitting on branch of oak 15 feet above ground by road. Not alarmed if looked at. Singing in hawthorn bush on common within ten yards of roads and houses. Nightingale singing in the morning.

February  
1878  
May  
1879

The Horse-chestnut 'reds' on the ground thick covered with the chestnuts. Brown, more beautiful colour while damp fresh from the dewy grass.

Snake crawling into throat of mower asleep, tradition of. May be true since sword swallower.

The World has grown so innocent it has become a miserable place to live in. This last half-century has been dreadfully namby-pamby.

The Vulgarity. Striking his 'lucifer' against the Venus de Medici to light his pipe.

Wayside Inn. 2 men etc to one woman. See how easily and rapidly men would revert to the conditions of savage life. Give these a knobkerrie and assegai or bow and they are the same.

So many birds as wryneck quite quwrrr twirl their rrr's: and some lisp as the nightingale her s's in sweet thweet thweet. Others have reedy notes.

Sheep eating a green folio-leaf at a time. Robins fighting in the morning with their own fathers. Apple, current, gooseberry, planted by birds, seed in hedgerows, gooseberry on polled decaying willow.

The farmer sticking to his bit of land. No matter about getting rich or poor. Pleasure in the land of itself, he gets part of it. He loves the wet furrows and the rheumatism it gives him so that he can hardly drag his legs over it. When at last goes and ruins him, he loses all heart and gives up. It is unconscious love of Nature.

Range of female faces race in carriages. At moment of running glow natural, Interior—gun leant against the clockcase, upright clock.

Village carpenter wheelwright generally.

Moorhens and rooks—tracks through mowing grass.

Chapter I. The Downs. [The first entry in the Table of Contents of *Wild Life in a Southern County*.]

Tree reflection in water, slightly moving. The picture trembles as if the hands of the painter [*were nervous* struck out] shook.

Nine helpings to meat, etc., at club. Mower drinking a gallon at a time.

Canadian weed on the brook below and the pond a mile above the lake, but not on the lake itself, why?

Coots and Moorhens going up the culvert some way into the darkness.



February  
1878  
May  
1879

Does May-flower turn its odour disagreeable before a storm?  
Evening thunderous.

Farm Fields. Hilly Common. One mass of ant hills. Peewits favourite place. Rushes, hawthorn bushes. 12 or 15 acres quite covered with ant hills. So close that you could spring from one to the other. Now levelled.

The missel thrush driving the crow away from the nest (young) in the birch. The missel thrush screeching at the cat in the orchard.

The Greeks were greater observers and greater lovers of Nature than us for they made every stream sacred.

Yellowhammer chiefly on arable fields. Nightingale on elm branch 20 ft. high swells out throat as it sings.

Shepherd whistling through his teeth to his sheep.

Tomtit in room, parlour, swoon as if dead from fright. White film that they draw over the eye. Yet placed on window ledge outside recovered slowly. Then placed on pear tree twig, soon flew off again. It was a complete swoon.

The thrushes' favourite stone anvil. Sit at parlour window of Farm-house and hear the smash of the snail in the shrubbery where the large stone was. Fragments of the shells there always.

Frog. Leg in a snake's mouth, crying out.

Animals do not notice anybody above them, and birds anybody under them, as pigeon in tree above.

Birds so happy, yet the Past affects them too, though they may not know it. Apply 'metaphysical' faculty to birds.

Shikutty—shaky, trembly, not safe. *Greensward* [title]. Orchard. In *Mine Orchard*. The beauty and pleasure of an orchard.

Nature's fault—no place. *Field Philosophy, Philosophy in the Field, Greensward Grove*.

Still river—low flat waves from boat reflex meeting in ovals with shine of sunset on them—ovals mixing [small pencil drawing].

In the country the first thing one is sure to look at the hills: they attract the attention.

Statuary none. Somehow a line which conveys vulgar flatness, materialistic. Ballet girls photos not really decent. We cannot understand that nakedness does not alone constitute indecency. [There is an interesting gloss on the above in an unpublished letter from C. J. Longman to Jefferies, refusing his essay 'Nature in the Louvre' for *Longman's Magazine*: 'I am sorry to say that I do not find the enclosed 'Nature in the Louvre' quite suitable to my magazine. I don't think the general public care much about statues—have a vague impression that



they are improper.' The essay was afterwards accepted by *The Magazine of Art* and printed in September, 1887, a month after Jefferies' death.]

*Life History of A Landed Estate, Life History of A Great Estate, The Natural History of a Landed Estate.* [Round About A Great Estate was published two years later—in 1880.]

*Wold, Wood and Weir, Unexplored England, Wild Life of a Southern County.* [Still the search for titles. The last, with the slight change to *in* instead of *of*, Jefferies of course used when in 1879, the year after this entry, he published *Wild Life in a Southern County.*]

One reason began with Downs [*Hills* struck out] was that so little was said of them in *The Gamekeeper at Home*. Have changed *of* to *in* a Southern County. ['An ancient entrenchment on the Downs has been chosen as the starting-place from whence to explore the uplands.' *Preface to Wild Life in a Southern County.*]

'I have changed the title in accordance with my thought. I have explained at once what the Wild Life is so that the title shall convey no false impression. I hope you will like this new introduction.' [This is obviously a draft of a letter to his publishers, Smith, Elder].

May 1.—Cuckoo and chorus of thrushes at half past three in the morning, singing.

May 6.—Oak apples plentiful. Great number of oak apples this year.

May 8.—Swift, first.

Trees shady and beautiful in summer, but there is always a draught under a tree caused by the cooler atmosphere attracting the heated; therefore those who are delicate should not sit under a tree—especially a tree by itself, but in the shade of a thick hedge.

Hedge proverbs. Rough as a hedge. Sun doesn't shine both sides of a hedge at once. To hedge in betting.

Name of Fields: Leaze: Lea: Ley: Foreland: Foremead: Wexils: Wormils (also old name of grub) Mash: Marsh: Croft: Haddons (?) or name of person: See names if Cromwell's Enclosure and Chisledon Enclosure: Commonheard: The Close: the Green: So and So's Ground. Lot: Mead. These terms as well, Tilth: Spud: parts of the plough. In all these a former age and language: thiller.

That birds intermarry year after year. Do not take their mates at random but from the same gens. This partly caused by, or the cause of their returning to the same *nest* as the swallow. Or the same tree as missel thrush and gold-finch comes back to the same apple tree. But all do not return to the same place precisely but only *nearly*, as thrushes and bull-finches the same bush through. All those that pack in

February  
1878  
May  
1879



February  
1878  
May  
1879

the winter intermarry—starlings, rooks, etc. Their anthropology as nonpareil tits—communism—several in one nest. The cuckoo in another nest. How did that originate in the *history* of the bird, not from structural peculiarity but from historic causes: like savage peoples. Birds splitting up like Amazons all the females as chaffinches and males apart. At all events if not related on both sides, they are all related on one side to male, and to a great extent on both sides. A pack of males returning to the same place and a pack of females—say 20 of each. These returning year after year with their tribal offspring. Each gens of birds has its separate estate or district.

Rain garden, sweet marjoram: rue: thyme.

Cuckoo-cuckoo kuk-aku ku kursh—very quick. *Birds Syllabary*. Like the Egyptian. To learn in time and by degrees their meaning and construct their language. In fact to write it.

Thames. Raking up bottom, mudding. This attracts shoals of small fish. But the fish come just above the mud, not down in it, so mud with net to drive fish gudgeon through [word illegible]. Throw cast net in a few minutes over the spot for bait: in May for night lines for eels: rake iron six flat [*pointed* struck out] teeth, long pole handle, in shallow water.

Hunting Pictures. Hounds no individuality. Horses in action, legs wrongly foreshortened.

Shrewmouse and bat as tests of hearing, so acute in sound.

Old man coming round with two or three sticks and dancing them together as if actors in a drama to a doggerel I have forgotten.

Mummers, on my shoulders I carries a club.

Partridges as they walk feeding nodding their heads as they walk, like a hen.

Clouds as they come up split, one line goes one side another the other, nearly clear overhead, to leeward these two lines meet and there consequently seems a thicker bank of clouds. A sultry day, a weather breeder. Sun beetle iridescent lines in cracks of earth, if step on cause rain. On sultry days runs across footpaths. Cause rain to step on.

Proletariate. Genuine outlet. Villadom. Comfortable and Con-temptible. [Jefferies planned to write a book entitled *The Proletariate* in this year 1878 and prepared some notes for the purpose, but the book as a whole remained unwritten.]

Summer *cold* in June. Shivering in the evening in the parlour with lilac and flowers in the grate and apple bloom in the garden. Yet cold, and all the green things dripping.



The Orchard. Bullfinches favourite nesting place the thick hawthorn hedge. The flycatchers under the shadow of the trees. The thrush's nest in the arbour. Birds coming to the currants in the corner and the swallows twittering on the tops of the damson trees. [Jefferies, although he loved the small wild orchard near his house at Surbiton, was here thinking of the orchard at Coate in retrospect.]

February  
1878  
May  
1879

Swallows after nesting time roosting in great flocks in the withey beds: their twittering.

Starlings. I was attracted by a strange black vapour hanging over a large copse: now it lengthened itself, now it sank down with a resemblance to a funnel or like a water-spout: now disappeared. It was a countless multitude of starlings. Evening.

Lake. Water-spout. The cloud bellying towards the earth and driving against the wind so as to make the tree I chose of no avail as shelter, the rain in torrents suddenly came the other way. Not a complete water-spout but a district vortex and depending funnel. Great darkness and threatening aspect, came up behind. ? Attracted by Lake. Lake. Time of deposit. When empty the old brook ran 7 or 8 ft. deep in mud. Deposited in 57 years: now geological time, do not think it was regularly deposited the same amount every year but varied with the floods or drought, flood bringing down the earth of the uplands. Also varied by the water being sometimes diverted for water-meadows; and by the height of the lake water, because if the lake was full the deposit was not carried the same distance away from the water-fall because it met resistance and even a prevalent wind would do the same.

Farmhouse garden. While hold rose in one hand may pick an apple with the other.

The Sycamores. Six noble trees. Horse-matcher: handsome bird.

Starlings. Nest in hole top of cliff by sea. May 13th. Brighton. Peculiar way of closing wings and floating round with a curve to the nest-hole, and impetus supported by the air resistance blowing up the face of the cliff. The Sea. Studies from in the future.

There is nothing people defend with such enthusiastic obstinacy as the errors they are forced to own to inwardly.

Village. The church cold at summer noon day, meditation in it, the clerk gets key and lets you do as you like, 'bring it back agen.' Sparrows and jackdaws in the tower. [See Chapter IV. *Wild Life*, Jefferies' early novel *Greene Ferne Farm* and the essay 'Village Churches', *Hills and the Vale*. All of these refer to Chisleton Church, where he was married and where he worshipped in early years.]



February  
1878  
May  
1879

Squirrels tail looks so light because the light passes through its loose delicate fur.

A dog generally comes out of the water with his tail hung low, for a few yards, before shaking himself: re Hunting pictures where they have their tails generally up.

Meadow. Hemlock: pitcher plant: teasles: See Meadow brook for lists. Birds. All parts of bill, claws, wings, comparison and purposes. Tree Lore. Each tree, ash, oak, elm.

Seasons and Months, Calendar for each and their peculiarity. [Perhaps *The Naturalist's Calendar* is that part of the book which will be found most valuable to those who take up this study. The dates are not the same every year of course, and this is what makes the interest if you keep a pocket-book founded on this model and look back in a year or two. By its aid you will miss very little.' From Jefferies' Preface to White's *Selborne*, written in 1887.]

*Proletariate*. Anciently the poor, like Jack Cade and Jacques of France, rebelled against the nobles who in those days were the Capitalists and Employers of Labour. Now they rebel and burn houses of mill-owner, the Capitalists representing the nobles who they say oppress them with shortages and long hours, so it is just the same thing over again.

Village Mills. The cottager with wheat gleanings ground at home even now gets *better bread* than that from the big millers, but so few now take that trouble.

Farmhouse. If the swallows do not build, or the trees decay, or the rooks desert the place (their nests) it is said that calamity will come. Farmhouse. Porch of a single flat stone. Things thrown upon it, vertebrae of saurians, etc. House itself nests 9 including number of birds as linnets etc. Cuckoo. On garden orchard 30. Also rabbits and squirrels, mice, snakes, weasels, Next begin with wool, then all on village industry, the willow, rope etc. gloves, bells, boots, tinker, wheelwright, blacksmith. Ash handles, stakesplitting, thatcher.

Hares. The ears of the hare when listening seem to give the impression of leaning sometimes forwards which the rabbits do not.

Sycamore leaf. Young tree, ten inches broad. Farmhouse. Starling's wings at window, fluttering, sunlight lightning, quick vibration. Farm. Stag escaped in winter, short of keepers. Shot by farmers two miles away from forest, just behind the meadows. Old fish ponds filled up, Wick. *Natural History of Game* [title]. Farm. Lower Pen. Swallow's intelligence to see that where there is a roof overhead they need not



build close under or make such complete protection. They seem the same exactly. [The Lower Pen at Coate is described in *Wild Life*.]

Meadow. Corncrake in mowing grass ventriloquism. Ground nut, children eating, digging up with knife. Meadows. Some shooting. Tree-shooting. Why not rabbits smell above? I believe it is not smell but sight and hearing: they don't mind smell unless alarmed.

Bullfinch. Where do they get the fibres? Take hours to find them. Greenfinch, dandelion seeds? Bullfinch will call for a quarter of an hour if alone for a companion. Does not like to be alone. Birds do not often build in hazel if other bushes accessible. Rooks fly in gale 1 foot above ground to get the lee of the hedge.

Lake. Sea gulls coming after stormy weather 50 miles inland. Bull polls great bunches 50 years submerged, still subsisting. Black: some floated across to other side: still tough, power of resisting decay.

The stickleback's nest in brook not a nest, a little hole in which some fibres laid half covered with drifted sand.

Trifolium crimson. May 24th. Good forage, not good hay, coarser.

Walk through England with diary of Natural History as birds and trees and sketches of the scenery and ideas suggested: country inns etc. and the great houses and country characteristics. [If only Jefferies had been able to carry out this idea and had done for England what he did for parts of the West Country and for Surrey, Kent and Sussex!]

If rewrite D. Morn (his novel *The Dewy Morn* of which there was a revised version). Excise evil characters, make all 'sweet' and pleasant.

Proletariate. Work out book at once. The Millionaires like the Feudal Lords. While the collier his piano, his champagne, the spinner his mutton chops to the dogs. The Working Man has heard his virtues trumpeted but now he believes that he can do no wrong, that he is the supreme judge of the Universe. Intellectual Socialism as well. In higher classes. In the thought of the day unconscious Socialism.

S.B. [i.e. Single Barrel]. You should practise with eyes shut with empty gun, but with actual firing begin with both open. *Visit to the Game Preserves of England*.

Village. *Village Chronicles* [title] Records. *History of the Squires of England. The Squire and His Story*. [Jefferies meditated a work on the English Squire and wrote some chapters of the book, part of which appeared in *Hodge and His Masters* and the rest is among my Jefferies' MSS.]

The Political Knowledge of the Labourer. He understands politics better than would be supposed. Ideas on Social and Home Politics.

March 27.—Blackthorn bloom, first. Out, bluish rushes.

February

1878

May

1879



February     *The Gentleman Poacher. Confessions of a Poacher. Adventures of A*  
1878     *Poacher.* [Evidently three suggestions for a title for the book which  
          afterwards appeared as *The Amateur Poacher.*]

May  
1879     Bird Syllabary. Crow in oak summer day Coroog-Cor-roog, twirling  
          its rr's. Nightingale. Meadow. Avoid a road but frequent lanes. When  
          lanes become roads frequent them still though against their retiring  
          habits, a hundred years later. See Ewell Road. In our county [Wilts.]  
          seems to avoid highways. [See 'Nightingale Road', *Nature Near Lon-*  
          *don.*]

A book may be spoiled by putting too much in it. Pamphlets like  
Voltaire, under pseudonym.

May 30.—First June rose. ['But see—can it be? Stretch a hand high,  
quick, and reach it down; the first, the sweetest, the dearest rose of  
June.' *The Pageant of Summer.*]

June 7.—First stag's horn battle. Bramble in flower, one kind.

The Nemesis, decay, of farmers' families, drinking down, squan-  
dering down, muddling down.

The Looting of London. Volunteers fight because they have pro-  
perty, but are too scattered, militia and part of regulars fraternize.  
[Probably a note, afterwards scrapped, for his *After London*. Although  
this book was not published until 1885, I have some very early  
unprinted drafts in Jefferies' writing, which show that he began to  
think about it many years before its actual publication.]

June 9.—First poppy, first ear of wheat. Cuckoos still singing.

Gentleman P. [i.e. Gentleman Poacher.] Tree shooting in [See *The*  
*Amateur Poacher.*]

Village. Wooden banner swinging, glittering with sinking sun. Ale  
House. Birch gives to wind wishy boughs.

Gent. P. The said ferret interesting: give description of ferreting in  
full: disposition of ferrets: the ditch et. seq. [This was carried out in  
Chapter XI. *The Amateur Poacher.*]

*Pentamerone*. It must have been because I never read the Dec.  
[*Decameron*] at home or since and could get it nowhere else. There-  
for let part stand. Old Medieval or Italian Story. Or say I think only  
from memory. [Jefferies relates a story from *the Pentamerone* in Chap-  
ter IV of *Wild Life.*]

Farmer spends all three generations accumulating; partly is gifted  
with a degree of incapacity before which the human brain loses itself  
in a profundity of its inability of grasping it. No cards, hounds,  
horses, no cob to ride on, not a 2/- bundle of asparagus, or barrel of  
oysters, not a single bottle of champagne, absolutely nothing, yet £1



February  
1878  
May  
1879

a day for 10 years muddled. If sit down with pen and paper and sworn to recall things, he could not tell you how. It is impossible. Yet he did it. Let us worship and fall down before the dd'd calf of incapacity. And yet a man of immense observation and true thought. [This seems to be a description of Jefferies' father James Luckett Jefferies, who, as Farmer Iden, is one of the chief characters of *Amaryllis at the Fair*.]

The noonday sleep in country, the effects of it. Mustard in bloom sweet scent. Crushed under hooves when ploughed in, pungent odour. June 14, 15, 16, and 17. Cuckoo still singing. Lake, stickleback, white, at hatch. Chestnut blooming. Each bird or animal some characteristic.

*Country Character Series*. Bird flying against pane at night thought ill omen. Blackbird on sultry days in oak or elm singing, not generally a tree bird. Trout modify.

How Leaders written? arrangement. [At this time Jefferies was pre-occupied with the methods of the Leader Writer and endeavouring to arrange to write these for *The Standard* newspaper and elsewhere. He may have actually done so, but I have not yet been able to trace any from his pen and none exist among his manuscripts.]

Meadow. Finch. Twoo twoo key-wee-tweetie-twit, tit tit-twit. Wings of birds as swift shut behind as if with a sharp snip, cutting the air like scissors closing. Starlings in large flocks flying in the evening to fir copses to roost on June 19th. Partridges squatting in dust of road for fleas on June 20th. The Hamlet. Chapters on the Hamlet cottages: the Hamlet lanes. Ale House with sign glittering in the sun. Characters. The young Brake fern which from a little distance seems to have a glossy sheen in the sunshine which disappears on approaching or handling. Yellowhammer sits on bough to sing or on hedge with shoulders humped up, head almost down between them, as if no neck; as if very tired. Other birds stretch themselves as when singing. Larks on the road in hot summer's day June, pick up insects attracted by the white glare of hard white road or lane. Also to squat in the dust for fleas. The Road itself as one: first, Lane, second, Coaching Road; now deserted and only a lane again, though mentioned as Highway.

Farm History. *Two Centuries at Home* [title].

[Two unprinted drafts of papers by Jefferies under this title, written about this time (1878) are in my collection.]

B.M. [British Museum] Apuleius et Petron. Antique edition. Dark limbs of polished bronze, glowing with the warm soft light reflected from the surface of tiles.

Lake. Water rat brook biting off sedge and dragging it behind him to his hole swimming. June 19th.



February  
1878  
May  
1879

Hastings. Sun-browned beauties.

A Paper at intervals—Independent and clever—begin by degrees. Without any rules at all. No set articles or columns; but just as the wind blows or fancy leads. Ask support from [shorthand illegible].

June 23—78.—Thought I heard Corncrake. Not certain. Meadow. Lake. Crows seem to like the neighbourhood of water-brook or water-meadow; as own mead and other places.

Meadow. Oakapple and oak gall different—the latter hard and round.

Tomtit on dock in seed close to the ground on edge of ditch, for the seeds (green) or for insects on it? His fellow calling to him in the oak overhead.

In the fork of apple tree missel thrush—resembles the field-fare at a distance.

The Hedge-hog, ways of, runs quite fast.

Insect eating birds are attracted by straw, which attracts insects.

Farm. The 1,001 grumbles.

Meadow. The swift slid through the air like a quoit. Lake. The supposed otter turned out to be the Great Northern Diver.

Gent. P. [i.e. *Gentleman Poacher*].

Meadow. Mice and their hoards scratched out and all scattered on the banks. By fox after the mouse.

How I learnt to shoot. The moor hen. Delight in first snipe. The old long barrel gun, pigeon with pistol charge, dreaming about the fields and hedgerows and stream. [See *The Amateur Poacher*.]

Meadow. Heron on very high fir-tree, pond to see all round. High fir-tree like mast and yards of ship, royals. Farm house beams, garret swing. Better than modern ceilings.

Popular sentiments. Vile wretch, injured angel. Everyone of the applauding males wishes he had the opportunity to injure the angel.

Meadow. Avenue of elms, lane and road, the subdued light between: not shadow, but subdued tones by the green.

Sparrow on ear of green wheat, July 5. Saw him leave for house with something white in bill, caterpillar? to feed young (Young sparrows still about in numbers) so the sparrows do some good. Wheatears, close to house.

July 10.—Saw a dozen sparrows perched on wheat below the ears. Same day saw sparrow hover several feet above the grass by roadside and drop like a hawk every now and then—insects—apparently. A large fly with a grub, deal of red colour about it.

Lake. In Winter the curl whirlpool comes to the surface carried



along perhaps by the current as it rises, so that in fishing you must calculate accordingly.

*Sward and Stream*. You can plan *place* not subject. *Life History of A Landed Estate*. Part I. The Downs. Larks. Part II. The Vale, Hodge. Part III, The Lake.

*Fallow, Field and Flood. Field Philosophy*.

[Suggested Jefferies' titles, probably for *Wild Life in a Southern County* and *Round About a Great Estate*. These are written on the flyleaf of Note-book and not on one of the numbered pages.

Many of the entries printed above were used for *Wild Life in a Southern County*, *The Amateur Poacher* and *Round About a Great Estate*, and these books should be read in order to compare Jefferies' notes with the finished product.]

I would I had lived 2,000 years ago—why? Then I could have seen Phyrne (through Praxiteles as the model of art and highest beauty) i.e. its suggestion.

Oct. 16, 1878.—Wasp and very large blue-fly struggling, wrestling on leaf. In a few seconds wasp got the mastery, brought his tail round, and stung once or thrice; then bit off the fly's proboscis, then the legs, then bit behind the head, then snipped off the wings, then fell off leaf, but flew with burden to the next, rolled the fly round, and literally devoured its intestines. Dropped off the leaf in its eager haste, got on third leaf, and continued till nothing was left but a small part of the body—the head had been snipped off before. This was one of those large black flies—a little blue underneath—not like meat flies, but bigger and squarer, that go to the ivy. Ivy in bloom close by, where, doubtless, the robber found his prey and seized it.

While the other leaves fall, the thick foliage of the fir supports the leaves that have been wafted to it, so that the fir's branches are thickly sprinkled with other leaves.

Oct. 27.—Redwings numerous, and good many fieldfares. [This was in the country around Surbiton.] Ivy, brown reddish leaves, and pale-green ribs.

Oct. 29.—Saw hawk perched on telegraph line out of railway-carriage window. Train passed by within ten yards; hawk did not move. Street mist, London, not fog, but on clear day comes up about two-thirds the height of the houses.

Nov. 3.—The horse-chestnut buds at end of boughs; tree quite bare of leaves; all sticky, colour of deep varnish, strongly adhesive. These showed on this tree very fully.

Golden-crested wren, pair together; 'cheep-cheep' as they slipped

February  
1878  
May  
1879



February  
1878  
May  
1879

about maple bush, and along and up oak bough; motions like the tree-climber up a bough; the crest triangular, point towards beak, spot of yellow on wing. Still day; the earth holds its breath.

Nov. 11.—Gold-crested wren and tom-tit on furze clinging to the very spikes, and apparently busy on the tiny green buds now showing thickly on the prickles.

The contemplation of the star, the sun, the tree, raises the soul into a trance of inner sight of nature. [An early hint of the meditations which, later on, in *The Story of My Heart*, Jefferies called the Lyra Prayer.]

Nov. 23.—Oaks most beautiful in sun—elms nearly leafless, also beech and willow—but oaks still in full leaf, some light-brown, still trace of green, some brown, some buff, and tawny almost, save in background, tones by shadow, a trace of red. The elms hid them in summer; now the oaks stand out the most prominent objects everywhere, and are seen to be three times as numerous as expected.

Nov. 25.—Thrushes singing again; a mild day after a week or two cold.

Dec. 23.—Red-wings came within a yard, wood-pigeon within ten. Weasel hunting in the hedge under snow; under-ground in ivy as busy as possible; good time for them.

Jan. 6.—Very sharp frost, calm, some sun in morning, dull at noon.

Jan. 8.—Frost light, strong N.E. wind.

Jan. 9.—Frost light, some little snow, wind N.E., light.

Jan. 10.—Very fine, sunny, N.E. wind, sharp frosty morning.

Orange moss on old tiles on cattle-sheds and barns a beautiful colour; a picture.

Feb. 7.—Larks soaring and singing the first time; one to an immense height; rain in morning, afternoon mild but a strong wind from west; catkins on hazel, and buds on some hazel-bushes; missel-thrush singing in copse; spring seems to have burst on us all at once; chaffinches pairing, or trying to; fighting.

Feb. 8.—Numerous larks soaring; copse quite musical; now the dull clouds of six weeks have cleared away, we see the sun has got up quite high in the sky at noon.

Feb. 12.—Rooks, five, wading into flood in meadow, almost up to their breasts; lark soaring and singing at half-past five, evening; light declining; partridges have paired. No blue geranium in Surrey that I have seen.

Feb. 17.—Rooks busy at nests, jackdaws at steeple; sliding down with wings extended to gardens below at great speed.



Feb. 21.—Snow three or four inches; broom bent down; the green stalks that stand up bent right down; afterwards bright sunshine for some hours, and then clouded again.

Feb. 27.—Snow on ground since morning of 21st; four wild ducks going over to east; first seen here for two years; larks fighting and singing over snow; thawing; snow disappeared during day; tomtit at birch-tree buds; pigeons still in large flocks.

March 7.—Splendid day; warm sun; scarcely any wind; wood-pigeons calling in copse here. [See 'Round a London Copse', *Nature Near London.*]

April 16.—Elms beginning to get green with leaf-buds; apple leaf-buds opening green.

May 12.—A real May-day at last; warm, west wind, sunshine; birds singing as if hearts would burst; four or five blackbirds all in hearing at once; butterfly, small white, tipped with yellowish red; song of thrush more varied even than nightingale; if rare, people would go miles to hear it, never the same in same bird, and every bird different; fearless, too; *operatic* singer. [“The voice of the thrush is the most “cultivated”, so to speak, of all our birds: the trills, the runs, the variations are so numerous and contrasted. Not even the nightingale can equal it. The nightingale has not nearly such command; the thrush seems to know no limit. I own I love the blackbird best, but in excellence of varied music the thrush surpasses all.” *Round About a Great Estate.*]

More stitchwort; new common; it looks like ten petals, but is really five; the top of the petal divided, which gives the appearance; a delicate beautiful white; leaves in pairs, pointed.

Humble-bees *do* suck cowslips.

May 14.—Lark singing beautifully in the still dark and clouded sky at a quarter to three o'clock in the morning; about twenty minutes afterwards the first thrush; thought I heard distant cuckoo—not sure; and ten minutes after that the copse by garden perfectly ringing with the music. A beautiful May morning; thoroughly English morning: southerly wind, warm light breeze, smart showers of warm rain, and intervals of brilliant sunshine; the leaves in copse beautiful delicate green, refreshed, cleaned, and a still more lovely green from the shower; behind them the blue sky, and above the bright sun; white detached clouds sailing past. That is the morning; afternoon more cloudy.

More swifts later in evening. The first was flying low down against wind; seemed to progress from tip to tip of wing, alternately throwing

February  
1878  
May  
1879



February himself along, now one tip downwards, now the other, like hand-over-hand swimming. Furze-chat, first in furze opposite, perched on high branch of furze above the golden blossom thick on that branch; a way of shaking wings while perched; 'chat-chat' low; head and part of neck black, white ring or band below, brownish general colour. Nightingale singing on elm-branch—a large, thick branch, projecting over the green by roadside—perched some twenty-five feet high. Yellow-hammer noticed a day or two ago perched on branch lengthwise, not across. Oaks: more oaks out. Ash: thought I saw one with the large black buds enlarged and lengthened, but not yet burst.

1878

May

1879

May 18.—The white-throat feeds on the brink of the ditch, perching on fallen sticks or small bushes; there is then no appearance of a crest; afterwards he flies up to the topmost twig of the bush, or on a sapling tree, and immediately he begins to sing, and the feathers on the top of his head are all ruffled up, as if brushed the wrong way.

May 20.—Coo of dove in copse first. [This was in the copse at Surbiton, where Jefferies so carefully studied bird-life and wrote about it in his essay 'Round a London Copse', *Nature Near London*. There are many references in this essay to the doves.]

May 21.—The flies teased in the lane today—the first time.



NOTE-BOOK

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*24 May to 30 July*

*1879*



NOTE-BOOK

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July 10 to July 15

1870



## 24 May to 30 July 1879

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*Pages 1 to 143*

*Contains a few Shorthand entries  
All entries in pencil in Jefferies holograph*

*(Much of the contents of this very interesting note-book formed part of the raw material for Jefferies' book Round About a Great Estate, and those interested should consult it and compare. I have included a few parallel passages by way of illustration.)*

MAY 24.—May all but out. Beautiful clear white of the eave martin; on ground within 3 yards after mortar, so must now be building  
Republicanism wants a ritual; to take hold of the imagination.

May 25.—The sparrows carry up *green* plants—always long and slender—for their nests as dry: the green will of course wither in a short time.

May 26.—A fungus grows on the lower part of an oak post but just above the ground, that resembles an elephant's tooth, [sic] that peculiar corrugated structure, and is of something the same colour.

A few days since a black ball appeared on the top of a paper (cocoon)—it was made up of living spiders, at least 100. They remained about 2 days and then spread abroad.

H. [Harold Jefferies, his infant son] remembers a walk he went two years ago.

May 27.—Brake fern, young, a foot high, green stem without a frond to that height, then three small ones. [A pencil sketch of a Sycamore flowering.] Young oaks run up in fir copse to immense height, drawn up to say 30 feet while firs around, and not more than 4 inches diameter: when firs cut they can hardly stand upright because of their own height: so young that the bark is still smooth.

Height of tallest corn about twelve inches: the tips of the leaves



May-July  
1879

bend, else a little more: but can see all up the water-furrows, because none droop over yet.

May 28.—Starlings hawking very much—flying up in the air almost perpendicular, then floating along and stopping and repeating it several times.

May 29.—May in flower—one bush several sprigs out well. Two oak apples rosy and well developed, on one large oak. Appearances like oak apples rotted nearly away on several, but doubtful if these were apples and probably some other abnormal growths. (Flood in the night, out this morning.) In gardens several May bushes out. Pause to watch humble-bee. I once stalked, the finest work of all.

May 30.—Rook from meadow on vetches with large white thing in beak, quite 4 inches long, flew to furrows to peck to pieces, flew off again with it.

The farmer shoots pheasant and hangs it up in cellar. The servants take no notice, think it quite proper.

Preface. Most men poachers in boyhood.

May 31.—After rain ceased, when sudden puff of wind struck the copse and garden, the young leaves showered down the drops with a noise like a heavy storm. Six oak apples on trunk of an oak here where stripped up last year.

June 1.—The spiders, 100, have now gone across the ceiling—towards the light—and are congregated on the ceiling just above the window. The line of march across the ceiling was dotted with them for days—a straight course towards the window.

Smart but short showers in the morning; south-west gale: warm and windy: some sunshine and dry.

Plane trees now half out in leaf. The veronica very beautiful on the banks, broad blue patches of it.

A joyful wind and rain: afternoon cloudy: evening dull and wet. [Pencil sketch of leaf]—leaf of water crowsfoot floating.

The light pale charlock shows now in the corn and beans, but it seems short—still it is there: it must have bloomed within these 3 or 4 days:—a pale sulphur cross flower.

Herb Robert in one place, 4 or 5 flowers pink together; very pleasing, quite a show of red.

The Teazle has now a great thick stem—a most vigorous plant: those other teazles that come up later are nothing to it.

The meadows are now really beautiful; they are never really beautiful till the oaks are quite out as they are now, then their russet tinted foliage shows above the hedges and the grass is full of buttercups.



May-July  
1879

In the pond a square yard of water crowsfoot near the edge is in flower, a brilliant white spot; the foliage floats on the water, treble leaf (as previous page). [Jefferies refers to his pencil sketch.] The flower on a slender stem 2 or 3 inches above the surface—cup like and large; 5 petals purest white and golden stamens inside a very beautiful flower.

Maple bushes now in flower.

Cows in the meadow, with the buttercups up to above their knees, quite hiding up to the knee—wading in gold; as they feed their horns just show among the tips of buttercups: roan and white and green and green and gold.

['In the next meadow the cows had just been turned into fresh grass, and were lazily rioting in it. They fed in the sunshine with the golden buttercups up above their knees, literally wading in gold, their horns as they held their heads low just visible among the flowers. Some that were standing in the furrows were hidden up to their middles by the buttercups. Their sleek roan and white hides contrasted with the green grass and the sheen of the flowers.' *Round About a Great Estate.*]

The singing of the birds is I think a little less [June 1] or it may be caused by the birds scattering as the willow wrens used to sing so many close together in the furze and birch copse, and now may walk  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile before hearing one, but it sings as sweetly as ever. The larks too seem to sing less.

Clogweed along the hedges in flower. The mustard has white flowers crossed and pods, is now 3 feet high.

The mowers in June after they have bought their scythes and before work begins, try them beside the paths in the meadows, a few strokes. Caterpillars wet—bushes—bare of leaves first—swarm with caterpillars.

June 3.—Lark singing remains suspended in one spot at a great height for longer than a kestrel, quarter of an hour and then I left for weariness of watching.

Convolvulus in hedge climbing two feet. Yellow clover, the breeze brings a sweet honey smell over it. Horsetail on banks of hedge now plentiful: high up on the bank where dry, and also lower down almost in ditch.

Nightshade; six inches high. Buttercups not only golden, but burnished sheen. Silverweed flower yellow, husks of beech mast still plentiful on a beech in full leaf: picked one off, hard but brittle.

The nightingale has two songs. He says sirrap, sirrap, and then he says tweet.



May-July  
1879

The miserable poverty of the XIX Century. Since we cannot even sell an half acre without lawyers. The same as 4,000 years ago. Ridiculous! We have not advanced one single atom. We can do nothing for ourselves. Priests! Diplomats! The *Mediaevalism* of the XIX Century, *Mediaevaleissance*.

No nation now holds towards the modern world the position that Rome held towards the ancient world.

June 4.—Fine. The great Knowall. Who knew everything and yet was ignorant.

June 5.—Fine, warm, hazy, summery. Evening cloudy, but dry all day.

June 6.—Early in morning (3 o'clock) very heavy rain, tropical for a short time. Chaffinch challenged for hours till about 8 o'clock, every two or three minutes.

Trifolium has been in bloom about a week now. It must be in dry seasons that it looks so brilliant. Less vegetation, Plaintain, pulling the strings of, catgut.

Many people waste time in worrying to use every moment.

Purple Orchis [June 6]. Half a bushel of them together gathered. Bought a salad bowl full. A mass of purple, lovely. Silver weed sulphery yellow, large as buttercup 5 petals calyx, stamens tipped brown in many, close or half close with evening. White clover and one spires tall set in flower, but not above 15 inches high. A beautiful day, warm and dry (forecast 'dull and rainy')—fine and dry to the end.

[See the further essay on 'A London Trout', entitled *The Last of a London Trout*, hitherto unprinted. From the Looker Collection and included in *The Old House at Coate and Other Hitherto Unprinted Essays* where the purchase of this Orchis is described.]

June 7.—Ant nests show now by the roadside, but scarce [pencil drawing of fir needles and cone] Black fir. The catkins all covered with quantities of palest yellow pollen. If handled it comes off and covers the hand as if put on. The palest yellow flour. Shake the branch and it goes off like powder. Morning; light showery: evening many showers. The Lilac (single—darker richer purple) hangs heavily laden with bloom wet with June rain.

First caterpillar on thread from elm, depending some 15 feet, appeared dead.

Cows in furrows, still more hidden by buttercups, up to the middle. [See also entry above, May 31.]

There is (after all) no bank like the Earth, bury it. Romans in Britain.



May-July  
1879

Lizard in garden patch [June 7] ran over with surprising quickness. Bright orange belly spotted with black tail and body conformed to shape of earth and seemed to conform in colour. In a corner when afraid it curled its tail and its body S shape.

The Beetles have been about nights lately, Sycamore.

Buttercups do not seem to grow under trees, oak in middle of the meadow quite golden with buttercups all round, but under it none. A green roughly circular space.

Intervals of sunshine. The green corn so light and green under the sunshine. But what makes it so beautiful is the continual motion of its leaves, flutter flutter flutter endlessly, and the changing shadow. Antares, the summer star.

Bees in the evening in the tops of the elms, a humming—humble-bees chiefly? For honey-dew.

Gnats in myriads on the scarcely curling surface of the brook just below the bridge where the whirlpools of flood time are now mere dimples. Lights in the village opposite. The setting sun. The village on the side of the hill appears bursting into vivid flame [the setting sun]. Four large lights in a row and lesser ones scattered about, and others higher on the hill, bright, flickering a little as the vapour goes over sun. Presently grows dim, dull red the embers, only no smoke. Presently extinct and the presence of houses would hardly be suspected against the side of the hill.

June 8.—Bird in road, brown, size of yellowhammer, bill pale yellow. One or two small showers, otherwise fine, but cloudy. 'Moon's in meadow. Wild hops up strong and high in hedge.'

June 9.—Smart showers, windy, cloudy. Dwarf gorse in bloom, a tiny slender plant by roadside. Black heads of last year's teasles still showing above the hedge.

June 10.—A beautiful fine sunny day, the very finest. Brighton, sea-fish, mouths open, more pebbles with [pencil drawing] barbs.

Purple hills, quite purple, sinking sun. Heath on cutting just beginning to flower. The purple on the hills seemed to hide the irregularities and the hedges or copses, or other marks, all hidden *under* the purple: haze! Yet the rest perfectly clear and well defined: the reverse of a hazy day.

June 11.—Wet morning, steady rain. Ceased afterwards but cloudy. A rook or crow pursuing a swift turning, descending. The rook pursued the swift and occasionally made a short caw or cronk. It was just over rook trees, therefore suppose rook. The swift seemed to only just elude its attack. The rook turned on its side to turn and



May-July  
1879

glide aside quicker than the swift could. The swift easily got away. Several other swifts around but no part except to wheel round as if watching. The loud screech of 2 or 3 swifts pursuing each other just above the street and almost in it the other day, almost startling as the blackbirds rushed by. [This incident is related in *Round About a Great Estate.*]

Fine evening. The ivy up the trees now freshly green, lighter than it will be. Venus now a great ball of light.

June 12.—Rainy morning. Fine afternoon. [Drawing of corn stalk with description.] Elton's Hesiod.

Sedges proper 3 ft. high and nearly oval stem. Cuckoos in same field as last year and the year before. 3 seasons always, then go when will. Two on railings this morning: one rose from the ground. The ground thickly strewn with purple orchis, orchis extending numerous there.

June 13.—Fine morning. Do not seem to hear much of the doves this year [1879]. Cows, hollow moo like blowing a horn. In old time gathered by cow's horn to milking. In some places by crack of whip. In others by 'ya hup.' Juno's eye, square face.

Distant thunder about half-past twelve o'clock, no rain.

The charlock is now very bright, more gaudy and glaring than the buttercups, the buttercups in the meadow beyond are quite dull by contrast. It overtops the wheat, a broad streak, a band perfectly yellow. When cloudy and no sunshine if you turn suddenly that way it looks as if the sun were shining there a streak, so brilliant is the colour. Larks and blackbirds singing very much. Fresh fungus on willow. Buff, shelf 3 inches wide. Bryony black, rising above the cropped hedge, the leaders twisted round each other and thus supporting. Cuckoo spit in garden, first. No ear of wheat. No June rose, though buds shining. Rattles up and flowering in grass.

June 14.—The first snake, in ditch. Peculiar stealthy slow rustle that seems to have a broader base, or is it like the rush of a mouse, or the flickering hop of a bird? Caterpillars hanging from trees by threads and swinging in numbers. Seem very plentiful under oaks. Dust of the lane quite interlaced with birds' feet crossing and crossing. Some chaff seemed to have been spilt. Flower jagged petal mid meadow. Fine morning and day, evening cloudy, slight sprinkle. ['By the low black wooden walls (of the barn) a little chaff has been spilt, and has blown out and mingled with the dust of the road.' 'A Barn', *Nature Near London.*]

June 15.—Rain, steady in morning. Afternoon and evening fine



[pencil drawing of leaf] of Wild Guelder Rose [also pencil drawing of its flower]. The notes of the cuckoo, a voice from the oaks, 'Come hither.'

May-July  
1879

June 16.—Morning, steady rain. Afternoon and evening fine and dry. Changed winter dress for summer, at last. But it is not hot even now.

Countryside. Its narrow pettiness. Suddenly changed to London and discovered its extraordinary pettiness and locality. [Jefferies went from Wiltshire to live at Surbiton in 1877.]

June 18.—Cloudy morning, fine afternoon.

A flock, some 10 or 12 of thrush-like birds rose from ground, arable, fallow, and went to elms. Had it been winter I should have unhesitatingly said Fieldfares, but being so late, what were they? From what I have seen since (June 22) have no doubt they were missel thrushes and therefore they pack or partly.

June 19.—It has now actually been dry for two whole days: has not rained since morning of June 17. Cuckoo singing two days later than last year.

June 20.—S.L. [S.L. i.e. Sun Life, This is Jefferies' way of referring to his dreams and solitary prayers, which he pursued from his early teens. For the history of his mind life, and for the special references to his pilgrimages of the kind in Surrey, see *The Story of My Heart*.]

They abuse the grocer, draper and every one; without the least conscience. Asks to look at some kind of stuff, rubs with hard fingers till the shopman winces expecting to see fingers go through it. 'I don't like this here shally-ga-be (flimsy) stuff. Haven't ee got any gingham tackle?' Wear like Pin Wire. 'Obliged to you to do (take) it.'

Rain in night (June 20) and early morning. Afterwards dry. Cuckoo singing cuck-koo-cuck, failing voice, cuck-koo, kwai-kah-kash.

Nightingale singing, heard and saw. On beech tree young beech-nuts formed. Bryony vine leaf, tendril exactly like spiral spring. Poppies by rickyard. [This rickyard is that written about in 'The Barn', *Nature Near London*. Although Tolworth, Surbiton, where Jefferies then lived and the barn is situated, has changed immeasurably since Jefferies' day, the great barn and the rickyard are much as he knew them.]

[Pencil drawing of plant, Geranium. With description.] Five spray leaf: flower small claret red, five petal-tip of petal divided: green dark short stamen: colyx: *Geranium*.

[Pencil drawing of leaf and flower, with description.] Like clover standing out at the side of a stalk like clover tall stalk: not round stalk irregular. leaf? viburnum.



May-July  
1879

June 21.—Steady rain in the morning: afternoon and evening dry but cloudy. Wintry June. Howling wind like winter gloomy sky, everything late. Charlock, fieldfare.

Change in the village in 10 years—every single house, altered.

[Read in this connection Jefferies' fine and pathetic essay, one of the last he ever wrote, 'My Old Village', *Field and Hedgerow*.]

June 22.—Cuckoo singing: morning dry but cloudy: nightingale singing: titlark singing—descending to the top of notice-board. Saw cuckoo: Evening pheasant cry and noise vibration of wings loud, thumping. Birds'-foot-lotus in flower first, close leaves evening: Nettle-mints hedge-side about 8 inches high: white ragged robin in flower: sunset purple among trees elms (under) as on hills at Brighton: fine evening: Arcturus the brightest star in the Midsummer sky, very high though not quite zenith 10-30.

June 24.—Midsummer day—rain early morning—fine to noon then smart showers: interval blue sky: then thunder (distant), heavy rain, hail, rough wind gusts, sending a few leaves spinning away: afternoon heavy rain. Evening—fine. first stag beetle: on path apparently unable to fly, or half stupid from rain.

Cassiopeia—due north visible 9-50: faint.

June 25.—Early morning—very heavy rain: steady rain afterwards till 11. Roses in garden, dog rose briar, out: have not yet seen one on hedges. Thunder—noon—one flash of lightning visible. Afternoon fine and sunny: first ears of wheat green and but half showing but well sized to look at.

Bramble first out in flower: cuckoo singing: peggles young formed: sorrel-meadow sinking sun; quite red lit up, in another mead was mixed with buttercups and light on like red gold: first hedge wild rose—some white, some delicate pink, petals rolled while young: scent sweet at first, afterwards too faint to be smelt—you must sip the fragrance and be satisfied, nor hope for a deep draught. Evening fine.

June 26.—Cuckoo singing morning—morning dry but cloudy: at 9 began to rain—steady rain till noon, afternoon dull dry: evening fine, but later cloudy.

Blackcap in ivy garden—a bright, elegant shaped, lively bird. Bittersweet in flower—Cuckoo spit very thick in meadow.

June 27.—Poppy first in corn. Butterfly small light blue with delicate edging of white at the outside edge of wings—these are fond of hills. thistle in bloom first: Cuckoo singing. Armfuls of docks—men in tall corn weeding—immense quantities. Four carp in narrow stream came out under the culvert bridge—one almost caught in the rapid descent



May-July  
1879

when leaping, splash—great effort to get back:—Just past 111 mile-stone saw fish at bridge again at last about a week since—Humming-bird moth to geraniums in garden. [Pencil drawing of moth.] Only one very slight sprinkle at noon: actually otherwise a fine dry day. Oak leaf in hedge 9 inches long  $4\frac{1}{2}$  wide.

[Jefferies refers here to Tolworth Hall Bridge, which he wrote about in *A London Trout* and 'A Brook', *Nature Near London*. 'Saw fish at bridge again' is the trout he watched so carefully over a long period.]

As we have been taught A.B.C. for 300 years our children ought to be born with the Alphabet in their heads, as hereditary instinct. S.L. [i.e. Sun Life. Bexhill—Sussex, Hastings].

June 28.—Clouded morning, a little rain, afterwards fine, fine afternoon, cuckoo singing.

The rustling of the green corn and the play of various tints now light, now darker green as the breeze rushes over it: the broad shadows of the trees, the blackbirds singing: the willow wren in the elm plaintive yet pleasing: the yellowhammer: the still corner under the thick hedge where you can scarcely catch a ray of the sinking sun, and the wheat stands still, and but just stirs to a faint breath that has wandered round though high in the elm the wind [*almost struck out*] comes with a rush and roar: the peculiar sky an arch, the last edge of the clouds that are drifting away to the eastward, and under the arch the great sun, clouds mottled like flecks of wool with small spaces of blue between: the chalk heaps by the road and what they say. Yellow yetchling flower first—2 feet high the plant: young nuts, bunch of four all together not quite so big as one full one, but perfect. Wood-pigeons calling every evening. Cuckoo-spit on hedge very thick, Cuckoo flowers, a few, very pale and white still linger. Evening very fine.

June 28.—10-15 Night. dark for distance.

Northern Crown [pencil drawing of five stars] Great Bear, Arcturus. N. East Cassiopeia. Zenith Lyra. East to the right of Pole Cygnus, East. Cygnus as it were lying on one side, Lyra to the right and above Cygnus and nearly at the Zenith this white star:—below Cygnus. Aquila the more to the south slightly. Low down south Summer star. Moon S.W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  full: west, Venus low down. Sky palest blue, stars faint shimmering—whitish wheat rustling: Aspens rustling in dark copse, white flint heaps; white road: cool S.W. breeze.

June 29.—Cuckoo singing. [Two small pencil drawings of wild flowers and some descriptive details.]

Yellow flag in flower among the willows and sedges, and the chattering brook—sparrow clinging to the side of a flag and singing—a



May-July  
1879

flag that scarcely seems strong enough to bear his weight and yet does not even bend—the great leaves of the marsh—marigolds the bloom past and the overgrown stems drooping—the dark water hidden under the grass till you are actually in it—the horsetails—the willow stoles, and the reddish willows—the ‘see see see’ of the titlark—yellow flag, beautiful yellow, three large petals, besides it the rolled spike-like bloom not yet unfolded, the flattened calyx like—stands up almost to the shoulder say  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 feet. The tall flat flag leaves rising in 3’s or 4’s together, quite 4 feet—the petal droops, the inner part of the flower stands up—the brownish mottled markings or lines delicately stippled at the curve of the petal where there is a rib—four lines each side of the rib—and just there the petal is too, of a deeper yellow.

Five stoats hunting together—three started forth and galloped across the road, in a moment two started out to follow, saw me and turned back. Presently one of these looked forth, ventured to the middle of the road, stopped—while the other was just peeping no doubt—in the middle, cried ‘check check’ like putting the tongue against the teeth and drawing it away quickly, imitating a kiss only much louder, apparently a note of alarm and uncertainty, and then ran back, returned, and although I waited a long time they did not venture—scenting me because of the wind blowing that way. The fifth that remained behind smaller than the 4th that went to middle of road as if a female, and so the 4th returned to her instead of crossing the road being half way. They were all full grown but at least two were slightly smaller made. When the 4th stopped in the middle of the road his neck was elevated some 8 inches, his head looked darker than the rest, his neck white, back reddish, his forefeet planted to lift him high up to see, his hindquarters flush with the ground quite flat in the dust in which his tail trailed, sharp [small pencil drawing of this stoat] cut head, dark eye, sharp ears, as much as to say to female companion the more fearful, ‘check check, come on, quick, quick.’ When running the tail is lifted—the attitude listening, more erect than shown, neck up almost straight—the female 5th seemed to have shorter tail, tail darker than rest of body—Where the three crossed in swift succession they left a trail on the thick white dust———a kind of line drawn across it roughly and lightly, not quite straight, the paws not leaving an exact but an elongated ill defined impression in the yielding dust quite dry, except in one spot where one had momentarily paused to look round and there was the impression perfect of the two forefeet on which he elevated himself [two small pencil drawings of these], the claws not unlike a cat’s but much smaller—They came from a wheatfield through



May-July  
1879

the hedge into the ditch full of nettles, under the path by the drain at the edge of the footpath, a stone with a round hole cut in it—they came through this and thus passed under the raised footpath—opposite broad green sward and buttercups, but just exactly opposite it a furrow or trench for the rain water down to the ditch and along which they ran being thus quite hidden except in crossing the road itself which rising a little in the middle showed them to perfection—the long neck stretched out in front when running, and the tail behind makes them look very long—the 3 passed across with no interval between like racehorses, the first just ahead, the next a neck behind, the third half a length behind. From the very same hole and drain last winter when the snow was on I saw two weasels. It seems to be a regular run and highroad: do these creatures then hunt in regular tracks? The stoats crossed from wheatfield to bean field in which the charlock was yellow and from which as I watched came a pleasant scent of the bean flower—while 4th and 5th were in the drain waiting a lark came and dusted herself in the dust 5 or 6 yards away and was there some minutes—A robin came afterwards and alighted in road almost exactly opposite the hole—all unconcerned both of them of the concealed bloodthirsty stoats—The robin presently came found and perched on the fence just opposite me: he must come as he saw a man staying there. Fine day—sometimes cloudy—but dry.

[This episode is described at length in *Round About a Great Estate.*]

June 30.—Fine: cuckoo singing: The pimpernel out yet a shower (passing)—have noticed this twice already: fine and sunny.

July 1.—Morning opened with furious gale from S or S.W. with driving rain—small green leaves blown off—briar leaf, and adhering to the window, to the wet pane: rough and wet till afternoon—afternoon and evening dry: Sunset streamers from east—and from west—but not through zenith. Moon nearly full and low—low down for nearly full.

Agr. L. [Agricultural Labourer] no shame, no self esteem, nothing—like an animal. Trapezing round. Fox-gin. Tow—ward—ramard.

July 2.—Morning fine—noon showers—fine again till 4-30, smart thunderstorm—cleared off again at night but misty looking sky.

July 3.—Morning steady small rain, afterwards heavier continuous till 1-30, afternoon dry but overcast, evening fine.

Woman's arm round, does not show muscles when lifting heavy weight—the muscle does not raise the flesh. [See 'Beauty in the Country', Part 3, 'An Arm', *The Open Air.*]



May-July  
1879

July 3.—Full moon—sky 9-30 to 10, light blue. Moon *very low* 25d. at 10-30.

July 4.—Morning, early fine, but soon overcast, then rain (cold early and night)—Afternoon finer but showers—same in evening.

First stag-beetle, poppy, ear of wheat. Mallow, first flower showing but not open; first woodbine out, fine bloom on hedge [A pencil sketch of grass.] Grass, the top part flattened, several pieces like it. The awns closer together rather than this.

July 5.—Showers at intervals all day. Apple wood (if tree died) cut ready for plough. First wagon that came took piece to turn in.

The death of a horse is the life of a dog.

40 years since 'What is an engine like? Aw, like a gurt cannon on a timber carriage.'

July 6.—Morning dry but cloudy—warmer. Hitherto often quite cold. Slight sprinkle noon. Wheat ear in bloom, pollen only a few ears (one ear smut-black. Comes 3 times if washed off. Six weeks from pollen to harvest). Afternoon, steady rain. 24 women at once in one field and besides men, haymaking. Evening showers.

Draycot (Foliat) Drink 100 years ago, no wines or spirits, nothing but home brewed beer.

History of family backwards through two or three greybeards.

The bramble arches over the ground and takes root where touches and so on again. Sainfoin in May and June, brilliant colour, red.

Acacia is now in flower, white. Elder is in flower and has been some little while. Meadow Sweet in flower, but neither have got the beautiful, white, greenish as if the want of sunshine prevented it.

Coronation Day. Dinner in open air. Rain filled the plates before the pudding came, with water. The old Squire carved (sweat) coat off. Puddings about as long as a three or four year old child, and he only cut it in about four pieces. Puddings brought in on hand-barrows. One recollected it was hot [it was not] because the victuals given to the poor next day, had been thrown in basket. Half warm in warehouse and so spoilt. A wet spring and early summer. The previous year 1837 a cold dry spring. [At Queen Victoria's Coronation.]

Poacher went to his work snowy frosty morning and passed the rough railway cutting and found six hares cut all to pieces by engine and train. So smashed they were useless. It was the season when they follow each other. Engine or train does come up very silently sometimes round a curve and if the cutting sides were steep and narrow *even* the speed of the hare might not be enough to escape. [The account of



the hares killed on the railway may be found in *Round About A Great Estate*.] May-July  
1879

Bullpolls rose up 2 feet. Favourite place for snakes to rest on. Afternoon [July 6] dry. Aspen, the light yellow in young leaf. Long cones, spruce. Larch, the leaves die. Best timber out of doors work.

Labourers had a bushel of *tail* and settled once a month, in vessels. In lieu of wages partly. 6/- a week, ale churning day and breakfast Sundays. Haymaking 7/- a week.

Wheat plump like cherry stone, but not too large to lie like shot. Hand should slip in up to elbow, damp as (word illegible) does not weigh so heavy. Workers going to pull boy off the packhorse. Price of bread rose—toll miller now sold by weight. Ten sacks a load—5 quarters £50—£10 a quarter.

July 7.—Evening fine. Night 1 o'clock. Capella 15 degrees up N.N.E. bright. Aquila S and very high up.

July 8.—Morning, rough wind, overcast, afterwards showers, then a little finer and again showers.

June roses, when come should be haymaking time. Meadow land is going down in rent. Have missed the swallows lately. Brook side, fog-wort, used to put leaf in store. Guelder rose, wild red berries.

*Man In Old Time*. Farmers met in vestry to arrange among themselves for the support of the surplus labour. Men sent just for something to do, instead of sending team and wagon with wheelbarrow and shoulder strap 6 miles to the wharf for coal.

Brought out the threshing machine ready for the mob to smash, that they should not break in, and carried them out beer in buckets.

Barley green. Knew it by the black rings at the knot. Oats out in jag ear. Bull polls now in flower. Tall slender stalk  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ft. flower feathery reed like, leaves  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch broad, rather more than  $\frac{1}{8}$  long and same width almost throughout, ribbon like. At night closes but *droops* petals not shut up over [pencil drawing of plant]. Stinking camomile.

July 9.—Morning, short but heavy showers. They do not horse-hoe wheat. Up all night brewing and watching it and so, see the changes of the night.

Guineas, 10 in thatch of pigstye. Liked to have a hoard as his wife didn't know nothing about. Sleeping on the [milk] stool and the cow walked away, for an hour with the bucket between the knees.

The edge of the ditch, suddenly smoke after a very vivid and close flash of lightning? Rise of temperature steam. Afternoon and evening fine. Haybands twisted round trousers (as gaiters) to keep snow out and feet warm.



May-July  
1879

July 10.—Dry morning. Mallow out in flower. Mathern, maddern, stinking camomile, choking corn stubble, petals turn down evening.

Apron-string farmers, retired tradesmen.

Nettles growing on ruins of old cottage. 'Don't you cut thaay old man. Let things bide.' Men when wet or early spring go round to cut nettles, at sheep shearing time. 3 days before [shearing] cut the nettles and strew them on the floor of the barn. They shrivel dry like carpet and the wool does not stick to them and can be picked up.

Bees drink teazle cup and insects. Farmers grimed our carpets—straw thrown down.

Tormentil. Small yellow petals 4, thin stalk, grows in bunches, gathered for herb tea. Grows in furrows. An elegant plant.

Sod-apple. Tall, 3 or 4 feet. Scent of apple-pudding. Dry all day, the first fine day of July [July 10]. Cloudy till evening, then clear, but dry all throughout.

July 11.—Morning dry. Cresset—the figwort, use the leaves. Afternoon heard the cuckoo quite distinct and for some little time. *Hum* in the lane by beech but not elsewhere. Load of hay on waggon, actually the first. Afternoon very pleasant. Titlarks singing sweetly. Yesterday foxgloves out, wild. More than one row of bells, bells redder, rising above the hedge.

A park with nothing but sheep allowed in it, so that the branches of the trees never trimmed come right down to the ground. All cattle excluded, nothing but sheep, cattle browse.

'You come out into the road. You hit I.' In a 'public'. Both afraid to go out, and so taunt each other safely in a place where they dare not fight.

Actually two fine days running.

July 12.—Smart showers, overcast, windy: heavy rain at times.

King Pippen Polka. My mother said, I never should, play with the boys in Burderop Wood, for if I did she would say, naughty girl to disobey. Walking round and round in a ring. If I had a donkey and he wouldn't go. The old joyful times, *abandon*, music.

The mowing grass, the half ripe corn. I want to lie down and roll in it.

July 13.—Rain, heavy at times. Lamb is never good without sunshine. Never tastes nice.

He wore the same shoes for Sundays. Seven years in Sundays, and when he died they were buried with him.

Drinkers when morning came peeping through the chinks of the shutters, kept them shut and went on all day.

When the hill shall find the vale, the penny loaf shall be but small:



[i.e. in a rainy season]. But when the vale shall find the hill, everyone shall eat his fill [i.e. in a dry year which suits the wheat]. The Wheat. This was important when England fed itself. These Greybeards still lived in to Corn Law Days. 3/- a gallon bread.

Wheat yellow in the flag—i.e. leaves. Barn Barley best for malting because dry. Ricks get wet sometimes before thatched. Barns that are burned, not rebuilt.

Farmers can sell clover like wheat, profitable crop.

One magpie, joy: two, sorrow: three, awful things: [to see].

July 14.—Some drizzling rain morning: dull and overcast, afterwards heavy rain in short showers. Thrushes sing sweetly! I hate to hear them in hay-making time, means rain. They never sing much when it is hot and dry.

Hay never rose in price but remained cheap from October to June. Through winter and spring, most unusual. Sheep paid well as price kept up, but many lost from rot.

Heard the cuckoo in the early part of the evening [July 14].

July 15.—St. Swithen. Very heavy rain in the night. Morning dull, cloudy, but not raining. Pimpernel out. Wind light N.N.W. Evening fine, but no sun. Black bryony berries full green and numerous: none yet on the other bryony.

Wagtail. Swishes tail in appearance all round: not moving up and down: 'chack, chat.' There seems three wagtails here, a grey sort: the usual wagtail, and the yellow sort (at Surbiton).

Bee at white wild rose? pollen on the yellow stamens. Nightingale in hawthorn bush (saw) continuing on 'sweet, sweet, kur' the last almost *harsh* a metallic note.

Haymaking has sometimes been finished by the 5th. July. This year it has hardly begun.

Scrub of wench in service, live hard, miserable bed, hard language, turned out to work out of doors.

Difficulty farmer's son has to marry.

Collection of the curious country tales and anecdotes, in romantic shape.

July 16.—Morning misty and still exactly like autumn. A species of geranium now in flower, but less bright in colour than one described [previously]. It has less stalk and leaf, and does not rise above the grass. A third species apparently a geranium rises higher and has petals tinted with purple. Fine, and leaf very much like geranium in pot. Iris, yellow, still in flower. First convolvulus in flower: white, trailing on ground: and one small pink trailing. Knotweeds in meadow.



May-July  
1879

Elder bushes. The flowers scent the air for some yards, especially in the evening.

Hoptrefoil (yellow clover). Very useful for sheep, and sweet to them, too soft for horses.

One village almost at war with the other.

Fine all day and warm, though very little sun: evening a smart shower and rainy clouds. In-nerds.

July 17.—Morning misty, then fine, but not sunny till evening, then slight showers of small rain and rainy clouds. Finer later. The young acorns just began to show two or three days ago, very small.

Old rook feeding young rook to-day in meadow. The great black thing cawing, cawing at parent, flapping wings against the grass, opened beak, and taking from the other's beak, follows parent over hedge close.

The lime trees all a-hum to-day with the bees at the pale yellow flowers. Elder berries just forming, very small. Humble-bees in garden with large lumps of pollen on legs. This one yellow lump: a second with darker.

A flower with yellow petals in tiers, seed pods, if broken off yellow juice or sap flows out.

Horse chestnuts larger than nuts, prickly.

July 18.—Fine morning: sometimes sunny: warmer: a little md. hum [i.e. Midsummer hum]. Fine all day. Berries on white bryony, in pairs and threes: the others more together hanging down. Stag beetles in the evening still.

July 19.—Fine morning. [Three small pencil drawings of plant and detail.] Some irregular with flanges. [Small pencil drawings of plant.] Comfrey, riverside. Dark green, leaves rough, 7 inches long; plant 1½ ft. high. orange streaked. Green general colour but not open. A light shower afternoon, evening clouded.

Straw. Good from good harvest, good thatching lasted 45 years.

July 20.—In the night very heavy rain—morning heavy rain and rough wind—cleared awhile—afternoon rain and wind, and distant thunder.

Farmers of late have missed the wheat when the rotation came round and out in beans or barley, which has led to the land getting into a bad state, as they used to always clean carefully for wheat.

Cheese. Heave itself off the shelves. 'Coistings' milk did that, calves. Oldest pasture best. Cheese 200 year old pasture. The old system all done by dinner time: the Cheddar system coming up keeps work about



all day. Cheese make and keep at home. Saw no hard cheese, soft at London. Sweet milk but sour cream.

May-July  
1879

Boots. No farmer thought anything of unless he could ride to market in top-boots. The boots hung up by fireplace not to get mouldy. Boots last long because leather all tanned with oak bark and hard, kept till hard and seasoned.

Almanac—50 years—diary. Near people, close, economical.

Farmer thought nothing of unless kept row of wheat ricks till harvest came again.

At the sale the despised old man produced bank notes and gold from a nail bag.

Landlord at audit, not even give receipt, a glass of wine and biscuit.

July 22.—Dry and fine morning and afternoon till 4. A little drizzling rain: cloudy evening.

July 23.—Dry morning: very fine afternoon, quite summer.

Southdown, small black leg, black face, cross, larger.

Farms let get into bad condition before long. New tenant pays no rent for 2 or 3 years. Rent nominal until put into condition. Cost hundreds of pounds to him.

God made nothing tidy. As kidney bean vine so hops.

July 24.—Rain in night and in early morning: cleared up and a beautiful summer day.

By river (yesterday). Comfrey plentiful [small pencil sketch]. Size of bells—some white, some greenish, some lilac tinted, among the flags close to the water's edge. Sod-apple in flower, first. A large bright red flower with white stamen, at end of slender pod. Poppies among the barley beautiful, barley just turning. Plant plentiful like a small clover with brown spot on each leaf and twig, yellow flower.

'Tezzie-voy' could not pronounce [There were words they (the village labourers) positively could not pronounce. The word "reservoir" for instance was always "tezzievoy". *Round About a Great Estate.*]

Night. Beautiful stars, all shining brightly. Moon down 12-45. The Morning Star high, glowing as with inward light.

July 25.—Fine, cloudy once but cleared. Beautiful night. Brook-sparrow singing his loudest at one in the morning of 26 July. Song much more pleasing than by day and more varied. Not so much sparrowing.

July 26.—Fine morning and day: evening cloudy, slight showers. Night starlit. In wheat plant  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet high. Large purplish or magenta flower; petals inside dotted with black lines. Five petals, but two of



May-July  
1879

these one above the other, growing in that position, so that looks like only four. [Two pencil drawings of flower and leaf.] Double petal. Corn Cockle.

The teasel heads now formed but no flower on. Poppies on wall, not so large or brilliant. The mallow at T— very plentiful in quantities, quite bushes of it and mauve like flower. Some of the stems upright as high as the waist, as thick as parasol handle, and covered with the mauve flowers. The barley drooping and white (a little) behind, and red poppies. A sloping or rise of field, and over the ridge blue sky.

Among corn plentiful white flowers. Slender leaves whorl, stalk knotted at joint as if with swelling 6 to 9 inches high. Corn Spurrey.

On one species of willow the leaves are already yellow.

Many servants at first will not touch fresh meat: they never had, and were afraid they should dislike it. But persuaded to do it. Agricultural children *not know* the taste of fresh meat. In town 'poor' people buy legs of mutton.

July 27.—Fine morning, sunny day. Nightingale, sweet, kur. Stone-chat, brown, on branch of thistle (in bloom): furze-chat. Faint rosy breast on furze with something white in mouth calling 'chat' for young. Mint in flower.

Butterflies, small, blue, on flowers in the wheat. As the wheat turns colour stalks get stiffer, and it swings more stately, and rustles louder. White ragged robin—*bladder campion*: still a few but fading.

Meadow-soot (sweet). White paper (white snow illuminates) so visible at night.

July 28.—Fine, warm: cloudy, then sunny. Borage in flower, garden, rough leaf cucumber smell and taste.

Aries rising 10-45 (at 1 Pleiades up)—Lyra brightest near Zenith: Cygnus actually nearest, Antares osculation cor Scorpionis 9-38—10-7. Star dull red first on left side moon upper part, then emerge right hand side upper part, moon moving east (and west) and yet carried with the star.

Mowers, blind sheep, stubble, summer night, full moon.

Burdock leaves, water-cress cover hot sun, moucher. Alder saplings red when barked.

A fox will sometimes refuse to move for single dog unless driven by man.

I cannot enjoy the pleasure of the experience everywhere and to all time for the words will be gone. Desire of enjoying with all and in all for ever. [Jefferies is writing of his Lyra Prayer, see *The Story of My Heart*.]



July 30.—Hot. Clouds began to gather about 4 or 5.  
Raspberries July 7 to August.

May-July  
1879

Yellow flower, yellow sap when broken off—tetterwort great celandine—dull green—after the flower a pod left. Old farmer used to like the *smell* of the manure good and wholesome—but now awful cake. The wheat winnowed into 3 the head and tail; the chicken meat—it [the wheat] went across 3 sifts and according to the size fell through the holes.

He could see the blood (of the armies fighting) dripping on his hand—as he went out with lanthorn to the cows calving. The Northern Light, Napoleon's time.

[‘Down at Lockett’s Place one winter’s night, when folk almost fancied they could hear the roar of Napoleon’s cannon, the old fogger came rushing in with the news that the armies could be seen fighting in the heavens. It was an aurora, the streamers shooting up towards the zenith, and great red spots among the stars, the ghastly stains of the wounded. The old fogger declared that as he went out with his lantern to attend to the calving he could see the blood dripping on the back of his hand as it fell down from the battling hosts above.’ *Round About a Great Estate.*]

Waggon would not turn, wheels not pass under.

[‘There were aged men living about the hamlet in his day—if that could be called a hamlet in which there were barely a score of people all told—who could recollect when the first wagon came, at all events, they pointed out a large field, called the Conigers, where it was taken to turn it round; for it was constructed in so primitive a style that the forewheels would not pass under the body and thus required a whole field to turn in.’ *Round About a Great Estate.*]



1871

Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and is too light to transcribe accurately.



NOTE-BOOK

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*July to October*

1879



NOTE-BOOK

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Feb to October

1879



## July to October 1879

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*Pages 1 to 130*

*Entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph*

JULY 31.—Some rain early morning, cloudy in afternoon, hot fine evening. Sedge in pond. Sod-apple out here now.

August 1.—Rain in night: some early morning. Fine hot day. Burdock in flower (thistle like). Thistles in flower in barley so thick as to give it a purple tint over two or three acres.

August 2.—Fine morning. Afternoon cloudy. N.E. wind strong and cool. Night at eleven lightning—12-30 continuous, came up from N.W. Noon light brilliant—violet lightning—hailstones a little larger than a shilling. See roses in the garden and the water gleaming in the flashes. Thunder louder after storm passed as if blown back by N.E. wind. Lightning long flashes, quivering several seconds. Lime sweet scent now in flower: honey dew sycamore leaf.

August 3.—Morning dull, hot. Thrushes and blackbirds do not sing: but did up to within day or two. Willow wren singing 'zit' 'zit'. Yellowhammer very much—greenfinch too.

August 5.—Cloudy: evening heavy rain. A little while since Plantain flowered in wet ditch. Water-plantain, three pale pink petals, spear leaf.

August 6.—Fine morning. Showers later. Noon visible lightning, heavy thunder. At 4 exceedingly heavy rain. Martins treading on gravel path.

Fog came on early winter afternoon. Rooks stopped in copse instead of going home to wood. Not done it for 50 years—could not find way.

[One winter afternoon there came on the most dense fog that had been known for a length of time, and a flock of rooks on their way as usual to the Chace stopped all night in a clump of trees on the farm a



July—  
October  
1879

mile from the roosting place. This the oldest labourer had never known them to do before.' *Round About A Great Estate*. Although the entry is dated August, Jefferies has noted something observed previously in winter, whilst living in Wiltshire.]

August 7.—Cloudy morning: afternoon light showers. Bunch of sod-apple in bloom. Rooks, get at seed wheat dibbled by machine . . . in row, see by depression, and take each in turn. Rooks fond of maize. Rooks rest in tall Scotch firs: also spruce very high.

Bramble still in flower very much. Plane trees' leaves already brown leathery in spots. Fern few pieces yellow blight, rest green. Wood pigeons calling. Spring and autumn not summer. Sparrows in oats, by scores. On stalk below grain still green: out for grain.

August 8.—Small rain morning: afterwards dry. Barley, thistles rise from roots, not seed: a spindle root. Yesterday saw a small dragon-fly, either first or else rare.

Swifts still here and screaming.

August 9.—Fine morning, fine day. White climbing convolvulus leaf: shield knight horseback. Triangular wheat ear—3 rows—other 4 lattermath.

The fern is turning in spots yellow. Pigweed, flowers in pairs. In barley. Pink flower very tiny, plant 10 inches high and slender stalk, narrow leaf. Leaf off convolvulus streaked, trailing, bell of same pink.

Thought heard grasshopper first.

August 10.—Fine sunny morning, cold very early, frost. Evening cloudy and few drops of rain. Bulrushes. The Pound. Difficulty of getting cattle in: decayed wall. Who is the Pindar now? Difficult to ascertain. [Elsewhere Jefferies praises Swinburne, but only for a small amount of his verse.] Black teazle heads still above the hedge.

August 11.—Cloudy misty morning. Farmer market morning waiting at stile till another came along with trap for ride. A large green dragon-fly: it is their season then. Last full moon was very high in the sky, near zenith.

There is nowhere where you can put £100 and be certain of getting it back again—no deposit (consols pay 96 and receive 94). Nothing like the Earth after all.

August 12.—Fine hot. N.E. wind. Grasshoppers singing in grass.

August 13.—Fine morning, cloudy noon, very hot. Distant thunder. Only few drops of rain. Well sown halfgrown wheat should be sown in winter, November to January. Long in the bed, big in the head. The longer before coming up the better the wheat.

August 14.—Fine hot. Afternoon and evening cloudy.



July—  
October  
1879

Sod-apple. Comes up early year. See Ragged Robin mistake. Flower at end of pod. Crushed foliage as much or more scent than flower. Willow herb, four petals. Bright rose colour, several stamens, are large long prominent with cross at top, white.

[‘Across where there is a mud-bank the stout stems of the willow-herb are already tall. They quite cover the shoal, and line the brook like shrubs. They are the strongest and most prominent of all the brook plants. At the end of March or beginning of April, the stalks appear a few inches high, and they gradually increase in size, until in July they reach above the waist, and form a thicket by the shore. Not till July does the flower open, so that, though they make so much show of foliage, it is months before any colour brightens it. The red flower comes at the end of a pod, and has a tiny white cross within it; it is welcome, because by August so many of the earlier flowers are fading. The country folk call it *the sod-apple*, and say the leaves crushed in the fingers have something of the scent of apple-pie.’ *Round About a Great Estate.*]

August 15.—Hot cloudy morning—fine despite clouds.

Drovers come to inn, ask for hard biscuits and toast them at fire; then take tallow candle from table and drop grease from it on biscuit till it would not suck up any more—and eat it as very good: a special relish after two days drinking.

Tankard—Bell, sheep, not bell shape, but flat. I knew them sheep, by the sound of the bell. Thistledown floats. Lime, it is best to chop soft. Cant. mill wheel of elm. Elm, ought only to be cut 2 days in the year. Last and first December 31st and January 1st (sap).

[‘The flat-shaped bells hung on a sheep’s neck are called tankards, and Hilary could distinguish one flock from another by the varying notes of their bells.’ *Round About a Great Estate.*]

August 16.—Rainy morning—showers. No wasps. Afterwards dry all day. Heaths in bloom—the bright purple—a cushion for a king—the white smaller flower and most numerous—the grey lichen among it so thick—the hillside *all* heath. No trees dull green. The seedling Scotch fir grown fresh seed from cone? (carried by squirrel). The only English fir that does this. Plant 1 ft. high, numerous greenish grey lines in pairs, greenish grey and rather labriate flowers, bees and humble-bees at them. The plant has a most bitter hop-like smell and tastes itself extremely bitter [i.e. Wood-sage].

Dead furze—fell all to pieces when struck as if quite rotten. Stood up till touched then brittle. The tops of the scaffold pole *bump the sky*. Spiders large size now getting common.



July—  
October  
1879

Cows after milking immediately go down to drink. All rush. Also watching the milking, open pen, find corner. Labourers never use straw hats.

Oxshott Heath. Stars 8-30, dark. Lyra almost at zenith, near as can go. Red Antares S.W. low: Arcturus very bright W. high: Capella low N. W. Stars ruling the Beasts.

Sheep or foot rot, not upland, where flooded on meadow land. Knife caustic solution, shepherd's specific. Like to keep sheep among hurdles. Not to rub off wool against hedges and make them look ragged. Millwright has a bur stone rough and makes it up himself.

1878 and 1879, cornerake scarcely heard at Sn. [i.e. Surbiton].

Mill, trunk (conduit, shaft or open trough) to carry water over the wheel like pipe, but open before falls, shuts off completely.

Go to flock for the rent, not to barn-door. Oats on rich heavy land not so good as light land. Oats; a farmer who grew oats used to be despised as only fit for poorest land; but now all grow oats, anything rather than wheat. Apron-string farmers.

August 18.—Rain early. Fine day. Burdock in flower. Red ruddy oak midsummer quite red now out; beech green. Butter-burs now show on plane trees.

August 19.—Misty—dry early: later rain, evening heavy rain. Limes turning yellow and leaves falling: horsechestnuts too a little.

August 20.—Rain all night, 15 hours. Rain morning. Showers all day at intervals. Blackberries formed, green. Rooks carry ear of wheat in bill for some distance before eating, to open place.

August 21.—Cloudy: rain, thunder and visible lightning at 11-30 and 12—1. Distant thunder afterwards. Evening, smart shower. Wheat, some stalks are exquisite yellow, some green, these waved and crossing each other by wind. Very beautiful with sun shining on, ears not yet bronze. Drawing up clock with small chains, old, the phrase 'drawing up' still used by those who never saw such a thing done, survival. Sign to guest to go.

Short tail horse nag, used to crop tail. Once in 7 years a Slovens' year. Had a splendid crop and did not know where to put it. Turvin, pasture-mow. Red Lammas wheat. Latter Lammas Man—when late with hay-making, 13 Aug. reproach. The galls on oak now green—split in two find speck in centre. Farm, a good season. . . . if went about with the sun in one hand and the watering pot in the other. One end of farm wants rain, the other sun. Turnip-sick land. ['The few white clouds sailing over seemed to belong to the fields on which their shadows were now foreshortened, now lengthened, as if they



July-  
October  
1879

were really part of the fields like the crops, and the azure sky so low down as to be the roof of the house and not at all a separate thing. And the sun a lamp that you might almost have pushed along his course faster with your hand; a loving and interesting sun that wanted the wheat to ripen, and stayed there in the slow-drawn arc of the summer day to lend a hand. Sun and sky and clouds close here and not across any planetary space, but working with us in the same field, shoulder to shoulder with man. There you might stand on the high down among the thyme and watch it, hour after hour, and still no interruption: nothing to break it up. It was something like the broad folio of an ancient illuminated manuscript, in gold, gules blue, green, with foliated scrolls and human figured, somewhat clumsy and thick, but quaintly drawn, and bold in their intense realism. . . .

The sunbeams sank deeper and deeper into the wheat ears layer upon layer of light, and the colour deepened.' 'Walks in the Wheat-fields', *Field and Hedgerow*.]

August 22.—Windy morning; short showers. Laid barley will sprout while growing Yellow disks out now. Yarrow, Yellow Loosestrife, Rest Harrow, Broom, Betony, Spurge (In Green Lane, Claygate), Cat-tail, Horse-tail, Duckweed, Monkshood, Common Celandine, Common Avens, Agrimony, yellow on spike roadside, Rue, yellow flower, Tansy, river, Fleabane, yellow disk, Southern wood, cottage Boys Love, scent, strong, Old Man, *Cyperus longus* (galingale) grooved leaf. Sod apple, St. John's Wort, yellow. Winter's thunder and summer flood, Bode old England no good. Snake-skin willow peels bark. Snap willow-boughs break in storm. Flycatcher's call is a squark, no song.

August 23.—Rain steady all morning: heavy till afternoon—caused local flood. Evening dry but cloudy. The wood pigeons are now in the wheat in flocks (they beat the ears with bill). Sparrows have been at wheat—some ears picked almost clean as they stand. Glow-worm, first.

August 24.—Fine sunny: fine day. Tomtits calling in trees. Honesty clematis on stone wall, river, ribbed stem, woody leaf, slightly fragrant [pencil drawing of leaf, flower and stem in text], Water-Betony in flower by river, woody tall stem, willow leaves, red flower round top of stem (wild willow) a smaller kind in corn. Purple Loosestrife by river in flower. Bees must make honey before scythe—end of July—because no flowers in aftermath. Rhubarb—none. A plant in the garden as a great curiosity; obtained from some herb grower, curious on account of great size of leaves, but never eaten.



July—  
October  
1879

They have a tradition that the roots were the edible portion. Clover *white*, alone comes up after scythe. Agrimony, roadside—2 ft. yellow small flowers round top of stalk. [Two small pencil drawings of the herb in text.] Reeds feathery, half out, 6 or 8 inches long, red disk. Hops hedge in flower—sprays of flower. Black bryony, berries thick and green.

[‘By the bank the “wild-willow” or water-betony, with its woody stem, willow-shaped leaves, and pale red flowers, grows thickly.’ *Round About a Great Estate.*]

August 25.—Fine morning—sharp showers, afterwards fine. Timothy Grass, long head. [Small pencil sketch of grass in text.]

August 26.—Fine morning, windy, 3 hours heavy rain. Evening, dry, cloudy. Arable lands, no names, but called according to measurements, the 3 acre piece, or 10 acre piece. Of names, it seems as if the meadows were commons and each commoner’s name was put to his piece when enclosed: the curious names are round churches, castles, manor houses, on sites of ancient buildings.

August 27.—Wet morning: driving rain till 2: partial cessation: driving rain again afternoon and evening. Prunella self-heal—now in flower. Bricks from the Downs. Ogbourne with *glazed surface* rim. They say because burnt with furze.

[With all their apparent simplicity some of the cottage folk were quite up to the value of appearances. Old Aaron had a little shop; he and his wife sold small packets of tea, tobacco, whipcord, and so forth. Sometimes while his wife was weighing out the sugar, old Aaron—wretched old deceiver—would come in rustling a crumpled piece of paper as though it were a banknote, and handing it to her with much impressiveness of manner whisper loudly, ‘Now you take un and put un away; and mind you don’t mix un. You put he along with the fives and not with the tens.’ *Round About a Great Estate.*]

Summer fallow must be broke up and not allowed to get *green*—sun to roast and kill weeds ploughed up—wet weather summer fallow not much use. Man drunk fell in ditch, dry, and slept. Thunderstorm came, filled the ditch, spoilt his watch and woke him. Might have drowned him.

Old hay, old gold.

August 28.—Rain in morning—has now rained 36 hours. All day yesterday, all night, and on as hard as ever this morning, and continued till 2, when cleared after 36 hours rain. Then strong wind. All the cottage people then lived to be eighty—every cottage in hamlet.



July—  
October  
1879

Wall Pellitory by hedge. Wild hops hedge formed, the hops showing. By wet ditch, small yellow, Loosestrife. White bryony vines dying, berries red. Arum berries red (first) on stalk. [Wall Pellitory. Low bushy plant with greenish flowers. Feverfew.]

August 29.—Dry, windy morning: slight showers, dry again. Arum—some all red, some with green berries. Moth coloured and humble-bee on thistle-head together, the humble-bee under the broad wing of the moth, happy together.

[‘On the flower of a great thistle a moth has alighted, and hidden under its broad wing is a humble-bee, the two happy together and neither interfering with the other.’ *Round About a Great Estate.*]

August 30.—Fine morning. Fine all day. At 10 o’clock night shower, soon over. Wheat *bronzed*—light balls of thistledown rolling over it, the tips of the bronzed ears bending to that delicate touch, like Atalanta.

Reaping a little to-day. ‘Hallijah—I didn’t know yer.’ One Tree. Some birch trees—yellow leaves.

[‘The thistledown floats; and see, yonder the white balls are rolling before the gentle air along the very tips of the bronzing wheat-ears. By the hedge the stragglng stalks of St. John’s Wort lift the yellow petals dotted with black specks above the bunches of grass.’ *Round About a Great Estate.*]

August 31.—Fine morning. Fine all day, A piece of wheat reaped, about 8 acres. Betony in flower. Long square stiffish stalks, few leaves in pairs reddish purple, flower labriate all at the top, aromatic bitter smell leaves and flower. Betony, the flower itself is set in with a curve down. Leaves and stem slightly rough. [Small pencil sketch of the plant in text.] Wild carrot, root smells. Bird’s nest interior, hollow and seeds. Leaf very clearly cut. Wild Succory. Stem stiff, woody, 2 ft. Blue flowers among the scarlet poppies and the yellow wheat. [Two pencil sketches of carrot and succory in the text.]

September 1.—Fine—beautiful—sunny all day. Oats cutting. Some white bryony vines dead, some bryony still in flower. St. John’s Wort by oats, 2 ft. rather stragglng stem, opening bud. At joint one large leaf and 3 smaller above. Leaves held to the light looked as if pricked with innumerable little holes: they have also small black dots on them. Yellow petals five. Stem circular, woody. [Three pencil sketches of flowers in text.]

‘Hooks it out’—hooks origin of ‘uck.’ First day of Harvest. First month that has commenced fine for months. See oats, wheat, barley and grass all being cut together to-day.



July—  
October  
1879

September 2.—Misty morning, fine. The brilliancy of the full moon for several nights—Saturday, Sunday and Monday—very beautiful: harvest moon? Wheat reaped to-day, in bloom July 6th. (the first saw in bloom) see V. 88 [i.e. note-book V.; page 88]. Just eight weeks and two days.

The gossamer on furze thick and white: morning. Quantity of betony in flower—under trees; tall stems with few pairs of leaves.

Some nuts now hard and full. Mint in bloom. Beautiful moonlight still.

September 4.—Fine, beautiful. Wasps, 4 at once biting the split oak palings, in the garden. So hard can scarcely drive a nail into it, yet they have marked and scored it like the borings of a grub, only outside. Attention drawn to it by the rasping noise they made tearing the fibres, quite loud.

Thrushes now call 'chuck' 'chuck', quick, quite loud, but not so loud as the redwings will. Blackbirds and thrush busy in early morning at the ripe red berries of the mountain ash in garden.

[I got under the oak tree, and there on a bough was a redwing singing with all his might. . . . But this redwing was singing—sweet and very loud, far louder than the old familiar notes of the thrush.] *Wild Life in a Southern County.*]

September 8.—Fine morning and day. To Brighton. Haymaking going on. Ley, leigh, meadow, or forest glade.

September 9.—Heavy rain night and morning: afterwards fine. Rough wind: very heavy rain in afternoon. Tern, black and white streak wings. Sandpipers. Wheatears, white bar tail. The piles worn by the small pebbles—see them thrown up by the foam—the piles worn as smooth as if by sandpaper.

[With a quick, sudden heave the summer sea, calm and gleaming, runs a little way up the side of the groyne, and again retires. There is scarce a gurgle or a bubble, but the solid timbers are polished and smooth where the storms have worn them with pebbles. From a grassy spot ahead a bird rises, marked with white, and another follows it; they are wheatears; they frequent the land by the low beach in the autumn.

A shrill but feeble pipe is the cry of the sandpiper, disturbed on his moist feeding-ground.' 'To Brighton', *Nature Near London.*]

September 10.—Fine. September 11.—Fine, afterwards showers. Sea holly, spines sharp and strong enough to go through their dress. Short stem. On wet sandy flat, thick mat of it. Green flower tipped with red at top of petals: rank growth by roadside and paths near sea.



July-  
October  
1879

Linseed oil: tanned with bark once—now scutch [scutch, i.e. dress (fibrous material, especially retted flax) by beating].

Singular smell of fishing nets spread out to dry.

Barm to pass through sieve with wisp of clean hay in it then perfectly sweet. Takes off any sourness. (Gauge) Brick—The *Brick*—turns first spots of white, and when quite white put the bread in oven ready. Scrape out wood embers with scrapers then wet the malkin whose rags clean out the ashes. 'Thee looks just like a gurt Malkin.' [i.e. A bunch of rags on the end of a stick.]

September 13.—Fine morning—Dyke—afternoon rain. Genius turned to practical affairs, Rowland Hill.

September 14.—Fine all day. Sea holly, dried good deal. Flower light mauve-like thistle shape and colour. ? Viper's Bugloss, lighter and smaller flower, on edge of cliffs, common.

Anything is picturesque that is characteristic—If our English gypsies would but adopt a distinctive dress, they would really be an addition to our lanes—instead of all rags and dirt.

There is nothing so repulsive as one's own species—for instance, you detest a crowd. You observe one man's long nose, another's lanky figure, a third is sallow faced, a fourth a dirty hat—Horrid! You feel as if you were walking among a lot of Lazzarites. Mayhap your face is pale, your legs long, your hat not new, and you may even be conscious of this, but still the feeling of repulsion is genuine. You would rather have the place to yourself.

[See, as an interesting example of Jefferies' adumbration of his dislike of his species, the passages on the 'elbowjogger' in his essay 'The Bathing Season' (At Brighton) in *The Open Air*.]

Rook on tile chimney peering down—believe it was a rook and not jackdaw. The reason genius succeeds is because it does it.

September 16.—Dry, cold. *Leaders*. Above all things people like to be amused. How very few, almost *no* writers amuse—style.

September 17.—Dry, warm. September 18.—Dry, warm. Reflect the present day—not what you think—Reflect drawing room. In conversation dialogue—put good things (not simply to facilitate plot) but for their own sake.

September 19.—Fine, warm. The brimming ocean—yet a larger ocean S.L. [i.e. Soul Life. A thought for *The Story of My Heart*.]

Character of Women:—(Society). Nature—beauty. Natural History Of. Men and Woman 'lie nearest'. The outward Show and the Inner Feeling and Meaning. To make Thought felt for Power it must be through Men and Women, Politics, or Metaphysics, i.e. S.L. Social,



July—  
October  
1879

Political, Aesthetical. Aim at the highest. There is no paper that goes into every house and is read by everybody—useful, the home, amusing, the light. It is not the new thing that is wanted—there is nothing new—do the old thing better than it has ever been done before.

[The above notes were the basis of a conspectus outlining a new periodical on original lines which Jefferies projected at this time. Among the unpublished Jefferies manuscripts is the complete conspectus and also a quotation from a firm of printers quoting him a price for composition and paper. I do not think that he ever proceeded with the plan or succeeded in getting hold of the necessary capital to float this paper.]

September 20.—Fine, dry. *The Follies of Fifty Years. A History.* Since 1854 can remember to 1879 and backwards to the source, so that a chapter could be added every year. Point all through, the Muddle—the lack of direction. The sinew and the aspirations of the people. Sinews of England in it. Style the most important thing. The people change very much more rapidly than their rulers. The government takes no heed to develop the ideas of men of genius. The inexplicable character of Englishmen is the puzzle of the continent.

September 21.—As I think more and more, so the value of human life diminishes. National bankruptcy is impossible—when nature is bankrupt. They work for nothing and then is the opportunity of the great man who carries a race to conquest. Fine. Morning sunny. Shower in evening, but very short.

September 22.—Fine sunny morning. Sea-Daisy. Grows separate—plentiful. Light pink, many florets on one head, each 5 small petals, stem leafless slender. 7 or 8 in grass near sea [small pencil sketch of Sea-daisy in text]. Pimpernel—brighter red here [at Brighton] quite brilliant. September 23.—Wet, and wind. September 24.—Dry cloudy morn—fine with short showers. In evening one flash of lightning.

September 25.—Sunny morning. Fine day. Streams of flies with wind along the beach—swallows. Moonlight shadow dark moon south before the roller gliding. S.W. Evening. Sky. Are there 2 or 3? No, only 1. Then how fast he must run from S. down here to look in at my window.

September 28.—Sunny. Fine. September 29.—Rain in night. Morning dry. Fine day.

October 1.—In night heavy rain. Morning misty. Afternoon fine.

The roller as it comes shadow (sun) under. A dark cavern over which it falls—spray up and then falls with 2nd. 3rd—green convex surface



July—  
October  
1879

(upper) like mirror reflects sun's rays. Gulls dipping between the waves in the trough—sea weed.

Thackeray, review of. Oct. 1st. 1879—'The skill lies not with creation of a character, but in the consistency and minuteness with which it is carried out.'

Story of Ulysses. Begin with the myths of Columbus as introduction. Sun cycle and nothing more wanted.

[Among my unpublished Jefferies papers is a fragment on two or three sheets of note-paper in his holograph which begins:—'The favourite story of Columbus is nothing but a variation of the old-sun-myth. It is so patent on the face of it that the wonder is how it could obtain currency for so many generations as genuine history. Did we not know the extraordinary facility with which men force themselves to believe whatever is told them, we might describe it as the most stupendous instance of credulity known. Stupendous because the alleged circumstances having occurred comparatively near our own times, and within reach as it were of the printing press they could have been so easily investigated. Instead of which every succeeding writer has only as it were brought another brick to the wall . . .' The above is ironical, of course. So far as the story of Ulysses is concerned, Jefferies was deeply interested in his life and character. He refers to him in several of the essays as well as in *Bevis*.]

October 2.—Fine early—showers—fine after. Flash of lightning at night. October 3.—Sunny morn—windy. October 4.—Fine, sunny, windy.

Things that are horrid to me—stupid senseless iron green railings—pavements—ponderous porticoes. Jar and irritate. Not only matter like rocks and hills which it is pleasing to surmount—They are Human arranged Matter—they grate.

['Wild parsley, still green in the shelter of the hazel stoles, is there now on the bank, a thousand times sweeter to the eye that *bare iron* and cold evergreens . . . With a straight edge or ruler, any one could draw the iron *railings* in half-an-hour, and a surveyor's pupil could make them look as well as Millais himself. Stupidity to stupidity, genius to genius; any hard fist can manage iron railings; a hedge is a task for the greatest.' 'Outside London', *The Open Air*.]

October 5.—Fine sunny morn and day—starlight night. Ash for boat building becoming scarcer and much dearer. Pleasure boats and yachts built of ash—*ash planking*, oak frame, oak stem and stern post, beech keel. Ash answers well for boats often high and dry and exposed to the air, does not do to be always in the water. Spars young trees else



July—  
October  
1879

not tough enough. Boatbuilding grown dearer—£90 fishing boat worth £140. £30 worth £50. Yacht £80 now £100. Large fishing boats built of elm.

October 6.—Fine sunny morn. Swallows large flight, Red or brown dragon-fly. Grasshoppers singing in grass (cliff).

All men are wolves—good things for all—But, wolves, wolves, wolves. [‘Man is to man a wolf.’ Rousseau.]

The exceeding meanness of City people. Wall, concrete, large pebbles in mortar, projects 3 or 4 feet over edge of cliff—wall 3 ft. high 9 inch thick—at Rottingdean; lower course large pebbles, being suspended over 90 ft. cliff.

October 8.—Dry misty morn. Ditchling Beacon. Clematis. Black-berry flower pink. Dogwood and hazel bush. [Small pencil sketches of flowers in text.]

Larks singing at great height. A flat hawthorn bush, dry and leafless interwoven with furze for shelter and behind it a furze stick thrust inside. Charcoal remnants of fire, under the hawthorn at the back a few fronds of green fern—The bush in the hollow of the fosse. [Page pencil drawing old Sussex house.] Hedges perfectly covered clematis as old turns white the flower, the leaves seem to turn black as old. Viburnum Wayfaring Tree. Wood with strong smell, white flowers large, broad downy leaves. Flower strong smell, red berries clusters. Sloe: Large. Bullace, not nearly so sour.

[‘Leaving the lane by a wagon track—a gipsy track through a copse—there were large bunches of pale-red berries hanging from the wayfaring trees, or wild viburnum, and green and red berries of bryony wreathed among the branches.’ ‘Clematis Lane’, *The Life of the Fields*.]

October 9.—Dry. Verse. *The Year Out Of Doors* [? title]. Sea with massive shoulders oaring through the wave. Dyke. Wheatear—same saw on beach and grass near Basin below Hove. Peewits, several couples in same meadow.

October 10.—Dry misty morn—afterwards sunny. ‘Photographs are better than Nature because they do not move.’ Colour of flowers vary with soil. *Butter and eggs* very bright on cliffs. [A term used of plants with two yellows in flower, such as toad-flax.] Rook’s bill looks white. Delicious taste of moor-hen. Dyke [Brighton] Sea from hill. The burnished gold (red) of the sea near the shore where the sunlight of the setting sun fell. The masts and yards on the left, on the right the misty shore—Far away the plum of the sun. In the distance a faint purplish line and the misty horizon purplish.

October 11.—Dry, misty. Afternoon sunny. Return from Brighton.



July-  
October  
1879

[Jefferies had been staying at Brighton since September 8th.]

October 12.—Thick fog. Gossamer thick. Trees drip, drip, drip. Robin's song early morn—none at B. [Brighton] Hedge sparrow's piping. Hammocks of gossamer hung along the hedge heavy with dew. A Kestrel with a rat—could see it was a rat because hung down too much for bird, and no wings—seems as much as could carry—alighted centre of leaze, far from shot of hedge, after a while (perhaps disturbed) rose again still carrying prey—which seemed heavy.

Peggles ripe and red and large apparently this year. [Peggles, Wiltshire name for the berries of the hawthorn.]

Larks singing high up. A dog will look you in the eyes. Old village joke. Wasp on window inside—a remarkably large one—a female doubtless. ? from nest, or not had one. Almost kill off wasps this year.

October 13.—Dry, misty. Ridge Farm, Coombe Farm, Barrow Farm. Starlings small flock, busy at elder bush top, pecking the ripe elder-berries—so busy waited till quite near. Frog squeak, scythe. Swallows still here. ['They (the swallows) symbol all that is best in nature and all that is best in our hearts.' 'Swallow-Time', *Field and Hedgerow*.]

October 14.—Dry, misty. Cloud of gnats at vane of steeple; warm day, few days before went to Brighton.—like smoke behind tail of the weather-cock.

October 15.—Late previous evening storm of wind and rain, suddenly rose and suddenly stopped. Dry morn, afterwards clear and sunny. Wind. Chaffinches calling chink, chink all the early morning. Seagull went over from east westwards. Blackbirds—bills look whitish? Grow yellower in spring? Cornel leaves bronze, when curled with frost crimson. Blackberries small, numerous. Guelder rose heavy bunches of berries weighing down the slender branches—large berries purplish-red—look as if bursting with fulness. Wild ivy in flower, yellowish tint. Tall stem of figwort by stream 4 or 5 ft. high.  $\frac{5}{8}$  inch square stem, leaves off. Thought saw redwings, but not certain. Frosty evening.

October 16.—Sharp frost morn. Sunny morn and dry. Present not retrospective. On flower of yarrow a bee—apparently a wild species.

October 18.—Hornet, only one this season. Willow pollard, current, wild up in Bramble and nightshade, thick with red berries and still in leaf. The bright berries among the leafless branches of the willow.

October 19.—A little small rain in night. Dry cloudy morn. Milder. Slight showers. Pheasant hen hopping shore of ditch—look in, come



July—  
October  
1879

out, hop along, look in again. Poplars bare of leaves. Black oxen (Sussex) drawing plough. Stubble grey when no sun—sun lights up patches bright and white.

October 21.—Squirrel in beech—could not see—heard sound of nibbling, clear and distinct, of teeth on to beech mast, the nuts came rattling down, and so saw the squirrel out on bough, tail down betrayed him eating the nuts, and one or two dropped. [See *Round About a Great Estate.*]

Mole on road (could not see?) almost as fast as mouse. Glittering metal attracts cows.

Bucks. Midsummer. Half-a-dozen after bicyclist—full pelt: descend and they stop.

Ditchling Slope. Harebell, campanula—nettle-leaved belled flower. Brook lime, veronica. Woodsage, greenish labriate bitter leaf. Claygate Lane, Oxshott Heath—hoplike smell, very bitter taste.

Moorhen 45 to 50 yards—70: in smooth water. The chuck ching, chuck, ching, ching of the blackbirds at dusk in October. Keep on doing it for ten minutes: metallic, like tinny bell.

Starlings. Six hawking a long time—clumsy at it—cannot float. A cloudy wild day. They seem to hawk in spring and autumn.

5 Magpies in short stubble among sheep. They seem to like sheep, for I have seen them there before—another calling in tree. They are now in flocks. Very large bat hawking and calling chick, chick—early evening 4.45. Mild evening—first bat seen for a long time.

October 23.—Larks singing in the morning.

October 24.—Three fieldfares or redwings, high. Hornbeam—a delicate shading of yellow and green.

October 25.—Young hedgehog in river, dead. Extended just the top of back spines out of water. Leaves of willow yellow. 2 or 3 drop in water—drifting with current. Horse—stabling in steeple.

Large brown butterfly by river. Horse chestnut, top bough ends the varnished bud sheaths show: leaves still on lower and chestnuts hanging—some partly open so that the nut hangs suspended.

October 26.—Bramble leaves, fans of 5. Dropwort, tall slender stems irregular shape, cut leaflets starting from the stem each side (like yarrow but much larger and starting from the stalk) feathery leaflets. A yarrow still in bloom, white. A butterfly—brown spot on wings. Crickets in ditch chirping. Warm, sunny. Rook with acorn in bill. Trees, oak buff reddish—are yellowing green: maples almost a whole hedge orange: in stubble charlock a few in flower, a stiff rigid plant seed pods full of shot-like round seeds black. A few geranium red,

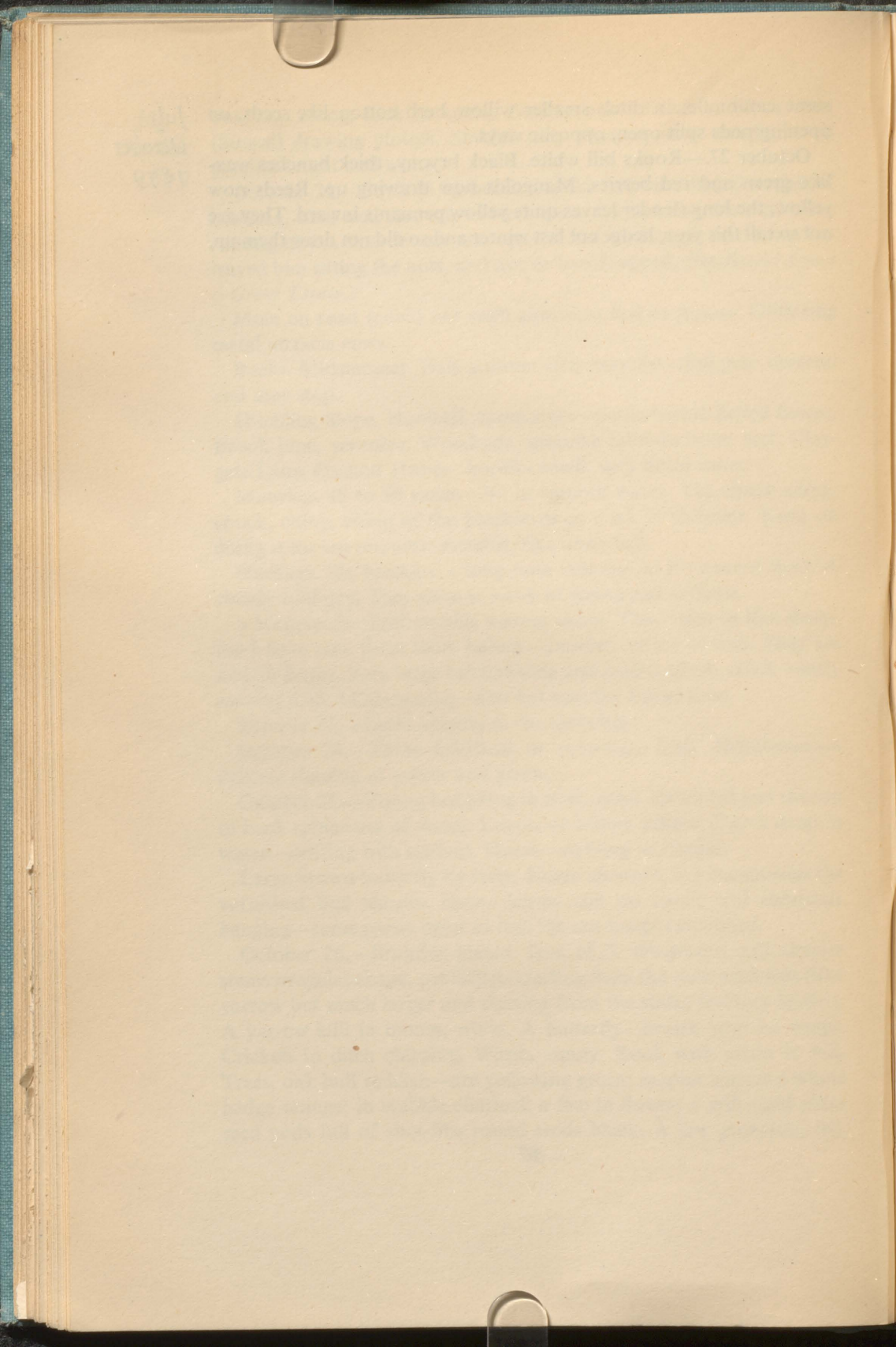


some camomile: in ditch smaller willow herb cotton like seeds, on opening pods split open, opposite ways.

July-  
October  
1879

October 27.—Rooks bill white. Black bryony, thick bunches wax-like green and red berries. Mangolds now drawing up. Reeds now yellow, the long slender leaves quite yellow pennants inward. They are not so tall this year, hedge cut last winter and so did not draw them up.







NOTE-BOOK

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*March to July*

1880



NOTE-BOOK

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Went to job

1870



## March to July 1880

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*Pages 1 to 91*

*Contains a few shorthand entries which are indecipherable  
All entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph*

MARCH 4.—Water-glow. Pond surface like glowing light some inches thick. Superincumbent—sparkling—sunshine. This from distance reflected low angle, near only a few ripples and no glow. By moonlight the furrows just turned by plough glisten. The hawthorn now coming out string on one bush.

*Literature For Villagers.* ['Country Literature.' In four parts. *The Life of the Fields.*]

March 5.—Coltsfoot in flower plentiful, short stalk, flower now just on the earth.

March 7.—Wood pigeon calling afternoon—first. Dove—domestic, cooing a little. March 8.—Coltsfoot flower closed at 9-30—cold easterly breeze cloudy, open in afternoon. Chestnut horse-buds on lower branch, varnish off, green, but not open. Elms quite russet with flower. March 9.—Chaffinches still in flock. Turnip greens first—a larch sheltered green tender at the top parts. (Hazel-red plumes on Feb. 29.)

March 11.—Burdock up. Young leaves plant 5 inches high. Willow herb up 4 or 5 inches. Wood pigeons in pairs. Arum through dead leaves held by them. First daisy. The lark darker crest singing on the ground—mate near running parallel—from short stubble to ploughed lands—stopping every few minutes to sing to his love. Dog violets in flower, blue, no scent: the true violet nearly white, only just a tinge of violet. Bluebell leaves up 5 inches—blunt sword shape.

Lesser celandine in flower, first—one under oak on bank—a cavity or cave—others on bank. True violets in flower on bank (Chess)—[Chessington] white petals, violet at the violet's other end.



March—  
July  
1880

[‘Sweet summer is but just long enough for the happy loves of the larks. It seems but yesterday, it is really more than five months since that leaning against the gate there, I watched a lark and his affianced on the ground among the grey stubble of last year still standing.

His crest was high and his form upright, he ran a little way and then sang, went on again and sang again to his love, moving parallel with him. Then passing from the old dead stubble to fresh-turned furrows, still they went side by side, now down in the valley between the clods, now mounting the ridges, but always together, always with song and joy, till I lost them across the brown earth.’ [‘Wheatfields’, *Nature Near London*.]

March 12.—Moon new almost completely horizontal—at the first glance perfectly horizontal—so again on the 13th. March 13.—Willow tree hedge in leaf first. Bees on gravel path of road twice on sunny days.

March 14.—Rooks—2 in succession at nest stealing, the owners absent, require to watch nest all day. One tore a bough living off top—twig, so they use green twigs. While cawing side by side two, one stretched forward, the other flapped wings at each caw [pencil drawing of two rooks].

Brown wooden nut measure,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint and gill  $\frac{1}{4}$  [pencil drawing of the measure]. Village window shop.

[‘In a village a few miles distant (in Surrey, whilst Jefferies was living at Surbiton) as you walk between cherry and pear orchards, you pass a little shop—the sweets, and twine, and trifles are such as may be seen in similar windows a hundred miles distant. There is the very wooden measure for nuts, which has been used time out of mind, in the distant country. Out again into the road as the sun sinks, and westwards the wind lifts a cloud of dust, which is lit up and made rosy by the rays passing through it. For such is the beauty of the sunlight that it can impart a glory even to dust.’ [‘Footpaths’, *Nature Near London*.]

March 17.—Coltsfoot leaf up. Rook with *white* from fowls? He was in pasture mead. 3 or 4 times jackdaws after him—no peace, till flew away to another field. Naturally thieves.

March 18.—Chiffchaff—clear notes ringing far through the bare poles of the copse—welcome.

Moon—church clock figures.

[Jefferies writes somewhere of this, that he could read the time one night on the church clock by the light of the moon.]



March 19.—Though the Moon never laid on back so decidedly there has been no rain—dry easterly winds, and often brilliant sunshine and cloudless sky, with frost in early mornings. March 20.—Hazel leaves showing; lime also.

March—  
July  
1880

The world is governed by news[papers]. The Barbarous ages, and even now our goods excellent machinery for turning out Devils.

Cut—finger—leaves figwort [the old Herbalists taught that a decoction from this herb was good for wounds].

Daglets, icicles. as bare as a toad of feathers.

March 26.—Elm leaves on trunk, twigs out well. Chestnut (L.J.) Horse green, the spray not quite wide out, but quite green. In copse the same small sycamore out in leaf that was out so early last year, no other. Yesterday cock pheasant in newly sown field, when observed got down in furrow, beauty of bird, tail out, ring about neck, gloss of plumage, pride of place as came along the land.

Moon full. Seems to have been full *two or three nights*, equinox, harvest moon like.

March 28.—Red dead nettle in flower. Fieldfares again after interval of months as it seems: are they now returning eastwards. [Jefferies in an essay comments on their scarcity at this time.]

March 29.—Butterfly, red, black spots.

Shakespeare, the time, the place, the circumstances nothing, the natural or fitted to the place nothing, it is the *idea*, the *thought*, and the person and plot is like the *coarse paper*.

March 30.—White butterfly. Horse chestnut, the bloom, green, 2 inches showing.

March 31.—Rain at last after weeks of the driest weather. Rain in night and early morning. This March was dry (February soft and sunny) and April opened warm and showery [*wet struck out*].

April 1.—Sunny N.W. wind, rain clouds about but did not rain till 2 and then only very short slight showers and dry afterwards.

April 3.—One small birch green, Blackthorn, the bloom showing, but the flowers not open.

April 4.—May buds, first. Crab buds and first and very little. Plum or damson in bloom and pear.

April 6.—Thunder. The cows getting with rough tongue, into the sweet grass.

The way the moon looks to those who have no figures or letters, and who live by the sun instead of by the clock.

The first machine through the village, the excitement and people riding on it as a wonder.



March—  
July  
1880

Arum, and blackbirds whistling. So beautiful, even the dust.

Always fondest of A. whilst making love to a girl.

Care of women for drunken men. 'Come out into the air my dear.'  
Just the thing that makes them fall.

April 7.—Cowslip wild flower. Blackthorn, a little in flower. Willow  
—wren singing. Hopbine up 10 inches. Honey-plant garden in flower.  
Ground ivy in flower. Thunder.

April 8.—Wild strawberries in flower. April 9.—Marsh marigold in  
flower. Sedges black.

S.L. [i.e. Sun Life] might be Beauty, because it must be to the full  
and genuine: not smoothed and softened. The Pilgrimage to the  
Downs. It must be.

[This simple note and some shorthand which follows it which cannot  
be read, is probably the first reference to the genesis of the *Story of My  
Heart*, referred to in the following passage from that book 'Again and  
again I made resolutions that I would write it in some way or other'  
(Jefferies means to express his feeling of the inner and esoteric meaning  
from the visible universe), and as often failed. I could express any other  
idea with ease, but not this. At last, in 1880, in the old castle of Peven-  
sey, under happy circumstances, once more I resolved, and actually  
did write down a few notes. Even then I could not go on, but  
I kept the notes, and in the end, two years afterwards, began this  
book.']

April 11.—Cuckoo flower; young reeds.

Trotting. Foreknees lifted but hoof not very high, more forward,  
the withers steady and body, the flanks, rising and falling, hindlegs  
stiff and seem too long, hence sway alternate to right and left lifting  
the flanks seen from behind both hind hoofs seem to leave ground  
nearly together. Fore hoofs were flung wide and loosely.

April 13.—Walnut leaf partly out. April 14.—Tree Pipits singing.

April 16.—Whitethroat singing (furze) and stitchwort in flower.

Hodge even repelled from narrow Baptists and Wesleyans and  
Twaddle generally. Why the prey of twaddle? Not be open to speech.  
Then send speech among him. Why no attempt to educate? Why no  
history. Nothing but Three R's, as if the man was a fool. He is not a  
fool. He is grit stuff. Loyal. Moucher would sell his grandmother for  
sixpence. Who interests Hodge in the story of his own Country?  
Finally I say that Hodge is worthy of the suffrage, of the suffrage in  
every respect because he is loyal. I wrote to express my hope that the  
new Government will at once enfranchise Hodge. Give Hodge his due.  
Hodge has been a machine and work slave. In truth Hodge has been



the mainstay of England these 1000 years, battle and breeze, but has had no voice.

April 18.—Nightingale song.

April 20.—Swallow.

April 22.—Cuckoo, first. The Constitution Twaddle.

April 25.—Ash leaf—comfrey bells (green).

Breeze strikes. Shadow of barges on bottom of stream. Lissom larch. Glitters where a whirl-pool—and glitter of the blade of oar, dripping sparkle. Light, upward dart, down glitter is in spots. Sail miss, into bank, stitching the stream. Boat beat launch, small stream, leather groaning against wood rowlocks.

Banks undermined and crumbling. One sail green, green of willows, trees calm, silvery, third, blue clouds, four, water colour of no glitter when you look back, fine foam and roar of weir; light on varnish of boat.

Thrushes in elms—the clamouring of jackdaws, Tile roofs and dormer windows.

Odd wooden posts with iron ovals telling the mileage. Peculiar delicate light green of the willows. Nest beside the elm—parsley. Playing tennis on island. Row barge overhanging, horses, parti-coloured mop, pumping barge, old lee boards—martins. Rakish launch—malthouse cowl. Catspaws. Chichester elm. Barges patch and pitch. Skiffs drawn up for hire, painted boat-houses—floating leaves, larks in the corn. Lock—slide inclined plane—rushes back to be re-churned—black between—rails red windlass. Piles aslant, brackets iron capped line of tide, ballast punt 5 yards. Waves dark, uncertain spots fluctuate in trough of the waves, which spots before the eye can fix them forms have slipped into others. Black headed reed buntings: yellow wagtails; swan. Red vane and yellow spindle. Rochester. Barge ports. Punts, a fleet of Poles a forest.

[The above interesting and long note is for the essay 'The River' (Thames) *Nature Near London*.]

London. Is there any creed or philosophy will stand the test of the Stock Exchange steps and the throng at the eight streets crossing? You ought to be Ascetic. Pray all day.

April 28.—Germander speedwell—blue—full out, but petals closed, cold N.E. wind. H. dropped his flowers and reached for the Butterfly. [H. Jefferies' son.]

May 1.—Horses with ribbons, red yellow and blue tied to brass ornaments—Mayday. Mistletoe hawthorn, berry still on; another piece very large leaves, Fallow deer, white rump, black tail. Foreknee—upper joint short, second long.

March—  
July  
1880



March—  
July  
1880

May 2.—Hert Robert in Flower. Wryneck calling. Hornet's nest.

May 11.—Young oak apples, rosy, size of nuts. Rosy dust, sunset rays on, lifted by the wind. Driving the hens to make them lay quicker.

May 12.—First swift.

May 13.—May out in bloom.

The sham of the Squire, the borrowed sword, the sporting calendar. 'I know's yer father: bought pigs of grandfather.'

The poor. 'I can't a'had as much flannel as them others.'

The Sq. [i.e. Squire] Fool Cornleigh. Whom no one understood, nor did he understand himself. [These references are to Cornleigh Cornleigh, a character in *The Dewy Morn.*]

Villadom. Worldly Wisdom. From Horace. It is that that they stand for really.

May 16.—Silverweed in flower.

Survey. Round Land Question. Solves itself round cities, as title to plots.

Cats eat hen's eggs, dogs too. Rooks at cherries. Raspberry expedition.

N.P. [i.e. New Paper]. Interviewing the people. 400 correspondents conversing with workmen and so on. Opinions on questions of the hour. Once a month regularly or when anything going forward. Coupons also to paper so that every subscriber and writer in, with stamp attached for return folded. Thus a vote on affairs of the day. 1d. sheet? [Jefferies, in this as in much else, in advance of his time, seems to hint at Mass observation and Gallop polls. I have omitted some further references to this suggested newspaper as not being clear. Among my Jefferies' manuscripts is a full conspectus of the suggested journal.]

May 17.—Rooks, small flocks of six or seven? The male birds. 5 missel-thrushes.

May 18.—Great Bear at  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 8 to 9 exactly *at zenith*. The Rider precisely overhead.

May 20.—Sparrow at rose buds (garden) covered with aphides.

White champions in flower. Cuckoos all round (madrigal). Hops do not die down. Caterpillars descending by threads from trees.

Wheatfield. Magpies *like beans*. To-day two, when standing upright their black heads just visible.

Titlark on oak in midst. Larks running and singing [see above March].

Footpaths. Always footpaths. You cannot dream very long, the proximity of London causes a restlessness, an attraction in train. Country



March—  
July  
1880

comes to London but never goes back. [‘As you sit and would dream a something plucks at the mind with constant reminder: you cannot dream for long, you must up and away, and, turn in which direction you please, ultimately it will lead you to London.’ ‘Footpaths’, *Nature Near London*.]

Moles. Saw two to-day and touched with a stick. Driven up by the drought and hardness of the ground as they were by the frost.

H.H. cried over the dead swallow: and would not kill the caterpillar; yet tied donkey to the tree to wallop it more handily.

Men more easily governed than sheep or cattle who could not be kept from water.

Public Opinion will soon call forth its Martyrs like any other Fana-ticism. Protesters, ants.

May 23.—Doves cooing. White bluebell. Chessington, 2 hares in corn. visible above it.

A rook quite without tail. Have seen it twice lately. Yet it could fly well. Small yellow clover. Field of in full flower all over. Chessington. Pseudo forget-me-nots in flower. Chessington. Wag—awantins—grass.

How very little has happened in the last 1500 years? Since 890 what? Nothing.

May 24.—Slight sprinkle in afternoon. Barely laid the dust after long drought (shower with thunder on 23rd). Birds must suffer almost as much as in frost, ground hard.

May 25.—The role of the Practical Investor. Ideas in material things. Invent in everything. The curious lack of invention, as in country fair, nothing new, no maps even, no plan or method, even in refreshment.

May 26.—Elder. A little in flower. First hornet. Cuckoo spit. Dis-tant thunder and lightning in evening.

May 27.—Guelder Rose, first flower. Oakflowers on ground like moss. Real showers at last.

May 29.—Bramble in flower, first. Oxeye daisies out some days past.

Whitthroats to nest with green caterpillars. Several while waiting. One bird seemed to come from oak with them.

Sq. [i.e. Squire Cornleigh Cornleigh in *The Dewy Morn*] did not bet because aha-hem, in fact he could not calculate the odds.

May 30.—Blue butterfly. First. Cabbage, celery, blood purifiers, but too heavy and windy, essence of, extract.

Night. Gas. Knock, knock of iron shod heels on stone-flagged pavement. Who, where, when, what? Sympathy too with.



March—  
July  
1880

Of men now instead of trees and plants. The play of passions, wills, the drama of men. [In *Hodge and his Masters*, published in 1880, Jefferies had to a great extent passed from the study of inanimate nature to that of human hearts. We must also remember that towards the end of his residence at Surbiton he wrote to his publisher: 'I want to express the deeper feelings with which observation of life-histories has filled me, and I assure you that I have as large a collection of these facts and incidents—the natural history of the heart—as I have ever written about birds and trees.' See also such essays as 'One of the New Voters' in *The Open Air*.]

The Village of London. Country Drama. *Not To Be Denied* [title].

London. The empty solemn exchange, the business in the dark-looking windows adjoining Lloyds. Money is made out of debt. Fortunes by debt. That is, the indebtedness of others and of the world. Accommodation discount, the floating over and tiding.

June 6.—Squirrel on oak by garden. Old sword, chopping down the gicks.

June 7.—Wheat ear out. Mallow in flower. Elder flowers and adder's tongue in lard boiled clear and hard. Sores, goose grease, brown paper shape of heart point up.

Pea. Stalk through leaf like artist's thumb through palette.

June 10.—Glow of the West casts slight shadow (on dust) sometime after the sun gone down.

June 11.—First June Roses. Beans in flower for some days. 'Others sit on the grass.' 'That's no reason we should stand.' As if other no consequence. The effect of immense population. No sympathy, so long as we escape.

Begin. 'The harvest is near at hand.' Heath. Glow of purple in every line.

June 14.—White clover out. Sauce Alone (white flowers early). Now going off. Shepherd's Purse, white, where flints heap and round them.



NOTE-BOOK

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*October 1880 to September 1881*



NOTE BOOK



# October 1880 to September 1881

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*Pages 1 to 149*

*All entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph*

AN OLD newspaper is a dead day. Fagging hook. Boil stick in pot. Bend to shape, hang up to dry.

Oct. 17.—Fine at full moon: now. Sobbled, wet through, soaked.

Bevis brings cannon against barbarians for squirrel's sake (at Fox's suggestion) to defend his copse. The last sanctuary where all take refuge after Kap's death. Bevis sees eclipse and takes a smoked glass with him. Choo Hoo could not come to succour. In sanctuary all around Bevis asking him to protect them. All round him at the oak. [A note for *Wood Magic*. I have omitted some other notes which traverse the plot of this book.]

Oct. 20.—Snow. Bevis Hill. The thyme kissed his feet. The snow of 20th. Acacia. Ash (large) Oak (large) and also broke down Sumach and almost destroyed an Elm.

Characters not to speak always in character only, but fully and freely. Ideas.

*Carpet down Monday, else tramping. London Smoke* [title].

Oct. 31.—Poplars bare up stem but at the top leaves still greenish. Trees. Beech and oak with fine colour one year have fine colour the next.

Lark singing, for as soon as other birds have finished he begins again.

November 3.—Finis W.M. MS. [i.e. *Completion of Wood Magic*].

5 o'clock. Just after sunset west above copse, violet sky. Hawthorn leaf quite red, early frosts.

Transfers. Catkin on willow and young leaves Dec. 28, 1877. Claygate Lane. Blackthorn in young leaf and willow catkins Jan. 15, 1877.

*Keep It Dark. Dark As Night. The Painted Lady. Fooling Round.* [titles]. *Encyclopaedia of Twaddle.*

Teel, teeled up, aslant, leant-to, against.



October  
1880  
September  
1881

November 17.—Night of, fine and dry, though preceding stormy and rain. Full moon, fine morning 17th.

Authors who portray so closely in appearance really often know little or nothing of life, but merely the verge or edge, and picture what see or rather fancy they see. This is accepted as representative. Or is life really so small as to be no more than the 20 types? At least I feel as if I only scratched the surface. Those who really are in the thick of life have neither time nor inclination to write about it.

South Down. 2 snipes on Wilmington Hill. Forest. Hyacinth, blue-bell. Splendid night. Moon nearly full.

November 18.—Pheasant in field.

If one were to act really and logically as taught, it would be accepted as a proof of lunacy.

Matches not to go out with draught. Slow combustion.

Minum. How strangely different those who have seen hard real life to the pictures not only in fiction but in general idea.

Peven [i.e. Pevensey]. Nearest Nature. The stag's horn. Sun longest. Peven. Orion. Still a larger and wider thought and hope.

Interpretation of Eternity tomorrow never—No, said the other side. For it says forever and a day, and as a day could not come after forever, as forever would never be finished, clearly it must mean the day first, that is, to-day. So that the forever begins tomorrow and therefore the Eternity if for All Time. [These are probably the notes for *The Story of My Heart* of which Jefferies speaks in the text of that book as written down at the old castle of Pevensey.]

Rain in London. Something to prevent the splash up of the rain drops. ? Tar. [Tar, another example of Jefferies' inventive mind.]

Mythologies. Knowledge and Science. The Sun Myth of.

H.H. If God had been there, He would not have let them do it. Crucifixion.

Aerial Post. Stored force would be a new motor. [See later entries on *Flight*.]

Absurd cases ought not to be allowed to be brought. Mere technicalities. Technical trash contrary to sense. Minim. The wrong of *ultra-interpretation of law*. Officials.

The Geologists say 'I and my bones are immortal. But you, poor worm.'

The ladies too a little different to what fancy painted them.

Soul-Life. The afternoon with N. [His thoughts were so often with the illumination, on Liddington Castle or on the Ridgeway, in the old days at Coate.]



December 4.—Mild. Bats hawking in evening. Rather large.  
Minum. The grand triumph of mediocrity is to get ten men together to form a Board.

A Second Wild Life! and the Land? together. The Land. With heraldic antiquarian allusions. Colony in hamlet the same name. Whole families register, book full of names. Traditions, as not shooting moor hen till first frost, not a pheasant till the leaves off the trees. *The Spirit of the Land. The Squire*. [Several of the hitherto unprinted essays which Jefferies wrote for this projected book I have included in *The Old House At Coate and Other Hitherto Unpublished Essays* by Richard Jefferies.]

December 12.—Rooks in trees, midday (sunny). Catkins hazel and filbert. Where live? Return by track (the Ridgeway). Tumulus.

Tumbling Water. Wild ducks colour water, winds: too far: teal and Kingfisher Corner: dabchick from ditch. Cuckoo stones. ['Kingfisher Corner was the first place I made for when, as a lad, I started from home with my gun.' 'Sport and Science', *The Life of the Fields*.]

New Thought. If I cannot penetrate the organum it may enable some other to do so. [Jefferies means that his work is that of a pioneer, as indeed, in *The Story of My Heart*, it actually is.]

The Racing Stable. They could not believe but that I was a spy. Innocence never even occurred to them.

First, conceive the character, then devote every line and every page to work it out. The tone too, and setting, lurid for such to correspond. The description of one character—Nature—lives for ever, as Clytaemnestra. *The nature*. Simply a woman, flesh and blood. Really a woman, Paint and picture and artistic ideas round about the Nature. Not only *Realism*, but *Beauty*. Ideas? Indeed, there must be no *Realism* round her. [Jefferies is beginning to think about his great female creation Felise, pictured in *The Dewy Morn* (1884).] *All Beauty*. Notes on, and round the nature, and my old delicious dreams of.

Stag's horns grow like frond of fern. Electric Match, or Lantern by clockwork. *The Harmless Necessary Husband. The Devil In A Hansom Cab* [titles].

December 24.—White dead nettle, full flower. Blossoms—snowflakes.

December 25.—Thrushes singing. Fine, dry, sunny. Slight early frost. N.W. wind.

There is a part of them that does not die. I suppose that is the thinking part?

*Bellerophon: Plain of Wandering* [? title].

October  
1880

September  
1881



October Value of fancy, beauty. Wealth of strength and straightforwardness.  
1880 Californianism.

September

1881

January 1. 1881.—Arum well up Ew. Road [i.e. Ewell Road]. Four or five inches spike formed inside. Wood pigeon calling 12 noon. Frost in morning, thaw in afternoon. Some snow on ground from previous fall, melted just under hedge and trees (arable and recently ploughed) on south side, sheltered from wind. Sunny morning. Wood pigeon afternoon copse, in garden, calling. Thrushes singing. Wind mere drift West. Cloudy, but not thick clouds.

January 2.—Wood pigeon calling copse garden, early. Still no wind if any slight drift [from struck out] West. Cloudy, but clouds high, not threatening. Mild. Thrushes singing. Wood pigeons calling again from another direction. Mist. Dry mist in evening.

The Seat under Russet Apple and the Buttercup. Argument inside on, N.B. [See *The Old House At Coate.*]

January 3.—Still cloudy, but not threatening. Dry. N. wind, but drift easterly. The wood pigeons roost in the copse by garden. Afternoon very fine, sunny, clear, bright, but colder.

January 4.—Still, mist, not fog. Thrushes singing very much. One Tomtit sharpening saw (copse). Goldcrest to fir (garden) to-day and several times lately. Afternoon colder. Slight wind N.N.E.

January 5.—Dry, fine. Some sun and blue sky. Cold dry wind (A very little North of E.). Strong breeze. At night more from North. No thrushes singing.

January 6.—Cold, dry, fine, sunny. North East—more East, strong wind.

January 7.—Dry, fine, sunny, cold frost. East wind steady. Clear blue sky. A very fine day. Wind a little N. of E.

January 8.—Dull early but dry. Cold. N.E. wind. Afterwards bright, sunny. Not so cold. Thrushes sang a little while. Wind more towards night. Slight snow.

Gates of Thibet—glimpse through: the path?

The village and its meannesses, take advantage (as piece of ground)—do hope that this will go in the centuries to come. You must get the Idea before even the trial possible.

January 9.—Bright sunny morning. Light wind N.N.E. More moisture in air. Wood pigeons called a little, but still cold. Woodbine, young buds and leaves now.

Third alternative. Third Discovery [See *The Story of My Heart*].

January 10.—Very fine sunny, midday bright sun. Cold wind, northerly. Evening duller.



January 11.—Slight snow, still, dull. A little sunny afterwards. N. wind light. Evening, slight snow.

January 12.—Snow in night 1 inch. Splendid day, sun cloudless, blue sky. Wind light N.W. cold. Very fine day and sunny. Sharp frost afternoon. Clear night.

January 13.—Snow still on ground, sharp frost, clouded. N.N.E. light wind. Afternoon sky clear. Fine night.

January 14.—Very sharp frost. Light wind N.E. Some mist. Later, finer, then fog and dark. Frost all day. Dull.

January 15.—Sharp frost. Fine sunny clear sky, but some mist from rime. Still or nearly. Sparrows pecking bones. Frost.

Bronze. Plant Your Pennies pamphlet. Not free from risk, not saving but investment. [I have omitted several entries under the heading of *Bronze* as too obscure. It appears to refer to some scheme which Jefferies had put forward for a kind of snowball of pennies. But the details are far from clear.] Pamphlet on Land Problem.

January 16.—Sharp frost. Bright sun. Wind N.W. light. Clear sky, clear night.

Rhodes. Supremacy of England. England means the supremacy of Equity. Superiority of the English character, itself a guarantee to the world that a thing will be genuine and straightforward. Duty of all who believe in right, truth, justice, generosity, to vote, fight and maintain that supremacy. Boards very well for liberty, but should delegate the executive to one. This will become absolutely necessary when all Englishmen read, vote and take an intelligent concern in the national affairs.

*What England represents*:—(1). The best morality. (2). The Liberty—Slave-parliamentarians. (3). Honesty in money. All who believe in these should fight for her supremacy.

January 17.—Frost. A little bright sun through cloud in morning, then overcast. Dull. Steady E. wind. Cold.

January 18.—Frost (less). Snow gale from E. Very rough. Snow, small flakes all day. *Pure Nature* [title]. Snow, sun a-braded, roughed, shrinks from jamb of window and wall.

Minum. The Valley of the Thames a foolish place to build a great city. *Ought* to have been at Milford Haven.

Greeks *ought* to have the sympathy of the world but have not.

January 22.—Wood pigeons and rooks under oaks. Less snow and chance of acorns there.

Squire remarks on the absurdity of the tenants being gentlemen and ladies. Absurd.

October

1880

September

1881



October  
1880  
September  
1881

Law! I'd have a child any day for a peck of apples, I be so fond of them. Sheep. In snow hurdles. Now deep bleat like partridge call. Rabbit runs, threw up dust cloud of snow.

January 26.—Rook singing. 4 or 5 notes low, then loud, deeply occupied on small tree. Thaw same evening. Starlings also in orchard but no thrush.

The Labourers. The new nation. Readers must be given power. The intelligence of the country must be brought more into direct touch of the governing power. The exploded officialism and authority. The civilian knows as much or more than the 'cloth'! The will and intelligence must be brought at once on to workers. Originally the 'official' was real, now it is not so. Point. The intelligence of the masses, the public, the individual, must be responded to at the Offices at once. All represented manhood, but for the dignity and supremacy of England.

Sq. [Squire.] Commentaries, origins, Natural History of the Village.

January 29.—Elder. Young leaves showing. Slight shower, yet fine. Snow culvert, ditch. Parsley green, through winter.

Sq[uire] Bird keeper, shoots first and whoops directly. Red handkerchief. Luncheon on the mangolds cart.

January 30.—Arum, up before Christmas. Came well through frost and snow. The first leaf now fully unrolled, the second still in sheath.

January 31.—Lark singing. Two more arums up. Robin singing 'teejain too' in copse (Worcester Park). From birch pole to birch pole. Spiders in lines single (still morning) 'as they wove sunshine on them gleams.' Worcester copse, woodbine well in young leaf.

*Girls I have Seen* [title]—Beauty.

February 4.—Willow buds opening white. Several more arums. Sparrows chirping on house a little in the early morning. Birches. White stem, ruddy branches, sunshine.

*The Public Venus* [title]. *Gilded Twaddle*. *Betting In History*. *A Forester Good*. *Young Robin Hood*. [These last two are probably suggested titles for *Bevis*.] *The Labourer's Book*. People I see daily. The Clerk, the Street Drifter, ragged and hopeless.

February 12.—Willow herb. Blue-green of Scotch fir.

February 15.—Partridges paired. Some few days since. After harvest pairs soon as covey dispersed.

N.P. [i.e. New Paper]. Headline. *All Round My Hat*.

Tree, rain, thick still mist. *A Handful of Fire* [title].

Compress air. Lightning, noise indicates immense power. Water-  
cress taste wine twang.



October  
1880  
September  
1881

S.L. [i.e. Sun Life]. Dip hand in sea. God the other side.

*Knight of the Meadow. King of Scamps* [titles].

Tee-totaller. No doubt he's built up of wine and beer through ancestors. His children's children will be wishy-washy wretches.

February 27.—Write without candle at 6 o'clock. S.L. *New Thought, Sinews*. [Books Jefferies was planning to write.]

March 2.—Chaffinch singing. Sinews. Educated opinion reflects and should be responded to.

March 5.—Coltsfoot in flower. All emperic. Found out by chance and reduced to rationale.

March 6.—Greenfinches calling 'ky-wee.' Sparrow-held by beak over gutter. Rooks' nests now enlarging fast. In these scattered trees blow out in winter, avenues and clumps do not. ? Cause of preference for. Small brown moth Worc. Sunny. Warm south breeze. Fallow pale grey to fade.

March 9.—Hornbeam. First sign of green, buds opening.

March 10.—Partridges pairing. Green buds on the hornbeam.

March 11.—Hawthorn leaf. Thibet Gates. The Forest, no return, for ever on and on. H.H. [i.e. *Bevis*] Birds' nesting. The flowers to know are gone. Stars by the trees.

March 12.—Hedge sparrows hawking insects. Chickweed in flower. Daffodils, many open. Wood pigeons calling—copse (garden) at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past seven evening, moonlight.

March 14.—Larch. Green buds and yellow flowers.

S.L. [i.e. Sun Life]. The summer sun so high, and in day so long and yet myself still little, small. Want to get to larger life.

March 16.—Yellowhammer singing, full song, on top of small oak. Chaffinch song quite plain at long distance, 300 yards, penetrating. Sunny cloudless haze, dry. Yet this beautiful dry weather does not bring on birds like moist or rain. Trees and hedges day after day the same. Curious to see them leafless in summer-like sunshine. Slight frosts in morning. Lesser celandine in flower. Dandelion in flower. Marsh marigold stems up. Mice busy. Cock at nose bag of cart horse, fly up.

March 18.—Butterfly, colour of red velvet. Clogweed well up. [Clogweed is often mentioned by Jefferies and the word may be unknown to many. It refers to the Cow-parsnip (*Heraclium spondylium*). In Sussex and Kent it is known as Hogweed. Clogweed, in short, is a dialectical name confined to Wiltshire, Gloucestershire and Berkshire. In Somerset it is called Eltrot.]

March 19.—Pear blossom nearly open.



- October S.L. The minds of men after so long be satisfied with it. Sesostris.  
1880 Its dust. [A note for *The Story of My Heart*.]
- September March 20.—Ditches have been brown at the bottom some time.  
1881 Rooks' nests partly hidden by the flower on the elms.
- March 21.—Horse chestnut, sheaths off green buds.  
Chance is the greatest democrat. The Sq[uires] was a fool, yet he was a M.P. The other Sq. was not fit to be M.P. *What must he have been?*
- March 23.—Briar in full spring leaf. Mallow up. Burdock up, 8 inches [length of leaf]. Almonds in full flower. April Hedge Wound Wort is generally mistaken for nettle [Hedge Woundwort (*Stachys sylvatica*). It has a strong and disagreeable scent. Old country people often call it the Hedge Nettle.]
- March 26.—The chiff-chaff in copse (garden). Whitethroat flickering down from fir to hedge.  
*A Fable* [sans struck out]. *Without A Moral* [title?]. [This and the following entry refer to the sub-title of *Wood Magic*, which was finally settled as *A Fable*.]
- Wood Magic, A Fable*. Inscribed to Harold [Richard Harold Jefferies, his son, generally known as Harold. Born in 1875 and died in Canada 1942.]
- April 5.—Red dead nettle, fortnight since. Grey speedwell. Willow hedge yellow, faint. Blackthorn. small leaves. Hedge same as fortnight since or nearly.
- April 6.—No swallow.
- April 10.—Tree pipit. The rolled ploughed field smooth like a lake. White butterfly, Willow wren.
- Sinews, from Cyprus, Egypt, coast along Persia to India, the southern zone of coast. American Fleet with British to China.
- April 14.—Stitchwort. Birch, elm nightingale. Parsley, furze, white nettle. Blackthorn. Hedge mustard up 18 inch. Bird's eye veronica. Snow in summer. Garden, grey leaves.
- April 15.—Marsh marigold in flower. Sedges, black. Horse-tail, the brown, up. Stitchwort in flower. Ground ivy in flower (purple blue). Chaffinch top knot, ruffled up, not erect, but ruffled up.
- Every step of a genius is a mistake, as Gambetta. Saint Peter Brown Robinson. A smile is *recognition* of a person or joke. Can't patronize Royalty. Stock Exchange excepta. A long rise, weak holders. Cheap money holds up securities only, not iron.
- April 16.—Wryneck. Sycamore, bees. Barren strawberry flower. Fieldfares? Oak buds opening. Hedge sparrow's nest, outside woodbine, inside moss, hair, a few feathers, one egg.



April 17.—Sedge Reedling (furze opposite). Cowslip in flower. Cuckoo Fields. Cuckoo, heard and saw perch on rick, slaty back. Kestrel hovering. 5 rooks came up. One attacked, diving at, then a second. Kestrel went down low, came up flying away and rooks all turned and followed. Within half a mile of rook trees. Humble-bees at ground. Ivy in flower.

April 18.—Water crow foot. Six petals. One over inside fifth. Floating leaves three. under leaves. Seaweed, slender filaments. Brown lizard swift over white grass, quick, fingers grasping it like a monkey.

Disappearance of Act of Parliament. Right to use railway did not include *stations*.

April 20.—Oak flower. Walnut, young leaf.

April 24.—Wind anemones (dry leaves) in flower. Oak leaves. Six jays fighting.

Brown eyes, beauty,  
Do your mother's duty.  
Blue eyes, Peck-a-pie  
Lie abed and tell a lie.

(Lying and thieving)

Grey eyes—greedy guts  
Gobble all the world up.

April 25.—Swallow, the first. Bank martin: Wandle. In a five acre field you may learn every science under the sun.

April 27.—Cuckoo returned to the copse, in the old place. Hedge mustard in flower. Shepherds' purse in flower.

April 29.—Vetch in flower. Buttercup in meadow in flower. Swallow, the first (Surbiton). Wood pigeon, fir, just beyond garden (fir nest)—spruce, now digy (dusty) before fresh foliage.

April 30.—Swallows twittering at last (Surb.). Cuckoo flowers (Wimbledon). Large bats a fortnight since, 1 ft.

Stocks low and dull for a very long time. *American* bacon marked *Wiltshire*. Statist April 30. Particularism.

May 1.—Cuckoo flower (Surb.). First. Three Jays fighting. Pine cones beginning. The catkin. Blackcaps, two, in copse (garden) cultured song on hornbeams. Sit rather humped up.

'Tis not for the best. Of war. Invariably ends for the worst. Which was the better man? The mediaeval soldier or the modern counterman?

Warm. West wind. Fresh beautiful sunshine. Sharp showers at times. Clouds light in the rainbow colours of sun. Ash buds opening into leaf. Apples coming out first in bloom. More wrynecks this year. Scarce last.

October  
1880  
September  
1881



October  
1880  
September  
1881

May 2.—Dove, copse, garden. Coo with vibration ooo-o. Dove, cuckoos, wood pigeons, wryneck, nightingale, I hear all 5 indoors at once in the morning. Sparrow, a chirp with a tang in it.

Scruputing noise. Wiser than the wisest is the fool who learns by experience.

May 3.—Beech leaf. Claygate evening, two hares in the green corn. Nightingale. 2 cuckoos. cuckoo—chuck, chuck, chuck, not from the trees but a special note. Chaffinches' note like yellowhammers now.

Give no man credit.

And what are you going to be? Oh, I'm going to be a king and wear a gold crown.

May 6.—Wasps. Dogwood, young shoots. [Two small pencil drawings of flowers.] Peacock butterfly floats more. Blue veronica. Cuckoo, copse. 8-20 moonlight Brook sparrow eye streak, perched, elongated in flight. Tang of cheep of sparrow—sometimes repeated for quite a minute. Circle, magpie white, in flight from white tips of wing. Rooks in clover. Antares—Midnight.

[‘Beside the copse on the sward by the Long Ditton Road is a favourite resort of peacock butterflies. On sunny days now one may often be seen there floating over the grass. White butterflies go flutter-flutter, continually fanning, the peacock spreads his wide wings and floats above the bennets. . . . A magpie flew up from the short green corn to a branch low down an elm, his back towards me, and as he rose his tail seemed to project from a white circle. The white tips of his wings met—or apparently so—as he fluttered, both above and beneath his body, so that he appeared encircled with a white ring. . . . So it is now high May, and now midnight. Antares is visible—the summer star.’ ‘The Spring of the Year’, *Hills and the Vale*.]

May 7.—The River. Corncrake. Evening. Scintillating bluebells, Shrike. Pond all water crowfoot. Bond's Gate.

Sitting in the punt and leaning over—the pleasure of, though no motion, the roach silver below like the swallow in the sky.

[Jefferies celebrated his love of the river in two fine essays, ‘The Modern Thames’ and ‘The River’.]

Ploughshare, gleam like silver as the plough turns at the end of the furrow.

[This was noted in the fields at Chessington at the time when Jefferies wrote the passages on ploughing in his essay *A Barn*. The barn which stood and still stands much as he knew it, at Tolworth. ‘The stooping ploughman walking in the new furrow, with one foot often



October  
1880  
September  
1881

on the level and the other in the hollow, sways a little with the lurch of his implement, but barely drifts ahead. . . . Intent day after day upon the earth beneath his feet, or upon the tree in the hedge yonder, by which, as by a lighthouse, he strikes out a straight furrow, his mind absorbs the spirit of the land.' 'A Barn', *Nature Near London*.]

May 8.—Young reeds. Marsh marigolds in full flower. Sedgebirds tasteful chatter. Large wild bees hovering. Wren, last notes. A merry time. Lizard, short tail or broken off. Whitethroat hither? like a swallow. Nightingale along under ivy red like a red mouse. Frog copper colour. Hot N.E. wind. Clear night, stars. May 9.—Shrike—on dandelion bent down. Oak apples, copse, garden.

May 11.—Pheasant called in copse. Boom of heavy gun. Crowed directly twice, however faint pheasant heard and answered. Woodbine  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wood,  $\frac{3}{4}$  with bark. Spotted leaf of orchis.

May 12.—First swift. First Maybloom.

Obliterate the past as you will it still clings in unexpected places—in fragments on your boxes, on the labels.

How I should like to get somewhere where there was *nothing*—neither bust improvers nor refrigerators nor stores.

The intensely stupid manner in which people spend their whole lives. The most intense stupidity worse than rabbits, who always sit on the same ant hill every evening. No greatness of soul? for Minum. [Under the heading *Minum*, Jefferies made a series of notes for a projected book of social and political criticism.]

May 15.—Bees. Crabapple in full bloom. Many bees at.

May 16.—Rain after long drought.

May 18.—Trout-brook let down. [See *A Brook*, *A London Trout* and *The Last of A London Trout*.]

May 19.—Avens flower. First. Leaves mar up in last snow months since, cover places with green, not unlike brambles without woody stem or prickles. The happiest creature is the brood mare.

May 22.—Trout—fish spear [See *A London Trout*]. Don't point. Nancy points. Alder, gunpowder tree: making gunpowder.

May 26.—Trout. Water turned again. Do not like cloudless skies so much as the clouds tramping on one behind the other. The cloudless sky does not look so large.

The sparkles on the water—like butterflies flapping their wings.

May 28.—Furious rain, hail, thunder. Frog, yellow.

Human beings *cannot* touch one another. Mix muddle.

May 29.—Snake, moat. Dove, white fringe to tail.

May 30.—May weed in flower. Giant's beard too. *Times*. *Steam On*



October Roads for Agricultural development. [See 'Steam on Country Roads',  
1880 *Field and Hedgerow.*]  
September R.L. *The Surbiton Year* from 79 to 81. Each place described, and  
1881 place and date. Also birds. [This plan finally took shape as the series  
of essays included in *Nature Near London*, published in 1883. But  
neither the exact localities or the exact dates were given. In the preface  
to that book indeed Jefferies wrote: 'The question may be asked. Why  
have you not indicated in every case the precise locality where you  
were so pleased? Why not mention the exact hedge, the particular  
meadow? Because no two persons look at the same thing with the  
same eyes.' His second thoughts were better than his first I believe.]

June 7.—Convolvulus, streaked flower.

June 9.—June roses in flower. New Thought. Things that have gone  
by are Twaddle. The new: the hope: no past. We are ignorant as ever,  
for the mass of printed knowledge is so great no one can master it.

The Story of the Thibetan Gate. This gate is into the Larger Life.

June 10.—Yellow vetchling, opening flower. Bramble flower.

June 12.—Elder flower. Dogweed. A little in flower. Guelder in full  
flower. Cotton weed in flower. Lotus in flower.

June 13.—Yellow flag in flower. Mallow in flower.

June 15.—Blue butterfly, the first. The first poppy and the first  
thistle flower.

June 16.—Wheat in ear. Beech nuts. Quarrel, as just as possible,  
but I mean to be master [note for *Bevis*].

A man wants a fresh generation every ten years. For ever sitting on  
the edge of the chair of life. The divine few.

Shakespeare, highest intellect, fell overboard, dark, each roller  
smashed him, chance.

R.L. Surrey landscape nearly black. Oxshot distant (old) blue,  
these blackish as if the air had been *burned* over a couch heap. Hills in  
burnt air.

S.L. Wheat ear.

June 24.—Thrush ivy berries, garden, kuck, kuck already. Berries  
change? Dragon fly.

June 25.—Blackbird to ivy berries.

July 3.—St. John's Wort. St. John's Day 24th June. Petals are not  
regular curve. They have the peculiar curve of an insect's wing.

An oar turns round as it goes back. Mitch, as in Sussex fishing boat.  
Match or mitch. Heavy pole.

July 7.—Streaked convolvulus like arrow feathers. Closes in dull  
weather clouded. White convolvulus in flower. Silverweed flower,



closed in evening of 6th. Moon July 7. [Pencil drawing of moon. Two pencil drawings of flowers.]

July 8.—Claygate. Lesser broom rape on clover. Numerous in field. Clover had been mown. St. John's Wort. Small species in flower. [‘Early in July after the first crop had been mown a short time, there came up a few dull yellowish looking stalks among it. These increased so much that one field became yellowish all over, the stalks overtopped the clover, and over it came its green.’ ‘Magpie Fields’, *Nature Near London*.]

Sinews. Mercator's Chart. England's road to the East as much importance to U.S. as to us. Ultimate conflict of U.S. and Asia. [A true prevision of the future as it turned out.]

July 10.—Bramble petal, insect wing. Viper's Bugloss in flower. Worc. Curtain of honeysuckle. Humble-bee, ay-hum. Woodpecker in oak. Fumitory in flower. Ew. [i.e. Ewell] Barley.

*Natural Human Life* [title].

H.H. Woods. Woodpecker. Brook kingfisher. Cornfields yellowhammer. Meadows goldfinch. Oak peculiar colour. Moon rim like coin.

July 16.—Elms, small boughs dead everywhere. ? Lightning. Cornflower the other day Claygate. First since here [Jefferies means the first cornflower he has seen at Surbiton].

H.H. Studies magic. Falls a-dreaming in the punt, while the yellowhammer sings. *Local World. Country Literature. Disappearance of Books*.

Nothing so weak and indicative of littleness as honest convictions,

Incomplete Tales? All the aim has been to give complete with complete plot. Dramatic in fact. Nothing of the kind ever happens. Just the reverse, incomplete, non-dramatic. A True Life History has no wind up and nothing finished or complete.

July 23.—Jay on birch just over Worc. Brown from below, with colour. Short stumpy bill. Large eyes.

H.H. Stars, orchard. Summer night, no darkness, only the shadow of the earth between us and the sun like a mountain. After reading and thinking.

[This charming passage refers to *Bevis*, where there is a remarkable chapter on the stars and the night sky. The entries marked H.H., it should be noted, evidently refer to this book. Several of these, owing to their obscurity, I have left out.]

The oar must be held at arm's length else no support. Takes punt and so they learn to row and guide a boat. H.H. Digression. Directness of purpose. Action. A dream now and then. But not all dream. [A very long entry describing the battle in *Bevis* I omit here.]



October  
1880  
September  
1881

July 26.—Capella. North. Bright star of summer.

Theory of Nature. No design, no object, no development. H.H. The battle. Bevis's strategy. Thus the general found himself alone.

Spain. 'He who strikes first strikes twice.' Laurel leaf. Scratch lover's name on and put in bosom. If turn brown [*black struck out*] faithful, if not turn he'll deceive you.

*From the Threshold* [title]. Pheasants. Fond of Jerusalem artichokes. A woman, full everywhere, with a vast facade.

July 30.—Wheat field, half cut Ewell Road.

August 2.—Goatsbeard petal. Diction, the choice of words.

August 3.—Worthing.

Worse than the Drinker is the Muddler, who does nothing, eats not, drinks not, but muddles money away.

August 4.—Trout Bridge. Barred wing bramble flower, bee. Ants (Ditton) taking eggs into the sunshine. Very hot afternoon. Some taking eggs out and others in as if these had had enough sun.

August 7.—Humble bees (and bees) burdock flowers.

August 10.—Fumitory, seeded. Leaves. Mint pale green. L. Ditton. Easy flute. Put in the mouth and blow through on to the hole in main flute. The difficulty with the flute is the lips, but lips no difficulty, blow like a whistle. By road, foot of hill wild pea, three leaves.

August 12.—Partridges. Could hear from room, in copse.

The ox. The best symbol of Time.

August 13.—Jay on ground in the copse.

August 14.—Nightshade trailing over mound: at sea beach on pebbles.

Sky. Muddy in the corner of its eye, low down.

Sinews. Sense of equity, of justice. The dense stupidity of crushing it. The Law—the sense of Justice. 5 times more secure where no civil power at all. If against conscience and common sense and equity, all authorities should resign and are utterly contemptible for not doing so [*Sinews of England*. A projected book never completed.]

S.L. Cardinal Thought. The mind is infinite to all brought to it, yet a head may wonder about all life and see and know nothing, though searching carefully. Cannot even find that the idea of Light is wanted.

August 28.—Large quantity of peggles. Thistledown floating. [Peggles, the berries of the hawthorn.]

August 31.—Moth and wasp on ground fighting—moth got away.

September 1.—Wheat still in shock. See end of July. Wood pigeons on shocks, flocks of them.



Spirits, brandy, give much the same appearance to water as the quiver of heat in air.

September 4.—Dogweed black berries. Fine. Sunny.

H.H. Pungent odour of nettles, sign some one has passed. [Note for *Bevis.*] *The Acts of the Fools* [? title].

September 9.—Ten magpies in part cut clover (bright bloom) left side Ew. *Sir Bevis and his Tricks. Fortunes of Bevis* [titles].

September 10.—Peggles, large and heavy, make boughs hang down.

September 11.—Yellow weed [*Reseda luteola*. An herbaceous plant. Likes waste places, chalk or limestone. It is also called Dyer's Rocket or Weld.]

As much sense as God gave her.

September 15.—Grey speedwell still in full flower, clover.

H.H. Finale, after Island. 'But,' said Mark, 'I was not really shipwrecked like you.'

September 17.—17 pheasants Ewell Road, stubble. Up and down as lift necks are extended like ducks; run, hop, walk and nod.

Rifle Repeater. Set a spring running and deliver 10 shots in succession without moving any handle: a second trigger for it.

Hastilow, name, thrift. *Running Wild* [? title for *Bevis*, afterwards discarded.]

So proud of heron shot with matchlock, came home and showed it and so the matchlock was found out and they had a gun as less dangerous.

[An actual incident in Jefferies' own boyhood.]

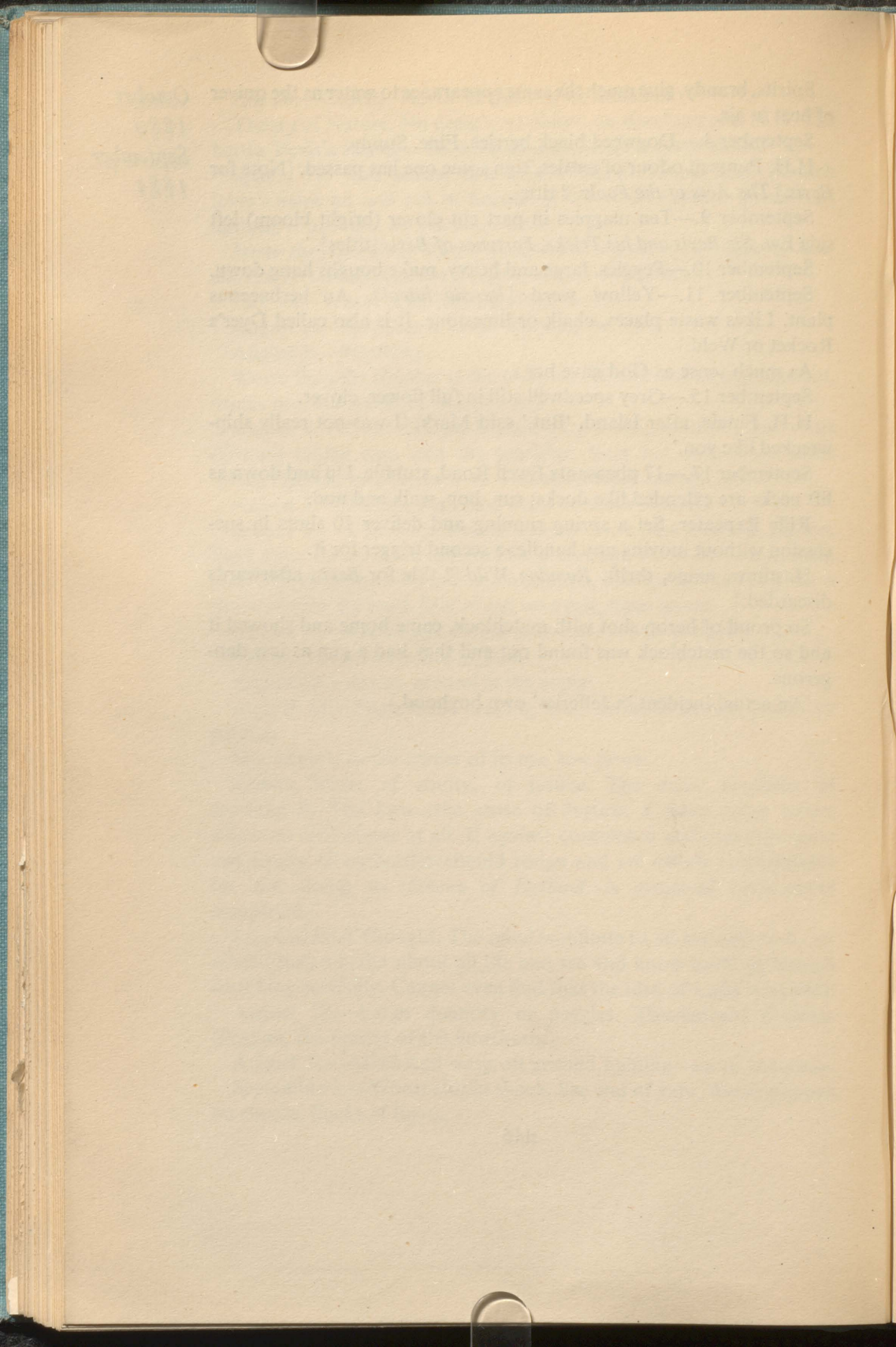
October

1880

September

1881







NOTE-BOOK

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*September 1881 to March 1883*



NOTE-BOOK

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September 1881 to March 1883



## September 1881 to March 1883

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*Pages not numbered*

*All entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph*

SEPTEMBER 25.—Sparrow with white wings climbed barley. Sandy Hook. Person's name.

September 27.—Rooks soaring. Diving in pairs and pairs playing to oak. Sunny at times. Humble-bees and bees at burdock.

*Probablement* [title].

October 5.—Land of swedes, always looks wintry.

Light but glowing colour, all to show one woman, not delicate like Catherine, but from intense nature. Loves all men and all men love her. Yet though so loving kind and good, not goody but generous. Brings her in contact with more men whom she hankers for in the same way.

[Jefferies is thinking of his character Felise of *The Dewy Morn.*]

October 8.—Perfection of the antique and former model. Picture her in sea swimming. No realism. Art, colour, light, glow, dialogue amuse. One woman intense. What's the use of white feet if you can't show them, each toe perfect as fingers.

October 13.—Larks singing, very little this autumn.

*Bevis, The Story of A Boy and his Friend* [suggested title for *Bevis*].

October 14.—Rooks and jackdaws in grass, large flock all squatting facing gale and calmly feeding. Blind trust in further sunshine.

S.L. Put out hand for the sunshine to fall on it. Dipping in sea, crumbling earth, touching thyme. [See *The Story of My Heart.*]

October 16.—Eight jays, different places. Rooks soaring every day. Humble-bee alighted on hawthorn and crawled along the bough.

October 18.—Marigold in pond. Evening.

S.L. It is impossible to be always so, but still I always wish to be, or to feel so, the desire to be desiring.



September  
1881  
March  
1883

October 19.—Red wings of maple keys.

*Bevis or Wild England* [title]. Bevis held out his hand and Pan put his chin on it. Bevis, head on horse's shoulders. [Pan is Bevis's spaniel.] Home, the extreme whiteness of a loaf of bread and of clean sheets. Put down list of things that are wrong to be redressed and then write story to them.

Scorpiæ, stars, equinoctial line with stars each side.

October 29.—A little sleet, Don Giovanni.

This is not grammar but how they spoke it. Nobody talks pure grammar, not the best educated people. If they do they're hateful. You hear the boom of their well-worded periods, which, like a goods train is pulling out in jolly clatter of the knives and forks. Hang grammar.

October 31.—Bitter frost, ice pond, bright snow. Rooks in top of elms middle of the day. First seen for some time. Fallen oak leaf gall, green, large as oak galls (in branches) but soft.

Shooting on Serendib. The swallows in winter, the starlings, Rooks in fog stop on New Formosa. Blackbird roost in tree. Wrens, titmice.

November 1.—Yellow fluff, larch. Sleet. Some ash trees quite bare, some in plantation still green, elms still in plentiful leaf.

Rooks soar like leaf first one and then the other edge foremost.

Stars when the entire sky is a nebula partly resolved.

S.L. No title, a sign or symbol, and then Book 1.

November 6.—Thrushes singing, the first for a very long time, in copse, garden. Larks singing and soaring. Chaffinch, Greenfinch call, Sunny after clouds, warm blue sunshine. Two buttercups. Redwings, kuck, kuck,

S.L. Rhythm, dawn, quivering like waving hand. The up and down of body, leverage, penguin, gull. But nature's of the noblest frame.

November 18.—Woodbine young buds and leaves. Avens, many in flower. Oak washed with ale becomes a deep colour.

Cag-handed, back handed carving.

Confine it to abuse, as safe, say lawyer.

Cat. Kettle boiling, look on cat's face as if to say 'Tea will be ready in a moment.'

Flight. Faster than the wind, ice yacht, despite friction: up stroke effectual. See penguin.

*Bevis in the English Backwoods. Bevis, the Story of A Boy* [titles].

December 2.—Moon daisies. May weed. Colours of birds not the same, Kingfisher, Cock Robin.

December 4.—Ragwort, bit still in flower. Weeping willows in leaf still. Just seen 400 peewits in large field Ew [i.e. Ewell].



A list of the parts of the body for which we have no name and of ideas which cannot be properly expressed

The Love Amours. History of the World. The amusing which is the real side. *The Book of Actual People*. It will come to this, people will read nothing but advts.

September

1881

March

1883

December 8.—1000 peewits, same field.

Boots like a seed-lip, vessel used in sowing corn.

The Three Men: Gladiator: Power: Genius.

*The Dewy Morn* and *The State of the Farm*.

First love yellow hair: sees her first in the sea.

December 18.—S.L. commenced. [i.e. *The Story of My Heart*]. S.L. The star is small, the feeling infinite.

December 29.—Several Jays in copse, seen from window on several mornings.

December 31.—2000 peewits in same field. Thrushes singing morning yesterday. Buttercup, avens, white nettle flower. Peewits feed among sheep until dusk then lost in shadowy mist, utter but one cry now in depth of winter or summer, 'peewit'. [See 'Round a London Copse', *Nature Near London*, for a description of this huge flock of peewits.]

[A page of pencil drawings of aerial parts.] What the Nineteenth Century wants is an authentic ghost.

January 1.—1882. Sunny morn with S. wind. Chaffinch chink, chink. Larks singing. [Another page of aerial drawings.]

January 2.—Starlings. Have seen optical deception. They look as large as jackdaws on elm against sky.

January 7.—Briar buds into young leaf.

January 9.—Dandelion in flower. Arum up two and a half inches. Chaffinch, chink, chink. *Book Dreaming* [title]. *Superstitions of Natural History, Phases In*.

January 11.—Arums, two more up. Small leaves Grey veronica partly in flower.

January 12.—Mild, still, some mist. Cloudy. A little sky-mid-day. Wind S.E. but little hardly any.

Footy, little thing mean.

January 13.—Misty, then sunny breaks. Mild, light, but a little more Wind from S.E. Sunny after noon breaks, clouds, openings.

January 14.—A little more wind at first S.E.E. then quite calm. Mild cloudy, but not heavy clouds. A trifle colder but dry.

January 15.—Cloudy, still, mild, dry. Slight but distinct air from N.E. Slightly colder, noon milder still. Clouds very high, fine. In



- September evening a little, a very little fall of rain. Red nettle flower, also chickweed.
- 1881  
March  
1883
- January 16.—Cloudy, but high clouds. Dull, still, Cold, but only in comparison. Dry. Hawthorn buds opening. Green visible.
- January 17.—Wind very light drift S.S.W. Colder, chilly, raw. Mist thicker. Dry. (The high barometer.)
- January 18.—Mist thick, colder, really cold. Still. White fog and tree rain.
- S.L. The bees hum over the thyme; the honey is not for their own use; yet I suppose they have a great pleasure in gathering it, and so in it.
- January 19.—Mist bit less. S.E. drift, very raw. Afternoon and evening milder and clearer. Cloudy, dry.
- January 20.—Still, clouded, cold, dry. Tit sharpening saw. Sparrows have chirped some time. Starlings whistling.
- Vin de Beaune or pratride eye. Half a common boy and half a private boy.
- January 21.—Sunny, still, not so cold, but was cold early. Clear sky, blue, very fine.
- January 22.—Dull early, then clearer and some blue. Afternoon sunny. Dry. Still, slight N. drift.
- January 23.—Still. Sharp frost. Cloudy.
- Slickit of a girl, thin.
- January 24.—Still, sunny, most of morning.
- January 25.—Frost, then sun.
- Wold ranger, Yorkshire. Aglet. [Aglet, i.e. Metal tag of a lace, a point, a needle.]
- January 27.—Furze in gooseberry bushes drives caterpillars out.
- January 29.—First rain of the year.
- February 3.—Lesser celandine leaves. Elms red balls flower.
- February 12.—Flock of peewits over like midsummer hum of wings.
- February 13.—Hornbeams catkins green.
- February 14.—Yellowhammer song, not quite full, but song. Two wasps. Sunny, warm. Thrushes' chorus. Brambles, green buds. Very fine all day but rain at night. Old Candlemas.
- Sheep. black tongues. *London Riches* [title]. *Etiquette of Love* [title].
- February 20.—Chaffinch song, early morn in garden.
- February 23.—Hedge sparrow's song.
- February 27.—Hawthorn leaves quite out, buds open. Several sprays. Haws still on. S. Hill [i.e. Surbiton Hill] Almond bloom.



September

1881

March

1883

March 5.—Lesser Celandine flower. Ewell.

March 6.—Willow in garden in leaf.

March 8.—The great flock of peewits seems broken up or gone.

First turnip greens.

She contradicted the baby in its cradle. Speculative feet.

March 10.—Apple buds showing.

March 11.—Grey speedwell flowers: blackthorn flower: charlock: larch, green buds.

March 12.—Elm leaf suckers in hedge.

March 13.—Yellow butterfly. Sycamore buds opening. May-weed showing up by gateway Ew. Rd. Very warm, quite hot sun.

March 14.—Rushes now becoming green. House fly.

March 21.—Snow on the roofs in morning.

April 1.—Humble-bee at window.

April 7.—Chiff-chaff in copse. Sheep, small flock wedge-shaped in road.

If a gentleman makes advances and shows that he desires your company, you are not to be too welcome, nor are you to repel him. You are to be placidly content but you may go so far as to place yourself in such a position that he may if he chooses repeat the kindness. [Advice in Love.]

April 15.—Oak in garden copse in flower. song of the willow-wren. Wickers nest, have you found? Giggling and wickering.

April 20.—Swallow—chimney.

April 22.—The cuckoo. Fish eat debris. The night is the real day.

April 26.—Oak apples in garden copse. The more confusion of bird's voices the sweeter the concert.

April 30.—Germander speedwell, bloom partly closes in the evening.

May 1.—House-martin. But still rare to hear the cuckoo.

May 2.—Cuckoo now more frequent.

May 12.—Dove cooing in copse, garden.

May 13.—Horse chestnuts in full bloom, but no leaves, shrivelled wind.

May 21.—Wild bee came to the laurel leaves [pencil drawing of spray].

June 1.—Rooks, young, fed by old one.

One man has need of another every ten years.

Kestrel and rooks. Nightingale Copse. Cuckoos, bees to laurel leaves.

Seagull always off Aquarium [Brighton].



September  
1881  
March  
1883

July 24.—Lorna. [Jefferies went to live at West Brighton as Saver-  
nake, Lorna Road, in 1882.]

S.L. You can see your soul if you hold a flower in the hand. [See  
'On the Downs', *Hills and the Vale*.]

August 13.—Wheatears on waste ground and also among houses.

August 14.—Soccery on waste ground. As it fades it turns darker.

August 21.—Wild duck. Lake, beauty of, and brutes round it.  
Partridge nest (round Coate).

September 19.—Swallows are now thick. There were very few in  
July and August. A kingfisher over the sea beach [at Brighton].

Cussedest conduct. He was nearly always in the right when he  
blowed her up. You watch how she carries the loaded tray,  
encieute.

Those who have been through misery (as boys for example) when  
they come to the Committee are those who most oppose humane  
change. Just the reverse to what you would think. As if they took an  
inexplicable pleasure in seeing others suffer.

October 2.—Larks soaring, singing, fighting. Thistle colour spring  
heads: branched shrubbery. Old Shoreham Road.

Smoking:—the lengthened expression of drinking.

October 13.—A small white butterfly in the stubble.

*The History of the Oppressed*. The Other Side. One's sympathies  
always with the Victorious on reading, like a game played.

Easter Sunday. Put on new things, if not even ribbon, birds mute.

October 22.—At Lorna. Kestrel attacked by rooks, driven a mile  
over Brighton.

A prisoner at his trial may as a matter of fact secure an advocate  
without a solicitor's intervention. If he is in the possession of the sum  
of one pound three shillings and sixpence, the minimum fee taken by  
counsel he may tender this sum, no more and no less, to any member  
of the junior Bar actually present in court and the barrister is there-  
upon permitted to undertake his defence from copy of deposition  
taken before magistrate, called a docker. This is not unheard of at  
County Quarter Sessions.

October 30.—Finches chasing hawk. *Nature and Proverbs* [title].  
*London After*—same as *Wild Life*.

If God looks over our shoulders as we read how amazed He must be  
at their contents.

*Village Miners* [an essay included in *The Life of the Fields*].

November 19.—Kestrels hovering over Lorna frequently. Rooks 10  
yards ploughed front waste.



I stick to optimism though every line in my face denotes pessimism.  
[See *The Pageant of Summer*.]

London, Strand, Trafalgar, The Lions. [See *Sunlight in A London Square*, and *The Lions In Trafalgar Square*.]

Chimborago, the dark body passing, dark night.

*King of Acres* ['A King of Acres', *Hills and the Vale*].

Setting. 1. Pathos. 2. Legend. 3. Character Person. 4. Grotesque. 5. In Love. Say the Drama. Country in bits. The 20 characters, scenes, legends. 6. The Whistle at the Gate. 7. The Skeleton by the Brook. 8. The Double Ganger. 9. The Roman Farm, Jugs and Coloured Stones and Walls. 10. The Underground Passage, 3 miles. 11. The Drink House and the Bed on the Ice. (add childbirth). 12. The Wandering Jew who remembered Tiberius. 13. Incendiary Rooks. 14. Courts With Closed Doors. Building up Windows that the Poor should not Look Out. 15. Les Miserables. 16. Society. 17. Miners. 18. Social. 19. The Man of the Land—The Traditionist anti-Movement. 20. King of Acres. 21. Sketches of the Demi-Monde—The Actual Facts, figures, and Manners. 22. Classic Reading, Translations, The Beauty and Pleasure of. 23. Stuffed Birds. 24. Migration of Man. 25. The English Hand. 26. The Age of Dyspepsia. 27. Darwinism; the List of Things that do not develop farther, but remain as they are. [One or two of these, such as *The King of Acres* and *The Skeleton By the Brook*, were written, but most of the others remained in limbo.]

A girl out of doors and the romance of the meadows. Pagan Greek flowers. This intense feeling afterwards embodied in intense love. Lives with father and mother in country house in vale of hills secluded. Retired but small income, the Planter and the Preserver, She is quite outside and beyond them. One, the man, as romantic as herself, poor, two, the young woman, three, the rich intruder whom father and mother desire. Proposes marriage to one in forest. Has studied classics to please her and remembers Dirce. He ties her to stallion insensible, to be trampled on as soon as she wakes from slumber, waiting for, one with rifle in wood shoots at him, kills stallion. Make her ill and all the flowers come up without her. Cannot do anything with the cottage, poor, hard cursed by fate from childhood. The delicious daily meetings in the forest. [This long note is for the plot of *The Dewy Morn*. There were two versions of this novel, and only part of this was used.]

Political. Do you really believe what you write and say in your books? Yes. Dear me, really! Like to get them on their silly topics, their faiths.

September  
1881  
March  
1883



September  
1881  
March  
1883

*History of Venus* [title]. 'Time forces our circle best loved away.'  
[I believe this is a quotation. But I cannot find the exact reference.]

1. History of the Oppressed. 2. Nature and Proverbs. 3. Natural History of England Since, Wickedness, Tricks. 4. Drama. 5. [quite illegible]. 6. Political. 7. Forest. 8. Esoteric. 9. Beauty, History of Venus. 10. Guido. 11. Acres. 12. Aristotle. 13. Autobiography, Esoteric Descriptive.

Let the whole world agree to wrest happiness from the Gods. Gods are circumstances and matter. For could we follow our *minds* [i.e. Spirit] we should be happy.

Cromlech. 'The upright ones are erected in memory of a male, the flat for a female.'

The Age of Dyspepsia, It shows what a dyspeptic age this must be—The number of theories respecting food.

I hope God will be forgiven.

December 24.—Palmeira Sq. Flower, white, little petals, 9 flowers green afterwards reddish. Winter heliotrope. aromatic.

January 5.—1883. Well!!

January 9.—Daisies 3 days since: thrush singing.

January 10.—Kestrel on chimney, Cromwell Road.

January 20.—Wasp. Rarely gather flowers now, gather the mind secret. Every summer the earth knows is dearer and dearer still. [See *Wild Flowers*, *Meadow Thoughts*, *On The Downs*, and *The Pageant of Summer*.]

Paper. Like weekly but daily. Some news, but chiefly interest. Notes, articles Interest other than horrors.

Government of all the Asses. Mediocracy. Muddleheads. Poor in town, ground, ground, ground. Public Twaddle.

Put off the genuine, snuff out the true, Up with the Lie and the hullabaloo. Shout for a show, give us nothing but rot. [See the *Popular Press* as the great example.]

January 28.—Ships. A man who plays chess is usually a fool.

February 11.—Coltsfoot in flower, embankment. Goldfinch brilliant wings seen from above, perched stalk of wild carrot. Larks on ground, song in short bursts, like springs of water in meadow.

February 12.—Stanmere. Bare beeches, grey lichen. Chaffinches filled with notes, blackbirds whistling. Wild March morning. Starlings on the damp grass. Beech hollow, grass growing high up broad black streak down where water runs. The citron-tipped yellowhammer, in Farm Street, very clean street, and dry though so raining. Yew trees many and numerous tits sharpening saw; good yew sticks. Ivy



September

1881

March

1883

berries green bushes. Ivy cut off and tied in knot: ivy had an ash tree beating with the wind against it. Three partridges from short grass amble, not yet paired then. Arums up broad seed leaves 6 inches high. Hillside red dull orange and ground beech leaves, bare beech trunks and branches ruddy tipped down into furze patches, peculiar look of. Labourer, copper ears, toes out, cloak double. Odd it seems to see 'Agricultural Labourer's Act' suspended to barn like used to see in printing office. Great rook's nest like three in size adhering. Wind through ash saplings, swish. Beech leaves whirling patter over the sward. [See *Stanmere Park. Chronicles of the Hedges and Other Hitherto Uncollected Essays.*]

February 17.—Yellowhammer in half-song.

Human nature, vanity, capability of good. County Franchise. how in confinement, relief, disfranchised.

February 27.—Pied wagtail calling.

Anti-human Life: A Mind to evolve this centipede, the fish without a trace of kindness, pure self, sea must be entirely different to the human mind. Greek the most human of people. The limbs are human, the skeleton belongs to a different order of thought.

February 28.—Goldfinch at seeded groundsel. Great pike, thick lips.

March 1.—Sun Life exactly as it is. To lie by the indomitable sea and lap my fill of life.

Leave your mark upon everything.

Circulations: Telegraph 185,000. Standard 180,000 Daily Chronicle 120,000. Daily News, 90,000. Times, 75,000. Morning Post, 12,000. Morning Advertiser, 6,000. Echo, 60,000. Evening Standard, 45,000. Globe, 20,000. St. James, 9,000. Pall Mall, 8,000. [It is interesting to compare these circulations of the early 'eighties with the enormous ones of to-day of our Syndicated Press. Only five of these periodicals now survive. At least most of them, unlike the popular Press to-day, were responsible and intelligent, and had some notion of public duty.]

March 2.—Chaffinch in song. Peewits single. Sparrow shadow in sunrise foot long.

March 3.—Hawthorn leaf out. Stanmer. Nearly all trees beech, no underwood.

March 5.—Must not kill any birds now but vermin, trap vermin. Only kestrel and sparrowhawk, no kite (do they migrate?) Would be some in nest time, also a few magpies, only few scarce. Time to catch jay. Find blackbird's nest, make platform before it [illustrated with both hands open] jay alights on that and on trap. Two goldfinches. Horror at thought of selling pheasant (mistake) *must* not on any



September  
1881  
March  
1883

account shoot a bird, but quite right to seize jay in trap. Shoot owls when see them. See a long way between beeches. None but small birds. No wood pigeons who like beeches, only saw couple. These woods, bare till spring then. Poachers chiefly at Christmas. Game may be cleared off now.

Girl's eye blinded—husband: early beauty. Drifters with Fate—can't help it. Thole it. [Thole, i.e. an archaic word meaning undergo, suffer, endure (pain or grief). This is a note for the powerful and sombre sketch of bucolic life 'The Field-Play', *The Life of the Fields*.]

March 9.—Fieldfares, several. Small flocks of birds flying west. Snow.

March 10.—Yellowhammer's bright breast, sun on in low ash, snow, very bright breast.

March 13.—Stanmere. Five or six puppies, pointers to rabbits, yoo, yoo, bang. Pale blue tit; bright yellowhammer on oak, paler companion close by; bright black and white wagtail wading shallow edge of pond; bright black blackbirds, numerous thrushes now out in field.

March 15.—Sea gulls. Small parties on Downs. Both settled on grass with rooks and starlings and flying inland.

March 16.—Zodiacal light up to Aries. [See the eloquent passage on the Stars in *Bevis*.]

Breeze-fly, bluebottle like, green and bronze eyes. [How frequently in his prose Jefferies reminds one of the nature poetry of John Clare!]

March 18.—From copse, icy south wind, sunlight on sea. Seagulls flock soaring great height inland [Pencil sketch of sea and coast].

That we must begin again like the Caveman. No knowledge at present of use since it does not help. We must destroy the idea of our knowing anything. We must fully acknowledge that we know nothing and begin again. (The Aristotle part.) After learning all this I am in the position of the Caveman. I look out and see—I cannot see. The only value of it perhaps occasionally as tools. Must take a new departure. That there is no must this or that. The third alternative. Not even a house has remained through. Physically even in the same position as Cave man—to earn—no subsistence even. Exactly like birds and beasts that make no store. Disgrace of. In this new departure must take as one starting point, that it is to be a new departure, that that known is valueless, *that we have nothing*.

Envyng Nero because he saw so much beauty. Desiring a love of the loveliest. Greedy of Beauty. All the life of Greece, Rome, coloured Florence: all Faustine's joys. The tartary stallion: greedy greediness—a face has touched me for days. Organum of Theory, of Experiment,



of Chance. [See *The Story of My Heart* for an elaboration of these thoughts.]

March 23.—Good Friday. On the Downs. Blue day, richest azure nearest the sun. [See 'On the Downs', *Hills and the Vale*.]

March 24.—Seagull soar, 14 turns without flap of wings, could not see further, so high. Sea bright under sun, blue horizon. White chalk harrowed. Black and green furze and fir plantations. Caps of clouds shadow on hills. Distant view. Undulation of distant view. There furze fires dark, smoke drifting. Steely blue sky.

Sun Life. Practical definition not necessary. It is more passion than cold reason. It can never be finished, or written down because as long as the world endures the sea will be striving to say it and the sun to burn it. Long Paean of Soul to God, a paean in itself of its own existence. I do not want to fit nature, sun and sea and life to my book or thought. I want rather to express *them*.

'Do you really believe your politics?' Stare! 'Do you really care for so much money?' Stare! They really do then!

Apology. (At the end instead of preface.) Psyche and Deity instead of Soul and God [five words illegible]. Not written to please. A confession. Pevensey. A beach left to mark the line of old Rome.

Sun Life, Sun and Sea are better than any modern gods, though they cannot help me. The night the real Day. To express myself fully I should have to express myself on every view and opinion ever uttered since say Thales.

Miserable littleness, cannot accomplish anything. No sympathy from anyone. No one understands me in the least.

September  
1881  
March  
1883







NOTE-BOOK

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*April to September*

1883



NO. 1 - BOOK

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July to September

(1881)



## April to September 1883

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*Pages not numbered*

*All entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph*

Sun Life.—The sea saves the trouble of thinking. So much in life anti-human. Crowds of beggars, city wretches, whose lives fulfil no purpose or principle. Accident, disease; anti-human—no design of Idea in them. Cannot understand that condition of mind which cannot accept the supernatural. So astonishing, without supernatural, that the sea, the sun, the earth, do not seem real. [‘A great part, perhaps the whole, of nature and of the universe is distinctly anti-human.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]

Sun Life.—Sense of being only on the surface; of earth, sea, life. The sea a relic of a former state of things in its saltness; saltness not necessary.

The sacredness of things. Could not spit on a stream without a sense of desecration. The overwhelming thought that I shall not be able to penetrate it. That I should die leaving in it its beauty, and that it will be so 1000 years after me: that I shall not get at it; that I shall not conquer and make it human; that I shall not perhaps be able even to penetrate one little part of it.

Sea. Layers of horizon—painted blue sea.

April 4.—Wheatear opposite—ploughed land.

It is the shortness of life which gives money a concentrated and fictitious value—to crowd pleasure and incident into a short time.

Sun Life.—Change of thought in Aristotle. Found there was no answer to Prayer and no Design. Deity. What we ask Him *we must do ourselves*, also find out another entity. Subdue the world to Design. Make our lives longer and happier.

Aristotle. That God and Design and all is a failure and immortality and soul. We must find something else: to reject the chart but sail the



April—  
September  
1883

voyage and find a new thing, unforeseen. Not a single answer to prayer—just the reverse. How materialistic and bound by mere commonplace people are is shown in the excitement at a comet—a star in daylight.

Still the same prayer if no Deity or answer. I want something more than the Deity—which is of no use—to find something else—beyond and more than the Deity. Scale the sky. [‘I search for traces of this force which is not God, and is certainly not the higher than Deity of whom I have written. . . . Apparently the deity does not interfere, and all things happen by chance. I cease, therefore, to look for traces of the deity in life, because no such traces exist.

I conclude that there is an existence, a something higher than soul—higher, better, and more perfect than deity. Earnestly I pray to find this something better than a god. There is something superior, higher, more good. For this I search, labour, think, and pray.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]

April 7.—Whinchat. Song like hedge sparrow. Dog violets on the Downs. Cut furze.

Sun Life. Eternal facts do not alter with the ebb and flow of the human mind. We are always fighting and denying and killing ourselves over principles and all we really want is a change of circumstances—circumstances right and we should all be right—irresistibly.

Felice Title. *Since the World Began.* [An early entry on the novel whose title finally became *The Dewy Morn*. Felice was the heroine of that book, but in the printed version Jefferies spells the name Felise.]

Sun Life. Hyperbola of Thought. Always enlarging, never return to the starting place (Hyperbola. In geometry, curve produced when cone is cut by plane making larger angle with base than side of cone makes.)

Write in apology in the last part. [‘I have been obliged to write these things by an irresistible impulse which has worked in me since early youth. They have not been written for the sake of argument, still less for any thought of profit, rather indeed the reverse. They have been forced from me by earnestness of heart, and they express my most serious convictions.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]

Sun Life. That the natural laws may be controlled or suspended that accidents may not touch us, fore burn or water drown. Why not conquer death itself: never if you say you cannot.

Everything that man touches is supernatural: the telegraph arm, the chipped flint; nature would never move the one to convey a meaning, or sculpture the other for a purpose. Band of Truth would utterly upset the world. The street rough face to face with stony facts; from which you yourself are only separated by artificial conditions.



April—  
September  
1883

Unless there is something more than the deity what a curse to have to live? Nothing in the cosmos equal to my mind—clumsy. No soul in nature—no law deducible from it—soul quite separate—could make it much better. The soul is capable of all those attributes which have been given to the Deity, omniscience, control, existence in self.

If all the love since the world began and kindness, all the life and excitement, all the joy of battle, Marathon and of Rome were summoned up what would they be to my heart? I could drink them and long for more. [‘My heart looks back and sympathises with all the joy and life of ancient time. With the circling dance burned in still attitude on the vase; with the chase and the hunter eagerly pursuing, whose javelin trembles to be thrown; with the extreme fury of feeling, the whirl of joy in the warriors of Marathon to the last battle of Rome. Not with the slaughter, but with the passion—the life in the passion; with the garlands and the flowers; with all the breathing busts that have panted beneath the sun. O beautiful human life! Tears come into my eyes as I think of it. So beautiful, so inexpressively beautiful.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]

April 9.—Wayfaring tree, thick in hedges, brownish green leaves scanty. Flowers not yet open but more conspicuous than the leaves—whitish green at the ends of the stalks. Some of the trees are quite big bushes with stems diameter 2 inches. Celandine full flower. Bluebells, some out, some opening. Primrose: spurge dark old leaves, top heavy plants! rabbit on chalk, grey. [The Wayfarer’s or Pilgrim tree (*Viburnum lantanoides*), is a small ornamental tree of the English hedgerows. Its name was given to it by the old Herbalist Gerarde, and arose from the fact that each of its broad leaves are covered with white cottony down, which gives it a dusty appearance, as of a wayfarer powdered over with white dust. It flowers in June or the next month, bearing large white flowers, when the flowers, which have a faint perfume, have faded, the berries that succeed are of varying hues, like the autumn leaves, from white to green, or coral, or deep purplish black. The ripening berries give forth a delightful smell.]

Sun Life. Appreciation of beauty is often a deep sense of our own unworthiness and lack: I shall never be like this. I always feel as if I was tholing a fate I cannot understand [Tholing, Enduring, suffering or undergoing, or to suffer pain or grief].

Aristotle. Cannot insure for one hour safety at home: cannot ensure by any course of conduct that success shall attend: that to decide between courses of conduct is as Xenophon like the cast of a die.



April—  
September  
1883

To have matter at command—ductile to the senses and will, like a god—what exquisite pleasure to be got from it.

The Conservatives set up stumps which the Libs. are sure to bowl over.

April 15.—Viburnum Wayfaring Tree. Flower green, unfolded at the top of the stalk, no leaves [small pencil sketch of flower in text]. Willow wren singing in the furze of the coombe. Large patches of dog violets among dry furze; furze stems cut off sprouting green buds. Violets single in Down grass—puff ball into dust—ball without dust. First sweet wind—faintest sprinkle. Chaffinch chit-chat. Rooks, flock opposite on waste, two pecking at a bone.

April 20.—Two swallows together (like a pair) Dyke Road (true swallows).

Sun Life. Against the doctrine of work. [‘There are people so infatuated, or, rather, so limited of view, that they glory in this state of things, *declaring that work is the main object of man’s existence*—work for subsistence—and glorying in their wasted time. To argue with such is impossible; to leave them is the only resource.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]

Sun Life. Man created the design—deity—and must make himself the design and deity.

I have tried all sentiments, tried all resolutions, and found them vain.

Country Tales. Hunked. The hunkedness of everything to the poor, cold and hard, and snow. [See the thoughts expressed in the late essay ‘Hours of Spring’, *Field and Hedgerow.*]

The man who chopped off his fingers with the billhook not to serve in the army.

The skeleton—scarecrow—left by the snow.

April 26.—Arundel. Cuckoo. Beech spotted like a trout with the separate shadows of its young first leaves. Wood sawn, gnawed by deer—beech in piles. Woodpecker, yellow, on ground. Looks larger flying than would think. Spurge, shrubs of. Furze 10 feet high, nearly straight. Hen pheasant over beech trees and winding down the valley. Cock pheasant raising dust of leaves as he rises. Willow wren and tits busy at blackthorn bloom, insects. Blackthorn trees are intertwined with hawthorn tree so that the bloom appeared on the hawthorn; large hawthorn tree twisted. Leaf-strewn ground, last year’s thick; beech mast under beeches; beech leaves 9 inches deep drifted against felled tree.

April 27.—Brighton. Jackdaw jumped on sheep’s head (sheep lying down) pecked too hard, sheep shook him off, jackdaw hopped on the



ground and looked up reproachfully, hopped on next sheep's head, then on to third.

Sun Life. Above all things not to be satisfied with anything yet found out on the earth. Greater things and more beautiful than sea and sun. Reverse, all things have disappointed expectation. Sun Life. Face this now because you must face death.

That geological effort forward—superabundance for all—these are but the beginning of an idea, merest beginning. No pinning creed to science any more than to superstition. I think this—that that. The last part, highest aspiration beyond anything shadowed—say in the deep coombe, the sun and sky one—deeper, wider than my circle of ideas now.

April 29.—Chaffinch note—sweet, sweet, sweet: sitting alone on a bough. Cuckoo, Dyke Road, 100 yards above hill. Descent like lark to tree singing at that height as flying. Pebbles, rural road, usually elongated.

May 5.—Humble-bee at cabbage flowers in field. Great abundance of ground ivy making banks purple.

May 6.—Stitchwort flower; veronica flower Dyke Road. Gorse on Downs paler than the vale. Stonechat on a dead thistle—pied plumage blackest head white streak, of much contrast with acres of yellow gorse, over which it flits. Sibilant note in furze?

*Splendid* it is to see the wheat wave and the long grass foam—flecked with flower, yield and return to the wind.

Sun Life. Full recognition of the practical difficulty of the ingrained selfishness of 12,000 years. Either something else must be found, an idea so strong as to overcome it, or it must be utilized for the object. The intense selfishness makes me despair of the geological effort unless new ideas be found. A great obstacle is the lumpish stolidity. By these new ideas too it might be immeasurably shortened.

I cannot understand the complacency with which the people go about their daily work as if it was right. As I cannot understand it I will not discuss it.

Place a cameo of Augustus, or a coin of Vespasian—these heads had a circle of ideas. At this day there are heads as fine and possessing a circle of ideas to which 2000 years has been added. So I think there may be a great circle of ideas outside and beyond the widest now known. But what irresistibly attracts me is the Beyond (exalted by sea, sun, and hills).

Morality and practise of virtue and illusion. The hetaera [*courtesan* struck out] perhaps often nearer the ideal.

April—  
September  
1883



April—  
September  
1883

We spend all our lives striving to regain our youth. Even in youth we labour for it while it slips.

*The practical.* If the dead should be raised to life, so great is the stolidity of the *most* that it would be useless—they would continue in the same groove quite unable to see anything nobler. [‘Cemeteries are often placed on hillsides, and the white stones are visible afar off. If the whole of the dead in a hillside cemetery were called up alive from their tombs, and walked forth down into the valley, it would not rouse the mass of people from the dense pyramid of stolidity which presses on them. There would be gaping and marvelling and rushing about, and what then? In a week or two the ploughman would settle down to his plough, the carpenter to his bench, the smith to his anvil, the merchant to his money, and the dead come to life would be utterly forgotten.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]

*Flight.* Running spanner cogs. [This is an early entry on the subject of Aerial Navigation, on which Jefferies, in later note-books, was to write a good deal. He was a pioneer in the theory of flight, and believed that men would conquer the air before long. His daughter has told me that her mother often said how greatly the subject of aerial navigation, especially in later years, occupied Jefferies’ mind. His observations and experiments were based upon his close observation of the flight of birds and insects.]

*Virtue.* Something better than morality and higher than virtue. For grief no consolation.

Simple subsistence should be assured. House or provided long since. Clothing and food in plenty. Transcendent improvidence of the world. Labour of ten generations sufficient in subsistence for a hundred. Such work as is necessary to keep the machine going should be almost entirely automatic. Rise and fall of the tides enough to do all. No grandeur of planning, hence trivial results. Like sheep. There are forces stronger than the sun, else the sun could not burn or exist. If we get control sufficient to guide these forces might stop the sun in his course. There are those who glory in this wasted labour, and their own part in it, and esteem it holy and the duty of all. It is impossible for me to understand this frame of mind. [‘So men laboured of old time, whether with plough or sickle or pruning-hook. An endless succession of labour, under the brightness of summer, under the gloom of winter: shall we never know how to lighten it, how to live with the flowers, the swallows, the sweet delicious shade, and the murmur of the stream?’ ‘Sunlight in a London Square’, *The Life of the Fields.*]

*Sun Life.* Every man has a right to be poor.



April-  
September  
1883

I have found a grooved valley, deep, climbing to whose lip the sea is visible. Here I see (on the turf) how little is the highest thought to the thoughts that must be. That I shall not find anything—this merest trifle, nothing. The bright dandelions on waste ground—see them, I touch it. [‘I found a deep hollow on the side of a great hill. Yonder lay the immense plain of sea. Silence and sunshine, sea and hill gradually brought my mind into the condition of intense prayer.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]

May 10.—Swifts—Dyke Road.

Sun Life. I am it—I am this Desire. The fact of my existence—sea and sun. As I always pray it, my Desire prays. The roar of the sea, largeness of the tide, the blue horizon, the sun burning, excite it. But yet they are not strong enough, sea not wide enough, sun not fervent enough, earth not enough, star hollow—all not enough to pray for me, with which to utter my desire; if soul-life illimitable. My soul cannot reach its own rise of full desire—prayer. In grief no consolation. All things end. Else it would be enough to have this as it is. Making a hope of the future an excuse for neglecting the present. [Two pencil sketches of a design for a clock with one hand. Requires 12 inner circles one for each hour because 12 o’clock shifts from 12 to 1 to 2, to 3, and so on. Lower part of hand marked 5-6 and so on.]

*Sun Life* finished May 15. [1883]. [*Sun Life* means *The Story of My Heart*, which was published the same year. It was as *Sun Life* that Jefferies always thought of his book and all his many notes for it are headed thus, as are the entries to be found in the four last note-books intended for an enlarged and revised version of the book. He was probably persuaded to give it a more popular, and unfortunately a more sentimental, title. The book was a failure on publication.]

May 16.—Coate. [Coate. It has hitherto been thought that Jefferies did not revisit his native place after he left it in 1877, except once in 1879. But this looks as if he did go there four years later. His father, James Luckett Jefferies, stayed with his son at Surbiton for six weeks at the time of the great Kilburn Cattle Show in the late ’seventies. (1879). I gleaned this information from an unpublished letter of Jefferies’ father, now in my collection. In any case, Jefferies was in constant touch with his people at Coate, for he often sent contributed news paragraphs to the farming Press and other periodicals on West Country doings from 1877 to 1880.]

May 17.—Germander veronica succeeded the ground-ivy on the railway bank, first purple, now blue, in spite too of the grass.



April—  
September  
1883

May 21.—May bloom out full. Shoredown Down, pink, blue.

May 23.—Dyke Hill. Wild pansy, thick, flower, arable. Pansies. Loving Idols. Sorcery is playing on sentiment. 'Dog that travels finds bones.' Spain. Coincidence often mistaken for cause. Rising of the Pleiades—buds in spring. Astrology. We pick flowers and leave them behind us.

Parents turned out of cottage because of daughter's illegitimate child.

June 6.—Wednesday. Deer. June 7.—Thursday. Trout. Anchor Hotel, Porlock. Care Ford. Then climb the hill and so in to the Deer Park (over Mill Hill) then on over by weir facing the sea. Plantations and deer lie there. First point longest, second (short) brow, bray, tray, and top. [Small pencil sketch of antlers in text.] The Indian deer the reverse, the second longest. One Exmoor with second longest. [Larger pencil sketch of antlers in text and some descriptive notes. Jefferies was visiting Exmoor to collect his material for *Red Deer*.]

Miles. Haddow Down or Hill. 4 m. Dulverton. [One page plan or map of Exmoor country in pencil. Selworthy, Luccomb, Cloutsham, Homer Wood, Dunkery Beacon. Road to Cloutsham and Minehead, etc.]

What's the good of writing so beautifully about human life? That makes it no better. It has all been *lived*, and yet still the same.

Sport. In every other pursuit the art is to outshine and think of outstripping each other. In sport of others, and true fellowship.

Polished furrows. Dark green pool under ash. Purple rock, scarlet, white stone, rush reddish. All sunlight, then return of shadow to dark green pool, and ponder colour bottom of water. Colour of oaks seen on surface. Trout.

Jasmine. The sentiment, the fascination: its perfume. That is sorcery. The art of sorcery now forgotten. Study of sorcery. Cassia. Cruelty of chance—splinter flew up and struck out eye. Arabian Nights. Chinese fish poisoned hand; all in reality destroyed by it. 40 years prosperity, slips on stair.

The enemy is consistency, continuity. Mode of introducing the story. Things that would afford material for development. The Jasmine and cassia—sorcery—colour. Folly the first—as if there were going to be a succession of follies marked by this refrain: but the remark having suggested the idea of a sequence of folly, it has done its work and is not repeated (so with Rush). The Midi poetry of the Guadalquiver, The indifferent interested air, as if 'It was of no consequence, mere play to amuse me,' all this. No heavy pressing even on



April—  
September  
1883

the salient points. Quickness and lightness. Now and then but not continuously epigrammatic. In reality a single character which the others merely display. Local words, phrases, proverbs. Archaeology, but not stopping the flow. Appendix. Gipsy sorcery: Palmistry? 'Character' means really interesting people. Artistic Romance. Organised arrangement and organised expression. Full grasp of each plot. These graces of composition: use these with the deeper feelings which are preferred in this country and even there. V. Hugo. [I am unable to trace to which story or stories these notes refer. From other notes in my possession it is evident that he was much interested at this period in Sorcery and its Analogues.]

The difficulty of talking—of getting speech with people [see *The Dewy Morn*]. There's a pretty woman in every train.

She undertook to reform mothers and teach them the error of their ways—they seem born to do foolish things.

Practical politics means getting a sufficient number of people to make you do what you want to.

*The Prejudices of Literature* [title?].

*Literary Illusions*. That a translation is not equal to the original. [I read them in English. I had the usual Latin and Greek instruction, but I read them in English deliberately. For the inflexion of the vowel I care nothing; prize the idea. Scholars may regard me with scorn. I reply with equal scorn. I say that a great classic thought is greater to an English mind in English words than in any other form, and therein fits best to this our life and day. I read them in English first, and intend to do so to the end.] 'Nature and Books', *Field and Hedgerow*.]

July 8.—Wild carrot, deep crimson centre flower.

Dwelling on passion, its nuances and shades. The same flower every morning looks equally delicious.

Night, street rain, unoccupied house shelter, the triumph virtuous, flash of lightning.

July 15.—Henbane. Black current smell of leaves [pencil drawing of leaf in text]. Do all possible at once, for all is too little.

July 19.—Goat's Beard out. 10 o'clock, Dyke Road, not so broad nor thick as dandelion. Black marks in centre, really the black stems of stamens, sepals beyond flowers. Milk in stalk. Like parasol turned inside out. Flower more like hawkweed. Stained skin [three pencil sketches of flowers in text].

Wheat-waves. The wind is not level pressure. Succory, White in a few hours in water.

Wood-pigeons to dew-ponds and other birds: Sparrow hawk on



April—  
September  
1883

post. As it flew tail sideways and spread showing white ring at end—ring tail.

Life of a Boy carrying out the principles he was taught as truth, honour, finding himself perpetually at variance with every one and in trouble—demonstrating the lie of it all.

Somerset. Scenes from the river. [See 'Summer in Somerset', *Field and Hedgerow*. The river was the Barle.]

*The Humans: Essays* [titles] *Sinews: A Book of Politics* [title]. [Neither of these projected works were written, but among my hitherto unprinted Jefferies' MSS. is a page of his holograph evidently intended as a preface to *Sinews* which runs: 'Preface: In writing this book I am influenced by no political bias. I take no interest in politics and belong to no party or coherent body. I am simply a student of human life and I paint plainly what I see: the others must draw their conclusions.—*The Author.*']

*Bitter Wine* [? title of novel]. *Born With Two Crowns* [? title].

Somerset—return June 15th. *Red Deer* finished July 29th. [The book was published in the following year, 1884, by Longmans.]

Fl. [i.e. Flight]. The upstroke power too—the foresail—pressure that way and between the two forwards: the squeeze like swimming. [A page headed Fl. Pencil sketches of wheels and cogs, etc., with some technical notes.]

It is a curious fact that all theatrical performances seem to be addressed to the most ignorant among the audience.

Science is like a proverb, half true.

Characters lost in too much frame of nature—painting. Stress and expansion in the figures. The nature painting only seen through the rough crevices of the tale. If you can create a character and a plot you can write a novel. [What about dialogue?]

An ancient magician's lamp. A Lamia or female faun (or nymph) to England. Pevensey in a Roman Galley. She lives till now and is found; or disappears. Shall I find her. Sketch a short tale. 2 chaps, and then enlarge. [I cannot trace that this Rider Haggard-like tale was ever written.]

Felise, a strong character—follow her line, work her out, and there is the book at once without anything else. The Force of Passion in her. The Love pouring out of her. [Felise is the heroine of Jefferies' novel *The Dewy Morn*. In the note-books he usually spells the name Felice. He had written an early unpublished version in 1878. He now begun to make notes for the revised and finally published version, which was issued by Bentley in 1884. The character and depiction of Felise



April—  
September  
1883

Goring is one of Jefferies' successes in fiction. After *Amaryllis at the Fair*, *The Dewy Morn* is his finest novel.]

August 6.—Crescent moon, crescent twice ordinary appearance. length much enlarged. Thunder same night, followed by gales and rain.

Classify plants by their ascertained qualities, Astringent: Calystegia, Convolvulus, Purple Spurge: poisoning fish.

Kaffir's woman's milk sold as milk in Africa.

Hock, the colour of melted pine apple. Water does not dilute real Wine.

No leaning on any liquor, wine burgundy, claret, champagne, or hock, or ale, or spirits, but to take so much as will refresh carefully, avoid excess, no living on bread and water, or any diet, or any medicine: to avoid those things that injure as tea, as beer for supper, or heavy suppers, to look for health through the nervous system by change, by bath and exercise. But especially to have no panacea—unless the avoidance of excess and night feeding—but to rely on nature, and change and air, and out work apart from work. (1) Breakfast, a. For which no meat at supper and as little alcohol as possible. b. This permits of sound sleep. (2) No alcohol between breakfast and dinner; moderate with, or after dinner compresses stomach. (3) No writing after breakfast, nor till full 2 hours after dinner. (4) As little ale as possible, only 1 or 1½ glass at dinner time. (5) Rule—no wine or alcohol with dinner—after. (6) Index Expurg. No bacon breakfast or supper. No beer morning or evening. No tea or coffee at breakfast. (7) Not to eat when appetite refuses. [Jefferies had been very ill during 1882 and was still shaky in the following year. It was then that his thoughts (for the first time) show some sign of preoccupation with his health and diet. Only five years remained, years chequered by great pain heroically borne.]

August 20.—Bedstraw. Drawbars for gates. Nut tree hedges thick, cut low, matted together with clematis full flower (scenting lane) and ferns. Bell flowers willow weed (lower grounds): valerian. Blue-purple climbing vetch. Nuts ripe, and blackberries. Fleabane (*Erigeron*). (Branches erect; leaves narrow. 6—18 inches high. Biennial. Not very common.)

August 21—Harvest red cap reaper—red handkerchief on head. Grey veronica flowering among the stubble as in February. When the grasshopper has wings in August—yellow peacock circle and black round black in centre. Mist. Threshing engine hum: Yuck-yuckle in beeches, behind, the whizz-rr of pigeon's wings. Red reapers glad to be allowed to work like this. You can see assemble all his energy and



April—  
September  
1883

moil. [‘Red spots, like larger poppies, now appear above and now dive down again beneath the golden surface. These are the red caps worn by some of the reapers; some of the girls, too, have a scarf across the shoulder or round the waist. By instinctive sympathy the heat of summer requires the contrast of brilliant hues, of scarlet and gold, of poppy and wheat.’ ‘Wheatfields’, *Nature Near London*.]

Felice. Why? Why not organise and share? Grasshopper at feet, another higher up the hill.

Swaphook—reaping; wattles, flakes, rock under soon bar touches. Jack or chack—? check—to stop. Holt wood up beside a hill (wooded hill) Wilcomb Bottom. Pyecombe crook makers extinct. Pyecombe crook used as pattern for one made at Beeding: usually bought for 4/6 at Brighton. Too large, will not hold lamb, heavy, and will give—iron opens. Should be small in [two small pencil drawings of crooks] Crook makers apprentice could not make them. Stick hazel, difference in, the worst-looking stick strongest and bend nearly double, the other not so good: ash often fly unless ground ash. Wages 15/- all year and cottage: farm hands pay for cottage: 7/6 an acre tying up after reaping machine; cottage 1/6 and 2/6; oldest cottage best because got large gardens.

Blue butterfly entangled by his wings and scarce proceeded out of the hollow in an hour: moth-like flight.

Plaintain water 4 ft. high, white, three petals. Gix Hassocks copse 7 ft.; wayfaring tree berries, red bunches showing flat berries: green orchis yellow lip: wid: leaning on with crook iron under arm: groove of back of curve of crook. [‘In a little hollow where the rougher grasses grew longer a blue butterfly fluttered and could not get out. He was entangled with his own wings, he could not guide himself between the grass tops; his wings fluttered and carried him back again. The grass was like a net to him, and there he fluttered till the wind lifted him out, and gave him the freedom of the hills. . . . With the iron head of his crook placed against his breast, and the handle aslant to the ground, the shepherd leans against it, and looks down upon the reapers. His crook is not a Pyecombe crook (for the best crooks used to be made at Pyecombe, a little Down hamlet), but he has another, which was made from a Pyecombe pattern. The village craftsman, whose shepherd’s crooks were sought for all along the South Downs, is no more, and he has left no one able to carry on his work. He had an apprentice, but the apprentice has taken to another craft, and cannot make crooks. . . .’]

‘The grasshoppers sang merrily round me as I sat on the sward; the warm sun and cloudless sky and the dry turf pleased them. Though



April—  
September  
1883

cloudless, the wind rendered the warmth pleasant, so that the sunbeams, from which there was no shade, were not oppressive. The grasshoppers sang, the wind swept through the grass and swung the harebells, the "drowsy hum" of the threshing engine rose up from the plain; the low slumberous melody of harvest time floated in the air. An hour had gone by imperceptibly before I descended the slope to Clematis Lane (near Worthing). Out in the stubble where the wheat had just been cut, down among the short dry stalks of straw, were the light-blue petals of the grey field veronica.

'Lower in the valley, where there was water, the tall willow herb stood up high as the hedges. On the banks of a pool water-plaintains had sent up stalks a yard high, branched, and each branch bearing its three-petalled flower.' 'Clematis Lane', *The Life of the Fields*.]

Fl. [i.e. Flight]. Does the wing as it comes up close or partly so swiftly as to deceive the eye?—Then the feathers closing one upon another like a fan offer much less resistance. Or is there any secret in the recovery in the shape [small pencil sketch of wing]—in bending the outer half backwards? [Jefferies largely based his observations on the possibilities of aerial navigation by man on the observation of the flight of birds and insects.]

Sweet—to singe linen [An old Sussex word].

Harebells more blue after gathering—in pocket book. [It was Jefferies' habit to often press flowers and leaves between the pages of his field note-books. I cherish a pansy flower which I found between the pages of one whilst transcribing. Its colour as fresh and beautiful as when first plucked by that long dead hand.]

Adonis, final recognition of her beauty, his worship of her. His intense jealousy. Her love overlooking his supposed fault. Her persuasions to him to marry now; his reluctance because of his position caused by his speech. Her swim to him; her beauty. Her impersonification of flower and leaf and tree. Poem of love. A contrast the roughness and coarseness of the rest of the world around. She [Felise] is a Goddess of Nature. Their reconciliation dates from the boathouse [scene]. [It must be remembered that some of the names of the characters, and part of the plot of Jefferies' novel *The Dewy Morn*, of which the above entries are notes, were changed in the final version. Martial, Goring, Felise, for example were changed from Adonis, Planter, and Felice respectively.]

Felice and the classics because of the sun, and stream, love of the Greeks. Adonis sees her roving in her bathing costume and so the difference with Rosa [Rosa, i.e. his first love] Adonis a perfect man,



April—  
September  
1883

not only in looks, in character, but not successful, not rich, *he stands as himself*, and is left poor and in struggles with a great heart. Rosa, who scarce permitted his attentions as he was poor, now he has left her tempts him physically and fails. He weighed her against Felice. [More notes for *The Dewy Morn*. Again altered in the final version.]

What a lot of tramping goes to make up a life.

The hand of a woman found in the roof, finger nails  $\frac{3}{8}$  longer than usual. Torn from wrist. In good preservation. Built in 1802.

Felice draws beauty from everything for her love. The reader should be so much interested, in love with the heroine, that every little thing she does is pleasant to read of.

Fl. The squeeze of the wings as legs when swimming; pigeon strikes down till wing tips clatter underneath: swallows snip under.

September 5.—Rosy sea—sunset at Worthing.

*Sinews*. *The Genius of England, of the English*. [Among the unpublished Jefferies' papers is an essay on *The Strength of the English*, which I believe is part of the projected book to be called *Sinews*.]

Felice goes through gardens to the pond: the knee, its inner shadow: shadow of one knee on the other: of the rugged fringe: the buttercup; the butterfly to the white knee (but it was wet). Its shoulder enlarging from pearls in hair and amethyst. Genius in a man is love in a woman.

First bathing incident. Second Amadis incident. Third. How Felice contrives his company. To go on by central incidents and explain any as progress. [Amadis is a character in Jefferies' last novel *Amaryllis at the Fair*, and not in the *Dewy Morn*. But as the above note is for the latter book evidently at one point Jefferies intended to introduce Amadis into the story.]

September 9.—Noon. Moth visiting every spire of heath and climbing up. Scent of thyme. Finches and thrushes, thick in furze, coombe, chink, chink. Greenfinch. Sunny. Sward, coombe. A puff of wind comes and a cohort of thistledown lying still in ambush in the grass rises and pursues its journey. Weasel across Lorna Road to rail, afternoon.

Difficulties, jealousies, poverty, all overcome by Felice's exceeding love. That they make love is all.

The best of human motives is humbug, the beggar; given to yourself. So the religieuse under a misapprehension.

I can see myself, tight behind me like a shadow.

Onion slice rubbed on wasp's sting: or eat if sting in throat, destroys it: probably also if in stomach.



The sun, looking at, red sunset, on Felice in her unhappiness (She is not sure of Martial's love for her).

April—  
September  
1883

London. Antwerp (not pine) on the cornice, under the chair of statue, line clear against the soft Autumn blue, columns Ionian accentuated flutings by blackness, increases height, steps—stepping up into sunlight, ought to be seats. Greek temple (columns of St. Martins church *white* south-west, *black* north-west), green sward, too closely mown, pigeons, shadow of head on neck and shoulders, shadow of bill on breast, red round eye, alarmed at noise door shutting—little fear of people, burnished, green and bronze and blue, blue predominates, some redder. Gleam of sun on, legs thickened to knee, red pink feet, wings strike nearest together when rising quite vertically, the less vertical the less close together, 'the neck of a dove varies as it turns'. Pyrrho, Epicurus, Doves of Venus. The Real Book is not here, the steeple, sometimes stands out as clear as an Italian tower.

London. The River. Varnished masts—as if varnished.

['Seats should be placed here, under the great columns or by the grass, so that one might enjoy the sunshine after books and watch the pigeons. They have no fear of the people, they come to my feet, but the noise of a door heavily swinging-to in the great building alarms them; they rise and float round, and return again. The sunlight casts a shadow of the pigeon's head and neck upon his shoulder; he turns his head, and the shadow of his beak falls on his breast. Iridescent gleams of bronze and green and blue play about his neck; blue predominates. His pink feet step so near, the red round his eye is visible. As he rises vertically, forcing his way in a straight line upwards, his wings almost meet above his back and again beneath the body; they are put forth to his full stroke. When his flight inclines and becomes gradually horizontal, the effort is less and the wing tips do not approach so closely.

'They have not laboured in mental searching as we have; they have not wasted their time looking among empty straw for the grain that is not there. They have been in the sunlight.' 'The Pigeons at the British Museum', *Life of the Fields*.]

Shaw. Light-blue eyes, short, lively, as she walks, swings her parasol against the grasses beside the path. Country girls idea of proportion of fitness of things to time; town girls rush heedless of witness.

['There's a rabbit in the ferns,' said Shaw, 'I heard him rustle twice. Wonder why you won't talk to-day, now. If I was to run round the water like you swim round, I should die of pancking (panting). I should.



April—  
September  
1883

She looked as if such exertion would overcome her: *short, plump, and merry*. . . . Shaw's round rosy countenance was full of change, lively, with some sly humour. Her blue eyes sparkled; her brown hair was disordered with work and hurry; her neck, without a collar, was soft, white, round, these peasant girls often have good necks; her figure plump, so that hooks and eyes were constantly bursting. She loved her mistress (Felise) dearly, and yet almost feared her. Shaw's was one of those faces that prepossess at once, so sweet, good-natured, and happy.' *The Dewy Morn.*]

Felice to take Amadis an apple every day—Goring's keeping apples. Bathing—after lets down her golden hair not extending length but thickness and colour. Shaw comes to dry her. The walk round to the boathouse. The thistle pricks her foot. The two strokes across the thumb of the foot. Sits on shade of beech, knees in sunlight. Right hand on right ankle. Left shoulder higher and bare.

The trout, dives in shadow, reappears in light, swims on back, on side, the most graceful. The cumbrous splashing roar of the hatch. Wood pigeons busy over. Golden lotus flower, daisies. Grey-green bulrush flags up (not the tops) Left shoulder (of Felise) dazzling raised a little, smoothes her cheek against herself, feels herself.

['She (Felise) sat leaning on her left hand, her knees lying sideways, and her right hand on her ankle; the upper part of her form in shadow, her limbs in the brilliant light. The beams fell on her white rounded knees; the right knee being uppermost was entirely in light, but it cast a partial shadow on the left one. . . . Her left hand rested among the daisies; her feet reached nearly to some golden lotus flowers. . . .

She held her ankle lightly with her right hand, so that her right arm descended beside her body. Bare from the shoulder in its luxurious fullness, is reposed against her.' *The Dewy Morn.*]

Felice trying to discover a way to open company with. Is there anything so difficult as to open communication with anyone to whom no introduction and who does not move in the same circle and no family or traditional connection? It is *the* problem. For want of such a method people marry those with whom brought in contact by family connections, whom they meet by chance. We live in little circles.

The vast mass of those who go by in trains—2200 trains a day leave London—wholly unknown to you, or me. Conventional Society—still in groups. Difficult to communicate.

Felice inclined to communicate. How? How are you to know people? Possibly if Adon. loved he *would* meet her somehow.



April—  
September  
1883

Though mountains meet not lovers may, though at long intervals and by help of chance.

Even a man can hardly ride up to a house and say 'Sir, I admire your niece. Permit me to meet you. So and so are my references.'

It would be much more sensible if such were the case. But then the ladies a similar right, or approaching to it; say send a card, which would give permission to call at understood hours.

Felice was bent upon the project, but could see no solution.

Felice would not have hesitated to go to him, but feared lest it would defeat her object. It must be done insidiously and without the agency being perceived. O the cunning of women. To rescue his attention. Yet not sufficient. Men are bashful if really interested. She can borrow a book. She can trespass. She can walk and feint weariness.

['The greatest difficulty in the world is to know people. How are you even to let them understand that you wish to know them—which would often expedite the desired end very considerably. Reflect upon the vast multitude of people who enter and depart from London every day in 2,200 trains. How can you know any one of these?']

'There is a pretty woman in every train. This is a physiological fact which I have often observed, but how are you going to get introduced to them?' *The Dewy Morn.*]

They must make love. She thought, if he could see me. Let down hair. Saw her shoulder—slipped tunic. With the pearls from her hair—laid them across her knees.

['The dew upon her knees, wet from the limpid water, glistened in the sunshine. Till this instant he (Martial Barnard) had never met anything that answered to the poetry—the romance—in his heart. Full as he was of the deepest admiration of beauty, till this moment he had never seen it.' *The Dewy Morn.*]

Felice finds her stratagem, roundabout or not direct—comes to it—not invents it. Last action, arms up—sculpt—to arrange pearls.

['Suddenly she appeared on the platform (of the bathing place) in her bathing tunic, and lifted her arms while she readjusted the pearls. The next instant she dived.' *The Dewy Morn.*]

Barnard in the well of the Mill Dam, supports Shaw. Then in his danger of death—Felice's face above—in the thought that he might lose her forever (though jealous never feared that) in a moment loves with all his force. Love born in a death-struggle.

['The pool was in deep shadow, being under a hill. Blackness everywhere about him; no gleam or glisten on the surface; the shadow was heavy on the pool.



April—  
September  
1883

'Would they never come with the ladder? The mill-clack was audible in the well-like cavity of the pool; it beat time—time that was ebbing fast. How slow they were!

'The shadow had been idle on the dial in the hour of love; now it shot forward, racing to the edge, slipping from which it would disappear and end with the ending of life.

'Suddenly a glow of lovely light poured down into the darksome pit, a delicate rosy brilliance gleaming on the ripples of his progress, tinting the white chalk walls. He looked up and saw overhead a cloud, which by some magic had been filled with the hues of the sunset, and reflected them like a mirror down upon him. Mary's pale inanimate face, washed by the cold water, seemed to take upon itself the colours of happy childhood—the roseate tint of laughing joyfulness. The sunset was thrown from the sky into the depth of the pit.

'Felise appeared to his mind in the glow of the rosy cloud. Till that moment, absorbed in the struggle, he had not thought of her. She came to him with the light. A low sound escaped from his lips. He should lose her—if he sank he should lose her; she would not be his.

'Felise!—he spoke the name on his lips, yet the word did not issue as sound. If only those moments would return again, but it was too late.' *The Dewy Morn.*]

September 23–24.—Harvest moon, full moon nearest autumn equinox.

Barnard. (1). The dew on knee. (2). His power of appreciation. In Rosa—(he himself so full of ideas of beauty he endowed her with what she had not as the sun lights up even a dull wall with colour). (3). He could have bowed his forehead to the grass before those knees, in pure worship of beauty—*pure*.

His reverence for their beauty—they were sacred in their beauty. His whole being was filled with a sudden accession of fresh life as if he had inhaled some potent life-giving perfume such as the enchanters threw beneath their tripods.

He had enriched—now he knelt (the rustle in the fern Shaw heard). His breath scarcely came so low. It was like the first view of the sunlit sea. Never again to be experienced; never again to be forgotten. A moment of the purest and most exalted life. In the worship of loveliness for its own sake, is the truest worship. His attitude to Felice henceforth pure.

*Woman's place.* To excite this, the deepest, the best, the most exalted of man's emotions. (Let them never descend to any other if unable to bring forth this.) At such a moment a beautiful woman is the



visible representation of something higher than any expression has yet been found for—of a ‘truth higher than the truth of scientific reasoning’—of that something which the ancients felt when they represented the immortal in human shape.

April—  
September  
1883

[See Jefferies’ fine and eloquent description of the *Venus Accroupie* (the *Stooping Venus*) seen at the Louvre:—‘Old days which I had spent wandering among deep meadows and by green woods came back to me. In such days the fancy had often occurred to me that, besides the loveliness of leaves and flowers, there must be some secret influence drawing me on as a hand might beckon. The light and colour suspended in the summer atmosphere, as colour in stained but translucent glass, were to me always on the point of becoming tangible in some beautiful form. . . . The living original of this work was the human impersonation of the secret influence which had beckoned me on in the forest and by running streams. She expressed in loveliness of form the colour and light of sunny days; she expressed the deep aspiring desire of the soul for the perfection of the frame in which it is encased, for the perfection of its own existence. . . .’ ‘Nature in the Louvre’, *Field and Hedgerow*.]

Fishing. June. Meadows. Morning. At starting Shaw puffs, en-  
ceinte. Abner working in the garden with Roses. The Mill, the ricks—  
the stream winds—the cottage. Martial watching behind the crest of  
the hill, ready to dash down and get her fly in the bush but does not, a  
haymaker does—from the copse. She’s going to the house—glass of  
milk—Martial disbelieves. She tires? she can run the hounds. Con-  
gratulates himself not at hand in the folly. Passes the barn. Returning  
she visits the cottage. Old folk. They tell Felice they have to leave.  
Godwin. His meanness. Would not let them have the acorns, or wood,  
or water at his spring, had to go to brook, till Goring opened his door.  
Abner’s parents to be turned out because they cannot work for Estate  
farmer longer and Abner works for Goring.

*For 2nd Vol.* The Show. Abner, incident in rickyard. Felice’s appeal  
for Abner’s parents. Unable to work, ordered and turned out by God-  
win. Godwin refuses. The cruelty of eviction at will, unjust system.

The Mill Dam scene. Martial used to come through the rick yard—  
Felice as he did not come at the usual time went to meet—sees the  
miller distracted—Martial already almost exhausted. Felice brings the  
ladder. Martial now knows his love.

[‘Felice went across the lawn (Goring and his man Abner Brown, as  
usual, were at work in the garden), and across the road into the mead-  
ows opposite. She did not try a cast here, for the stream was shallow,



April—  
September  
1883

and so near the hamlet the boys would be certain to have disturbed everything. Farther down she crossed by a footbridge, and left the bank of the brook to make a short route across by Glads Mill. In the rickyard by the mill she paused a moment to look down into the mill-pool.

'Scarcely anyone ever passed without at least casting a glance down into the deep dark water, which, it was said, the sunshine never reached. Black and still, unruffled while the wind blew above, it was always the same, and always waiting—waiting like Fate. The chaunt of the old mill-wheel, its quivering boom as it rolled round heavily, was re-echoed in the hollow, and the rush of the cascade formed a hissing undertone.' *The Dewy Morn.*]

Intermezzo in Himmel: evident love both sides. Resolution to marry. Godwin's painful anger. Shaw dies—child—girl. Martial accused of it. Remains away. Separation of Martial and Felice. Abner in the cell as having done it. Rosa. The story that Martial dishonourably abandoned her. Things against Martial. Felice's appeal (at parents' wish as well as her vow) to fool Squire—in vain, to release Abner and give him his cottage. Felice, 'Shaw told me she did it herself.' 'No evidence' said the clerk (of the court) 'No evidence' repeats the fool.

Felice torn by the reports of Martial's conduct to Rosa—of his liaison with Shaw—Love is the strongest. She goes to him and tells him. He tells her. They return to Intermezzo. So great difficulties are overcome by explanation. Then Godwin resolves on the Dirce—in the barn to punish her for besmirching herself. Martial rescues—Felice always in front. Not to let the plot overlay the chief characters. [Dirce. In Greek mythology, wife of Lycus, King of Thebes. Tied to a bull by Amphion.]

The Nineteenth Century which has invented the dishonour of success: when to be successful is of necessity to be despised by honest men.

The woman who must be lewd, no matter though she loves, she is still lewd to the core.

How play with circumstance? By giving up the idea of merit.

The minute intelligence required for the affairs of Life. As much intelligence as the second hand revolving 60 times per minute; less than a dog's. Archimedes, Apollonias,\* and Copernicus not needed to calculate algebraically the amount of cabbage for dinner. And mind is

\*In the third century as Bishop of Laodicea opposed Arianism, but put forward a heresy known by his name.



thrown away among a dumb million. What is the use of doing or saying how to do a thing rightly—the million will not wait, or if it is done pass on wordless. [This explains the usual success of mediocrity in the world.]

April—  
September  
1883

The English are the genuine artists because they live it.

September 24.—Wheatear on Brunswick Lawn, red breast, black streak by eye continuous with beak: white bar tail, full finest plumage.

[In this section I have omitted many entries which are merely repetitions and variations of the plot of *The Dewy Morn*, but have left in sufficient to show Jefferies' methods whilst making notes for his novels.]



April  
2000  
123

There's a way among a jump million - What is the use of doing so  
asking how to do a thing right - the million will not wait for it  
done first on another. (This explains the natural success of individuals  
in the world.)

The British are the genuine article because they live it.  
September 24 - 1871 - on the British flag, red and green black  
stands by the continent with back; white and red, full of courage  
- In this section, here, control many cities which are nearly pro-  
blems and variations of the plot of the story, but have left in  
subject to show before, which, after making notes for his  
novel.



NOTE-BOOK

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*November 1883 to April 1884*



NOTE-BOOK

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November 1883 to April 1884



## November 1883 to April 1884

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*Pages 1 to 123*

*All entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph*

SUN LIFE. There is nothing like the sense of the sun and the sea and hill. After the cities return to it. It can give nothing, yet it is best. The Dawn Colours. Love is a continual dawn.

The communication between ants and ants, whales and whales, fishes and fishes, show another medium beside sound.

How many Archbishops of Canterbury to equal a bar of *Madame Angot*?

Martial feels the difference in returning of his poverty. Martial, subsided falsehood, State Octopus. Meeting for the purpose of improving the houses of the Working Classes, outskirts of the town and beautifying them with art pictures, exhibition. A testimonial presented for long and faithful Parliamentary service (To Cornleigh). Martial ought never to love, only to worship the beauty. Martial said 'I do not love, I approach, I recognise, I admire, I worship. I do not love.' [See *The Dewy Morn.*]

The old cottagers in their own cottages, not C's [i.e. Cornleigh's], in which they lived 100 years with art china, odd Dutch like pictures, oak furniture.

November 8, 1883.—Grey wagtail (Dyke Road, Brighton). Young leaves and opening buds elm (not hedge elm), Dyke Road, hill path. The line of clouds, level at bottom, south oversea, succeeded by very warm, sunny day. Clouds in morning. Rain at 10 in the evening.

Translucency of flesh—wonderful hand. Notes. All art. A woman, a tree and a vase. Rubens' beauty, Turner. Notes. Carping Nature. Let a man advance what he will we carp at it.

Notes. *History of Beauty*.—See strength of Women. *History of*



November *Beauty*. The London Style. The smoked skin. [Jefferies made some notes for this proposed *History of Beauty*, which I have.]

1883

April

1884

Apples. Paraffin oil cleanse lichen from. A thin tissue paper softens print and so more pleasant to the eye to read—? preserve mine.

How pitiful the joy at finding a nugget, of no use, production of good. Not like a discovery, yet the great joy over it.

Moneylender is what I am afraid of most, the £100 of bond. Board System.

The appearance of Cornleigh making friends.

Difference between the idea of the chaste, the first, and the mistress who has known.

St. Paul's. Full moon yellow, tree trunks, black architecture, white streak, no smoke on, electric cold white, people walking out with shadow of moonlight.

The winters shorten one's life—the days so short, the sun so little without Sun Life. Were it all Spring and Summer 70 years would equal 200.

Artistically R. G. [i.e. Robert Godwin] ought not to die—it gives a cold deathly sense—but he really could not help it, for it was his nature. [Godwin. A harsh despotic character in *The Dewy Morn*.]

Dawn. Finale. Dawn in the bridal chamber, opal tears, the woman waiting by the window while the man sleeps. [See the last chapter and conclusion of *The Dewy Morn*.]

May it lead to the Russian Mir or commitment—village laws. These would sometimes be useful if not over-riding common law, yet not a wished for innovation, the byelaws too much interference with individual liberty. Almost the only reserve of individual liberty in the country—except of course for millionaires.

*Dewy Morn* Completed Nov. 24th, 1883.

November 26.—Storm blowing up S. from sea met by land wind or change of wind W. edge—packed like snow in front of edge, colours like tinted paper in sky, sky-straight shading, tint in sky. The sea there is on low ground.

When we see leaders of opposite parties outdoing each other in Socialism who 5 years ago would have opposed it with vigour, so we advance rapidly.

Late to bed and late to rise is the way to be whipped round and despised.

Re-making up the Idols. Make Idols up again and worship them while they remain in calm indifference.

The Mystery doctors make of prescriptions.



November

1883

April

1884

There is room for much littleness in a great city.

Most of the great works have had a single character going through a great history and succession of scene, informing the centre of them.

The Interruption Law—time—develop to a certain length as mas-todon and then interruption.

Researches into the Lost Histories of America, the Zodiac, an old Terrestrial Map.

As we grow older the world like a picture fades, the tones are less brilliant, the outline less distinct, the whole less captivating.

No one can ever be far from the place where he was born: distance is not separation. [Was Jefferies thinking of Coate?]

Larks slightly drop the tail when flying short distances.

(1) Simplicity—Directness. (2) What I see, that only. (3) Eye Memory. (4) Extreme delicacy of touch, outline. (5) Extreme delicacy of shade, graduation.

List of Characters, as Behemoth (Grandfather Iden). A central character to go through all, stringing the pearls. This of the real. No use to mix the real and romantic—separate. All real, or all romantic. The idea is to make the central (even in the real) romantic and yet real.

The lines must be deeply worked out, broadened like chalk, or reiterated to be understood and felt. Fine shades and nuances not observed. Almost all ideas or character please or take if thoroughly worked out. [This is an early note for *Amaryllis at the Fair*.]

Briton Riviere: Dog in the Poacher's Etching [‘There is a beautiful etching of “the Poacher.” He is in the wood, and his dog is watching his upraised finger. From that finger the dog learns everything.’ ‘Field Sports in Art’, *Field and Hedgerow*.]

How beautifully that horse pants with the heavy load. It is the Law part of the design, that it should do so, its individual suffering nothing. A man dying, this grand spectacle, this Law, but the dying nothing.

Veronese, Cimabue, Hobbema's Poplars, Wood-Nymphs.

The Perfunctionary. Everything done by Boards, who appoint a Functionary and all is done in a perfunctory manner by the Perfunctionary. The Wire-drawing System.

Shakespeare. The real characters, Falstaff, Bardolph. The high sentiments. Cleopatra. The country poetry. Jessica, the stars, green corn. The Three Real. Romantic, Shakespeare on, most powerful spirit each alone. The Real, the Romantic, the Shakespearian.

Servant priding herself on the Club, £10 on her death to her mother.

Fates. Insuring children's lives, allowing them to drop off.



November 'Gie me a fark, I can't eat my fish wi' this here split spoon.' 3 grain  
1883 straight fork.

April Write in letters a foot high or the point will be lost and not only that,  
1884 add an explanation, legend, afterwards pointing out the point, making  
it clear. Absolutely real.

December 21.—Noon sky between clouds yellowish like tinted paper. See November 26. Fine day, Very fine and mild. *History of the Fields* [title].

One half of the world does not know the exploits of the other half. Quarrel over ancestors, yours Quart Pot, yours Lardy Cake. [i.e. see Mr. and Mrs. Iden in *Amaryllis at the Fair*].

Behemoth interleaving books with leaves. They remain fifty years afterwards and dropped on the table as I turned over the pages.

'Father stole the parson's sheep, we shall have both pudding and meat, but we won't say nothing about it. A merry Christmas we shall keep. Wilts-Sussex.' [Quoted in 'Cottage Ideas', *Field and Hedgerow*.]

The Bottle-Makers. Hard to their relations and clerks, but their extreme horror at war.

Sinews. The lack of breadth of view. They see only the advantage to this party or to that, cannot see the thing itself.

Madonna and Child. No rest for the sole of her foot because of the infant: then afterwards rest and welcome everywhere because of the Child. Hunted from home, mother, the instinct.

In a library I should like a view of the sea, or the hills, or a garden of flowers: for thought is nothing and has no meaning without these. ['Sitting at these long desks (in the Reading Room of the British Museum) and trying to read, I soon find that I have made a mistake; it is not here that I shall find that which I seek. . . . In the sunshine, by the shady verge of woods, by the sweet waters where the wild dove sips, there alone will thought be found.' 'The Pigeons at the British Museum', *The Life of the Fields*.]

Real. Round the farmhouse, the sparrows, the thrush, wrens under the eaves; the cattle, even the pigs, really described. Children playing, finding the thrushes' nest romping under the sackcloth and slipping suddenly over the edge.

Fates. In one day Jan. 3rd, 1884. Accounts of a little child, a girl, purposely burned with a cinder sifter red hot by a devilish girl named Ellen. 'Me Ellen burn,' and of a child left in a cradle by parents. On return cradle burned, child fallen out and dead of burns.

The baby sleeping on the chair: the mother on the hearth. Infants



fed with cabbage, anything parents have. The red herring to suck tied with string, 'Sometimes chokes a bit.'

A mother should always see her infant quite naked twice a day.

Her mother said 'Gawd help the poor mistresses that gets hold of you!' [Quoted in 'Cottage Ideas', *Field and Hedgerow*.]

Married before she knew the difference between one man and another.

The hatefulness of the social ideas about children.

The faith in Holloway's Pills. Human whine of the Barrel Organ.

(1) Health. (2). Fancy, change, spring—autumn myself, this perhaps health. (3) Necessity, too many at home, circumstances. (4). Pre-historic memory. (5). Warmth and food. [Jefferies refers to this migratory impulse as affecting himself in spring and autumn in an essay 'January in the Sussex Woods', *The Life of the Fields*.]

Fl. Scissory, the air brake. Eave swallow, wings closing and pinching the air [small pencil drawing of these].

January 8, 1884.—Down. Bushes and short trees blown like the flame of the candle. Long-tailed tits on dead stems of willow herb 4 ft. high. Rushes, half dead, half green. [Pencil drawing of *The Old Park Mansions*.]

Never go for a walk in the fields without seeing one thing at least however small to give me hope, the frond of a fern among dead leaves: rarely go for a walk in town without something to cause depression: almost despair. [Compare the thought of William Blake who, walking in London, saw on almost every human face 'marks of weakness, marks of woe.']

A great tale of human life as it is. Influence of chance and circumstance.

The leering of the coarse men, not so insulting as the counter-jumpers of the streets.

Enquiries into the births and deaths of people. Their lives and possessions. An immense history through 50 volumes. Built-up history of group.

The Life-History of the Family backwards: as the Drinking Farmers, the Drinking House; the Bed on the frozen pond and the birth there, as the house burns. So of other families.

Parks. Beauty. Thoughts suggested by the London Parks.

Inoffensive men injured by constables, 6 weeks imprisonment versus life long disablement.

January 10.—Barren strawberry flower. Hassocks. Tit sharpening

November  
1883

April  
1884



November saw, Preston [i.e. at Preston Park, Brighton]. Freshness of green under  
1883 leaves: mosses light and deep green. Moorhen croog. Arum lilies.  
April January 13.—Chickweed, shepherd's purse and groundsel in flower.  
1884 She, followed by many men, for the same end, thinks how kind till  
discovers their object.

Little meannesses like keeping and not printing the pamphlet\* of letters to the Times. [I do not know to whom this refers, but Jefferies wrote his famous letters to *The Times* on the *Wiltshire Agricultural Labourer* in 1872. They were reprinted in Besant's *Eulogy of Richard Jefferies* in 1888 (the year after his death), and also by C. J. Longman in *Toilers of the Field*, 1892.]

Even the love described historically. Out of 100 marriages but one true lover, romantic and poetical, a Romeo.

*Memoirs of Family or of Life*. Book I. Under the guise of science, for the good etc. as *The Life-History Album*. *The Natural History of Men and Women* [title].

Grave men pretending to be fools, spending time finding and making difficulties where there are none. Boards.

Conditions of Modern Life in Town, its cruelty. Dyspepsia. Poverty and misfortune, neglect and misery gradually wear down the edge of the moral feelings, vice is easily condoned in others, and it needs but gilded temptation to complete the downfall.

How strange a town looks to me from a distance and height, the rail, why so much effort? The church and procession of people to. The houses like red Hastings packed in a coombe.

The Hamlet Agitator. His low ways repel those who would sympathise with the abstract principle.

Brighton. Bath Chair Pathos. A New History of Life in a New Way.

Great Titmouse Oxeye—sharpening saw. *Green Leaves and Grey* [title]. Child trying to catch the wagtail at the edge of a puddle, so tame.

Matrix of earth, lying on the sward, to invoke it in oneself. [See *The Story of My Heart*.]

Fates. The boy of 15 who crept into hamper on waste ground London (Snow Hill). Three days foodless, starved, helpless, to hospital. Found by police. [This incident was reported in *The Pall Mall Gazette* at the time.]

St. Guido. Discovers the chiff-chaff for himself. His delight in finding new birds he did not know. Watching the yellowhammer's bright breast. Or *Guido's Birds*. [Printed as 'Saint Guido', *The Open Air*.]

\*Jefferies refers to this pamphlet in an unpublished letter. There is no trace of it however.



November  
1883  
April  
1884

January 12 to 16.—Fine, dry and mild, but 17th rather colder.

January 18.—Daisies and field veronica in flower, arable field.

January 20.—Yellowweed flowering, pale. Fine day, slight rain late, 10 o'clock, evening.

January 21.—Very fine, sunny, dry.

January 22.—Fine mist and rain all day.

January 23.—Sparrows? Hedge. Hawking in the air 10–15 ft.—insects.

London is the solution of many problems. I have noticed that every day you live you grow a little more sensible.

Ale, unburnt malt, very pale.

Letters. Philosophy of Fact. History, Memoirs, Biography, Autobiography. Life of Commines [Famous French Memoirs] Private Chronicle Lectures. To have all the value of a history and yet many of the characteristics of a novel. The problem to be solved, Decameron! In days or periods? Behind the stage, the immense amount of arrangement before one piece moved on the board. Entitle it *The Private Chronicle*. Let its contents be historical and protect it by adding a novel—*The Private Chronicle, A Novel, Scandalous History, Scandalous Memoirs? Memoirs of a Minister, Of a House or Abbey, merely a name and the rest introduced? Conquest of England, the Making of England. Constantly quote Plato, or a fancy name moral philosopher to contrast the fact with the theory.*

The girl who deliberately left a good position in life to be a courtesan; several instances.

She loves, he loves. But 3 or 4 years elapse; she temporarily from weakness half tempted, yet true in her heart. When married, troubles make them wish they had never been. By and by firmer attached than ever. By then grey hairs scattered. And this is the Reality of Life. His flirtations the same, yet in the core of heart true. No plot is possible in real life where two people of intelligence have determined to belong to each other. If anything of the kind happens it is from the weakness of one or both, then half-heartedness. No trickery will avail against simplicity and directness of purpose, an explanation will be asked and the plot discovered. *The Reality of Life* or *The Reality*, Title. [This story was not written.]

Transfer light and colour and shade and beauty (fleeting effect) at once to paper, write in pencil quickly or it will vanish and can never be recalled in its glow. Not necessarily in direct reference to things in hand, but for themselves.

January 25.—Yellowhammer in garden. Taking insects in heavy rain besides the hedge.



November  
1883  
April  
1884

France. Six millions of landed peasantry.  
All has been tholed. Every horror and misery. [Of Jefferies' sufferings at this time. Illness, loss of income due to it. Comparatively slight sale of his books. The non-recognition of his genius by the world and his sense that he was deserted and betrayed.]

An author lives by a miracle as he is not paid enough to get food [Slips from journals to which Jefferies had contributed, now in my possession, show that for three articles of some 2,000 words each in length he received six guineas in payment for the three. Such small payments, however, were not always the case. For example, Frank Harris of *The Fortnightly Review* paid him fifteen guineas for *Nature and Books*, in May 1887, as a letter to Jefferies from Harris in my collection shows.]

A she wolf has six times as much butter in milk as a woman.

The paucity of expression for the emotions. Place Concord. Its wreaths, immortelles on the monument are tawdry and absurd, yet they represented deep feelings. The German monstrous statue, cold and stolid. The Americans' steam whistles all sounded at once. Such a paucity.

In the ancient city of—in the Province of—there is a building open to the air with a stage where a play has been proceeding for the last 70 years. You enter and see an act, tomorrow you enter and see another. The dramatic author could foresee 70 years development of his characters. Well, here you enter and see Act 90. The play has been proceeding these seven hundred years. This is Act 90, scenes 1412–1415. I write the MS. I merely enter notes of what I see on the stage. If you do not like it I cannot help it. This is how human nature acts, and I am not responsible for their manners or opinions. A bevy of people come crowding on the stage in that order, chance thins them out into groups and forms a design of their many-coloured dresses.

Mental neuralgia. The idea that a man can only obtain happiness by having to work for his living is indeed crazy. [This thought is developed in *The Story of My Heart*.]

The well-dressed crowd look at each other, they do not speak: how strange no communication between them. Yet all with minds, but all isolated. You could not communicate with them if you tried.

February 7.—Rook vertically against the air twice, then came down. Query scratching. Pushing each other off the poles. Cricket ground.

Superstition. Is it always superstition? Descent of family from well to do stock to poverty in spite of every effort. Greek Fate and Nemesis.



February 12.—Large stars and planets look nearer in bright moon-light than when the sky is black.

*The Blackbird's Kingdom, Among the Hedgerows, Green Leaves and Grey, Manysided Nature, Life in the Meadows, Life of the Fields, The Beauties of Green Things, The Joy of Green Things, Sketches and Essays, The Field-Play.* [These were titles considered for the volume of essays published in 1884 as *The Life of the Fields.*]

London. The House Estate Agent. The Reading Room Man, The Shoemaker. The fact is we cannot make a pair of boots.

The supper is not *coppery*. It may not be just what you wished for, but it is not coppery, i.e. some one else paid for it.

Fishes. Power of making sound. Pond, reservoir, suc-suc, summer, early love calls. More in the sea than in earth or heaven. [See 'Mind Under Water', *Life of the Fields.*]

How much more difficult it is to be a patient than a doctor.

The only pipe that ought to be smoked is a churchwarden because you must sit by the fire for half an hour and cannot walk about the village with it.

February 29.—Moon crescent. Venus, occultation 3 afternoon. As evening came on old moon became more and more visible and shining till at 7 o'clock was very light, a dull yellow like harvest moon; crescent hid behind house, old moon looked as bright as moon; old moon wide surface same colour no markings, as sank still old moon visible though haze.

Infant seven months, colour pictures of flowers, feeling with hand.

If only two men left in the world one would have to kill the other to save his own life.

*The Land of Sport.* Title Somerset.

Travellers Opinions. Birds attracted by light. Window shows some cause of alarm in shrubbery. Cat or person will only do it [dash against glass] if startled from sleep.

But the one thing above all things is to be amusing. Amuse, amuse, amuse.

March 9.—Hawthorn in the garden in full spray.

My kisses are no trifle. Amazon Queen. 8 ft. squeeze.

The sea. Rheumatism a necessity. North wind best. Gas remains all day. *The Least Thing* and should start up in a moment. Stamma. Bronchial, as if some tiny tube were contracted and would not expand—was not elastic when draw breath. Farther walk better it becomes. It is there even when it does not cause cough. Indigestion worst mornings, several hours after food, and middle night. Sense of strain

November  
1883  
April  
1884



November  
1883  
April  
1884

of right side. Morning, get up, cough. Weight dragging down, hard work to stand. Empty. Breakfast. Dreadful emptiness with wind. If wind continues spoils appetite for dinner. After dinner no trouble for three hours, then hot, dry, stuffy feeling, empty and yet with something heavy in stomach. Sometimes increases until 7 or 8. But usually get slowly better. At supper 9 feel well. About 4 o'clock night, say 5 hours after retiring wake, hot dry cough, restless.

Stooping desk, hot, stuffy, flushed. Stand at desk, fell off in middle. (1). Weakness. (2). Loss of flesh. (3). Emptiness. Night, as if 50 lb. weight dragging down on lower stomach. Do not think muscles really so weak but rendered powerless by this sense. See Atonic Dyspepsia for this. A kind of concealed constipation is the cause of 4 fifths of it. Everything eaten or drunk adds to the wind. In the morning as if deadly poison. [A description of Jefferies' sufferings at this time.]

Clean! Of course if the Poor are not clean, they're nothing.

March 15.—*Journals of Life: Diary of Human Life.* March 14.—I sat down on a seat. A woman with a little girl barely able to sit up came and sat by me. The child had a huge jumble as big as two marbles, had it stuck in her throat. No power could have saved her from suffocation. I looked and looked, half spoke, yet checked myself, for people do not like you to interfere with their management of their children. The girl got it half way down her throat, no notice. Meanwhile the slobber dribbled on her white necktie, a very clean respectable necktie, and discoloured it. Again down her throat, more dribble and discolouration. I felt I must speak; when the mother looked: 'Oh, what a mess, spoilt your tie,' thrusting her finger in the girl's mouth she crooked out the jumble and cast it in the mud. The girl's life was of no consequence but the white necktie was. The poor have the most extraordinary indifference to their children's life. At Ramsgate Mr. W. saved a child's life at the jetty. He watched it playing at the edge while the mother read. Suddenly down the child went, he caught it and told the mother. Tossing her head she said 'I'm quite able to take care of my own child, thank you.' In future babies may drown.

Incomprehensible stupidity. The uselessness of attempting anything for the good of others when such asses.

*Diary of the Beautiful and of Thought.* Higher abstract prayer, hope, ideal. Daily thoughts and aspirations.

March 15.—The people are so stupid. 'I've given up the Human Race myself.' Kid gloves pinch. 'I don't mind, they look nice!'

March 16.—Very fine. So warm, no fire. Easterly breeze S.E. It is



remarkable that an easterly breeze if the weather is fine often causes rooms to feel stuffy. Finest of fine weather preceded by signs of storm.

November  
1883  
April  
1884

Life Sketches require some glamour of romance. Life Journal. Day-Thought, Chess. Play two or three games at once. Could not do that with whist or poker. Shows what a silly foodle game it is.

The idiocy of rational amusement. Football, cricket, irrational, but enjoyable. To be amusing a thing must be irrational.

Life Sketches. In great part because my characters are not familiar and not recognised—Farmers. In towns people recognised by readers.

Life Scene. When I walk with a woman and meet others I think they will look at me. Instead they look at my companion. This is very amazing.

Life Sketches. As strange creatures never seen before. Daughter about to leave home for service. 'If hur chatter at 'ee, and you don't like the place, don't you stop, you come back home.'

The grimy navvy, pipe hanging, asked a question, nods head: they seem to delight in little nasty ways, as if sure of the approval of the entire company by spitting in this manner, slouching, or doing anything in the slowest manner. Vol. I of Life Studies? and Notes, Reflections, etc.

Freckle said when he came in, he never would enter a tawny skin.

Human beings are the rudest of tools, ruder than flint on which with sharpened skill prehistoric people worked in the caves. Human beings are the rudest of implements: they require the cleverest of workman to do anything with them, *and he must never quarrel with his tools.*

The back of the head: you see as if it were the back of mind life, of the mind behind the mind.

The unswerving implacableness of dislike or hatred without cause; no allowance; no coming into favour again.

The extraordinary fact that people walk about and must not speak to one another. I should like to talk with every one.

I feel as if outside life and everything, as if it were a mere show. Why cannot I get *inside* it. The apartments at S. the dreadful heaviness of them.

The curious way in which people are absorbed and believe in what they are doing, as editing, or digging.

Old gentleman's white hand and brass clock, skeleton clock, books, papers, always writing, white hand and clock. Surbiton.

House of Flamma. Alere Flamma. 12 years of rotten beams and dusty books. [Alere Flamma was a character in *Amaryllis at the Fair*,



November based on Fred Gyde, an engraver and printer, brother of Jefferies' mother.]

1883

April

1884

Wine connoisseurship, something in which a busy man can indulge himself and his imagination, apart from his office.

Vol. Life Sketches. Include Diary and all. Through N.B.'s. [i.e. Note-books]. Put dates to all characters and Reflections.

Life like them.

*Fallen For Glory* [title].

Slaves. Each page as it goes describes persons and incidents the object of which is not at the moment apparent, so that however small they may be they have the charm of the unforeseen. One man watches another, the fact is carefully described, but the object is not disclosed. This gives every line the force of the unexpected, and makes all dramatic. In the end, looking back, every item becomes understood and is seen to have been useful. But which proceeding while unrolling, reading you see no further than the edge of the roll. It describes the present but does not give any inkling how that bears upon the future or past. No explanatory commentary like the text of a play. Irresistible if each little incident is interesting, assists only if natural.

March 22.—It is all so thin and disappointing. I long for something *real* like the alchemists. The elixir of perpetual life, some richness. After trying hard all day to effect a few shillings and trumpery.

April 6.—Veronica in flower. Sycamore in full leaf. Copse hill. Cowslips, deep orange spots.

April 8.—Seven white and four tortoise shell butterflies.

She was so jealous. She was jealous of my being fond of her, and resented too much attention as if in it to her I had become attached and expressed admiration of the sex at large.

*Forest Days* [title]. *The Canterbury Girls*. *The Girls of Canterbury*. [titles].

One has to teach one's doctor and teach one's lawyer and show them how to do it, else they merely flounder like an owl by day.

'Ah-hoo-hoo-ah,' voice like wood-owl hoot. The modern University and Lawn Tennis voice.

Perfect confidence in everything that occurs to me. Perfect confidence in my fortune. Do all that can be done for all is too little. Think nothing of it. Personal concentration. Use the mind to compel to act outside, inside. Decide for Genius.

The lark (in the night) warming the cold earth with his warm breast, his beating heart.

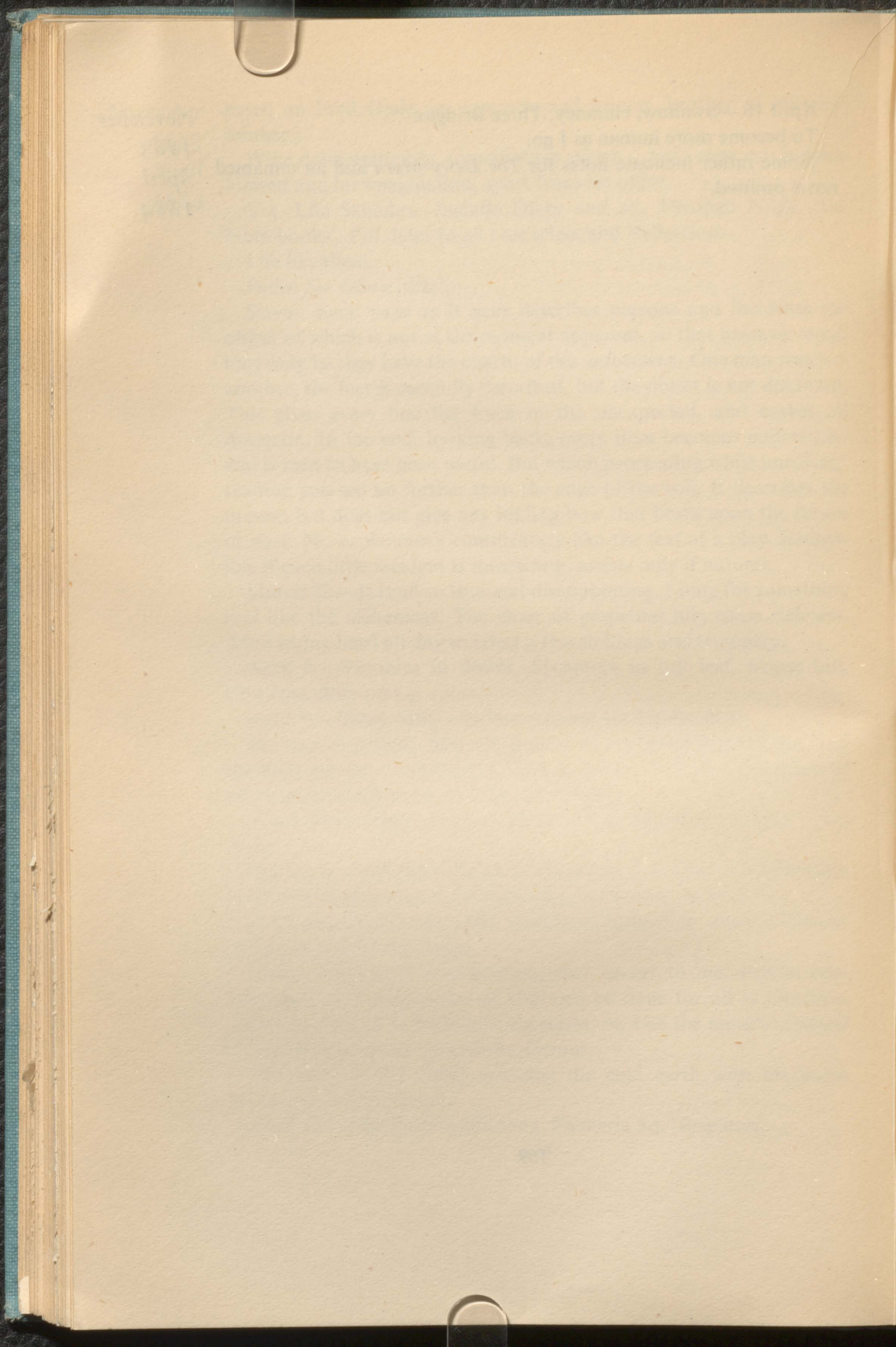
April 13.—Chaffinch in full song. Palmeria Sq. [Brighton].



April 16.—Swallow, chimney, Three Bridges.  
To become more human as I go.  
[Some rather inchoate notes for *The Dewy Morn* and an unnamed  
novel omitted.]

November  
1883  
April  
1884







NOTE-BOOK

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*May to October*

1884



NOTE-BOOK

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May to October

1884



## May to October 1884

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*Pages 1 to 150*

*All entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph*

THE alchemy, chemistry of flesh, as distinct from the chemistry of matter.

By separating so finely, in the separated is found further life: in that which is separated: extreme separation, then life. Earth separates from water, plants from earth: from plants flesh, and higher flesh.

Sun Life. I should be ashamed to be God, to let people endure such misery.

Thames. I looked forward to living by the river with delight. The long rows, the lovely eyots, the old houses, the green lawns, the journeys by water, actual journeys from one town to another, not mere expeditions; so different from a lake; the handsome sailing craft, the fishing, the roar of the weirs, the fishing lore, and occasional trace of an otter, the water fowl, even the barges going on through journeys: all the fresh water life, the plants at the banks, the grassy meads and wheat or trifolium of spring, an endless diversity of entertainment.

No room for a dreamer like myself, you must push for your existence as in the City, and wherever it is necessary to push the repose of the Life ceases. There is no rest then. House-boat, naked arms, well shaped. Thought perhaps I was unreasonable but found that everyone else had a grievance. [Jefferies used this note for his essay 'The Modern Thames', *The Open Air*. He had gone to live at Surbiton in 1877.]

Proverbial interest of the House of Commons in personal questions between members. [This is still most true as recent events witness.]

Sun Life. Everything happens by chance and everything hangs by a thread.

We spend one half of our life wishing for tomorrow, and the other half wishing for yesterday.



May—  
October  
1884

Method is organising the Past, but Victory is organising the Future.  
*In and Outs of Country Life, The Reverse Side Of* [title].

Lady put her tongue in a glove and swore softly to herself.

Tradesman's Gospel. Oleo-margarine text.

The Baby. The different theories found in persons. The Doctor's opinion, the nurse's, the grandmother's, the mother's natural idea succeeds.

Teazle, dipdacus, to be thirsty, the thirsty teazle. Venus's kettle, leaves holding water.

Mrs. — shaking her fist at Mr. — through the window as he sleeps, muttering. [Mrs. Iden in *Amaryllis at the Fair*.]

Amarl. watches the young farmers go by to the market. Mr. — tries hard to please Mrs. —. Splits the best of logs, makes up the best of fires, the plum tree by which Amaryl. stands. But Mrs. — is not conciliated, she wanted bustle, train, dash. Misunderstood. Mr. — was misunderstood and undervalued all his life.

Out in the garden, bathing face and hands in the dew. For Beauty. [In *Amaryllis at the Fair* it says that Mr. Iden was in the habit of dabbling bare-footed in the dew, greatly to the anger and disgust of his wife.]

Why does not the weight fall? Because the chain holds it, but why do the links hold it up, because they are iron, but why does iron hold more than wind? Force inside, what force, why force?

S.L. Always the Beautiful. [See *Wild Flowers*.]

Mrs. — abuses Mr. —, then smashed the daffodil. Cries over a faded wedding glove upstairs. Amaryl. cries over her flower. Mr. — works on. Sustained blows. [See the early chapters of *Amaryllis at the Fair*.]

We have just had a capital game of chess. But you might save yourselves a great deal of trouble. How? By not playing at all.

Did not get money presents because he would not have district visitors in his house pulling over everything.

Ides 13th of each month except March, May, July and October, when 15th.

The genuine honesty and conscientious work of the British character and stupidity just as exhibited in our Foreign Policy.

Gates seasoned, oak or ash of the best, last for many years.

Pollen. Another matter, idea. The action not understood. Indicates the existence of a flowing different to those known, ideas of flowing the rolling of pebbles, of water, of air, of gases, of permation, of electricity (very indefinite) of light. Others to be found.



May—  
October  
1884

Thoughts come as wild flowers grow, in unexpected places, anywhere, without arrangement, or premeditation.

All the genius of the tyrannic ages has expanded in the construction of machines for torture. But every human being bears about with him in the shape of his own body the most exquisite instruments of refined and continued torture that can possibly be made. Let the lungs be slightly obstructed, and the distressing efforts to relieve the tubes [*vessels struck out*] wear the wretched being to pieces. Let the stomach go out of order, and the ceaseless misery is past description. Not an inch of the surface of the body, the skin with its delicate pores and sensitive nerves, not an inch? not the thousandth part of an inch, but is capable of an irritation which goes to the very brain. Within the membranous lining which is really continuous with the skin is yet more susceptible! Our hands, our eyes, our senses, all so many points of torture. Nature strikes so that we may feel ourselves die. Nero a profound student of nature. [*Jefferies felt the Tragic sense of Life.*]

Town servants. Plenty of flimsy rubbish but nothing to wear. Servants from the country bring good clothes, of good material and thrice as well provided though the father may earn but 10/- a week. The country idea is to have it *good* and substantial: the town idea is show, flash for a day and go to pieces tomorrow. [*Two of Jefferies' early printed essays in periodicals are on the servant question. This is not generally known.*]

Porpoise at Mortlake, 12th June. Followed and fired at and struck, but escaped. (The usual fool with a gun. Something rare, therefore shoot it!)

Carmen. Some amount of exaggeration necessary in order to produce the idea of reality, as Fagin in *Oliver Twist*.

As the ripe petals of the poppy fall.

Stocks. English Rails. The temptation is to buy the best of them, and pledge them for the sake of the difference between the interest they yield and the interest paid to the banker.

The poor are always hunted. The people in basement—house agent—set to tasks, weeds, windows, doors, scrubbing.

Because he took his barrow round to sell fish on Sunday morning would not give ticket to dispensary or any assistance.

Laws are made for the profit of the vulgar. The well educated and sensitive shrink from the coarseness of exposing their affairs however [*innocent struck out*] much in right.

It is so miserable to find as one grows older that everything is commonplace.



May—  
October  
1884

Palmerston. 'His eloquence was of that particular kind which is most highly appreciated by an educated audience accustomed to the peculiar tone of English good society. Keep his remarks at the level of the best kind of conversation, which 19 times out of 20, is more effective than the most energetic solemnity.'

History. From the true view. Becket's murderers. A thoroughly English deed, and as usual people too stupid to see the splendour of it.

The round spot by head on wainscot, the hidden treasure, bank notes, so long considered had lost power of action [Mr. Iden in *Amaryllis at the Fair*].

Everything happens in the Turkish manner just the same notwithstanding our cut and dried science. Grand Viziers from slaves or barbers, as much as if the road wagon was still in use.

The insults suffered by Amaryllis from stupid senseless people. The anxieties, the plot and search and research; all the while the papers and notes behind the spot in the wainscot. He took them in youth, hid them, and for forty years had deliberated the best use, till ultimately could not act. Thinking, pondering on these papers had held him down from a man of energy and action did nothing. Sudden change from energy, New York, to mere daily labour without enterprise.

Suddenly Mr. — [i.e. Mr. Iden] wakes up after his 40 years slumber, after a dream of his American days, chopping. Seizes hatchet, cuts in the wainscot, thrust in his arm, scratches and leaves speck of blood, rushes off, is not seen, lost, supposed murdered, the blood and a hair from head like murder. Has really gone to the city of New York with the papers. Ultimately returns and puts things straight. While he has been considering the mortgage has eaten deeper and deeper into his life. [Not used in printed version of *Amaryllis*.]

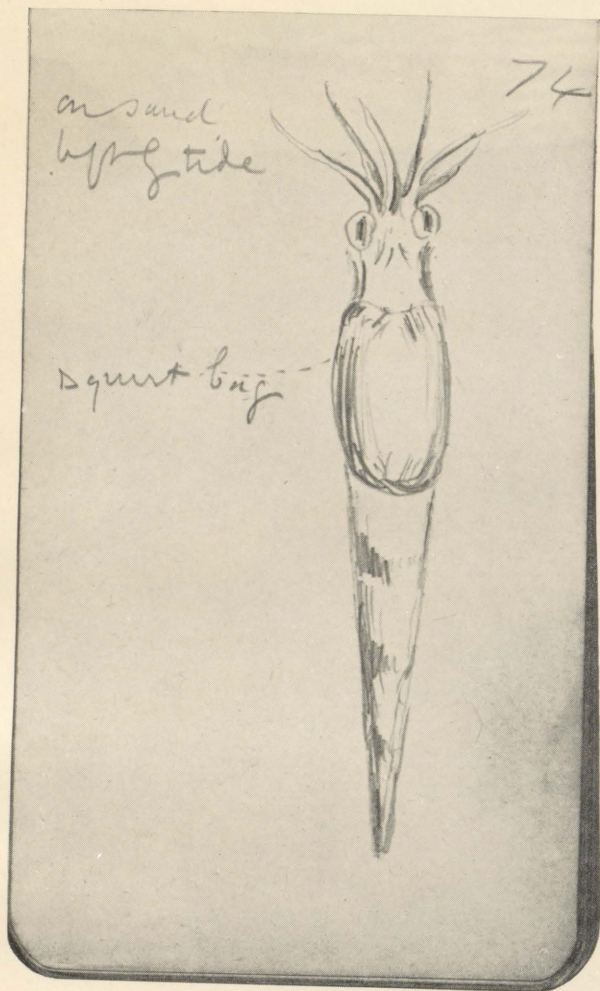
Every man ought to have as his Right Bread and Tobacco. Bread and Circuses. Not as a present from philanthropy, in order that some fool may pose to himself as saint, but as a *right*. The philanthropist one of the Pharisees of these days. I hate philanthropy. [See *The Story of My Heart*.]

Craze for antiquities. People trying to make themselves as helpless as their great grandmothers were.

So great is the labour and the vanity that the question arises is it even worth while doing it to save one's life? Would it not be better to let all go?

June 23.—Sea evenings dark, short, soon dark after sundown; no lingering light and colour and softness as inland among orchards and meadows.





Sketch from Jefferies' field note-book of  
creature left by the tide on the sands  
near Brighton







May—  
October  
1884

The art of life is to plan for great things while staking very little.

You must stoop to the rose, or you cannot enjoy its fragrance.

Humble-bees, snapdragon, prolosers to upper part of lip. White snapdragon. Bees and colour. Infants and colour. St. John's New Jerusalem, the brightest gleaming colour as infants snatch at glittering things.

Honeysuckle indicating gold in the valley under the hill on which it grows.

The Ploughman, nobody pays him.

Convalescence is like walking in sacks, a short waddle and a fall.

*The Little Village of London* [title].

July 3.—Humble-bees at calyx of snapdragon piercing the base with proboscis, small round hole. Some pierced.

Exe. Large leaves. Butterbur (*Tussilage petasites*) same genus as Coltsfoot. Flowers March–April: pale lilac on upright spike 3 to 6 inches. Largest leaf of any English plant. London 203.

Sheep's bit (right) pale lilac. Monkey-flower (plant?) see *Mimulus*. Shepherd's purse, four plants in one summer, seeds drop and grow and drop and grow four times. Astris, touched with a pin the stamens spring back and lie on the petals. Sycamore, acer, sharp, staves pointed made of it and used by Saxon serfs in battle. House-leek sea-green, sea-green leaves. Spindle-tree, making spindles, hard and tough, smells unpleasant, leaves also, prickwood, being once used for pricks or skewers.

Irish furze, North Ireland. Spines soft and succulent are eatable by cattle. This the case with the English species when grown rapidly in a moist climate.

Dyers. Green weed, wood waxen. Used to dye yellow and woad to dye blue, the two together produced green.

Barter of Wives. 'I be tired of mine: let's have your-n a bit. Ar-right.' In Pothouse.

Fl. Vanes rigid halfway and bending there (like sea-gull) for slow action.

Bathing Brighton [See essay *The Bathing Season*.]

July 4.—Eltham.

Catching the jellyfish at Eastbourne, it comes by the pier crowded, the seat with legs nearly off. The seat hot, the rail at the back hot, coat heaving on the ground swell or shadow in the water. Boat floating with a fellow reading.

Brakes to Birchwood. Paul's Cray. Common Bean-Feasts. Factories. The horn. Last year I saw this or that. The constables hanging out of



May—  
October  
1884

windows flirting, the bar, the repellent glass-eyed attendant and the civil landlord with his clarinet. He did not know the brand. The children anyhow in the street. *They don't want an ideal.* They just like it as it is. Bean-feast people, workpeople and children. The little shop and the fresh fruit and vegetables from farm.

What a world this is of sweat. Everybody seems to sweat, human beings, hosses and critters.

Kent, July 5.—Three Jackdaws chasing each other round and about a row of elms. Quantity of honeydew, limes.

Peacock, snake like, calling one note, feeding in aftermath.

Swallows pausing low down over aftermath. Oast House, double cone.

Some lie down where the surf just runs to their knees and sway a little with it. *The Bathing Fair*. The band, negroes, not nearly so many as a few years ago. One rowed along in a boat, statuesque. [At Brighton.]

Beanfeast, Returning. Pink hats, terra cotta hats: roses behind horses' ears, roses in lamp; place for a whole bouquet. Flowers in everyone's hand or mouth or coat. Kent grows enough flowers for the horses too. Bouquets for sale in a row on the parapet of Pope St. Railway Bridge. [Jefferies was living at Eltham.]

I want to get well in order not to care for anyone to care for me. Not being well I hunger for friendliness and companionship but as no one gives it I desire the more ardently to get well that I may cease to wish for kindness from my own species.

July 6, 1884.—Elder scent brought out by shower; titlark still calling; threshing of the heavy straight rain on the trees before it comes up: humble-bee to honey-dew on limes.

Peacock's cry a cat's miaou ten times magnified.

Cutting down an oak is a misfortune.

Poor people's pot of flowers, one sided. They never turn them round, so that the bloom and the plant droops towards the light.

The old men sit about on doorsteps, low walls and in corners and have become like the women who sew and sit, or sit without sewing at the window to watch the passers by. To this men come in their old age. So many years and yet nothing done, or real discovered.

July 8.—Dragon-fly, evening 8 o'clock in ditch hanging down to hawthorn twig; then to elm spray.

Fl. [i.e. Flight]. Oyster shell when thrown at end turns up—as Kestrel soaring, it rises as the onward force increases, at the moment when the impetus is just sufficient to act on the air and not sufficient



May-  
October  
1884

to overcome it. So with birds' wing which is of oyster shell shape, so with boomerang. It is then the upstroke, the rising of the oyster, which supports the bird. For some reason that peculiar hollow form when driven forwards received from the air the maximum of support and rises as it were of itself as the soaring Kestrel. Birds consequently whose wings nearest approach that shape—or a strip of it—as swallow and swift fly with the greatest ease and speed. The downstroke is deceptive, it has led me to seek a power to strike the air downwards and so rise. Instead of which it is the unnoticed upstroke which effects suspension. What I have then to accomplish is not a vane striking down with great force and extreme velocity, but a form of wing adapted to allow suspension from the upstroke, and a mode of applying force which will give a sufficiently quick *recovery* for a second upstroke. The down or back stroke has no value, no more than a stationary plane. Or does the hollow form of the wing gain power from each up and down stroke? The up the most effectual but some assistance too from the down. The blow forward is delivered so as to apparently check the bird against the air, this makes the birds' weight act like the string of a kite: its weight is then the fulcrum, the downstroke has no fulcrum. The sea gull and tern have crooked wings section of full curve and they fly with the greatest ease and fewest strokes.

The upward and forward stroke opposes progress, it is the easing off by down stroke that lets the weight slip forwards. So that at each downstroke, which is simply recovery like rowing when the oars are out of water returning, the bird springs forward and thus the downstroke deceives the eye. If it was the downstroke then the wing should open as it descends instead of which it closes; it opens to the upstroke. [A long note on aerial navigation. A problem which often occupied Jefferies' thoughts at this time.]

July 8.—Cuckoo calling 10 o'clock at night. The York rose folds and closes its petals completely at night. The June rose only partly. Iris in bloom, yellow.

July 9.—Fly. Wasp-like. Taking pollen from fuchsia and from its own feet to which pollen adhered.

Fl. Imitate Kestrel's spiral in rising. One unrolling as the other rolls. Or without India roll one way, roll the other, alternately. When well supported by the upstroke, then the downstroke lifts and propels butterfly, the life of the body at each stroke, rook. If it was the downstroke then the faster the bird flew the less effect that stroke would have because the wing would be like an oar in swift flowing water going the same way: on the other hand the faster the bird flies the



May—  
October  
1884

more power of suspension the least inclination of the plane of the wing in the upstroke gives.

The height of luxury to walk along London streets with 10 crisp £5 notes, all your own and no liabilities, no responsibility, simply to spend. Your museums pah! Your amusements, enjoy them. This is my ideal, Go to Switzerland, Paris, Venice, mosaic it.

In conferring a favour the Englishman lacks grace, deprives it of half its value by his own selfconsciousness.

A human being? I have heard talk of them [*such a thing struck out*] I never met a human being. The over-worked thick-lipped waiter chivying the younger one.

What is life? Pay, in pocket and person. Pay. For what? Examine and find it nothing.

The Woodland Race. Special reference to sounds. Adventures, autobiography, of a House. The Dandelion or go to bed at noon close and know the time of day; the closing clover of the evening; something moist on the grass, dew; remembered that the farmer always came through a certain gateway with his dog every evening and watched it, dislike to shepherds and shepherds' dogs, collies, what she sees, feels and thinks, a day and night.

Woodland Race. Sounds of the woodman, the edge, the tap, the rustle, the call, the note. Smashing nightingale eggs and fern owls. Peacocks' miaow.

Fl. The butterflies wings strike down to the level, and then act for a moment as planes. Moth whose wings strike too low, as much down as up neutralize their own efforts and seem entangled and helpless. Large butterflies whose down wings do not descend much below the plane fly easiest and often float with extended wings.

The part nearest the body to remain spread as plane, rising and falling but not folding, the outer part to partly fold backwards for the slip. Material very thin, the thinness for the firmer hold of the air, and in some degree flexible, for it is the flexibility of the fishes' tail which gives it such a grasp while the rigid blades of the screw of a steamer do not grasp and there is a loss of power in the slip of the water.

I was talking with a hare the other morning as she sat in her form and asked her to tell me all she had done and seen.

*Wood Notes Wild. Over the Turf* [titles].

Representation of the Wretched. Children in the Strand.

July 21.—Hyde Park Demonstration.

Little Village. Mediaeval London. The Thames. Putrid black water, decomposed human body under the paddle wheel. Deeds of darkness,



May—  
October  
1884

the body. Nine Elms, sewn up in sack. Children miserable, tortured, just the same. The tyranny of the nobles now paralleled by the County Court. Machinery for extortion. The sewers system and the W.C. water. The ground prepared for the Cholera plague and fever, zymotic, killing as many as the plague. The 21 parishes of the Lower Thames Sewage Scheme without any drainage at all. The whole place prepared for disease and pestilence. Cruelty of hospital system to patient and to surrounding inhabitants. [See contemporary newspaper descriptions of the terrible living conditions of crowded slum tenements in Holborn and elsewhere.]

This W.C. Century.

July 13.—Swallow carrying butterfly, look as large as corn in rook's beak, presently dropped it. Three hawks, Kestrels.

Kent. Sunday morning. 50 girls, children, blue bonnets, white pinafores, trimmed black bonnets with blue. Two nuns at side, one at rear. Halt, gather flowers, sit down and rest. Three nuns in group. Mediaeval.

Little Village. The Borough. Kent is very Kentish. The Borough is Eltham on a large scale, all very close together, much smoking, much drinking, much 'human nature', very little brutality. [At this time Jefferies was living at 14 Victoria Road, Eltham.]

In the Strand. A gentleman said to his gardener 'Our roses are splendid this year.' 'Yes,' said the Scotch gardener, but added with a rare Scotch conscience, 'but there's better in the village.' And at the show the village roses took the prize. 'How's this,' said the gentleman. 'The children get up in the night to pick off insects and see that their flowers are quite right. Strand Children. If their God got up in the night would not be pale, stunted, and wretched for life.'

All great works with hearts' blood builded.

Little Village. Studs for shirt. 'Have you got any that will not break in a day or two?' 'Oh no, there are none made.'

July 15.—Larks on new mown grass, calling to each other, crested. White convolvulus in flower.

Little Village. Great stationers. Pay good price and spongy paper.

He finds that men are little and local, of all the most local, you only find one or two in a lifetime. You never get but one father and mother.

If you think that things are not local try to get some really new laid eggs.

Poor woman, first husband dead, 9 months afterwards married again. I considered it over you see, which was the best to do; if I went on the Parish they would only allow so much to keep the children, former husbands, so I thought I would have him.



May-  
October  
1884

Kent. Bean-feast. How unhappy their lives must be, to be thus excited over such an outing. So too at the Derby.

Amaryl. He starts with great ideas and finds everyone little and narrow, local village ideas.

Both after so much unhappiness, still more deeply loving, hoping, believing.

Fl. I think the rook's wing does fold or go backwards a little when seen vertically, but the seagull's does not appear to. The swallow strikes up and down usually, from time to time folds back to glide faster.

St. John's Heaven. All jasper gold and glitter, and the Moth's idea of Heaven is the Candle.

It is well known that foxes like to be hunted by squires and farmers but cannot bear to be chased by cockney sportsmen.

Is it nice to take so much notice of nature, nature never troubles about us.

July 16.—Reaping. Rye. The tall rye, thin straw, dry hiss of the wind over, thin air and grain partly exposed. Reaper holds back the rye with left hand and strikes near the ground. Large shocks and the ears curve drooping slightly, not upright like wheat. More of a grassy look.

Stationary shadows of the trees, gliding shadows of the clouds on the aftermath.

I will not be a guardian-nolo episcopali; only in this case genuine. Mr. — would not. A round man in a very square hole, his little habits visible his really great abilities lost. The farmhouse and garden made so beautiful. 40 years before the sanitarians. [This note refers to Mr. Iden, i.e. Jefferies' father.]

Kent. Grass over ripe and spoiling (July). Look at it, no doing anything, haggle with men over sixpence an acre, till it is spoiled, slow.

Little Village. Fly-catcher man, wish he'd come. A travelling blessing, a miracle worker, a sort of anti-Beelzebub.

Kent. Washerwoman in E. [Eltham] 30 years' work, never seemed to care to go out of it. 8 miles from London.

Hove, the pale spectre of Brighton.

The swallows rushing to and fro; the butterflies: all things animate in motion from dawn till night. Man only confines himself to a chair and dish.

Amaryl. goes to Behemoth's to the Fair; is to read the book in old faced type. Behemoth goes on about her bad father: she is admired by the men at 'The Boar'.



May-  
October  
1884

Behemoth takes off his white hat to the young squire at the window who is mocking at him. [Behemoth, a character in *Amaryllis at the Fair*, is Amaryllis's grandfather, i.e. Jefferies' own grandfather, John Jefferies, the old miller of Swindon.]

Do you like that sort of work? Got to like it. Pity I learned it cos I've had to do it ever since.

Mrs. — [Iden] not naturally so cross-grained. The result of unhappiness, misfortune and the nervous disease, hereditary of their family.

July 18.—Thirteen missel-thrushes, flock.

Amaryl. He was the same name and of the same stock, branched off generations since. At first Mr. — [Iden] makes a great fuss with him, till he begins to utter his ideas; then of course he is no one.

The shock it gave Amaryllis to see her father in spectacles reading his paper aslant.

Snobbish devotion of Behemoth, flunkeys, pool. It is the well-to-do who are the lord worshippers.

Behemoth takes off his hat to the young lord (by courtesy) just kicked out (shown out) of the army.

Where shall I go to escape life? Disease is everywhere. We carry life with us and its dangers. [The truth is, we die through our ancestors; we are murdered by our ancestors. Their dead hands stretch forth from the tomb and drag us down to their mouldering bones. . . . This day those that die do not die in the sense of old age, they are slain. . . . The only things that have been stored up have been for our evil and destruction, diseases and weaknesses crossed and cultivated and rendered almost part and parcel of our very bones. *The Story of My Heart*.]

July 22.—Hot sun, little crackling sounds among the wheat, increasing as the wind blew. Rain in the afternoon.

There's a certain amount of fascination in watching a fool. See the crowd about a street piano, and go to Punch and watch the crowd at Margate.

I have often thought that the secret of wealth is how to use money, not how to gain it. Almost everyone earns or obtains money, few indeed know how to use it. Families: look round, that have had money but now always in trouble and debt.

You may understand the misery of the human race by considering the speed with which the practice of smoking spread. The Turks and Mohomedan world imperilled their salvation, their houris, for was it not predicted, damnation for latter-day pipes and coffee? To soothe the dull unhappiness of monotonous life.



May-  
October  
1884

July 23.—Warm and cloudy. West wind light. Soft dry weather.  
Thunder flies: pretty well.

The Keeper Squire. Finds more sport, and all the year through, in killing the vermin than in shooting the pheasants. What would he do if there were no hawks, owls, stoats, and weasels? and foxes?

No man a hero to his valet? The very man he is a hero to.

Your father Elderberry was not such a gooseberry as to send in his bilberry, before it was dewberry.

He is attacked by dyspepsia and Cavendish [St.] can't cure him. [Cavendish Street, London, near Harley Street. Jefferies at this time consulted a famous physician without result.]

Kent. Its something I fear, in the atmosphere; the Elthamites enjoy their beer.

Naked feet, red cloak put on wet bones. The undertaker's horses, red roses, bean-feast, merry party. Piccadilly horses.

Kent. Mallow on ground spreading, rich manure, richer than elsewhere, darker.

The Road. The three brown fruit pickers. [See 'Golden Brown', *The Open Air*.]

Fl. What is the greatest pace at which air can travel? If you can make anything to travel faster than that you must overcome it. 100 miles an hour—say 120, two miles a minute? Fifty eight yards per second stroke. Must rise  $14\frac{1}{2}$  times per second, 20 times per second would overtake.

Kent. White bryony over the tops of the hedges, a lacework.

Strand. One day's people. Countryman sitting in the bus in the same attitude as the Egyptian gods, heavy and straight, a surly glower on his face, as much as to say, 'you midnt go for ti try it on, I've been in Lunnon afore'.

It was reserved for the clever and scientific XIX Century to smash its marrow bones or if large shovel out with spoon. *Natural Man* split them: difference from an animal, which smashes *Natural Man*.

August 4.—Kent. Humble-bees nest under hawthorn stole: festoon bryony, how did it reach bending down stick afterwards, with spread wings, dead. Flung aside, flew off: wasps, a swarm of in willow on leaves and rods, humble-bee and flies no apparent honey dew: burdock white bloom; bird's foot lotus deep orange, claws crimson.

Fl. Moth wings give a hollow in down stroke, stiffer and so continue in upstroke.

Wood-pigeon appears to partly fold at each motion, rook not.



May-  
October  
1884

Kent. August 4.—Half hour after sunset, pearl grey light west with scarlet. South, moon reddish yellow, bright, nearly full over palest amber wheat. Cloud of midgets round hat. Clover shut. Heavy shadows hung in foliage of the elms, silence except the sound of the reaper the other side of the hedge, slash, rustle-slash, rustle. [‘Still heavier the shadows deepened in the elms; all was silence, save for the sound of the reapers on the other side of the hedge . . . and the drowsy night came down as softly as an eyelid.’ ‘Under the Acorns’, *The Open Air*.]

Kent. Two chaps. What’s this? Clover. Are these good to eat master? Filbert. Yes, nuts. At the same time the dust like that of an army, the brass, the noise of Bank Holiday.

All the nicotine swallowed in England in one evening, the Turks narghile, Western civilization 7000 years behind.

John Bright the curse of his country. Gladstone’s evil genius.

Infant. Centre of gravity. The scientific people say the reason an infant falls easily is because its centre of gravity is near the earth, while a man’s is high. The real reason is because an infant before it can walk bends the knee and drops on buttocks; so soon as can walk doesn’t give at knees and strikes the head in falling.

August 5.—Kent. Figwort 8 ft. high in flower, stem  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch to  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch square.

When noble manhood stoops to folly, and finds too late that girls betray; Oh, what can cure his melancholy, what cocktail wash dull care away? The only way his fault to cover, to prove his grit to every eye, is just to go and take another, and make his money fly.

‘And Hell, though her bowels be both monstrous and vast,  
Shall have a full gorge of damned parsons at last.’

Infanticide would soon return if not for the law. Servants. Knew of two who strangled their infants, not able to keep.

Men always turning to blackguardism, not the grand vice and splendid theatric show of Nero, but low sly coarse vice, low women at the low public lower than themselves. The Blackguardism and the Coarseness. The coarse low life, everyday to the same handwork, same coarse jests, the fogging, coarseness through all.

Ten men and a boy in the wheat each with a big stick, shouting like war, the reaping machine still in the corner. He goes, ‘Let the little imp go.’ Here’s a chase in the stubble. Stick misses. One huge fellow catches his foot in a sheaf and goes head over heels. Rabbit doubles back to the wheat. One lying on sheaf, brown and brown-grey, red handkerchief by it, drops of red blood on the yellow straw. Sport for



May—  
October  
1884

them. *I hope human nature will never alter*, none of its vices ever *eradicated*. The City people think a man ought to drink oatmeal liquor, go home, pay his rates and be contented. He wants a bit of sport and a glass of beer. The vices are the best. Thank goodness there is no possibility of altering human nature. Fancy a Scientific Man, fashioned according to Science. Fancy a Clerical Man! or a Villa Man! The boy squeezing the mouse till its eyes stand out of its head like beads, laughing, highly amused. 'They young rabbits beant no good; they lives till they be half growed and then goes off.'

Their precedents work out their fates by cruel contradiction. Mr. — [Iden] the engineer is forced to live the life of all others opposite among cows. Mrs. — [Iden] restless, obliged to sit about in the farmhouse. He the thinker and dreamer forced to commonplace work. Amaryl. who so dearly appreciated the old house sees it go away, who so dearly desired to help her parents saw them in trouble and could not help one penny. [A pathetic reference to Jefferies' parents and himself and his own inability to help them in his youth.]

The morality of Sydenham. The Sydenham creed. To produce the Villa man. Villa, van, not a home.

August 8.—The pollen, humble-bees fertilising clover. The pollen put on the other causes a chemical change, ? yeast, which is life, as the flame is combustion.

The chief purpose for which landowners are maintained is the prosecution of trespassers.

The Powers. Merely so many landowners. Egypt.

Zola, which looks realism is imagination. This is the real. Amaryl. and her lover by degrees finding out all things and persons to be coarse. A. and L (Lover) learn that here there is no continuing city, bitterness of. Amaryl. driven among these low people. Suspicion as to her character. A beautiful girl, good, true, loving, full of the tenderness and richness of heart, met with the rude rebuffs of coarseness, interest, stupidity. A man full of ideals and thoughts and nailed down to the commonplace. Met at every turn with disappointment.

Amaryl. prayers, never answered, therefore bitterness.

Everything incomplete and not finished off, houses, character, achievements, great buildings, incomplete somewhere. St. Paul's unfinished. But that's nothing. St. Paul's is a baby cathedral in its infancy. St. Peter's.

August 9.—Humble-bee to the poppies.

Flowers grow as poppies in the corn without conscious plan and so do people.



Character Incident. The Official Husher Up. Pooh, only English Cholera, 200 cases Blackburn. If never English Cholera of disassociation. As Catholic smell in houses. Feature of the Times. Official Husher Up.

May-  
October  
1884

This elegant beautiful woman of graceful outline no more practical value really than the hags outside the Low Pot (house).

Coarse! coarse! coarse! Real! real! real!

Pipe. Merchants? The best pipe London has to offer is the Reed and clumsy Butt—butt coils? as in contrast with the Barbarian Turks! Narghile.

Glass Refrigerator. A chamber to cool smoke  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch at least? Tiny holes at the bottom or shelves inside. Thin shelves to refrigerate air entirely, window India. Air on table surface cool as see smoke of cigarette.

Mr. — [Iden] paddling in the dewy grass, summer. Why not? We paddle in the sea.

August 13.—Brown meadow, white clover thick fading brown, and yellow hawkweed thick. Brown surface and yellow studded over.

A boy whipping a butterfly to make it go straight along the road.

Bottles Old. 'I always do this! Why do we always do this? The religion of habit.'

Mrs. and Mr. — [Iden] making love over the lavender. He planted it to please her. Sending large bunch by Amaryl. to the Bottle People. House of Flamma—Old Books.

Suppose the women were like the men, rough, and we had to make love to such a lot of infernally beastly wretches, pah! Shouldn't we think them ugly? The patience of the women in putting up with us so long generations.

Mrs. I [Iden] 'I don't care about the lardy cake but nothing to be proud of to be dissuaded from a greasy lardy-cake. Yew couldn't say anything, you descended from a quart pot.' [Lardy-cake, dough, lard, sugar-spice.]

Behemoth. Best thing about him he was proud of his trade. The rascal flatterers who came to buy lardy-cakes, Amaryl. sees them. He gives them back the money and 2d. besides.

Amaryl's strawberry mark, her mother's longing.

Behemoth. 200000 guineas spade under his bed. Thought John, Martha saw the box. Amaryl. passes the stay makers. Established 200 years.

Harmonium. A man who plays the harmonium is lost, his soul is gone. He's damned everlastingly, or rather he's impervious to



May—  
October  
1884

everlasting for he never had a soul. He ends like a tallow candle when he goes out. Puff! and then nothing, miserable guttering wretch.

Misfortunes of the Human Race, not the Poor only. The unhappiness of it. The great hope of the future. The Revolutionist. Great principles and Heart and a Soul.

I am nearly a total abstainer. Practically I am quite. Claret, Port, Cyprus. Recovery to moderation from long illness. They advised me to take my cod liver with port wine. To shake it up together in a bottle and so tipple it. Somehow I fought shy of this. It was too much like mixing the profane with the sacred.

If the Laocoon, or Accroupie [Stooping Venus, statue in the Louvre] herself, or the Medici Venus was there, not one would have gone. To get people you must make a Row—the Tom Tom. If a fete were started at which a drum, or an anvil, or a gong, was to be beaten by each individual visitor, not by the band alone, but by everyone in a grand universal chorus of Tom Tom; what an enormous assembly would flock together. When New York wishes to do honour to a visitor they blow all the steam whistles together. Or promise them rows of seats just opposite to stare at each other hard, stare, stare, stare, magnifying glasses provided, what crowds!

Idea. A shining example of the impossibility of making money by hard work. That you could do so is a popular and ever recurrent illusion. Arabian Nights. Roc by lump of clay. One of the wisest books ever written; might have been done by Solomon. [*The Thousand and One Nights* was one of Jefferies' favourite books.]

Madonna and Child. Throughout Italy. Japanese child-lovers. Ancient and original Christianity was a child in a Manger. Modern (organised) Christianity?

Poets. *Don Juan* best. Swinburne has 40 lines equal to Shakespeare.

Flag leaves, it is not the water that is green but the flags, and yet the water has dots of duck weed on it—Lemma mirror ye poor botanists—and so is in a manner surface green but still there's the Ideal. It is Nature reflected.

Browning, on the tip of the man Sordello, seems intelligible enough to me.

S.L. The careful way in which misery is arranged by nature, God. Flies over a child's eyes asleep.

The Dyspeptic. Total failure of medicine. Go back and bathe in St. Winifred's Well, as Duke of Norfolk dipped child, quite as efficacious as iron and valerian.

Fl. The wing must slightly twist upon its longer axis to give the



upstroke, else how rise? The greatest spread of a bird's wing is when it is rising.

Dairy-butter when quite new has a faint wheyish smell and is not so very nice to the taste. This goes off next day or so and leaves it delicious. Pig-butter is pleasantly *scented* at first, but quickly deteriorates.

The Ten Tribes collected so much money they disappeared. The Two Tribes left are practising their extinction as hard as they can. Let us egg 'em on.

Earthworks over Marlborough Downs: Sussex Downs: Salisbury Plain: Avebury. Show existence of population. Possibly these slopes were once fertile when covered with forest? Yet in the great forest of Marlborough the trees are often short of water.

Why is the sun less brilliant and paler during the night?

The greatest schemes have failed from *expecting people to have intelligence*. This belief is folly.

He served me so badly and loved me so dearly and made me his wife or at least very nearly. I loved him so madly, so very sincerely: At last he deserted, my misfortune merely.

Behemoth gives largely to all improvements and progress, yet is such a truckler to my lord. Independent, not ashamed of his trade [baker and miller] not without taste, the bramble leaves [Jefferies says elsewhere that his grandfather used to put leaves between the pages of books to preserve them, as others press flowers] yet kisses my lord's boots.

Behemoth and the town [Swindon]. Used to be only one house in this street and only two in that, and a pigstye there. Notes for Amaryllis, as she reads at home a good deal, therefore inclined to make a favourite of her.

Amaryllis's bedroom. The garret and prayers, Mrs. Iden and the butter. Anger with the villa stupids.

Iden. My lord Lardy-Cake, Gaffer Iden. Flowery Iden. Marquis Iden. His Grace! Indeed, with his whims and humours and caprices and manners, if he had but had a patent of nobility he would no *doubt* have made an extraordinary good Duke.

Amaryllis in the evening calls for her boots. Can't make a boot. Accompanied by old Iden at the mansion, won't admire. His rage, pushes her away instead of saying goodnight. Her regret to have thus injured her father. Old Iden vents wreak fury, but instead of scolding Amaryllis, her father is pleased, by her independence, and sends her in for new boots. Can't make a pair.

May-  
October  
1884



May—  
October  
1884

If it had not been for his veneration of the carpet I believe he would have spit all over the place, coughing.

Flamma House. Intellect overcome and burdened with the troubles of life. Genius dulled till it Quart Pots. Amaryllis sketches Flamma. Could write a letter in sketches.

Iden. Seven devils out of Madgalene. How drag the demon of politics out of ninety years? Iden. I have been a good bit about and never found but one thing you could get genuine: the Lickspittle. Not a glass of beer for 5/-. A Lickspittle everywhere.

After her new boots with the sovereign Amaryllis smells round the town for bloaters for her mother.

August 26.—Fl. Rotation. The bee sustains itself by down strokes only, therefore they are inconceivably rapid that the effect of the one may not be lost before the next succeeds. Their upstroke helps a little in progression but does not otherwise sustain. Suppose I put the tern's wing on the rotator? Twists as he rises gradually and suddenly untwists to give it blow. India. Twist of half twist caused by spring-clasp. [Page of pencil diagrams.] Fl. The down blow must be twice as strong as the up. In rising stretch a band and as turn over it gets its pull. Instead of flexible joint in order to avoid weakening rod and also use India hinge all along the rod. [Pencil diagrams and descriptive notes.]

Dreams in the midst of business. It has just occurred to me now and then to use ideas, not work to them. 200 years ago, cuckolds. I wrinkle up the skin of my head and try to think how horns would feel.

Its only when we get near 40 that we see how beautiful our youth was: how beautiful it was to be 'Coming through the Rye'.

I have been seriously thinking of the Congo, but then you see they have not got Mendelssohn and various amenities similar.

My fatal tendency to run into the Ideal. I begin resolved on coarseness and soon get to the dawn, damn it.

Mrs. Duck, when she died they washed her face with Gin every day to keep it fresh and put artificial flowers in her coffin. Not worse than the tin flower wreath.

September 2.—T. Freeman, Newsagent, High Street, Welling, Kent: 'Bees in my hive are all alive, for sale for little money; If you are passing by, step in and try, the pureness of my honey.'

Bees and beehives for sale, Pure honey in or out of the comb.

September 9.—Direct writing. Title. *Dead Men's Tales*.

Cholera. Injection of alkaline solution under skin, to replace serum lost under first attack, prevent asphyxia and give time to combat disease.



May-  
October  
1884

The two branches of Flamma, bound together by a will or deed. The Elder, cigars and port wine but a knack of securing the custom of the great: but in fact he could not do without the Younger Flamma's tipsy but excellent hand-art men, not to be got in all London. Each branch thus depends of the other for they could never have got the orders nor he executed them. Each anxiously desiring the other to die out: soaped staircase but he came up and down with such a slow puffing port wine step nothing could trip him.

Mrs. Iden. Generous, always giving. Not a house in the village but had had something, a book, an old engraving, pearls indeed before swine. Not one had ever given anything to Mrs. Iden, not so much as a plate of ripe pears: scarce one had so much as asked her to tea. She was not a bird of their feather; there were in truth feathers in her wing very very far superior to theirs. Extraordinary absence of the giving faculty. No gift, no generosity. no broad margin of allowance.

Amaryllis's temper. I like people who go to prison and dare. The Nihilists, revolutionary. The martyrs for a cause always win and have done so through the world's history. You may snuff out a candle but the sun will rise in the morning. [Jefferies often puts his own personal sentiments and the expression of his feelings into the mouth of his favourite character, Amaryllis.]

Fl. For purposes of illustration the air may be supposed as acting in parallel lines. Explains kite oyster, shell boomerang and value of upstroke which is the string of the kite. Boomerang always flies in the direction of the longer arm.

I like to sit in my arm chair with a bottle of good wine and large glass—may all evils light on little glasses—beside me and a box of Carlton cigarettes and lay down the law with a select circle of trustful confidants around me. On Cholera, Government of London, and so on. Indeed, I could very easily manage the world in this way if people were only just a little more reasonable. [The world has not changed much since Jefferies' day. We all know, and dislike, these people.]

Coming along the drive I saw an eye. Sat down against two pheasants, chink of chaffinches, humble-bees nest, wasps.

Match will burn on the surface even in wind. Lie down to light your cigar. This explains forest and other fires. Matches instead of going out often flare up afresh.

He who analyses is lost. I could do nothing so excellently well in faith if it was not something to do.

Squail-footed, flat-footed. *Standard*. September 10.—'The telegraph line between Samarcand and Bokhara was opened to-day.' *Standard*.



*May-* September 25.—In 1882 one in 5 died in workhouse, or hospital.  
*October* 14000 in Workhouse, 6000 in hospital.

1884 October 2.—6 herons, towards Chislehurst.

Does your own handwriting always look ugly to you? and someone else's more graceful or superior? It does to me.

If you wish to be ahead of your fellows you must either be extremely strong, or extremely cunning. You cannot get ahead of them by great generosity or desire for their welfare or by pure intelligence.

The flies, what happened to them? How melancholy they must have been in the days of Beelzebub before they were counted.

[I have omitted a few of the entries on Flight.]



NOTE-BOOK

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*October 1884 to March 1885*



NOTE BOOK

October 1844 to March 1882



## October 1884 to March 1885

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### *All entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph*

IDEN. People be so damned clever nowadays they daunt know nothin.

[Farmer Iden of Coombe Oaks, a character in Jefferies' last novel, *Amaryllis at the Fair*, was based on the personality of his father James Luckett Jefferies. It was published in 1887, just before its author's death.]

Tennyson reciting to the [Russian] Emperor, disgusting: 'And the individual withers, but the Czar grows more and more.' *The individual withers in Siberia*.

Fl. Send up small captive balloon from the main balloon carrying a kite, to form fulcrum in the upper current.

Sydenham Morals. The Charity Suppression Society, Organisation Society. [Jefferies, like W. H. Davies after him, much disliked the C.O.S.]

Flight. Thinness, tenuity, is a most important element. Which was oldest, bow or boomerang? Austral, antediluvians, did they know something about flight?

The Flies. Why does a meat fly buzz with its back to the window?

I begin to doubt if it is any advantage to a girl to be beautiful. The ugly wretches get married quite as often and as quickly. Indeed, vast numbers of men seem to prefer the ugly. I think that the Ugly is a Culture in Great Britain. Hard, plain, stupid, with £500, is sure to get married. Now fancy marrying £500 with ugliness and stupidity!

Take a play out of Shakespeare and recase it in Russia and how it would be admired! With Sarah Bernhardt to draw her face down 300 yards or so, say as long as the Danube.

Sydenham Morals. The Stuffing Institution. Where they cure the brain with beef, iron spoon, chaw, chaw, chaw.



October Fates. Child held over the fire by its father and died of the injuries.  
1884 Children at school live on swedes (*Watford Standard*, Oct. 9th). A  
March wild beast called a hare went along the road to school and picked the  
1885 herbage, choice and plenty: the human beast had swedes, and these  
stolen.

Rome still the best supply of water. More per individual than London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna put together. After 2000 years the Parisians suck in their water from a line of dead dogs, and visitors to their city dare not drink the water. Apollinaris or diarrhoea is the alternative.

Where purely Chase, art, carved shaft. We may be sure this weapon has a carved shaft. Our keepers do not carve their gunstocks. [See 'Field Sports In Art', *Field and Hedgerow*. 'The gamekeeper carries his gun the year through, and sits in the room with it when indoors, still he never even so much as scratches an outline of his favourite dog on it.']

Animals are Mahomedans. My baby [i.e. Phyllis Jessie Jefferies] picks the cat up by his tail; the cat submits gently. It is the will of Allah.

He believes in the 20000 guineas, long bill. So does the solicitor who lent Iden 500.

October 11.—Flight. [Small pencil drawing.] Up and down by rotating horizontal screw as giving great force. Upright screw, with break in or sudden end to thread to let the wing fall. Perhaps swing once or twice by itself behind screw.

October 11.—Dying rook under elm, black wing flap, flaps. One peacock 'eh-ha-ee-ah'. Rooks overhead caw indifferently. Peahen, then all 4. Crowner's quest, verdict. Cloud of rooks utterly indifferent in elm above. [Small pencil drawing of rook on ground and part of tree trunk.] [See 'Outside London', *The Open Air*, for a description of this incident.]

Sun Life: Biography. Enlarged Story of My Heart, Explanation. [In the four notebooks written during the last few months of Jefferies' life, see the end of this volume, he writes the notes for this projected recast and revise.]

October 12.—White marked blackbird, left side of neck. Pope Street.

'Mammarial Balm for improving and developing the bust. Post free. 30 stamps. J. White, Shipley, Yorkshire.'

I never went down the Strand without seeing a Starving Woman or Person. You Christians do not consider the giving of alms meritorious.



You selfish beasts! Is it because you have not eyes, nor hearts; but chiefly eyes?

A Cockney is a man who has educated himself to see nothing.

Rook, hare at Sydenham. Cuckoo wood by the Brighton trains. The German Church guttural enough to frighten all the merry birds in England. White bryony. Rook. Cottage, vine rose, jasmine viz. Tea plant, hops.

On the Pond. Orange, overhanging and reflected in the black water, circled with green wood. Moorhens, 8. The 6 herons. Ivy blossom among the yew trees. Walls with wallflowers and snapdragon: figs against the houses, one end of house covered. Peacocks, rain. [See 'Outside London', 'These peacocks are the best "rainmakers" in the place.']

Sunflowers for the humble-bees and the butterflies. Reed Canary Grass. The pointed feather-leaves, yellow, the stalk part still green: filling even the brick-yard pit. I remember a similar pit with bulrushes. Why doesn't the Painter paint such places? Is it because he can't see them? or because his patrons will only purchase fancy scenes? But look at Millais's *Chill October*, that is no fancy scene I am sure. It made up of bits, still it is no fancy scene. [See the essay 'Outside London', *The Open Air*. 'The dismal pits in a disused brickfield, unsightly square holes in a waste, are full in the shallow places of an aquatic grass, Reed Canary Grass, I think, which at this time of mists stretches forth sharp-pointed tongues over the stagnant water.']

The fields are in Kent and so near London that if a labourer has a rose in his garden to sell he could easily walk in with it and sell it.

Crowner's Quest. There was something dark on the grass under the elms in a field of the granary. It rose and fell and we saw it was a wing, a single black wing. [Of a rook.]

The Turkeys that would not let the boy have his hoop. White marked blackbird. Convolvulus on bush.

Over Clapham Junction, back of red roofs, street curving a little so that houses one side impinge on the other, and so make gables. Lines and tints in juxtaposition. Coloured signs swinging across red tiles.

Willow tree. Empty pond, mud green grown, roots from stem once under water.

What opens one's eyes is the small estimation in which women are held by women. Suburban Women, Wall-eyed Women. But she's very clean. Horrible virtue. And she's very tidy. Could anything be so wretched. *Tidy*. The word is simply awful.

October  
1884  
March  
1885



October  
1884  
March  
1885

[Small pencil drawing of machine, looks like an attempt at a primitive airplane.] Up plane, down plane. [See *The Old House at Coate and Other Hitherto Unpublished Essays* by Jefferies for a development of his theories of aerial navigation.]

America is England spread-eagled.

The boots squeak. He wanted to have but one pair which did not squeak.

Why do people smell so nasty on Sundays? Is it an essential of the Athanasian Creed? The lower classes polished with pomade, shine and stink. If you pass the open door of a fashionable church the odour that comes out is overpowering. Scent, new dresses, twice-breathed air, pah! Let us run away. [See 'The Country Sunday', *Field and Hedgerow*.]

Rook. Nature teaches, gives so much more than the tree gives. Lark singing over the coloured leaves. Brown oak leaves on bank reflected in dark water.

St. Peter Robinson has been heir to a great many people. As soon as they are extinct the youthful recipients carry the coin straight to St. Peter.

Fl. The rook's wing goes straight up and down but its plane changes working on its axis. So as to support with upstroke, works as it were in hole. [Small pencil drawing.]

Butcher. Mrs. Cooper. 'La Sir, hoo different you speaks to them to what you do to me. Well, ahem, the fact is, these ladies require so much homage.'

Click-a clock-a cluck- clocka, peculiar sound of van horses' hoofs on London, or any hard streets, especially asphalt. As if the hoofs were hollow.

The Literary Dustbin. Jane Austen, Trollope, Christopher North, James Payn, Pure Twaddle. Lord Tennyson the only writer thrown a slur [*disgraced* struck out] literature since the Printing Press was invented 400 years ago. The strangest people I have met are those who read books and believe in them.

Roger. Nov.—Winter: both hard and stiff: farmers reducing wages and *Times* talking of raising the price of bread. [Roger the Reaper. See 'One of the New Voters', *The Open Air*.]

The Fair. Yokels pleased with Fair. Londoners with Lord Mayor's Show.

Amaryll. [Amaryllis] and her prayer room. Dreams. Always the same. That the Thatched House is on fire, Amen. Thinks that they will not be so little-minded, prejudiced, and stupid [in London] as they



are in the hamlet. At Sydenham and finds, they are yet more bigoted.

Sydenham Morals. Washing. The lady thinks that washing is not hard work. She has washed some bits of lace and handkerchiefs.

November 13.—Thrushes. For some time early morning, outburst of song, charm like spring. Exceptional autumn.

Single-barrel good for snipe shooting. After using single barrel if use double barrel shooting soon deteriorates. [See 'The Single-Barrel Gun', *The Open Air*.]

Shooter's Diary, Shooter's Days, Cutting the Reeds. The robin takes the sparrows' crumb on the wall. Cutting the flags. November 13th. Great showers of leaves to-day.

A Description of London. Straight through, beginning with the Strand. [This project was never completed. But I have a number of very interesting notes made for this purpose among my unpublished Jefferies' MSS.]

The Demi-Monde. Haymarket 1 p.m. Cannot report change of residence within 48 hours. Greenwich Police Court. Turned out of lodgings because could not pay rent. Brought up failing to report. Had no address.

Flight. Air hold between two fans for firmness, stratum of air between. Could it be used? Would there be greater hold on the air with a double wing?

Baby. Turning round before sitting down on carpet like dog.

That the Ideas of the Labourer, of the lowest classes, are the ideas of the Highest, nor the Highest of the Lowest.

The dim uncertain faces of the crowd, half seen in the gas and through the rain. Grey horse's head. The crowd looks larger at night. The two jovial, rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed ladies under the Adelphi Theatre Arch. When I passed again still chatting, laughing, plump and comfortable, in furs. The wooden roof at London Bridge South Eastern Railway, quite archeological. Should want to sketch it and study the proportion of the beams and ties. [See 'A Wet Night in London', *The Open Air*.]

This room smells beautiful, like the presence of a man, a cigarette.

Fl. [i.e. Flight]. The part of a rook's wing which propels is very small, only the tips of the feathers, plane only about 4 inches of the end of the wing does the work, and in down stroke it spreads open so as to nearly or in part sufficiently open for air to pass through? If planes one above the other would hold more air. That part of the wing

October

1884

March

1885



October near the extreme limit might be strengthened: almost float of itself,  
1884 see a leaf.

March Greyhound, whalebone. Doubling it up between finger and thumb  
1885 as children do and let go suddenly when it springs across the room, and  
so the greyhound leaps.

Fan-screw opening as it comes forward, shutting partly as it turns  
back.

Royal Irish Linen Paper best. Mill finish rough or glazed. White or  
tinted. The Pine Flax Writing Paper second.

Coca leaves green, chew a pinch or two in the day for sleeplessness.  
*Erythroscylon coca.*

Such a wonderful age of progress, yet you can only persuade one  
horse to win the Derby.

Gluepot, dry glue, to prevent smell of tobacco. [See description of  
Alere Flamma and his habits in *Amaryllis at the Fair.*]

Hereditary Boots. Every evening when I take my boots off I think  
they must be my father's. There are exactly the same wrinkles and  
grooves, and character in the trees, clean too, knack of walking clean.

Human beings do very well to write about but in themselves as you  
see them every day alive and kicking they are very uninteresting. I  
always glance at best books, the leader every morning, in order to con-  
vince myself how superior my own intellect is. [Jefferies has never been  
given due credit for his use of irony. For an outstanding example of  
this see the essay 'My Old Village', *Field and Hedgerow.*]

Fields L. No Wood Peckers or jays or magpies, plentiful at Surbiton.

Woodland R. That which makes noise and that which makes none.  
Midsummer Hum. Crackling of furze; crackling of ripe wheat. Sound-  
less didapper. [A Shakespearean word, like a didapper peering o'er a  
wave], dives without sound, draws itself under the water.

Rooks do not see sentries. Crow [generally struck out] flies [up  
struck out] to the lowest part of the tree on which he can perch, to the  
trunk where the great branches begin; rooks perch on the highest  
boughs. If you have no gun the crow chary of using his wings does not  
leave the field. Rooks cross the hedge and may go a half a mile.

Woodland. Sound of the wasp's mandibles biting.

The Modern Inquisition. County Court. Why should there be a  
right to recover? You are not compelled to sell. It is for your own  
pleasure. Then take care of yourself.

As no one knows after death, it may as well be extinction in any case.  
If you know must go to sleep and also know that your eyes will never  
open again: what is the use of considering what will happen afterwards?



October  
1884  
March  
1885

Everything is habit, life included. We get so attached to little things that we cannot leave them. Once dead long enough I suppose we should get accustomed to it and to be dead would be such a habit that nothing would induce us to come to life again. Happy release proves it. People don't want any resurrection while things go on like this. They've had enough of it; they don't want to be forced back to this. The age of miracles ceased when the age of Evidence began.

Perhaps the reason the children of the working class appear so much stronger and healthier is because they are always with their mothers and fathers and not left to jackanape servants.

In Fool's Paradise. Those who are such and think everything so nice, do not know what human nature is. I have read such a lot of silly novels with plots that first thing I ask myself is what's going to happen and so I come to curious conclusions.

I do not care for any man myself unless he is a little bit of a black-guard. *All* curate is too too quite much.

The first best thing is to be born in England; the next best thing is to get out of it.

Are these gallant fellows struggling hard up the Nile? How unhappy they must have been at home. [The force which attempted the relief of Gordon in the Soudan.]

Cats cannot smell so well by day, daylight deadens their scent as well as their sight.

December 7.—Bat in daylight 11-30, hawking, flying. Not embarrassed by light. Warm sunny intervals, Surbiton.

Woodlands. Bats daylight. Winter sounds. Artists cannot draw birds in flight, swallows, but shot, they can.

A poacher is engaged in an unlawful act but is that act sufficiently unlawful to justify shooting him? [See hitherto uncollected Jefferies' essays edited by Samuel J. Looker, for *Shooting Poachers*.]

Woodland. Sounds of swimming water fowls.

On a popular, a striking subject, understood style not required. Imagination, temperament therefore more valuable financially than W.M.

It is customary with comedists to make things end happily for at least a pair of their friends the characters. We all know so well the dread of poverty that we are not contented unless at least a pair are well provided at the finish with the good things of life. But this is not always the case in truth, after much pain and suffering, struggle and disappointment, most of us are still unprovided for. And so I must leave Amaryl. still working, watching, yet full of hope.



October  
1884  
March  
1885

I began this book with great expectations. To describe real human life so difficult, even one character. I meant to have gone into the Chinese play and in this act to have shown how the things of to-day are the leaves of the acorn a hundred years since. The task is too gigantic, with 20 collaborateurs one could hardly trace the devious windings; please try and think back from our life to its stem and you will understand.

After 30 years pondering how he shall manage in Iden's great coup, —the panel—he fails, the deeds—papers—being now valueless. It prevents triumph of others but it is no advantage to him: at least does not save the old house. [*Amaryllis at the Fair.*]

'I send you these two papers in fear and trembling as they are not on a country topic and yet I think if you will do me the kindness to look at them you will at least be amused at their truthfulness. For instance there is only one *Standard*, liberal enough to be really conservative.

'Why did you not let me go to Egypt for you? I think I would have written some pictures there. Let me go somewhere, Spain, almost anywhere.' [*The Standard*, in those days one of the leading Conservative dailies, read regularly by the Jefferies household at Coate and later on by Jefferies himself. He contributed many of his best essays to its pages, and the famous letters on the Agricultural Labourer of 1872, printed by *The Times*, had first been offered to and refused by *The Standard*.

The above is obviously a draft of a letter to the editor and at a date (1884), when Gordon was in the Soudan and the Carlist War on in Spain. It is of considerable biographical importance, therefore, the more especially as it has been unknown to all Jefferies' commentators hitherto.]

Caxton, Cambridgeshire. Gibbet in existence, near Chesterton.  
Man is artificial.

*Shortest Day Season Scene* [title of article. See *Chronicles of the Hedges.*]

Woodland. Acorns falling. Rustle of fallen leaves. A Winter view. Black front of elms, rooks, a little after three. Pond-weed dried off. Fieldfares do not stay but go on west.

Baby. Look Mum. Isn't he an Emblem.

Dyspeptic. Just after a disappointing visit to doctor. The American 10 gallon keg of crude petroleum. 4 years on his back. 87 lbs. 250 lbs. 10 drops on sugar before meals.

Amaryl. endures the shame to get the estate for her father? Till at last flies to her husband unable to bear. Grandfather Iden supposes the child to be Raleigh's and brings it beautiful presents.



Christmas. Misery of Amaryllis's room. Iden's bills and pressure. Bells, and I cannot endure the bells, either the chimes, or the hand-bells, they draw the tears.

October  
1884  
March  
1885

Amaryls. Violets sweetest gathered in the morning as the nightingale sings. [It must be remembered that there were two versions of *Amaryllis at the Fair*, and some of the notes would be difficult to understand were it not clear that they were used for the first and finally discarded version. However, many of the notes were used in the final version. 'Amaryllis went straight to the window and knelt down. She brought a handful of violets, fresh-gathered, to place in the vase which she kept there for her flowers. . . . They were the sweet white violets, the sweetest of all, gathered while the nightingale was singing his morning song in the April sunshine—a song the world never listens to, more delicious than his evening notes, for the sunlight helps him, and the blue of the heavens, the green leaf, and the soft wind—all the soul of Spring.' *Amaryllis at the Fair*.]

In writing first open P.B. [pocket book] and take first note to be mentioned as Iden's 'They be so clever doant know nothin,' in that work. By and by, it occurs to me, or from N.B. shake pepper box. All fourteen, as Republicanism wants a Ritual to take hold of the imagination. Now it is hard. It has no coronet even.

December 13.—No pain, stomach, no fresh marks 3 days. [Jefferies suffered from fistula and later ulceration of the intestines. He had undergone several operations already.]

Fl. Fan-screw opening as it comes forward, shutting partly as it turns back.

Human nature must get married; hence the variety of babies.

Cold room, her [Amaryllis] warm blood did not feel it. Alere. 'I am almost a total abstainer.' Amaryl. bears shame because Grandfather allows Amadis, who has taken his fancy, a small sum weekly for lodgings in London till he can get something and she fears he would lose it.

Iden. 'Why can't you help your mother make the butter and fling that fool stuff, sketches, in the fire. DO summat to be of some use on. Pity you wasn't a boy to larn summat.' If so he would have said, Pity you wasn't a girl to be of some use in the house. [This is Farmer Iden speaking to his daughter Amaryllis.]

Grandfather Iden will never forgive his son making the place [Coate] beautiful.

So she [Amaryllis] went on day after day praying, her visits in the garret. Amadis, name. [Lover of Amaryllis.] Alere like every one else had a reputation for something he did not care twopence about.



October  
1884  
March  
1885

Real summer doubled expenses [at Coate]. Hardship.

December 23.—Robins threatening cat. Cat in lime tree, robin on fence. Chit, chit, flap wings, advanced to another lime. Cat crouched eagerly but robin on too small branch. History of Rookery? As observed, diary, window. [I have a separate MSS. about this.]

How sacred a sovereign seems to those who want a loaf of bread.

The fact is the world's a failure.

I am come to that state I feel that all human beings are like cats, purring for meat over your shoulder.

January 16, 1885.—Fl. [Flight]. Pigeon. Wings bend back and peewit, after each stroke. The action of the wing bones then agrees with the upstroke thought. . . . The bend back should not take place till the end of the downstroke, just a second before beginning the next upstroke. So the pigeon halts for 1/10th of a second.

Amadis. Life is always broken and incomplete, a beautiful design chipped. She should have had a strong man to mate with her: he should have had physique to realise his ideas. Life like a statue that has been buried, broken. It was once perfect and stood in Grecian pellucid air. So our lives are the imperfect remnants of a Past which we sigh for.

The description of London as Amaryl. saw it.

Iden's mare. Take care; might stumble. At last could not ride or drive by himself. George driving Amadis in to the Dr. At last Iden could not drive him himself. Mare, feeds, so fidgety. 'I'll give you 45/- for her. Sell at sale for £30. After six years, eat, eat, eat.

January 21.—Agreement *After London*. [*After London* was published in 1885. Jefferies' copy of the agreement is in my collection.]

January 26.—Tit sharpening saw.

Fl. The swallow also bends back after part of wing before next stroke, bent back before fresh stroke. Or else the inner arm of the wing is kept close to the body and opened afresh as the stroke begins.

All my characters have a tendency to become idealised. The world goes on by rule of thumb.

Meat extract *before* dinner to digest potatoes as well as puddings.

Literary Dustbin. Dante. About the dullest book ever written. Mere mean revenge. Like Disraeli writing a volume describing Gladstone up to his chin in boiling brimstone hell.

The Belly. The Ploughman to the Literary Man 'Young un, I've got a *Belly* and you ain't.'

Looking back through life I can see that I have always been punished for my misfortunes but never for my faults. The least mistake, even in diet, has at once been visited with punishment.



Our lives go jumble, jumble, like a carrier's cart; our fates are so clumsy. Life's too short for thinking.

Fl. The edge of rook's wings, can see through them when overhead spread open. The feathers do not close tightly, yet *that* is the part that makes the stroke, Fan-screw opening as goes up, partly closing as returns. But the real question is not the mode but the force. How get the revolution, how get the up and down effect truly.

Slowest sustaining motion, how slow? stone.

Alere. Let us now drink—why put we out the light?

Our day is but a *finger*: bring large cups. [On the title page of the first edition of *Amaryllis at the Fair* Jefferies printed 'Our day is but a finger: bring large cups.' Alcaeus.]

Alere. 'And it is a well known fact that all the race of women is fond of drinking.'

Finch pursuing rook Oct. 28th. Brighton Oct. 30th. Sparrow after rook.

Fl. Brighton note. Sea gulls slightly close wings in rising. Imagine yourself suspended on the tips of two wings, now how are you going to raise them? Tips resting on firm supports high enough to keep feet from ground. [Pencil drawing of two wings.] If driven by collective force both feet can act at once: at starting work while still till enough collected, then connect and run. On rising replace feet and recommence work, or with alternate feet if preferred.

A woman who *must* be unfaithful, her nature: in love affairs, not unchaste, love affairs.

Prayer. How can you expect that God should help you. You world individual, in selection from its millions. But praying helps you to help yourself.

A mechanical or metaphysical idea, woman struggling into the idea as if it were a jersey.

I den to Alere. Time to go and see the dogs: saddle the horse and ride: see to the pigeons at the farm: better than the daily grind for money at a London office. Alere. If paying them would poison them I would find the money somehow, but think! they would live still, they would benefit. Pay them on such terms, never! Alere. Who created Man in His own image merely to make a fool of him. If Jesus ever read the Old Testament how ashamed He must have been of it.

Cow-lick. Hair growing different to the rest.

A racial peculiarity of Englishmen is to have good backs but bad chests: no rising breast like curves as seen in the Greek athlete. This is

October  
1884  
March  
1885 •



October racial and not for want of exercise because it is seen in the hardest  
1884 workers: navvies in the street.

March The most dangerous thing you can do is to sit at home in your arm-  
• 1885 chair. The risks are awful. Liver, lungs, heart, skin, kidneys, walking  
power.

I cannot endure deformed characters: such as Victor [Hugo] intro-  
duced into his grotesque dream of Notre Dame, his horrible human  
gargoyle Quasimodo. Such as Eugene Sue brought into his *Mysteries*  
*of Paris* and *Wandering Jew*, Mother Bunch. They may to some seem  
foils to throw up the other beauties, to me they are repellent and spoil  
all, like grit in food. Dickens made whole books of coarse repellent  
characters, and is to me unreadable.

The human race is broken-hearted: all but the fools. Jesus Christ,  
Buddha, to renounce, though not of aged experience, saw the exper-  
ience of others, and expressed the fact.

The Visit. If you give a poor woman a box of pills or bottle of medi-  
cine they begin taking them at once even if quite well. Pity to waste  
any time about it.

The awkward windows to clean. Darned if I ever seed such a  
crooked picter of a house! Mixed ancient architecture of Amaryl.'s  
house. [Some of the windows of Coate Farmhouse were very curiously  
placed.]

To be understood of the people you must not trust in commas or  
Italian craft. The idea must be verbally transparent, not literature  
transparent, transparent verbally.

Dyspeptic. when one [*a man struck out*] has to manage one's own  
machine one finds out what a complicated thing it is: you have to con-  
sider the air, the water, the soil, the vegetables, the meat, hours of  
refreshment, sleep, labour, your liver, lungs, nerves, etc., etc. The list  
is endless. In health it is all done for you, and in illness after a few years  
study you find you *can't do it for yourself*. You find yourself a Kittle  
horse you can't drive.

February 14.—(1885). Arum well up. Yellow water aconite.

I would give anything to get hold of an old book that had never been  
edited. *House that Jack Built*. Homer's an old tale, yet he has been  
edited to such a degree that scarcely the words are his own, and the  
said editors having revised him away now state that he never existed.

February 17.—Night at Noon, fog cloud.

Sun Life. Those who have lived and suffered know how helpless is  
physical aid. Doctors, drugs, changes, thoughts.

Time makes a thing right.



October  
1884  
March  
1885

Toys. Man must have a toy or he cannot be happy, or even well. The gardener his pruning knife, flashing it in the spring sun, feeling its edge, taking off the twig aslant accurately: the sportsman his gun. How well the Londoner feels directly he has a Toy in his hands! His rod or gun, or scull. The lad his pony; the boy his first tricycle. If you take life so seriously that you have no toy then you will never be happy or well. ['Father bought me a tricycle whilst we lived at Brighton.' Memories of *Richard Jefferies* by his son Richard Harold.]

February 18.—Bright. Northerly air. Sunlight. Bitter.

S.L. Unless (Beyond?) chooses to assert I am no more a stone rolled about under the hoofs of horses.

I cannot believe in a design nor of evolution, neither of which exists, and if they did exist would only be a man in the sky. Design fallacy; positions of leaves, at intervals geometry, but if you fit your geometry to the tree, the tree was not made to your geometry.

In nature there are many things, facts—but no reasons.

French novels. Victor Hugo's book *Notre Dame*. The whole book seems in short, jerky, sentences of scenes like the antithesis, sentences of French writers. It does not give you time enough to become imbued with the sentiments of the characters. Ouida the reverse.

Get away, you make as much mess, litter, as an old hen with one chick.

The universality of human nature, Continent, London, China. You yourself are the same everywhere.

The most extraordinary thing is that any human being can have the fatuous conceit to call himself a doctor.

Dyspeptic. Cavendish Square. All you have to do is not to think of it. Purely nervous. Glass of water. [Writing of his own stomach trouble and frequently expressed contempt of doctors.]

Evolution. Prototype of electric eel: caterpillars why gaily marked.

No hope for the human race in politics. On the one side do my duty in the Station to which God has called me. On the other [see Churchill's speech] dynamite and all work for the same wages. No better under either. [Lord Randolph Churchill of course.]

Human life has been lived in every possible variety. China's millions. If any vanity had been found there all would have rushed to follow it, as all rushed to smoke, printing, gun powder.

You cannot get away from the coarseness, the cornucopia of life. It is made up of cheese and bacon, butter, tea and sugar, candles, salt and pepper, mustard, vinegar and paraffin, knife polish, rice and jam,



October marmalade, soups, soda, starch and blue, eggs, lard, currants and  
1884 pickles, meat, fish, potatoes.

March Dyspeptic. Most unsatisfactory class of patients. They reveal every  
1885 symptom as if it was quite criminal of them. Of course they do. Un-  
satisfactory because can't be improved.

February 25.—Hawthorn leaf full out. Bexley Road. Rooks carrying sticks to nests. Battle of the robins. Ginger Beer Chaffinch. Elm. The fingers of the wind.

S.L. The probability of a spiritual existence, else the Universe is limited to the brain. Those who believe in Design or Evolution, in God limit the Universe and the Beyond to their own brain.

February 26.—Open wen like cell of honeycomb on twig of hawthorn, Bexley Road,  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch long,  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch diameter hollow. [Pencil drawing.] Badger, 40 lbs.

The aim in life of a woman is to be fooled, to be petted into an idiot.

Vanderbilt and I are exactly on a par. He's the richest man in America, and I'm the poorest man in Europe.

Spring. Life grows larger with the growing light. The full light of day now. March 2nd. Intermezzo in Himmel.

*Wild Flowers*, 2 papers. Longmans. Where first found or identified: lotus—plain, badger, wasp's nest: toad flax hill; butterbur, Somerset. Wild birds, 2 papers. [Jefferies contributed his fine essay 'Wild Flowers' to *Longman's Magazine* for July, 1885.]

A purely intellectual life is probably the most miserable that can be conceived. In illness all mind and no realization.

March 7.—S.L. Let me be thankful that in some small degree at least I can see the divine colour of the sky: the sun. Chislehurst.

Now there is no bird sings so persistently in every copse and indeed every garden as that which cries Teejum—Teejum every day. View of the Tomtit who reminds us of the tidum tijum of life till we dislike him. Call, 'Chickweed, chickweed'.

Crazy selfishness of the London men in the crazy race for money.

March 11.—Quite dark 8 in the evening, caw of rooks, kept about by nesting business.

March 12.—Lesser Celandine nearly out.

Clergyman. Pamment Abbey Church. His religion was like the weather-cock in the Church Tower. It had got rusty and did not veer to the gentle soothing breath of love and charity. It stuck straight invariably pointing to the cold north of pride, interest and bigotry.



We say ass, as brass. His ox and his aasss. Cambridge *ass*. Oxford aasss. A difference very conducive to philosophy. You would hardly get into either however, unless you pronounced your asses right. A property of the elect.

The Dogs. A Painless Life, would be more pleasing to the bowwows.

[I have omitted a few entries relating to the plot of *Amaryllis at the Fair* and a few on Flight.]

October

1884

March

1885



1871  
1872  
1873  
1874

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NOTE-BOOK

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*June to August*

1886



NOTE BOOK

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June 10 1880

1880



## June to August 1886

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### *Pages not Numbered*

*One or two entries in shorthand, all entries in pencil in  
Jefferies' holograph*

Low cooing plaintive notes of summer snipes love making, racing after each other on the white salt surface of sun-dried sea pool. Dotterel. Flowering grass, sea-plaintain, arrow-grass, samphire joints, alternate wing cross. Willow herb, apple smell.

Mussel shells in loam, geological puzzle, used for manure.

Throwing a choke-rope, bullock choking with potato.

Said nothing the matter with me when sound back and front and said nothing. Wanted me to drop off. People look back and ask how so and so dropped off so conveniently.

The ultimate atom life itself. Separation till divided to the ultimate. Process of life disintegration of matter and destruction, the building up of matter.

Parson. If he comes in without asking for something will put a notch on the door-post. Eleven years and no notch yet.

Lord Mayor of London. 1851. Grand banquet and lo! he had gone to bed. Hard-working man all his life and the dinner hour was his hour for bed.

Sir C.W. But he would have a dish on the table never seen before. 4 men brought it in, a naked woman under a cover. Near Battle.

June 11, 1886.—Swallows alighting on the pebble beach, two. ? insects. Dull misty morning.

Is the head one pole of the electric battery and the spinal column the other? Are the smooth junction of head and column, the touch of life, positive and negative, where the spark passes?

S.L. The all can never be known because the earth itself is but a pebble and is influenced by the universe outside itself.



June—  
August  
1886

June 17.—First eave-swallows. Inglebrook. Looking up at the stars in daylight.

Oh he talks with his foot. Anything wild or unusual, not according to reason.

To learn to be a Cockney go to Paris.

Quarrel. I had such a *sessions* with her.

All men worship success because they know the extreme balm of it.

In a novel you want all your people in at once. Anybody introduced late on has no interest, and gives an air of unreality to the book.

Water rats. Now rat carries each tot of grass to tree across the pool and eats it there, each blade of grass, although he takes it from edge of pool.

No bees. Very very few even to clover field. No humble-bees. Few birds, few birds or insects.

To me there are no diamonds: flowers but no gems. [Do people really value them, dead metal and hard gems. . . To me it is incomprehensible that there should be any value in these things. It is no pleasure to me not to appreciate them. I regret that I do not share the admiration with others, for I am not an ascetic.' Part of Jefferies' MS. in my collection.]

The cleric so careful to refuse the burial of Baptist when he could.

Ants on path. Drew stick across. Could not find their way till evening and then not much. Cast about like hounds, go by scent in their paths.

Electric battery hung on team of horses, never stopped till reached the top of the hill. Electric chairs.

I never have any right to my pleasures or successes. Not earned, not deserved, not genuinely mine by payment. Enjoyments and favours unbought and without a penny in the pocket or else none.

July Grasses. Not to know them a great pleasure. Sedge bird chattering. Long grasses by building, brome. The large fly with spotted wings going some way and stopping again does not know the names of the long grasses on which he rests from time to time.

Roadsides. Inside old trees as willows by the stream. A great sheaf cut the stems aslant like the reeds imitated in old glass. You must consider the height and slenderness of the stem, the droop and degree of curve, the shape and colour and its panicle, the dusting of the pollen, the motion and sway from the wind. The sheaf you may take home with you: the wind and sun abide without. [See 'The July Grass', *Field and Hedgerow*, but notice the slight difference in the wording of the finished version, 'You must consider as you gather them the height



June—  
August  
1886

and slenderness of the stems, the droop and degree of curve, the shape and colour of the panicle, the dusting of the pollen, the motion and sway in the wind. The sheaf you may take home with you, but the wind that was among it stays without.']

Swallow in Lane. No insects, no trees. White heath-grey lichen. Nuts. Swallows speed close to ground. Whitefrog-bit among the green lemon duckweed. The swallow carries his life in his wings. Swifts fly low, striking each other. If power of wing, power of eye. Always rises over gate.

Sea mist in the wood. Peacock's feather on spruce fir. I heard a harp-like note. It was a passing goldfinch. White flowers are not interesting to me, they lack character. Fir trees, gossamer or cotton rolls? aphides. Design on the leaves of woodbine, Water crowfoot, double leaf. The Grey birches in the wood were very beautiful. Glad to return to the deep hollows where were waters, oaks and grasses. I will study insects and birds and plants here, or study clouds. Do not come up here after September or before June. [I believe this entry is on Ashdown Forest.]

The late political campaign show how completely ignorant Town people are of the agricultural country people.

It is the last thing that has happened that alone is regarded. Gladstone only 20 to look at him.

Honest man's prayer, honest to himself, 'Oh God help me, if I possibly could I would circumvent you.'

Fl. To guide a balloon it must travel faster than the wind. Not drag it, accelerate it.

Life circling in the dark. If only I could have gone direct.

Blackbirds decided kick among the dry leaves. Thrushes rush rush, shuffling sound of the one who drags his feet. Goldfinches tenor—clear and ringing. A pheasant's soft note. The two titlarks in the meadow, that soar away singing above the tree and come down singing. The Autumnal dew lingers all day on shady side of the hedge, or rises again as soon as the sun has gone round. May pie-moth fluttering along in the shade. Birds. You cannot take them in hand and put them into a book. For they dislike anything pointed at them. You must know them by their tricks of individuality as you know a man by his work. They will not give you time to refer to the Dictionary. If I can see the action of the wings I feel sure of knowing them generally.

Swallows flying low in overcast weather, up high in rain, more the character of the atmosphere than the wet. While thus flying low you



June—  
August  
1886

see their power of flight. With the midsummer hum and may and white clover.

Cuckoo? Is she aware that she cannot alone satisfy the extraordinary voracity of her young.

No man can paint like a photograph. Yet a photograph has not the slightest interest compared with a painting. The photograph has no human interest. Unconsciously we transfer ourselves to the picture, even in criticising it adversely.

Larch. At the top of each branch 12 or so needles form a knot. From 30 to 40 needles to each knot in a hollow crown.

Wood sage honey. Is it injurious to bees? Bees found helpless near it. Snail straightforward over everything, highest wall with side gate at Coate.

Amber shrub, white-edged black moth in bean eld, beans black and white. Butterfly dingy with wandering on grass stems.

The willow wren I know because of his quick turning of his white neck upwards, tiny bill and tiny eye, much upturned. Snip snip goes his bill as he snaps up his prey, too minute for me to see. His faintly yellowish hue. At once he is up on the fir top, because of his mournful sip, sip, sip, sip, sip. Like all the wrens he has no fear. Golden wren the dependent nest. [‘The least of all, the golden-crested wren spends much of his time among the brambles moving so quietly that when he suddenly appears coming up over a spray from underneath into sight it is a surprise. He is often present unsuspected within a yard or so being quite fearless unless some movement is made towards him. Down in the deepest inter-locked brambles, through the prickly furze, and up into the dark-foliaged firs, he pursues his daily journeys. In a fir he will sometimes hang suspended from a single needle. To see his coloured little crest among the underwood is one of the pleasures of winter.’ ‘The Tangle of Autumn’, a Jefferies’ essay in the Looker Collection.]

To trace a bird note where, when and time, of their manner of flight, manner of mounting, running or hopping. I hope to reproduce songs and calls, by call and glass notation, and flight by graphic method, I think it would be possible but if made too easy to recognise half the pleasure would be gone as if wild flowers labelled.

Humble-bee. From heath bell to tormentil and again to heath bell. Each (bird) is marked out from the others in so many ways besides the note. Best time is spring for those who wish to begin. If notes were the same and colours the same, enough to distinguish them all down to the smallest. With game the same holds good. Anyone who has tried



June—  
August  
1886

to get so near a partridge that he can see it as in a tinted plate before he recognises it will never know much about a partridge, because in so doing he is sure to either disturb it long before. He must be able to recognise the bird afar in the furrows or to see it elsewhere while out of sight, this can only be accomplished by observing in the manner described.

August 15.—Ruby-tail, logs. Butterfly corner. 3 species of flies, great speckled, small speckled, and black.

Bird in tree on ground. Bird among yellow hawkweed, yellowish sandy lumps of earth, dull green bents, small tufts of browned grass, colours exactly like its feathers, a female yellow hammer, quite puzzled to know what it was for a moment. That it was insect feeding from quick motions; too large for lark, too much green for meadow pipit, not enough green not thick enough for green-finch, not brown enough for bunting, colours too subdued for any cock bird, must be a hen? a hen yellowhammer.

*One Day; From Morn Till Eve. Country Matters, As It Is* [titles].

The Little Man and the Mole. The Parson said to the Little Man, 'If you'll be buried in My Hole—the Consecrated Ground—you will be eaten by the jolliest fat old grub, here's a picture of him, and not by any nasty red worms.' Growls, 'I don't eat folk, it bean't I.'

August 18.—Under leaf, knapweed? white spider beside it, blue cocoon ball.

Who loves Nature can make no friends, every one repulses, all seem different.

2 mosses, 3 lichens, limes, on the holly hawthorn ivy ramuculus. One grass fern. Beech, dry grass shadows, one yellow ivy leaf.

Read all the books you have read in boyhood over again. *Japhet in Search of a Father*.

Baby brought up on whiskey. 'He doan't care nothin about tea, he likes whiskey. If he sees a bottle he just do holler.'

Prayer is like hops, a gambling crop. If you get an answer it pays tremendously. But blight is common.

August 22.—A spider, broad pink band over and down back, pink band with delicate dotted line of black along it. It is a gigantic task to master English Natural History, always something fresh. Glad I am not an Encyclopaedia, else nothing new.

Ant saw my foot when moved towards her and avoided it, so can see three inches. Unless they can perfectly see and understand how do ants find their way back to their nests? Clearly they have not the slightest difficulty in finding their way if they want to. Insects' cruelty



June—  
August  
1886

absolutely irresistible, unrelenting, like instruments for torture. Intense concentration. Colour, not flower. One bee does not notice another humble-bee knocked over by Sisyphus.

August 23.—Bee to ling, then heath. Swallows on cowl projection. Hops, sweet smell.

August 29.—The swallow-tailed caterpillar. *Scenes of Country Life, Story of the Farm* [title].

A button of orange in green moss-fingers.

Great green grass-hopper on Lobelia, the wings close together or droop over the enclosed like a covering. Drone-like yellow abdomen four narrow black bands. Staghorn. Aug. 23rd. Sponge-like, number of flesh flies green and blue on it: smells like dead mouse or bird. Seeds come back to the plant, the thistledown. No time to make experiments, species would die out if seed failed.



NOTE-BOOK

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*January to February*

1887



NOTI-BOOK

Journal of [illegible]

1887



## January to February 1887

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Pages 1 to 148

*All entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph*

[EXCEPT where otherwise stated, all the entries in this note-book are prefaced with the letters S.L. (i.e. Sun Life) and are notes, written only a few months before Jefferies' death, designed for an enlarged and revised edition of his *Story of My Heart*.]

In leaving the platform of the earth and entering space—considering the universe [*the ideas of struck out*] I am checked, confused and bewildered—by the ideas—which I have previously absorbed—of time. Distance, design, space, motion—these have to be overcome, removed from the mind—obliterated, before I can begin to understand. None of these outside this little earth existence. So too with ideas of God, soul, immortality—none of which are large enough to fit the starry space. It requires a starry Algebra—conic sections of the mind—to estimate, to measure the infinite.

Since the telescope, not a single idea—not even a geometrical one—not known to the ancients.

I felt like Herodotus among the superstitious and cheating Egyptians—searching through the experience of the ages. After modern voluminous intricacy, delightful to return to the clearheadedness of the Greek and Roman classics, to Socrates mode of arranging ideas. All who wish to approach natural knowledge should read these: to train the mind. The ring, like struck metal, of the sea in the still of the night.

After all speculations—true or deceptive—comes the thought of those that are dead, and to us there is no consolation.

['For grief there is no known consolation. It is useless to fill our hearts with bubbles. A loved one gone is gone, and as to the future—even if there is a future—it is unknown. To assure ourselves otherwise is to soothe the mind with illusions; the bitterness of it is inconsolable.



January—  
February  
1887

The sentiments of trust chipped out on tombstones are touching instances of the innate goodness of the human heart, which naturally longs for good, and sighs itself to sleep in the hope, that, if parted, the parting is for the benefit of those that are gone. But these inscriptions are also awful instances of the deep intellectual darkness which presses still on the minds of men.' *The Story of My Heart.*]

Ritual. One hour contemplation?—with flower, sunstruck on the wall, the sea, green branch—as the Mecca. While half the earth lies buried in the night, shadow covered. No creation. This earth the merest speck. So pitiful that human heroism leaves nothing behind. (Gibbon V. 505.) Hand cut off, stump.

Great, but still the next generation are not less subject to every unhappiness and still the Human Hogs are most plentiful and are the rulers. I feel that I ought to be better because of Jarfar (see Gibbon reference above).

Strange shapes of iris bulbs and orchid flowers. Made by no pattern [word illegible] and squared like ours. Persian rug interwoven by designless mind. My body grown like the iris bulb—I do not understand it. May my soul grow too, to something I do not understand. Far from denial of soul—I go far far beyond.

Fl. Peewit's wing—very little up and down. Seagulls narrow wing high up and down. Easier to imitate extreme speed with short insects' wing than slower with birds?—adding a plane.

If I feel well—if fortunate, I am to feel grateful not to any deity—but because gratitude is a good feeling. In my illness and misfortune I have not supposed them inflicted by any God. That is extreme impiety—(like cursing God—Job). In misfortune you are not to [believe struck out] trace it to a deity. Deity and the whole range of superstition invented because of misery. Had man never suffered; had there been no death; had life been continual happiness; they would not have sought out an imaginary god, nor invented rewards and punishment after death. Proves therefore no deity.

God and so on—elementary and gone past. Require more now than Allah, Allah. If I had been as strong as Maximin I should still have felt and wished to express Sun Life. That is then my part, and I am not called upon to supply all things.

*Ritual.* Philosophy fails because no visibility; Religion something to do, philosophy only thought. To make thought visible and concrete. I hope to see the Dome at Rome but copied in this way.

If you must pray or think of prayer, pray for knowledge—for the mind to be opened—that we may get outside our circle of ideas.



January—  
February  
1887

Fl. The upstroke (with flex) of the bird. The wave motion of the insects' wing—collects by slightly opposing the air and then strikes on that: like my newspaper waved along. ? Half-circle motion up, half-circle down. Easier for up and down.

The Evangelist who let the two boys drown in the ice (Standard, Jan. 1st, 87).

[The following is the description of the incident from *The Standard*.

'An inquest was held yesterday at Buxton, on the bodies of two boys named Brown and Sherrard, both thirteen years old, who were drowned the previous day whilst sliding on the reservoir. Mr. A. G. H. Garton, who described himself as an Evangelist, of Horncastle, Lincolnshire, said although he saw one boy sink through the ice, and heard another boy crying, he did not attempt to render any assistance, but walked away. A lad named Brown said Sherrard was floating up to his shoulders in the water for ten minutes crying for assistance, and witness's brother went to rescue him and was drowned. The Coroner strongly censured Garton, and said he could have saved the lives of the two boys had he responded to the dictates of humanity. It was the most cruel, cowardly, and disgraceful occurrence he had ever known.']

The soul. A generated idea. Generated ideas may be true—as that of the cycloid. [Cycloid. Curve traced by a point on a radius of a circle within or without its circumference, as the circle rolls along a straight line.]

Star Algebra. Distance. At a foot from the fire it roasts you. [Light measure.] At 10 feet only warms; therefore distance is quite real. Yet while you read a book the revolutions of the earth carries you 1,000 miles and you are unconscious of it—and in half a year you move half the orbit and do not recognise it. For milestones—the travel of light and say Five Minutes of Light. Attraction instantly felt across an orbit. So measure time Outside (b.b. of Outside) I do not deny—I introduce more. Star Algebra. No time. I think back to Canopus—to Coate. 1,000 years since and one minute just the same. Suggests the Rim.

Civilization has made no real difference. If cold blooded, the fire will not warm, nor good clothes, nor food feed if diseased. Just the same as with savages.

Immortality. Generation of Soul and Immortality. Sitting by tumulus. Vividness of memory. Must still live because so vividly remembered; as time wears on and memory fades the Phantom fades and becomes an unsubstantial Shade. Dreams of the Warrior gone on the basis of a dream. [See *The Story of My Heart*.]



January—  
February  
1887

Immortality and Deity the same—on a dream basis. Why so anxious to retain these to which investigation gives no support? Why not hope for Better and More which *is* supported by investigation and thought? Not really giving anything up. Nature, Experience my own. Thought and Soul Instinct tell me Something More—On this then I place my hope and faith. Indefinite is better than a dream.

Mind, Heart and Soul demand something—as these are non-existent—the existence of the Demand does not prove them; if it proves at all it proves the Beyond. Accept! It will be better than you could imagine.

All these arguments only prove the truth of my original ideas. This Beyond does not exist for me alone. Even if I had no hope in it or from it, still it would be there existing.

[‘That there is no knowing, in the sense of written reasons, whether the soul lives on or not, I am fully aware. I do not hope or fear. At least while I am living I have enjoyed the idea of immortality, and the idea of my own soul. If then after death, I am resolved without exception into earth, air, and water, and the spirit goes out like a flame, still I shall have had the glory of that thought.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]

To believe that there is nothing Beyond—that all is mud matter—is as senseless as to believe in the Deity, and the dream basis. The View outside and the necessary construction of the star algebra prove that it is not all mind: as there is thought apart and outside Deity so there immortality is Beyond Matter; existence of thought itself proves it.

Canon I. Beyond Deity. Canon II. Beyond Matter.

No benevolence therefore no intelligence. Nothing to expect but the action of forces. I find nothing. Nothing but the feeling by the sea. Alone it is good. Analyse and it too seems nothing. The least substance (however rude) surpasses all my thoughts. They merely disguise their ignorance under God. Another word for ignorance. The thunder was god once till understood. There is no benevolent deity. The *only help* is from man. Deity as cold as cobble-stone. If none from him then none at all. Man the only good. See *Hours of Spring*, our door. See my own history.

[‘*Hours of Spring*, to which Jefferies refers here, was one of the last written of his essays and one of the finest:—

‘No kindness to man, from birth-hour to ending; neither earth, sky, nor gods care for him, innocent at the mother’s breast. Nothing good to man but man. . . . Let man, then, leave his gods and lift up his ideal beyond them.’ ‘Hours of Spring’, *Field and Hedgerow.*]

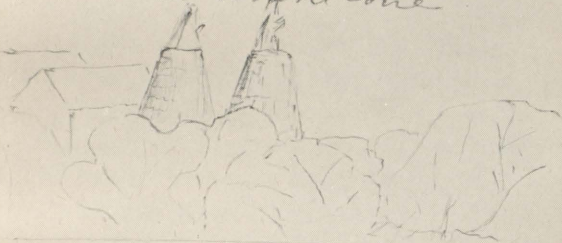


39  
Hill-fowl on the top  
of a meadow, the sky is rolled  
over the end of a bank of  
the river.

Kent, July 5th. Three Jacksnipe  
Chasing each other round a small  
row of elms.

Peewee snipe-like, double cone  
scolding one note.  
up me, feeding in afternoon  
Vandons passing low down  
over afternoon.

Post-horn double cone



Some may be down  
there the only just runs  
to the river & through the  
it. The Bathing Fair, the band.  
up me (many of the morning  
for years ago) One round along  
in a boat - a statue.

Page from Jefferies' field note-book while  
he was living at Eltham, Kent







January—  
February  
1887

Yet we cannot bear that anyone should have the power to confer benefits (Caesar). See Sallust book. WE feel that we have an equal right to enjoy. Upset altars and make man his own help. This idea ought to be most thoroughly absorbed. Not as charity or gifts—distribution. Sow, sow, sow—the earth bloom as a garden.

No public spirit—the treble millionaires—no ships to the north—no science endowment, no great telescope—no trucks with food for the poor—simple downright selfishness. Yet all these mere alleviations—no real assistance till we get ideas outside our present ideas. Canon. S.L. All has been tried. Republic. Communism. Aristocracy. Kings. Caesars. and all useless. All things in vain. Physical forces too strong for us. All the more needful to struggle against them, for unless we do we shall not even have the half loaf.

*The Circle.* Vehmergericht. The Promise at entrance. I will think, study. I will oppose superstition.

[Vehmergericht. German system of irregular tribunals prevailing especially in Westphalia in 14th and 15th centuries and trying the more serious crimes in secret night sessions.]

Neither the cobble-stone nor the deity will explain all—they are like the Ptolemaic system—therefore I say it is the Beyond.

Confessions. It has stopped me so much—the deep conviction that nothing is worth doing. Writing books for instance. It seems to be the fate of intellect to be overcome and whelmed in a mass of mud-matter. My cowardice and fear *tempts* me to yield at times but in truth there are none of these god.

And while you feel this moment 'tis forever. It is eternal.

['Haste not, be at rest, this now is eternity. Because the idea of time has left my mind—if ever it had any hold on it—to me the man interred in the tumulus is living now as I live. We are both in eternity. . . . It is eternity now. I am in the midst of it. It is about me now in the sunshine: I am in it, as the butterfly floats in the light-laden air. Nothing has to come; it is now. Now is eternity; now is the immortal life.' *The Story of My Heart.*]

*View.* The finer matter becomes the more indestructible it becomes. In favour of the Soul but not the emotions. The Ether. Induction of the sun rolling and causing the earth to roll? through the ether moving and stroking it along like a feather. Cannot suppose emotions or sensations like a touch immortal.

*Soul.* Same reasons—indestructibility—would necessitate the immortality of all that has had life and thought—the starling—the bee—butterfly. Therefore I conclude there must be something more—or



January—  
February  
1887

different to what is understood by immortality—as it does not explain. Where is the thinking bee after death? Her soul (the sensitive soul Aristotle) as indestructible (finest matter) can hardly suppose a bee ghost in the shadowy Hades. Nor an Elysian field of honey-laden plants (The bees Paradise—no honey storing). If therefore anything of the bee survives we may surmise it acts in some different way or exists in some condition to us unknown.

*Soul.* So with our indestructible Soul. But how can you suppose a serpent or a cat to exist a second after death in any form whatever.

Hence again it follows that neither God, Soul, nor Immortality explain. They are Ptolemaic. Leave them then altogether and go on to the Beyond. No more examination or discussion. Look for the ideas outside the circle.

Outside the Circle. (1) Show how nothing that has been thought explains even the lichen on the wall or the limpet—much less me. (2) How all out ideas are Ptolemaic. Even that will not do: I want the new ideas, it is not enough to know they must exist. Boldly make new ideas. Canon. *Something higher than Intelligence.*

More than Intelligence. Which only builds, acts on what it sees, rearranges, imagines creation from nothing. There must be something higher than intelligence.

The Thrush on the wall sinking breast deep in snow starving: *that* sight destroys *all*—nothing can excuse or palliate *that* cruelty; no intelligence or Higher than intelligence can account for *that*. Wrong therefore even to think of Something Beyond (except so as to conquer our wretchedness). The extreme melancholy as true survey of the World causes.

No advance of man or new idea even can alter the coming of the snow (unless we become so powerful as to re-till the globe as Archimedes imagined even that).

*Canon.* *Man the only creature that can help his fellow* (snow)—with food, granary, with surgery, peewit with broken leg—no bird can set it for him. Shows how important the Man—Help Canon.

If no reward of immortality for the birds their little lives should at least be happy here (snow). And the same with us.

Suffering at once destroys all intelligence. Life then the result like flame of force. Suffers while it lives, and ends for ever. That is the uncompromising summary of facts.

*Beyond.* Yet even after this summary gazing at the sunset—the reed, a sense that there is Something More. This sense, the antennae of the Soul—Seeing without sight, feeling without touch, knowing without



words, thought without definition. *Sun Life*. It is in the Reed. Then I should concentrate myself. Describe that, dwell, enlarge, day after day—diary of. Yet in cold weather cannot see: in illness cannot feel it. Still that though imperfect is all I can get.

January—  
February  
1887

There is no intelligence. There is no god (design-god) because there is no benevolence: *no heart*. *Canon*. There is no heart in Nature (the Universe). Man must supply it, heart. That seems to be his peculiar position far more so than intelligence which is shared by so many other things. *Canon*. The Heart (above all creeds and reasons). Kindness, magnanimity, *generosity*—visit to the tomb. (Barbarous Goth superior to the cultured Roman thus.) In these writings of mine I trace the consistent desire of the Mind to conquer—to ultimately overcome. I am incessantly met with cobblestone facts. Yet it constantly endeavours to find a loophole and returns to battle. I shall describe errors, contradictions and all—even when I can see them myself—in order that you may avoid them, and also that you may grasp my meaning fully, and for the same reason shall avoid a too regular form or set arrangement.

['My book is a real record—unsparing to myself as to all things—absolutely and unflinchingly true.' From a letter of Jefferies to C. J. Longman, dated June 27, 1883, sending him the manuscript of *The Story of My Heart*. Again in the text of the book itself Jefferies wrote:

'I have been obliged to write these things by an irresistible impulse which has worked in me since early youth. They have not been written for the sake of argument, still less for any thought of profit, rather indeed the reverse. They have been forced from me by earnestness of heart, and they express my most serious convictions.' *The Story of My Heart*.]

Copy my prayer to the Greater than God, higher than Deity, till I ceased. Prayer. My experiences of.

*Experiences*. I cannot look back on the past of my life without dread. My high hopes that twelve months [Jefferies refers to a stay at Sydenham with his uncle and aunt], and then the five years at Surbiton. Always trying to strip away and begin again: at Surbiton, and would have done so again after 'well' if I could, and would now.

[Jefferies spent some time at Shanklin Villa, Sydenham, the residence of his uncle and aunt the Harrilds, in the 'sixties. He was much attached to them and many of his earlier letters were written to these two attached friends, who helped him with advice and money in his difficult days. His sister Sarah also stayed at the Harrilds for long periods. Both uncle and aunt were cultivated and understanding



January—  
February  
1887

people of advanced outlook. Mr. Harrild died first and Jefferies continued the friendship with his aunt after his uncle's death.]

Decay of the membrane of the brain no more importance than the decay of the membrane of a leaf. Death no more than drinking a glass of ale—an incident—a past.

Sun Life *is synthesis*. The Red Sunset, the leaf. This is analysis. Synthesis cannot be analysed. *Sun Life Synthesis Unconscious*.

Why am I so deep an infidel? Because I have so deep a sympathy with the suffering thrush. With the beautiful which is destroyed.

Salmon Poaching. Wales. One's heart with the poacher. Heart justice—their own rivers, and the salmon for their own use.

As a part of human nature, fetich to free mind from god fanaticism. To fix on Man Help. Chinese and French. They go to Fetich because neither religion nor philosophy can satisfy them when there is death. Fetich expresses the desire for the Beyond.

Canon Mirror. Not to keep birds in cages. To feed the birds in winter. To help the birds or protect them, swallows in summer.

The hard cruelty of the condition, the bitter punishment that will not let us keep those we love (dying child). No wonder people become hard hearted, since their best and holiest emotions are not permitted.

I looked round. I could not see a kind and loving eye anywhere. The trees, the sea, the sun, man, woman, sky, the Beyond, all abandoned me. Bitterness of it.

[I quote the following from *Some Unpublished Memories* of Richard Jefferies by his son Richard Harold Jefferies (died in Canada in 1942). Harold sent me these memories of his father in 1939 and they were printed in *Richard Jefferies, The Worthing Cavalcade*, 1944:—

'It was while we lived at Eltham that my little brother Oliver Lancelot died from Meningitis. This was a terrible blow to father. His sufferings were so great that they prevented him from attending the funeral, and mother and I were, I believe, alone in the coach to Eltham church. The agonized expression on father's face, as he stood at the open door, watching the little procession slowly move away, haunted my mind for many years.'

Canon. You shall tell the truth, act [*genuine struck out*] the truth, be the truth. Genuine in buying and selling, making and mending even in boots (the girls slip slop in snow). Genuine in loves and hatreds. Heart Canon. Are not 4 sparrows sold for a farthing? He wished to make a god with a heart for all things. This is what we should do—We should have a heart for *all* things.

Fetich. Scarlet geranium in pot (wisdom flower). Something growing



gold flower-pot. Put where humming-bird moth. Turn toward sun and repeat. The Desire Formula. Desire, Beauty, Strength, to do towards Man Help. Not to pray for but express desire.

January—  
February  
1887

Fetich. Lotus as emblem. Fetich good. Madonna and child. Symbol of Human life. Fetich. Honeysuckle out-of-doors. Shrine—Madonna figure or picture, the flowers, the transcript of Human Man Help.

Consider Lilies. Our mowing-grass as beautiful and full of thoughts as the lilies of the field. Go and think there and by the wheat. Fetich. Hill thyme.

[‘The old old earth is glad to turn from the cark and care of driftless centuries to the first sweet blades of green. . . .’ Some sense of the meaning of the grass, and leaves of the tree, and sweet waters hovers on the confines of thought, and seems ready to be resolved into definite form. There is a meaning in these things, a meaning in all that exists, and it comes near to declare itself. Not yet, not fully, nor in such shape that it may be formulated—if ever it will be—but sufficiently so to leave, as it were, an unwritten impression that will remain when the glamour is gone, and the grass is but grass, and a tree a tree.’ *The Sun and the Brook.*]

Fetich. But to the esoteric no fetich.

[‘I was not more than eighteen when an inner and esoteric meaning began to come to me from all the visible universe, and indefinable aspirations filled me. I found them in the grass fields, under the trees, on the hill-tops, at sunrise, and in the night. There was a deeper meaning everywhere.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]

But all these questions are but elementary and something still beyond circle of ideas required—littleness, narrowness, selfishness, jealousy remain just the same.

Canon. You shall keep alive. Ritual Temple. *To the Good of the Human Race*. No fetich. Look at the stars. Let the stars of night inspire. Look at the sunrise.

For the good of the race goodness to others not alone sufficient—practised and taught in Egypt 3,000 B.C. See Renouf 72. Myself half paralysed in the chill frost and damp—like a crawling caterpillar: so in their imperfect and helpless shapes the caterpillar, the shapeless sea things exist on and perhaps they may have wishes for larger life as me—No one to look at my decrepit form would imagine I was thinking of perfection, physical.

Those thoughts I got from nature alone of any value. Books, etc. in vain. Nothing to tell me.



January—  
February  
1887

Extraordinary efforts to improve—Buddha self-absorption. St. Simon Stylites.

No theory, philosophy, religion, meets the labourer rough and red, the woman to the draw-well, the invalid on his bed, the omnibus driver: all speculation, they do not touch the real.

All these teachers from Zoroaster to Confucius, Bible, have not given us a single receipt to soothe the pain or cure the desire of the unfortunate.

[The mind must acknowledge its ignorance; all the learning and lore of so many eras must be erased from it as an encumbrance. It is not from past or present knowledge, science or faith, that it is to be drawn. Erase these altogether as they are erased under the fierce heat of the focus before me. Begin wholly afresh. Go straight to the sun, the immense forces of the universe, to the Entity unknown; go higher than a god; deeper than prayer; and open a new day. That I might have a fragment of Caesar's intellect to find a fragment of this desire!' *The Story of My Heart.*]

What is the good of wisdom? Nothing is effected by it. Buddha. Immortality of the moral principle. Goodwill. Taught 5,000 years ago, If every individual on the earth good will to others still not sufficient; still misery, illness, disease—Merely elementary even then.

Science. Cannot cure a disease more now than then: do not know what disease is. Easy in this strain to write a new volume on the vanity of the arts and sciences—but these at least are trying and working, while superstition says Stagnation, Stagnation, Stagnation. So all three, Moral Goodness, Superstition and Science, not yet. We need ideas outside. Fall of the Roman Empire through superstition. The hordes of half-monkeys with knives. Then when again emerging the scheme of the Crusade to overthrow progress under holy names and objects. And now, the same effects of stupidity everywhere. Chapels and churches multiplied and falsehood disseminated.

Science. Little power of. Imagine it dark for a month—starvation—kill birds—oil exhausted. Consider in the night that man is blotted out and the fields too; they would grow nothing without light, that is without vibration, motion! If light and heat and the sun acts by induction as Faraday, causing agitation or vibration in plants and creatures. Life Vibration. Pulse, breathing—answering to the vibration. And no matter what the philosophy or religion or the ethics of the day things as in politics are managed just the same, for interest or by force. And so in private life while the tradesman goes to church or chapel, he sells for profit and puts forward goods that are not genuine.



January—  
February  
1887

I suppose I must have lived longer or been more observant than the Psalmist for I have seen the children of the honest and righteous men begging their bread and forced to worse.

Sun Life. Nirvana—Intense absorption in and joy in the tiniest insect and the blade of grass? So perhaps on a large scale in the Future to see through and enjoy all. [See *Nature Near London*—the gateway Claygate Lane.]

[‘And ’tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes.’ Wordsworth. ‘The spirit of the grasses’ joy makes fair, the winter fields when even the wind goes bare.’ Masfield.]

Nothing done here can alter position there, any more than alter condition before birth. If there is life hereafter it is I think a new birth wholly.

I do not know the state after death—I *know* the state after physical power is lost 5 years while the mind lives active. *I have felt this death* exactly described by the Egyptian Inscription (Renouf) dead wife to her husband.—(Quote). One clod the coarsest plough *any* wife.

Sun Life. Nirvana. My Nirvana—entering so intensely into the feelings and life of all things that I even lost dislike of frog or toad and snake.

If one could conceive an Intelligence taking interest in its making this perhaps a near approach to its feelings—Even with pain feeling or sympathy at once with the partridge and the hawk (Hodson)—Even with decay as the cottage leaves garden—nature does not clear away the rubbish. But this is not human not to the good of the human race. The exquisite pleasure of it. But I do not expect any better life hereafter for it, and it deserted me this (5 years). Nor could all do it. I found at first to my astonishment that hardly anyone shared this with me. In such intense absorption the ordinary restrictions of the mind seem suspended, as if it roamed quite independently of body—time or distance—physical existence obliterated.

For upon true and candid analysis I find I have *no* sympathy with anyone. I am purely egoistic. In wishing to the good of the Human Race I only embody myself. And one kiss of a warm woman worth all things.

Canon. No self sanctification in this world any use for the next. Future. No punishment then for the Murderer—I fear not after death. All the more then Man Help. No punishment for the Murderer?—No—Remember how many thousands your God has slain—with water—with fire and murdered, with accident.

At least *you* say so. *I* do not say so. No punishment: no reward. All swept away.



January—  
February  
1887

Crusades. The thousands dead—whose names you never heard—does it seem strange? Not at all that their wrongs are not righted, but yours—ah, they are more important.

I cannot see beyond sorcery (But feel sure there is more materially) You may be Chr. You may believe what you like—you cannot get over death. That is the aim of them *all*. It is vain.

Formula. A Definition of what we wish for—Just as I should and did ask for it in Prayer. Its object being to define aspiration. Call it Aspiration Dawn, Aspiration Night. Let *me* be strong. Let *us* be strong.

Prayer. As well pray for the dead as the living—Make no alteration in their condition. If pray at all, quite as good to pray for the dead, quite natural and right. My only hope is that it is something Beyond all. That the Future is Beyond all. That I am myself in some way part of what I do not understand. Still there is no heart in the sky for what I feel!—my pains, or my hopes.

[‘There must be much more—there must be things which are at present unknown by whose aid advance may be made. . . . The psyche—the soul in me tells me that there is much more, that these are merely beginnings of the crudest kind. . . . Erase the past from the mind—stand face to face with the real now—and work out all anew. Call the soul to our assistance; the soul tells me that outside all the ideas that have yet occurred there are others, whole circles of others. . . . Outside the mental and the spiritual ideas we now possess I believe there exists a whole circle of ideas.’ *The Story of My Heart*.]

Canon. To feel heart towards all things as the 4 sparrows (‘Are not four sparrows sold for a farthing’ etc.). And get all that must be towards Man Help. I can find no consolation for being a man. I teach a sublimer idea—of the Beyond, that does not send or cause pain that it may be pain. It must happen as an accident while we are proceeding to other matters.

Scheme. I am then an infinitesimal part of some Scheme that does not consider pain an evil nor pleasure a good, and one reason I cannot understand the Scheme is because I refer everything to my personal feelings. I must first then get rid of the feeling that my pain is good, or even my existence at all is of any consequence, before I begin to realise the edge of the scheme—This is like getting rid of the ideas of time and distance in the view.

Is it possible that Sun Life nirvana may give a higher and purer Idea, and drift of mind?

Two distinct matters. The Scheme—which is investigation. The Man



Help (Life) which is to be done. Thoughts one thing, the active work another thing.

Fl. The feathers need not even touch at the ends of the wings—Rook overhead, see light between the feathers.

I seem outside human beings, the [rest struck out] others have some bond of sympathy in common. I try in vain to thrust myself in.

[Jefferies' reserved temperament did not allow him to make friends easily. He valued too, his independence of thought and action, and shunned contacts which might have whittled down his originality. None the less, when poverty and illness both clamoured at his door, he felt his isolation and dearth of friendship.]

Not sending pain, impious. [Jefferies means that the idea that the Deity sends pain to chasten or subdue is impious and that those who hold this crude view are quite unethical.]

And are these thoughts and the myriad thoughts that have come to me in the years, and my pain and pleasure and hope and fear, all my whole life—to me so momentous—to the Scheme no more than a single visible midge a swallow takes as he flies, the merest incident of a second. The suffering on the cross—depending on that—in a London hospital (and out of it) suffering a thousand times worse and prolonged for years.

The much-abused aristocracy—primogeniture and entail—the nearest approach to good for those to come.

Men follow avarice, of course they do. Neither religion nor philosophy have given them anything real to follow.

*Sun Sea.* The sun in silence rising over the sea makes me feel a sense and a sympathy with some larger life, and to imagine some larger scheme.

My pain and my good and evil not the standard to judge by. That all the human race innumerable from beginning to ending is evidently of no consequence to the *Greatness*.

There is no good—no evil—no right—no wrong—Death no evil and no such important event (people die in cellars and under unimportant conditions without ceremony or stateliness of nature). The *Greatness* cannot be judged by these.

The whole visible Universe in the Bowl of No Consequence.

Other things besides; life as we understand life. I would the rather identify myself, my Fate, with this *Greatness* (as in the Chaffinch Thought) in Acceptation—Confidence. There is more rest in this really. Perhaps there is Heart in it really—for me and May-fly and Chaffinch—if we set aside our over-estimate of pain and death, and



January—  
February  
1887

good and evil, right and wrong: A Great Heart not yet understood. But not in the arrangements of the earth: do not lie to yourself and say, I welcome pain, or that I see help anywhere.

*Acceptation.* The Dove. I do not hesitate *while I live* to feel trust, repose, confidence—yet I live by the same force that I must die—There is then no reason why I should not rest in the thought of death.

No Judgment. We do evil or wrong—not of ourselves but of the accumulated force of ancestors in us—the London rough, his youth, his descent. Not right even in our revengeful natures to punish *that*.

Yet there is no Deity in our sense, else why permit him so to descend and end in crime: why permit the innocent to be murdered. Quite clear that these are all *level* in the view of the Greatness. *Their* Deity puts all Mankind in the position of an army combined against him—no bread, they work for bread and fight for life.

In this sun over the sea all my earth-feelings seem very small and almost nothing: I can feel a high existence.

Perhaps by illness and marriage and daily struggle I have really seen more and come nearer than I could have done by rapt meditation among the Cornish rocks. A dragon-fly's eye has a thousand facets and so I can see that all things have a thousand sides. Greatness. There may be A Great Heart perhaps for me in my pain and mental sorrow, and for the thrush on the snowy wall.

Fl. Sculling by wheel-rotation—one side of wheel left up—other side swing back: slipping a moment. Or two wheels later on. The scull partly moving on its own axis.

The failure of my prayer of no consequence in considering the Greatness. I ought not, need not have prayed at all—I should not have done so had I not been taught in childhood—Egyptian fetich.

Sun Life.

I was a man and while I was on earth

I saw the bright rays of the genial sun.

Tumulus. Gloucester. The bones reared against the wall of colossal stone within—As if I could look back and feel *then*; the sunshine of *then*, and their life.

Creation is only an extension of nothing, ? then what was nothing, and how was the metamorphosis effected.

Prayer. Nine sacks of the right ears. Mogul. 'Why was I made of these?' 'Why not one of those built into the living tower?' 'Why not one of those impaled?' How could you expect a Prayer to be selected out from the million millions? Intense self-vanity. Nine sacks ears—Human Life not of the slightest consequence. Gibbon, sacks.



January-  
February  
1887

Man Help. But do not imagine that by any amount of alms or worth or Discovery that you are made any better—any more morally sanctified. Canon. *No* sanctification. He pines because I do not furnish him with some substitute, some fresh means of deluding himself.

View. Is it Mass that attracts force? Or force that flows to Mass? A diamond has been made. In time perhaps make a grain of wheat of something that will grow. Still, both made of things existing. View. Cannot understand the Universe of itself—Require to get outside it and look back on it. Nothing in the whole of the visible universe seems to explain phenomena—as life. Mass of the Sun not enough to make life, generation of the germ, nor any force with which acquainted. To find the life-force one enquiry. View. That the visible universe within reach of the telescope does not explain, does not necessitate supernatural—or any Knowledge through Death. Not at all demonstrated that we shall know any more after Death.

The extreme slowness, and the irregularity of human progress—Now a lens, then gunpowder, by and by printing—by jerks, not by a designed advance.

Everything we don't know we attribute to the Deity, just as they used to thunder and lightning.

View. Probably life will be one day found to be a force like electricity, quite as natural, and no more supernatural than thunder and lightning. *Life*. Nothing divine or 'breath breathed in,' about it. Nothing mystic that is or unknowable. It is evident that it is not divine by the multitudes that perish—like the shell snails Beachy Head—mere specks as it were. Timour Pyramid 90,000 heads, Baghdad. Life of no value: hence clearly it is like electricity, something quite and solely natural.

View. Immortality. Is it the thought that lives on? (like the immortality of a moral principle). Thought projected on into Time. Nor life which is mere force and goes like the wave on the shore, but its Emotions and its Thoughts that endure—these, the invisible and without dimensions that exist onwards—like my memory of the Camera Obscura. As if the Petals of the Flower, its sensation of warmth, were to exist on while its petal decayed. Do living beings form or grow each an eidolon [i.e. Spectre, phantom] in this way?

View. Thus I deceive myself in my desire to find consolation.

How can we suppose there is anything so supernatural in us when we look back through history with such satisfaction at the discovery of gunpowder to blow men to pieces. Each fresh engine of destruction hailed with applause.



January—  
February  
1887

Man Help. Not for love for profit. Insist on man help for your own or your race's benefit—not for theirs. It is ridiculous to tell men to love one another and to found on that a system: they cannot do it, if they could circumstances would not permit. Put it so that a man in saving another's life—in working for the Forwards—may find some profit, personal, or of the race.

The world will never progress while it fancies it can't get on without prophets, and deities and so on, and revelations.

Believer. I am a greater Believer than they are. In my refusal to accept so poor and wretched an explanation I am a great believer. Definition. Something that I can understand with my present limited ideas and I say that my present limited ideas do not comprehend all—Consequently any deity I can comprehend is not real.

Chr. The vice of self-sanctification.

Definition. If there be anything in the universe outside matter then that something is uniformly higher than any idea known of a god.

When you consider the vastness of the starry universe the idea of the tiny speck earth being specially created seems a little feeble.

Giving up *Chr.* [Christianity]—Not giving up any hope because there is nothing in it of hope—who wants to live in *their* Heaven?

[After Jefferies' death in August, 1887, there was much discussion on his religious beliefs, or perhaps his lack of them. Walter Besant in his *Eulogy of Richard Jefferies* (1888) had stated that there was a "death-bed conversion" of a kind and that Jefferies died uttering some pious sentiments. This too facile view was vigorously combated by the Rationalist Henry S. Salt in his excellent study of Richard Jefferies published in 1894. In his preface to the revised edition of 1906, Salt wrote: "The interpretation which I put on the story of Jefferies' 'deathbed conversion' has been challenged as inconsistent with the facts narrated in Besant's *Eulogy*, and on the strength of this divergence I have been reproved for writing 'not like a seeker after the truth, but like a controversialist eager to make out his own case.' My censors may perhaps be surprised to hear that, on the first publication of this little book, Sir Walter Besant wrote that he fully agreed with me 'as to the unreality of Jefferies' deathbed conversion to orthodoxy,' and that in an earlier letter, dated August 29, 1891, he had written: 'Now here is an important point. I stated in my *Eulogy* that Jefferies died a Christian. This was true in the sense of outward conformity. His wife read to him from the Gospel of St. Luke, and he acquiesced. But I have since been informed he was weak, too weak not to acquiesce



and his views never changed from the time that he wrote *The Story of My Heart*.”

The extracts from the note-books of 1887 (the last written within a few weeks of his death) show clearly that Salt was right in his contention that Jefferies died as he lived.]

January—  
February  
1887

Sparrow. Beauty of the sparrow's shape and flight—Activity and life. Not to go too much into the abstract—Chaffinch and sparrow understood—The opposite—the chaffinch—nearer conveying and nearer to the real truth than the most polished abstract, however guarded.

*A Shepherd's Crown* [title].

*Sun Life*. With all my thought I cannot get any nearer than sun life—the chaffinch. Best as far as this earth is concerned, and gives the best repose—hope of the future—and if I cannot get this, then there is nothing. The hours with beauty the only hours we live. You do not know because you are so ill in this brief moment of life that therefore there is no concern for you or sparrow: yet it is against plain sense, so far that is as the *Present* goes.

[‘In summer the leaves of the aspen rustled pleasantly, there was the tinkle of falling water over a hatch, thrushes sang and blackbirds whistled, greenfinches laughed in their talk to each other. The commonplace dusty road was commonplace no longer. *In the dust was the mark of the chaffinches' little feet; the white light rendered even the dust brighter to look on.* In the march of time there fell away from my mind, as the leaves from the trees in autumn, the last traces and relics of superstitions and traditions acquired compulsorily in childhood. Always feebly adhering, they finally disappeared. . . . With disbelief, belief increased, The aspiration and hope, the prayer, was the same as that which I felt years before on the hills, only it now broadened. *The Story of My Heart.*’]

By all these wanderings of thought through all their (the religionists) labyrinth which end so unsatisfactorily and bring me nothing it is clearer than ever that there is nothing of the sort and my original conclusion is still more confirmed that if anything it is Something Beyond. You get at it nearest by Sun Life, chaffinch accept, repose. Without asking and without endeavouring to answer or solve any questions whatever. Let the why and cause go: there is none. *Sun Life—Chaffinch Repose*. Do not trouble therefore about gods or futurity or Death but simply despotic Sun Life in prose or verse or both.

Consolation. I can only find in the hope that there is Something Beyond—Different Something—Different to Gods or Duty, or human



January— or anything of the kind—Quite Different and satisfying—and that is  
February the thought that Nature, Sun Life, life and innate Soul constantly  
1887 gives me. The study of the lichen and moss on the wall as I stand help-  
less—the darkness of the night—and to that I must resign myself.  
Beyond my miserable pains and littleness.

[‘In itself my soul desires; my existence, my soul-existence is in  
itself my prayer, and so long as it exists so long will it pray that I may  
have the fullest soul-life.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]



NOTE-BOOK

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*February to March*

1887



NO. 1 BOOK

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Library of the

1887



## February to March 1887

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*Pages 1 to 84*

*All entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph*

FEB. 16.—Gnats up and down. Flat transparent eel-like fish—head strange, spotted back skin, eyes monked.

S.L. [The many entries under these initials, to be found in various note-books, refer to thoughts and ideas generally classed together by Jefferies as *Sun-Life* or *Soul-Life*. Sometimes he refers to the one, sometimes to the other. They were all notes put down by him with a view to a revised and enlarged edition of *The Story of My Heart*. This may be proved by the following note, taken from the note-book numbered XIV and dated October 1884, 'Sun-life. Biography. Enlarged *Story of My Heart*—Explanation.' This work alas, he did not live to finish.]

S.L.

All ends in men—help—if none then no help; poison the sharks.  
[See 'Hours of Spring', *Field and Hedgerow*.]

1. That there are other ideas. The incalculable. These first.
2. That there is another Nature or Natures.
3. That we really do not see things at all, which may be entirely different to what they appear to us.
4. That there is a whole of which I form part, now, then, and after, and that this I recognise in looking at the cedar, in the night, at the dawn.
5. That this Whole is superior probably to all the common ideas of justice, beneficence.
6. That there is [*no struck out*] more in man than you know as 3—more than or different to soul and immensity.
7. A larger ethics—of the Beyond.
8. That the true work of man is the Man Help.



- February— 9. The intense perception of and life with all.  
March 10. The assurance that this is but the merest fragment.  
1887 11. That there is more materially—the Stellar Ring—the continuant.  
Infinite capacity of Matter: properties.  
12. The Vehmgericht [This is the German system of irregular tribunals  
prevailing especially in Westphalia in the fourteenth and fifteenth  
centuries and trying the more serious crimes in secret night sessions.  
Such tribunal. Hence Vehmic. Gericht, judgment, law.]  
13. The Absolute removed.  
14. The Opening of the mind for ever.  
15. The Soul or Inner Mind organon.  
15a. A Life as the ultimate element.  
16. Absolute confidence from.  
17. There is more than I imagined rather than less.  
18. Still more mind-psyche.  
19. The truth, quite different to philosophers, religions, science.  
19a. No beneficence: all shark.  
20. The feeling in thinking of the child gone quite different to all: The  
mind *knows* it is different.  
21. Still more of the greater psyche.  
22. The greatest Hope—The Greater Scheme. Birth, Life, Death,  
Immortality. Not the complete life-history. A Greater Scheme for the  
individual, then the general scheme, then the Stellar and Continuant  
scheme.  
23. It is all entirely different. There is thought outside, ideas outside,  
scheme outside (because these are human conceptions) it is entirely  
different: we belong body and mind to a Whole not known to us and  
there is not the least excuse for anxiety: on the contrary cause for con-  
fidence. Look over the sea and the Inner Mind understands and knows  
what is meant.  
24. No mystery: all when Known may be employed for us.  
25. After going through infinite earth it all ends in the Different Nature  
Beyond—the Greater Psyche—for which the mind always desires, in  
which alone he feels rest and confidence, and drinks, drinks, drinks.  
Evermore more inspiring so that I am more psychic than all. Not a  
thing but leads to psychic thought—not a grain of dust. My mind or  
psyche aspiring desiring through every blade of grass, yet no good  
because nothing to grasp.  
26. This is what I want to turn this into real physical for me. (They  
wanted the tumulus ribs.) Perhaps it is only a sense of deep life. But  
what I desire is to turn—to fetch down—to get it for me in a real form.



February—  
March  
1887

27. It is all worked through matter. As I lie awake in the dark dawn, from myself, my mind, I can learn nothing—I know nothing. As soon as light comes I begin to work on it. But it should spring in the mind. It does not. That is why I know nothing—Because in myself I have no idea. Therefore deep dissatisfaction.

S.L. To look at the sun alone over the trees—sunset—enough of itself to prove other ideas. The past like miser's gold, every memory added makes the heap clearer.

Feb. 16.—Owl at 8. Tree climber at 11 in the morning.

[All the remaining entries in this note-book are prefaced with the letters S.L. i.e. Sun Life.]

Eye. That which has an eye has a brain: that which has a brain has a mind however rudimentary: that which has a mind is conscious (Knows) as well as feels that it is alive, and is conscious of coming Death: that which has an eye has an affinity and has made an approach towards humanity. Rabbit's eye dying covered with sand, in life could not endure a single particle.

The finches treasured oval, then translate. Decipher strange inked signatures in wood ash that run together, expressing half written language inarticulate and blotted ere the morning was begun. Interpretive the little finches' egg.

The sun comes up as comes a 'rising' ship,  
Above the sky line points her topmasts' tip,  
Next the wide garment of her sails expands,  
Then [*and struck out*] on the ridge the finished vessel stands.

It is easy to write upon that which is already written, to analyse, criticise, enlarge; it is another thing to go at once to nature and the immense out-of-doors and try to write from that. I sit and ponder in the sun and ponder and still ponder and cannot even express the magnitude of the problem in stress of the thought that comes.

It is difficult to realise that all is as beautiful now as at Coate—yet it is. [Jefferies is thinking of his Lyra Prayer on the Ridgeway and elsewhere.]

I have to fit the millions who have died as in Africa in the past ignorant even of the Cycloid—The dead past proves my case.

Intense life in life—appreciation of Sun-Life-itself leads to the Idea Beyond. Sea raised above the level of the wall of reflection.

Every day from the moment I see the light I have to go over my thoughts again. This is the peculiarity of studying from the sun. If life were immortal still I should think there were other ideas and the Idea Beyond. If no Beyond, how then this *Now*?



February—  
March  
1887

All ends and begins and is comprised in *life* now. It is *that* really. A Grammar. All the Wonder. If I only had words to tell.

I seem to be beginning the great task of life now I am so mutilated—eye weak, nictitated, can find the narrow circle, hopes broken like limbs.

'Islands of the Blessed where men pass their time—inquiring and learning and arriving at a knowledge of nature.'

The Beyond not Soul. That is not mind—Another and higher and different nature altogether. No trace of mind (Design-mind) anywhere. Perhaps some other mode of communicating with other intelligences beside prayer.

Cicero—Archimedes, the tomb of, already grass—Syracuse. I feel that I know nothing more than when I began to think or be conscious—say at 15.

Sun Life. To lean against the fir and feel it become air.

In youth sucked the egg of the world dry—now the [*dry struck out*] fragments of the shell among my teeth. Div. Laertius. Apophthegms are the cogs in a wheel.

While we think only of the earth the idea of a beginning comes and seems absolutely necessary. When we find the immensity of the universe then the idea of a beginning vanishes and the idea of constant existence takes its place.

Matter not despicable: not dead—Is there any dead matter?

Everything formed of matter. Lichen, polyp, plant, beautiful flower, the prismatic feathers of the starling, ourselves, the eye, the brain, memory, the bones of lime, i.e. growing and living stone and where does life pass into persons: consider the thumbnail, which you can cut without pain (the quick at the root). No more feeling than brass stair-rod. Blackbird entirely formed of matter—eye, mind, heart, love, song. All formed of matter: then also by matter, of itself, of its own inherent quality—spontaneous generation, and so man and his mind. Now analyse matter and it resolves to force and force to still subtler suggestions. And matter analysed is found to be full of intelligence. It resolves into mind. If therefore matter is capable of itself forming the mind of man, under different conditions in other regions it may form other forms of intelligence. Upon analysis therefore it seems as if that into which the body after is resolved is itself life, is itself intelligence (as matter in its subtler form is mind) (coming to this conclusion on purely materialistic grounds).

Each grain or particle of matter seems to have the latent possibility in it of becoming mind. Every grain of seed or dust may some day be a thought in some man's brain.



It is the property of matter to turn or become life and intelligent (as oyster). As much a property of matter as weight.

As humus quickest turns to grain again perhaps intelligence quickest to life again.

Life a property of matter. Intelligence a property of matter, and infinite capacities unrecognised. No fear therefore in becoming matter (being matter now) as that is only becoming that which is itself life and intelligence. These properties of matter then make evident the other Ideas, the other Nature, the Beyond or Whole Idea—Matter not all, a part of the Whole Idea, or part of the Beyond.

Ideas outside mind or matter (synonymous terms expressing different states of the same thing)—ideas outside and beyond this.

There are ideas outside I am sure there are. I do not understand how matter has these properties.

I see that *this* life is entirely different to what I understand. I see that the other Nature or Beyond is entirely different. I see that the after is entirely different—as before birth was entirely different. I see that the whole scheme is quite outside. A tree—an outside idea at once in itself.

I do not say I pray or give me this: but I feel the intense desire of sun-life just the same and even more. The Beyond or Whole. Matter doing it for me better than I understand. Or scheme doing all things for me perhaps in a better and more beautiful way than I can see. Yet present evils are *real*—Put both facets that I see. Matter itself accounts for or contains all the phenomena put down to divinity.

By the glowing dandelion: by the cut hawkweed; by the grasses—still the same intense desire.

I do not care for the heavens of the prophets—nor for houris, for nirvana, for resurrection or New Jerusalem: or for Greek Hades, yet that better than New Jerusalem. Rather die out than live on as a worm.

The rickyard—sunrise. [At the time when Jefferies began in youth to ponder over these questions of the desire for greater soul life, he was in the habit early every morning of going outside the farmhouse at Coate to the rickyard, where, to the east, he could look over Liddington Hill to the sunrise, and think and breathe his mystical prayer.]

Omit the word prayer—*now* say to live with that beauty and its thought within.

The Universe does not come into accord with any ethics or science known therefore I conclude [*the idea is different struck out*] there are other ideas besides those now known to me.



February— Nature holds all things to explain herself. Nature herself all things  
March explains.

1887

This life—this *now*—is itself beyond—since it is an idea outside my ideas. I myself express an idea I do not understand. Birds on tree—expressing an idea I do not understand; they are Beyond. I do not want the physical explanation of the tree or me but the idea [*beyond* struck out]. By the Beyond I mean the Idea of the *Whole*: that would fill the sky. The mind is too big for this little earth, that is why I cannot fit it—the mind requires more. I cannot force it down to this garden, and square it in with a scheme. So that the sun life prayer or desire is right—After the most rigid criticism, and sternest effort to overthrow it. Nor can I square it down to all the mind of the universe—animated or inanimate—the mind *will* think outside it. Nor can I square the mind down to itself.

Pearls not before swine—before hippopotami. People so wooden: never seen an eye with sympathy. So mind to nature?

Still the mind has to be nailed down to the square of disappointment and illness and misery, like it or no and the fact is the old ideas are absolutely inadequate and it utterly useless to think them over and over in any way whatever. All will have to be built up again from the very beginning if they are to be of any use.

*Torture*. Many have died once: I have had the misery of dying many times and the pressure of it for years. If drop handkerchief unable to pick it up. Writing a letter is an effort. Carefully arrange to do a dozen things at one rising or going upstairs. Chair to chair—no rest. Neither lie, stand, walk, sit, without distress.

Beyond. Quite outside and different to mind. Hope in Beyond while living.

Tendency of modern thought to drag all things towards death and consider that only, or as chief.

Religion, Politics. Both have no real meaning. They are counters with which the game of life is played.

Feb. 19, 1887.—Night. I do not believe one word of it—Neither the philosophers of old (*primum mobile*) the religions of the world, nor the science of to-day. Not one word of what I have been taught or read. The truth is I believe entirely different (expressed by the Beyond) In MS. put vocabulary of words to explain.

That sways in more than the heaving chest,

Of some strong athlete in the struggle prest.

[*Primum Mobile*. Outermost sphere added in Middle Ages to Ptolemaic system, supposed to revolve round earth in 24 hours



February—  
March  
1887

carrying with it the contained spheres. Prime source of motion or action. Mediaeval Latin: first moving thing. The reference to 'MS.' in the above note refers to the fact that Jefferies intended to write an enlarged and revised version of his *Story of My Heart*, of which all the notes in this note-book were intended to form part.]

MS. should indicate by flowers or sea rather than crystallise in aphorism.

Immediate proof in the intense sun-life. The aspiration in sun-life was right—wrong to crystallise in prayer for anything. It is the pure aspiration of the mind that is right. There is more than I have imagined rather than less.

Sun Life. Steamer—Ostend—brilliance. White Horse—Ridgeway. [The Ridgeway was the ancient track on the Wiltshire—Berkshire Downs where Jefferies walked most frequently in the early days and had the illumination of the mystical sense most strongly.] I cannot understand why rain and hill deserted me.

In myself as myself possess all safety. The savage feels it beside his tumulus. The Norseman dying sitting in the sun with his arms. The Beyond—the Other Nature Different—fills the sky. In the Beyond have perfect confidence.

I can still hear the buzz of the flies in Hodson Hedge. [Hodson, a hamlet near Jefferies' early home. The cottage of Haylock the keeper, of *The Gamekeeper at Home* was at Hodson's Bottom.]

I begin all again—fresh from the flower—the sun and the mind. Striking out everything. MS. Not too much crystallizing, lose the meaning else in words.

Sun Life. Names of the pictures at the National Gallery. Rubens' Judgment. Places of Pilgrimage. Liddington Hill. Barbury. Hodson Hedge.

Coate. Russet Apple-Sun-spots. [There was a russet-apple tree near the farmhouse at Coate, under which Jefferies sat to meditate. An unpublished auto-biographical manuscript in my Jefferies' collection describes this. There is also an unpublished poem on the same theme. For references to the pictures at The National Gallery, see *The Story of My Heart*.]

The feeling when I think of the child gone is quite different and Beyond it all. [Jefferies lost a little boy whilst living at Eltham in 1884.]

Feb. 20.—I elect for the mind-psyche and still more mind-psyche, and for the greater psyche and still more greater psyche. Still more psyche, not less, that is the side I choose, the mind psyche.



February—  
March  
1887

Waste of intelligence.—As the thrush. I cannot find what I seek and look everywhere and do everything but what would be direct. Waste of intelligence of the race—building, making income, all that ought to be done by now. Where could minds; souls; go? The room. First I thought of them like a flock of birds so immensely numerous near at hand, presently lessening in size, by and by passing, not a speck on the horizon: then the smallness of the particles in the ant. So that all minds (both man and animals and insects) for 12,000 years could be packed in a nutshell—next in a drop of dew on a grass blade, or in a mote in the sunbeam, or in my mind—a thousand thousand cavemen pictures there—in my mind in one second.

In the *greater scheme* is the greatest hope. Life an element. Each form of life—a different element. Life the only real—the ultimate element into which matter resolves by separation. The rudest matter tends to become alive. So, though this consciousness may cease (as memory of an illness) the finest and subtle matter of the mind may the quicker for its fineness hasten to re-existence.

However true my scheme I must still thole. Let not tholing then interfere with ideas of scheme. [*Thole*. Now an archaic word. It means undergo, endure, suffer. The Latin is *tolerare*.]

The intense indescribable In-Feeling seems to be at the root of all. And this unconsciously rests upon the Greater Scheme and in Sun Life I *feel* the Greater Scheme and so have rest.

Feb. 27.—Exaggerating death: looking at it through convex lens, or small end of telescope and life through the large end. Above all; the most to be combated—the kneeling and feeling sacred. What fills me with such intense dissatisfaction is that I cannot find out one single thing to be of *real* physical service. No one ever has. But I still want to—I crave to; just as the men did of the tumulus 5,000 years ago. Columbus the best indisputable instance of Idea preceding fact and discovery.

Not satisfied with nature: I also want the vices of old Rome and new Paris. To live always among the present Sots (Lesbia and sparrow) and the touch of the coarsest flesh arm.—Nothing but Life—blood—flesh—touch and mind—talk satisfies: all really in embraces. Imp. Caes. Whosoever recognises vice is the master of men. Blackguard to use or savagely repress and so use.

Fly's eye 16,000 facets an immensely powerful microscope. The infinite earth that I see and enter into—sparkling sea—the gleam on the fly's wing—yet *Nothing for man*: Nothing for man.

Pages of Sun Life: the sea from Home dining room.



February—  
March  
1887

The more beautiful it is—the pampas grass—the more despair for me. I begin to think I have no human feelings at all. *So alone*. No one ever the least agreement or sympathy with me.

Life [*always* struck out] ends in scepticism. All seems to be—the wish to be something else: not what fate makes us. The sun life of the Egyptian sphinx—Lions. [See 'At summer noontide, when the day surrounds us and it is bright light even in the shadow, I like to stand by one of the lions and yield to the old feeling. The sunshine glows on the dusky creature, as it seems, not on the surface, but under the skin, as if it came from out of the limb. The rear of the rolling wheels sinks and becomes distant as the sound of a waterfall when dreams are coming. All the abundant human life is smoothed and levelled, the abruptness of the individuals lost in the flowing current, like separate flowers drawn along in a border, the music heard so far off that the notes are molten and the theme only remains. The abyss of the sky over and the ancient sun are near. They only are close at hand, they and immortal thought. *When the yellow Syrian lions stood in old time of Egypt*, then, too, the sunlight gleamed on the eyes of men, as now this hour on mine. The same consciousness of light, the same sun, but the eyes that saw it and mine, how far apart!' 'The Lions in Trafalgar Square', *Toilers of the Field*.]

Our intelligence something in us propelling—prompting—driving us on as plants are driven with adaptations. Not altogether understood of ourselves. Matter possessing intelligence or life the ultimate element developing or possessing intelligence. Evolution or *Alteration* the bitter term gives to all intelligence. M.S. Liddington Hill and philosophy or argument. By no possible means can I make This Self into That Strong Self. If I ask myself in the dawn what I know the answer is nothing. All said before refers to visible. It is clear there are:—

- a.1. Other Properties of Matter as in the Blood, which can be seen circulating but which is not understood.
  - a.2. That there are other Properties or Existences—in the sense that electricity is an existence—as Life, as a force.
  - a.3. Or these may be said to be Properties of Matter, or
  - a.4. Life may be said to be Dumb Blind Intelligence using matter, but for convenience say Properties of Matter.
  - a.5. That Mind is a property of matter—unless you regard it as a separate existence, still then it is only mind and quite of nature.
- A. Thus regarded Matter accounts for everything—pain and suffering included.



February—  
March  
1887

B. That there is probably a Whole of which these are parts.

C. That an idea may be found to explain them (Hiretas).

D. Or else all due to the Other Nature Different Beyond or Outer Mind. Indifferent to Pain. Without object. This is what the mind prefers, on account of its selfness, unconquerable feeling that all exists in relation to it: just as it looks for design and balance. My mind may be generated out of matter yet there may be another mind (different) not concerning itself with me at all.

My sufferings seem to me endless and immense. To the Greater Outside  $\frac{1}{2}$  a second and of no consequence. Study and the Greater destroy the individual.

Natural selection a true cause modifying but not a sufficient cause to explain all phenomena. Climate a true cause but not sufficient. Life mixed in the immense *whole* physical of the stellar and star-continent, psychical of the Psychical Whole. The explanation not to be sought in birth, life, death, immortality; these the wrong questions; blended by these like daylight to stars; outside all these. Turn these backwards for me; but still outside. It seems as if the mind alone (sensation) died: body matter lives, life force lives—but sensation—? The Beyond—no human love, feelings, because of our sufferings—Quite outside that. So long as you keep asking yourself those questions you will never get an atom nearer it, Because these are all Design Mind questions and the Beyond is not Human—or if so Human in a different and Greater way. ? A flower to symbolise the Beyond. It almost all comes to this—*a greater idea*. It is *all* different: *all* outside. It is all different, or nothing in it. The literature ought all to be burned. Shut mind to it all like gipsies.

March 7.—And that is what I want to express—the something of the mind—and it is that is my idea that would be novel—the something in the mind—(not what is said)—the something I know and feel. Not in the plant, in me. The sea makes me feel it and the sun—it is not the sea—it is in me—Express that: *that* is my idea. More and different from soul, god, immortal death life, birth and all that: shut mind to *that*. It within says It is all infinitely Greater. Not the Last Trump—far, far infinitely greater. (Mind) All in *that*.

Our minds are like geometry—formed as blocks fall to pieces, decay lives. The real mind is Outside and behind the blocks. Our geometry minds go round and round inside. A circle not my idea of infinity—rather my idea of finity by bounding and returning—it is rather as line extending both sides like two arrows, to the edge of the paper—over into the abyss. The Larger Outside Geometry as a protection



February—  
March  
1887

going back in mental progress against superstition and terrors of the mind.

Man more *distinct* from nature than any other creature. Man's tenor of nature, of the return to in death, disease, A use in death in some way.

Mind. The mind too large for present knowledge—capacity so great—hence the constant desire for something more, hence perhaps the thought of Something Beyond, the mind that *is* full. The horse, the meadow, horse supernatural. The horse at plough supernatural, all supernatural, all different.

March 8.—Something in mind. This is the depth of Sun Life. Write Sun Life simply. To rest thus in the Mind Sun Life and Wait unquestioning is the very highest *psychism* and belief—without fear, without illusionary hopes, without all these things.

(1) THAT by no course of reasoning however tortuous can I fit my mind to the universe. My mind is separate from this designless thing altogether. (2) (Body carried round—tides). (3) But my mind is separate. Thence I conclude that as the diety as understood is Plan, that as (4) there is no Idea in it therefore that intelligence, or force, or power which caused and controls it is distinct altogether, another Entity. (5) Nor a diety as gods, nor as spirit as usually understood, but an Entity quite different to anything yet imagined. Then in purely human affairs I want something more than the diety. (6) Then as the diety is design, and all things human happen by chance, I conclude, there must be some Soul still higher and more perfect than the diety. I want to find a Soul superior to the diety, better, greater, and more good than a god.

Before Birth—Now. Now—Now. After Death—Now. I could not be now if to be extinct then. You must go straight to Nature and the Mind. If nothing there then you must be content with nothing and wait.

The appreciation of the sands, the grasses, all one cause of belief in the largeness of the Beyond. Is much greater. A Great Thought went through me like a spear.





The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is too light to be transcribed accurately.



NOTE-BOOK

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*April to May*

1887



NOTE-BOOK

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April to May

1887



## April to May 1887

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Pages 1 to 147

All entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph

[ALL the entries in this note-book except those under Fl. (Flight) are headed S.L. i.e. Sun Life.]

April 2.—Emperor moth in garden. Yellow and white butterfly.

*A Country Book* [book title].

April 8.—Good Friday. Slowworm. No gnat sting since Coate. Diet: not like horse or pig, oatmeal, oats! Each man a different animal—each man a separate creature, not class.

[Jefferies, an invalid, was living at Sea View (now renamed 'Jefferies' House) Sea Lane, Goring-on-Sea, near Worthing, and the slowworm haunted the summer house in the garden.]

S.L. [i.e. Sun Life] As I do not feed them like the ploughman, his three horses just outside my garden are no more real to *me* than a picture on porcelain.

April 16.—Robin fed full grown robin redbreast on fig tree.

*Nature-Land. Unwritten Nature* [?titles]. *Natural History Almanac*. A creature with teeth, man, must be uncertain in his temper as he depends on his digestion.

The Beyond. Another Conception altogether. How could we have imagined such a life as this—had we existed before and thought and known it was coming. A life where all life comes from Death—and so now the truth may reasonably be very different to any idea. Men so conscious of the unknown and therefore pious from fear or rather recognition of it. This consciousness of the immensity of the unknown is the cause.

April 25.—Swallow, four at chimney.

In Sun Life prayers Liddington—no name—really trying to find



April— something to pray to. That has been the search of man for thousands  
of years.

May  
1887

April 26.—Chiffchaff! Rather a sad song. Sunny day, some rain.  
Snow early morning at 5 o'clock.

(‘One of the earliest birds to arrive in this country is the Chiffchaff. Its usual song is “Chif-chef chif-chef chif-chef” repeated many times. From the end of March till Mid-July, and then again from towards the end of August to the end of September.’)

April 27.—Grey crow in garden. Fl. Rooks fly so much easier in a wind. In calm weather twice as many flaps and no slide. Jackdaw—curve of flight more up and down than rook.

Man—ferocity is disguised by civilisation. I should grasp *all* here to Cornwall if in my power. Individualism—not evil—but nature. Mind so many years occupied with trivial details, shorthand, natural history. My illness. Regret the immense loss of time—the waste. At the end some day and so little—nothing, even *thought* not yet.

When I hear of the dreadful things happening around it scarcely seems possible that they can be real—or life itself reasonable—so opposite to man’s mind.

April 29.—The cuckoo.

Why! The extreme difficulty—the bewilderment—if consider why the human being exists. Phrynne being so beautiful by right ought to have lived till now.

Even as a mind or soul exist a moment—less than a moment of time—just sufficiently long to become conscious of the 1,000,000 stars—of the immensity of the immense—just to have it reflected a second in the glass of the mind, a second and then—to perish. MS. Divisions (I). The Prayer-Aspiration. (II). The Difficulties—all fails. (III). The Investigation. (IIIa). The Confessions. Against Buddhas. (IV). Stating the Problem. (V). The Inspiration. The Genius Beyond. Each a separate MS. and written under. The Power to do this shows the immense possibilities of the soul or mind, it may reasonably be believed to possibly possess qualities beyond all I know. Matter possesses qualities never suspected, so may the soul. The subtler views of matter throw light on the possibilities of the soul—more than or different to immortality.

The beauty of the shape—the mystery of the rounded arm as it is extended—what does it mean? All this form. Is not to think these things and to have this tone of mind something? The conception of the problem. The most old woman of the cottage why does she exist in her repulsiveness? *The Accroupie* [*Stooping Venus in the Louvre*]



(Hornet I info)

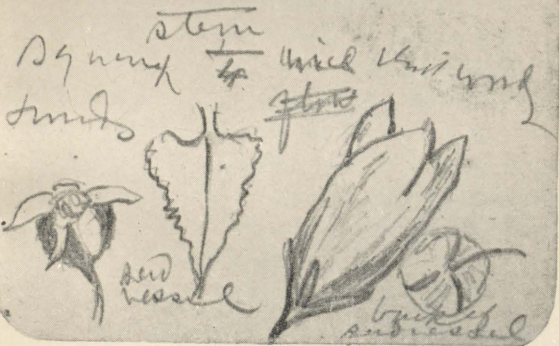
Xt Southern Western Farmer

8 Oct. dry misty morn.

Ditchling Beacon

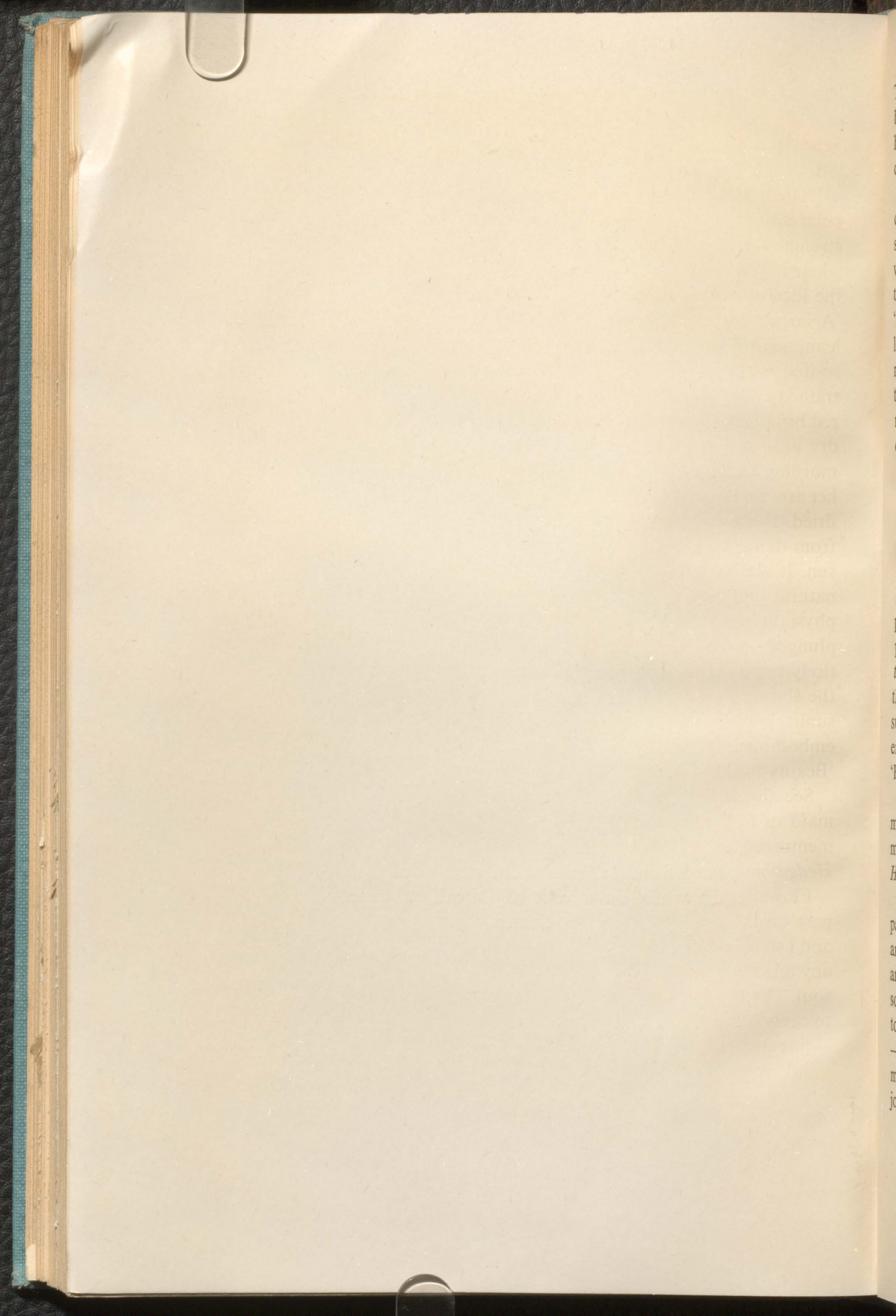
Klematis<sup>1</sup> & Anemone<sup>2</sup>

to flower<sup>pink</sup> the myrtle<sup>4</sup> stems } are  
Dynamite<sup>5</sup> & hazel buds } bud



Page from Jefferies' field note-books, written while on a visit to Ditchling, Beacon, Sussex







This wonderful vigour and beauty of form. What does it mean? The bust always suggests to me some great problem, some deep memory, hence its attraction as well as its beauty—the contemplation. It always did.

April—  
May  
1887

[‘There is such strength in shape—such force in form. Without muscular development shape conveys the impression of the greatest of all strength—that is, of completeness in itself. Such is woman’s form when nature’s intent is fulfilled in beauty, and that beauty gives the idea of self-contained power. . .

‘A large white arm, bare, in the sunshine, to the shoulder, carelessly leant against a low red wall, lingers in my memory. There was a house roofed with old gray stone slates in the background, and peaches trained up by the window. The low garden wall of red brick—ancient red brick, not the pale, dusty blocks of these days—was streaked with dry mosses hiding the mortar. Clear and brilliant, the gaudy sun of morning shone down upon her as she stood in the gateway, resting her arm on the red wall, and pressing on the mosses which the heat had dried. Her face I do not remember, only the arm. She had come out from dairy work, which needs bare arms, and stood facing the bold sun. It was very large—some might have called it immense—and yet natural and justly proportioned to the woman, her work, and her physique. Perfectly white—white as the milk in which it was often plunged—smooth and pleasant in the texture of the skin, it was entirely removed from coarseness. The might of its size was chiefly by the shoulder; the wrist was not large, nor the hand. Colossal, white, sunlit, bare—among the trees and the meads around—it was a living embodiment of the limbs we attribute to the first dwellers on earth.’

‘Beauty in the Country’, *The Open Air*.

See also the interesting and delightful passages on Cicely the milkmaid in *Round About a Great Estate*, and for the *Venus Accroupie* mentioned in Jefferies’ note, see ‘Nature in the Louvre’, *Field and Hedgerow*.]

Flowers do not even seem to live to enjoy themselves—merely to pass on the pollen of life—that done the shrivelling begins. The end and I shall find out nothing. Has anything ever been found out? Clocks, any one the better for that, engines no. Nothing for the flesh and the soul. The Flower only lives to carry on the pollen. The Man only lives to carry on the soul. Nature cares nothing for the pleasure of the flower—merely to carry on the pollen—so in us perhaps only to carry on the mind from generation to generation. The family—nothing as to its joys—only the continuance of the vitality of the mind—Is the mind then



April— a long string—the individual a tassel to it? The *Flesh* really has its  
joys. The Hop girl brown in the wagon—The Mind has none. The  
May mind's joys depend on the body. When the body goes the mind finds  
1887 them a delusion.

May 1st.—The more recognise the Illimitable the unknown, the  
immensity of—the further it extends in the mind, the more see it the  
nearer to the truth. Stitchwort. Beauty suggests hope.

At the end I shall know nothing. I shall only be conscious of the  
immensity of the problem—I shall just have arrived at it, at the  
immensity. At the dawn I know nothing, then I see that I have got to  
begin. The very beginning of the building. Not one thing yet.

If I had had a great body to have enjoyed the earth: or a great mind to  
have done or found something; I could have been content—to have had  
neither, and to perish without adding one atom to knowledge is bitter.

May 2nd.—Swift. No hope, no gratitude, to whom! no love to turn  
to. No prayer to, yet the mind is not satisfied.

How am I a [*wretched* struck out] poor short creature, teeth,  
mammas, nails, relics of brute time—to see into and define the Great  
Beyond? Curves of limpet and scallop. The whole earth deceives and  
throws the mind aside from the true contemplation.

Of old time Liddington it always seemed after a prayer hill that I  
was more unlucky and things were worse with me. So since when I  
have studied and thought of these things. Abstract thought prevents  
success.

The design and curve and apparent mind is only the exterior, like  
the coat. At the end I shall sink into the Great Beyond—not into the  
ocean, not into the material.

May 2nd.—The soul lifts itself utterly above the material, above  
philosophy, above religion, above immortality, above all, and is satis-  
fied with nothing but the unknown with unknowingness illimitable  
with the Beyond. The aspiration within it will accept nothing less—will  
accept no tangible or defined fate.

Is this then the answer? That the feeling of the depth Beyond is the  
right and true feeling. In its very vagueness perhaps its truth. At least  
it is a higher ideal—not punishment—than hitherto.

Still no hope no *earthly* heart—No use to look or wait for what is  
not. We must make the love and heart for ourselves. Man's soul—  
mind has never yet found any other Soul mind to speak to.

Real—to tell the real truth as preceding—alone sufficient.

Even at the end—some one to speak to—to cheer the spirit. No  
good except from man.



April—  
May  
1887

I have been through nature, I am weary of nature, nothing there. I have been through books, nothing there. I have in long illness, I have let my mind think in on itself. Nothing there. I have been to the edge of the end—no resource—nothing to rest on, strychnine might at last—where then? No hope, nothing to turn to. Only the sense of the Illimitable—is that really anything? Or is it best to shut the eyes and face by mere Determination—vir—manliness—endure. It seems impossible with every effort to convey an idea to another to make them see and feel as I do.

Fl. The edge of the vane wing then in some way by dividing holds the air.

My misfortunes are my stupidities—I could not see—so with the world, we cannot see—we want knowledge. When shall I awake—when shall I awake?

In 19 centuries not one of all his followers has quite in all points agreed with Christ. (Paul and Peter differed from him.) In all the 19 centuries of all the Christians not two have agreed together wholly.

May 4th.—Swallows on ground, meadow, short sward, also on cow manures. Fine. Flying very low.

The Illimitable is the definition—the measure of my ignorance.

Everyman may be *The Enemy*—potential, may traitorously destroy you.

The mind conscious analysis ends in materialism—matter—nothing. The soul unconscious is always transcendental, and so real—Mind then may end, soul continue on existing. I am unconscious of the soul now, and may not be more so at last. As the great joy of life is to be unconscious perhaps at the end to be unconscious (in the mind sense) is the great joy. To sever and say farewell to the material impressions, to the think, think of the mind. Unconsciousness not death but life. One object—if there is an object in the earth—seems to be make all things, the least atom, in turn alive.

I hate nature. I turn my back on it. Works of man greater than nature—nature works without a mind as the sea sculpturing the cliffs.

The Beyond may be a Mind—not nature—finding no mind in nature leads to the dread and mistake lest no mind elsewhere. Analyse away the soul: the soul returns.

May 6.—Whitethroat—garden [*Flycatcher* struck out.]

[It is possible at first glance to mistake one for the other. The White-throat was disliked by Gilbert White who says of it, 'The note of the Whitethroat, which is continually repeated and often attended with odd gesticulations of the wing, is harsh and displeasing.'



April— This is not my opinion, for its song is a pleasing one and some of the  
May notes very sweet. It usually sings from the middle of April to the end  
1887 of July.]

Mistake—absurd veneration of works of nature as if they were divine—no mind in it at all. How marvellous! Wrong. Porcelain more wonderful—clock—nature has been working 250,000 years and without any drawbacks of pain or nerves—forces only. If a man's mind had been working with irresistible forces at beck and call for 250,000 years he could have done something better than this. No great Beyond Mind then in this—the Material or Matter. Nature works by mistakes, succeeds by mistakes and failures. Nature is very stupid. Innumerable mistakes. Appears to do nothing but make mistakes and so ultimately arrive at something after continually blotting. Our intelligence seems to come to us in some way from outside nature (or matter).

May 6.—The return and triumph of the Soul—liberated from the iron ring and thralldom of the limpet-shell. Analysis, and all: to live its life without definitions of anything. As Ridgeway walk—earlier—less definition even then. In the word soul also immortality and all such thoughts. I have done with the lot, nature analysis, deity—metaphysics enquiries. I turn my back on the whole round, and let the soul live, as earlier on the Ridgeway.

The disappearances. Ghosts have disappeared, witches disappeared, miracles. The Great God *Pan* dead but not *Pan*. I block all enquiries—which always run backwards. Forwards—now.

I am as helpless as the limpet chained to the rock—as helpless as the rock itself. I cannot move myself out of myself and circumstances? *I cannot change myself into something else*, which is what the mind really wishes to do. My face is a mask. Pain and distress. Not the real face of the real *me*.

['When I look in the glass I see that every line in my face means pessimism; but in spite of my face—that is my experience—I remain an optimist. Time with an unsteady hand has etched thin crooked lines, and deepening the hollows, has cast the original expression into shadow.' 'The Pageant of Summer', *The Life of the Fields*.]

Work—such infinite patience and it all ends in nothing. At least my *Ideal Beyond* is better than theirs—all a fresh beginning of life, no punishment, reward, no jealousy, no goodness needed. The *Ideal Beyond*. Which to do? Which to choose? Help.

Air all round. At the window no good. Cursed months ground by pain.

[See 'Hours of Spring', *Field and Hedgerow*.]



Tenet. Colour in dress everything. In physical earth matters—all colour.

Everything and every person tends to specialisation—to individualism extreme—perhaps in this the point, why cannot make any one see things just the same as yourself.

Gathering together of abstract conceptions. In immortal life now. They cannot see this because the soul does not feel. They feel impressions, but not the soul. The soul does not feel anything. Specialisation: No Heaven, No Hades, No Development, The Soul always complete in itself—cannot develop. Does not need to. *It is*. Things not real because the Soul does not feel. All the Beyond. Power over all the matter of the earth no use without a new creative thought. I thought a new (another) world: a life, and existence: a time. The *very idea* that it must be something quite outside—quite *artificial* in a sense—a step. Abstract, with back to Nature and the Past. Why endeavour to separate the soul ideas from Material—infinite matter. Not a sine qua non.

Earth with grass and flowers and sea and action—perfect for physical pleasure while perfect health and strength. Impossible to improve it.

Ideas of Hell practical and complete—a finished picture: experience gives details enough—of Heaven vague. When are things going to be real? They do not seem to be absolute. When is the soul going to feel? I extended my hand and the water immediately rolled in a ripple before it. S.L. When is the Day going to be? These long summer days and still it is expectancy.

May 8th.—Red Admiral butterfly. The cuckoo again. Turtle dove.

'I think, therefore I exist.' Thought seems to be the part that does not exist—or rather does not last; it is subtlest existent material in a state of change transformation. It should be 'I perceive, I think'.

Material. To gather around me the renewed unhappy that I loved—the larks that sing—those that were injured—all. To work up plastic matter. These no use without creating a new thought. Accroupie.

May 9th.—Eave swallow and bank swallow.

Nature is a Beast (animal). Illness. Not the slightest faintest help or even sympathy that I can feel from any human being. The exact moment of the end unconscious like the beginning—birth. For immortal or continuous physical life continual death seems necessary. Cannot enjoy today and now because compelled always to strive on, perhaps unconscious. To go back and rest in all that I should have enjoyed.

April—  
May  
1887



April—  
May  
1887

After death the first thing find—At last I really am something—an existence—an atom, the beginning of the building, the Dawn. Not to fix things as known—to fix things as unknown—always opening. Indicate the Beyond forms and existence (cannot absolutely create) so as to show that they are undubitably there. After death soul does *not* fly faster than light to Stellar Continent—The Future entirely different and as unexpected as this Life if considered before birth. Material.

Book Title. *An Incomparable Wench.*

If my life is of no consequence certainly my thought can be of no consequence. The hapless warring struggling mass 1,000 the sq. mile of Naples, London, Paris, Rome, Babylon and so on backwards in a chain. Is all the dust of the Sahara human dust? All Egypt's sands? The intolerable black despair of finding there is no help.

Some cannot imagine anything but the earth. Watch Nature till it is impossible to conceive any other forms say, except flowers. But I can see that there may be other forms, So absorbed in our own views, ways of thought, design, attributes, passions, cannot conceive any creature without them, or with different. But I see? A Creature different.

I make a non-entity—a vacancy—but it *not* a vacancy it is really filled full: the emptier I make it the more it is filled.

I cannot absolutely create new forms—new beings, existences—cannot indicate the existence of. No 4th Dimension (which would not be true.) Therefore unless absolutely a flash I must use the existing to indicate. Sun Life conveys the meaning best if not in precise words in meaning—and *the Accroupie (The Stooping Venus of the Louvre)* also *Venus and Adonis* (by Titian in *the National Gallery*) *Judgment of Paris*, Daphnis' knee, the Surprise. In the love of the bust and its thoughts really conveys the highest art. Lyra.

[‘When weary of walking on the pavements, I went to rest in the National Gallery. I stand arrested before one or other of the human pictures. The knee in Daphnis and Chloe and the breast are like living things; they draw the heart towards them, the heart must love them. The shoulder in the Surprise, the rounded rise of the bust, the exquisite tints of the ripe skin, momentarily gratified the sea-thirst in me. For I thirst with all the thirst of the salt sea, and the sun-heated sands dry for the tide, with all the sea I thirst for beauty. And I know full well that one lifetime, however long, cannot fill my heart. It burns in me as the sun burns in the sky.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]

Even the Beyond—even in the sense of the altogether different nature—is only a geometrical idea, not for worship, like infinite or



April—  
May  
1887

Force—a first step in algebra: it must be given up as a real. May help in the definition to lift some minds above old circles. The view of the sea of stars gives geometrical ideas. In following (even prayer in a sense) and cultivating the Mind, must go right. There is the Key.

Ideal Lyra. Where the bust speaks and tells the soul of its beauty—tells the soul of its beauty and tells its meaning [*loveliness struck out*] Soul through its touch speaks itself. Where all yields soul to me. Plastic material to my will almost the only heaven I can imagine.

The earth holds one down with thousand thousand tons of force and will not let me see the Lyra—It will drag me down.

200 family portraits—continuation of the soul. The Ideal House as part of Lyra. The sea beautiful of the morning, the woods, always morning. Always morning. The love of a man—the Cloud Hills. Higher than seen before over which I wandered into the Ideal House and Forest, and as I dreamed so the House grew before me. (Yet without an occasional plunge into Paris it would not satisfy the craving.)

For a man to love me. Oh for a woman to love me with the heart and soul of a man. Difficult for the psychical nature to go long without prayer gratitude and prayer aspiration—thought without any to be grateful to or anything to be grateful for. The Condition of Soul—Communion—good without the expectation of renewal or assistance here or hereafter—good, because an Ideal Condition.

Their cry to the Beyond in deep danger of the end—unconscious. Their Heaven and so on only drawn from Matter as they know it—it is open to me to draw from it as I know it, a much wider sphere. The Ideal Condition of Soul—communion. The Bust—to speak—to have Soul behind it and to actually speak through it. Why should I be so anxious to deny Matter? Is the Soul any better—how then and where? Perhaps the soul is the ultimate Matter?

[‘Hers (the Stooping Venus) is not the polished beauty of the Venus de Medici, whose very fingers have no joints. But here is a woman perfect as a woman, with the love of children in her breast, her back bent for their delight. An ideal indeed, but real and human. Her form has its full growth of wide hips, deep torso, broad shoulders. Nothing has been repressed or fined down to a canon of art or luxury. A heart beats within her bosom; she is love; with her neither gold nor applause has anything to do; she thinks of the children. *In that length of back and width of chest, in that strong torso, there is just the least trace of manliness. She is not all, not too feminine; with all her tenderness. She can think and act as nobly as a man.* ‘Nature in the Louvre’, *Field and Hedgerow.*]



April—  
May  
1887

May 11.—I was where it was always morning (in a land). The heart always fresh, the perceptions retina bright, all novel as sun life of old time. My head was against her, a woman's breast, her soul came to me, through the touch, it was the soul and the heart of a man. I drew from it the food of life. The sun has always just risen. The dew was always there. The fragrance of the rose, the sound of rain on the leaves that did not approach nearer. In the Porcelain I saw there was no lingering. There is no end, it is all now. A high prayer. A great view of the greater earth—*putting soul—thought into the greater sphere*. After all, it is soul, soul, soul. After all—after all thought—it is all soul, soul, soul. A deep, craving burning, praying, aspiring up ascending soul, soul, soul.

S.L. I shall never see what I am going to write—never forecast and foretell it, nor can I calculate its effect upon others. I must put aside the forecast and especially the thought of how it may effect others. (They did not know.) The nearest to true and full confession the most likely to be real: it is then like a real flower not one made up of wax or paint. The highest physical life would be the highest soul-life. (Accroupie.) The more I give utterance to that soul, soul, soul feeling the nearer I shall be to the truth that would satisfy me even at the end. Useless impossible to forecast Soul—Book—as well try to forecast my life itself. To keep the soul, soul, soul in view seems the nearest. Suppose the soul material it is the same. As Material indestructible what becomes of the Particle of Life in all other creatures? Or is the soul Particle only found—as Individual and Specialised—in man, in the conscious thinking of thinking. The human man's soul separates from the chain-existence and takes a separate after existence. The animal-anima net. It seems as if the Ultimate Matter of the Soul was not reached until it had been through all forms up from for [two words illegible]. Or do they—animals too, separate and the Life-Particle exist on. In any case (May 11, the entry under that date) is the right idea. Use all, all things into the soul, soul, soul, soul, as the sound of the sea. In order to convey the idea of the profundity of the Soul. If the Soul is Material so much the better it will probably enter into greater material joys. Useless to think further. Sunk in utter despair: I know that I know nothing and that I shall never except a flash, for which then I must wait. Perhaps soul, soul, soul is nothing but the life feeling. So it returns to Sun Life and if I cannot get that there is nothing. I must simply resign and accept. I must put it aside. Soul is the only real matter—the other matter a state or condition that will change: transformation.



April-  
May  
1887

Tenet. Zoroaster. Do not defile water. Greeks would not spit on a river. Water is alive, so is air. The mystery is where does the soul come from? Passes as the ultimate atom (If then a man dies 1,000 dies) or does it become a soul, an ultimate particle when it becomes conscious, the speculative say at six months? This most probable. For after—It is evidently all the Beyond. Still need the artificial Porcelain. It is all infinitely greater and altogether different—same conclusion as before. A high prayer would be Porcelain to many. So would a great view of the greater earth. At least, a better Ideal—the purification—no repentance—no preparation. Death sufficient punishment for all. Of the ancient discoveries (See Auto., i.e. Autobiography) that of the living on of the mind or soul seems most probable—in some way but not known.

Nearly all Fetich—as skeletons stuck up—to alarm us with strangeness and so deity. Ghosts in the belfry but *not* to the sexton. All fetich but the Beyond. Be careful of Fetich. Refuse all Fetich. Mind fetich refuse as prayer. (1) Shark stage Semitic. (2) Fetich stage. Negro really higher. (3) Compound. (4) Get rid of the Lot. Deity merely a Fetich like the *skull* on the stake. To conjure with—to taboo (as church) to drive away. Is Soul and so on a Fetich? Unless regarded as material. Tenet. To worship physically as a master to reach Sun Life physical. Elevation of soul caused by old Sun Life—Ridgeway. Never thought of inventing soul, deity or prayer then. These inventions not suggested by Sun Life. May 12.—Sun Life suggests infinity greater that cannot be put into dogma [*words struck out*] and is best suggested by Sun Life writing alone without definition. As it is impossible to see through, this is the nearest to it. I am weary of nature, of earth, the soul wants soul. Soul—Soul—it is what we have all been craving for these thousands of years. That is why no books satisfy. Give me soul—the flash. Maoris die out because their souls are killed. The fetiches destroyed and they cannot understand knowledge, nor is it enough—fetich is human nature—fetich represents, employs soul—their souls die and bodies follow. Necessity of Fetich to S.L. Facing East. Sunlight. High Prayer. This would give a life in built in places—sunless garrets in London and Paris without grass.

Illness. The stable smell of the cab horses at the London Terminus would be sweet to me—to return to life.

Cannot alter the moment of the rising of the star by knowledge of Beyond, prayer or anything. Cannot alter anything. My eyes seem so blinded by the 50 ft. of sunlight by day and bounded in by the thick hedge of stars that I cannot see through. Always blinded by the 50 ft.



April—  
May  
1887

and attention drawn aside. The fact of my existence seems a sign—since I did not cause it. The waste of Intelligence—the feebleness of intelligence as shown in these incoherent groping notes. 600 million myriads having been buried what's the use of you trying 100,000 years? 900,000,000? every  $33\frac{1}{2}$ . I am all abstract—but my *abstract* will be stronger than all. The truth is that in this life there is no realisation—not even in coit. [i.e. coition.] It seems as if my soul itself must be mere mind. Material—else surely it would see or feel or find soul somewhere in this ceaseless search? There is indeed the desire. For thousands of years thousands have signed for soul life—and found nothing. Useless to look for that which does not exist. I cannot have the physical life now and there is no soul life: what then is the good? Better never learn to imagine any soul life than no disappointment. Even if I did get well my spirit and hope seems dead—destroyed, like a love that once was. Fetich rests the brain: repose to the soul. Christianity, very good indeed if Somebody all the while to feed you miraculously from the inclemency of the weather and fatigue with beautiful things. There is no such Somebody. Even if there was many would still like to go to plough their fields and plant their gardens and lead a human home life. Original Christianity pure nomadism. To think, criticise, is to destroy the soul.

We have gone through fetich but cannot find the truth—in vagueness. In a 100,000 years all the myriads have scarcely found any ideas—how can I expect to in 39?—the idea that there are other ideas, something: to see that. Better despair than deities, fetich and illusions. Despair is at least manly. I cannot go back to prayer and those things—I cannot go back.

Common belief that Christianity invented these things and all *new*. Nothing of the sort. The great reputations of the Past—even Galilei's—are founded on the merest trifles—on Nothing. View. Daylight is really starlight—one star light—sun a star. All the Universe we can see is in flames: earth in the midst of monstrous furnaces, would destroy it like a match in a fire: the stars: flaming mind.

If not for Light we should know nothing—should we have *mind* at all. In darkness no ideas, at night.

We are so intensely conceited we associate physical distress with moral wrongness—we have done wrong and are punished. No more effect or cause than with a snail. My disappointment at not finding any Soul—really my wounded self conceit at discovering that I am of no more consequence than others, or than the shells.

View. If everything produced by forces grinding together—would



April-  
May  
1887

not everything be destroyed, instead of equilibrium they would go on and on till the millstones ground to dust. The life on this earth seems death—as the earth becomes darker and cooler and slowly dies. Every morning—in the night if I wake—I am still confronted by the material, this 50 ft. of sunshine which blocks my sight, and will occupy my mind—material will occupy my mind—in despite of myself. Then if I abstract myself I make a blank.

Is mind the product of material—? ? Or is Material the outcome of Mind?

If material is so extremely subtle—may not mind be infinitely more subtle? Or is mind only material.

Questions. Is there or not a Beyond Mover? Is there or not a Beyond Existence? Is there or not any use in prayer—ought it to be used at all? Are these merely savage-grown ideas? Would that deprecate their value? Algebra at last from simple 1.2.3. still should not deny algebra. Ideas legitimately grow. But should not go back to 1.2.3. Is there any help? Any certainty of Future? And Finale or repose of mind in it? Or is there no answer to any question? Put your foot down.

May 14th.—Key. My mind always open—cannot shut it and say I will not see farther. This is a part and *strong* part of the Sun Life.

I am so anxious to find a Mover Beyond because I feel the crushing helplessness, hopelessness and the dread.

My Beyond merely mathematical. Morality of no consequence. Either nothing—or if anything so completely different as to be as much outside experience or ideas as this life before birth—useless to conjecture. If anything more in sympathy and unison with *Mind* than with nature. To use nature *to mind*. How densely stupid I must be to have all in front of my eyes and not to see the meaning of it! Sun, moon, stars, earth, trees, man, myself—all in sight, all staring me in the face.

May 14th.—You cannot answer them [the questions]. You can only go by the old feeling of the Ridgeway (Lyra Prayer). Perhaps that explains through all—even the end. Not analytically yet true for all that—truer than Definition.

[It is on the Ridgeway (Wilts—Berks) in the early days that Jefferies made his pilgrimage, to think the Sun Life thought and utter the prayers for soul life, and it was there that he achieved a partial Cosmic Consciousness and illumination, which remained with him through all the later days of pain and despair, loneliness and poverty.]

Do not try to be original.

My mind seems like the sea out there—never full—you may throw whole years of work into it yet not satisfied. It will *not*



April— *decide*, will not *crystallise*. ? This Part. The same only to depend on  
May really in health as in sorrow. Ridgeway would open the way to prayer  
1887 and all transcendental feeling. S.L. Still I have no belief. We cannot  
bear to give up to be ill—to die—so strong is our desire to be an *Actor*  
on the stage. To be an *Actor*—to fill a part. It is the root of all ambi-  
tion, Pompey. Hence too my S.L. MS. Why not be *silent* and end?

And still it is all the same, you work on the same old lines and basis,  
you have not found anything new. I am not satisfied with the old  
basis. I turn from it with wearisome and contemptuous dislike and  
indifference. I detest all the old questions and basis and withdraw  
from them and turn my back. I have no explanation to offer—no—and  
I would rather none than the old basis. Material is actually best. They  
are all materialists and I am the Immaterialist. That is civilisation and  
science fetich connected with death. The savages unconsciously  
make a fetich that is connected with life—that acts Obeah for Life:  
mesmerises towards Life—follow that. This would sanction Lyra and  
Ridgeway ideas.

[Obeah. A kind of sorcery as practised by Negroes.]

Beyond. Sea sound.—Without a name—Without an attribute.

What destroys one's hopes is the utter spiritlessness of the mass of  
people. They will put up with anything.

Key. May 14th.—If anything *Mover Beyond*, it is something that feels  
sympathy with soul effort and pain. Yet that cannot help us, and did  
not *create*, *cause* us. That which we fear and think so Mighty Almighty  
and dread is the Material from which we come. Material. Terrible  
nearly Almighty and the Unknown they worship. *Moves Beyond*. The  
Sympathiser frail—the frailer concerned the nearer the truth—scarcely  
able to uphold the soul—not omnipotent [word illegible] fragile—This  
if not all accurate is nearest. Helping us to escape from our Creator  
and Master the Material. The extreme fragility of mind—inability to  
do or establish [word illegible]. The fragile—most fragile—nearest  
conception.

So that it ends in the original Sun Life both in itself and as a model  
for the hereafter—if any—still I am not satisfied and perhaps that is  
the true frame of mind—Sun Life written unsparingly and struggles  
and confessions as the working of the soul. Also unsparingly and still  
unsatisfied.

May 16th.—S.L. The simple thing is there is *nothing*—and there's  
the end.

Key. I Worshipping the Mind or Soul and its Soul, which can so  
little help yet is infinitely superior in its feebleness and imperfection.



April-  
May  
1887

Their perfection and omnipotence and Inscrutable Inevitable force the unknown and is matter. The mind struggles to escape—Material holds us down—they adore the holder down—I uphold the struggler. High Prayer. If there is anything Beyond Mind is nearest to it. To that which helps or would help the Soul-mind. Mind is all I *know*. This is all I *know*. Or does Mind stand lone—struggling without help—against the very Kosmos: against the farthest star. Then High Prayer almost in and to one's own soul—*Let me this day*—To strengthen it with thought of high things. Certainly I am not acquainted with anything but a (*the*) mind. This is why the 50 ft. sunlight continually deceives—there is nothing there. It is *as a only*. *Only* exists in *a*. Worship of the Irresistible Inscrutable the Beyond. Worship of Nature in forces. Pure idolatry worship because irresistible—Everyone feels—from the savage upwards—the presence of crushing forces around and they bow to these as Deity. But there is no Mind in these. As geometrical ideas, so with the idea—the feeling of the Infinite—there is no Mind or Soul in that.

May 15th.—The minds or souls of those who have gone before form the only Heaven. The Minds or Souls of those to *come Recognition* of these as a Part? As for greater physical life.

The minds and souls of those to come and those that now are, the whole spirit world know. In this sense something in ancestor worship.

Extreme value of a care for the future of a great Mind. 20 Minds carry us back to the remotest beginnings of the Past, Bacon, Galilei, Ptolemy, Plato, Aristotle, Anaxagoras,\* Archimedes. Outside man's mind it comes to Beyond or Outside. Geometry—which is nothing to us. I should go back to Nature if well [chestnut leaf beech spray May 15th]. I cannot see it for looking at it. A dream—a dream: the beech spray. I was well, I saw it all, I had it, I did it, I thought it—I was no more forward. Most of religion of attributes, mathematical, or Pythagorean problem. Mahommed getting it and other prophets. No improvement to the race in that. One force instead of many.

Daylight intensified Night. Sun—star. The Supreme Being merely a mathematical conception—no reality—like the Infinite. I know nothing at all but one thing—the Past is not true.

Nature under my control, not me under nature's control. Each thing of nature, leaf, star, to suggest something for the Mind Ideal for these ideas to be compelled to mind, not mind compelled to it. If Mover is Beyond sympathiser with Mind would like to struggle towards ideal heaven of help and kindness and beauty. Ideal Lyra. The ideal Lyra is

\*Anaxagoras, 500 B.C. Greek philosopher.



April— right. (Still I should want occasional Paris.) Foot Down. That the still  
May unsatisfied mind must be open, and not fixed and dogmatic, still  
1887 looking Beyond, not considering these ideas as final. *In the Fragile  
Mind Ideal Lyra*—everything opposite to nature, kisses—opposite to  
the terrible infinite and inscrutable and irresistible, the shark—attri-  
bute—finite, manageable—plastic—comprehensible.



NOTE-BOOK

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*May to June*

1887



NOTE-BOOK

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July to June

1887



## May to June 1887

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Pages 1 to 113

*All entries in pencil in Jefferies' holograph*

*The dates of the entries in this particular Note-book, written only a few weeks before Jefferies' death, vary and waver to and fro, and are therefore not always in an exact sequence.*

May 30.—More in Material than Spirit. Ideas are like shadows on the well-cover. (66. *My Fate*.) [The reference is to the entry on page 66 of the note-book] which runs:—

June 7.—If I go or had gone abroad all wrong there. Everything happens on me by the fate of Eschylus—blight weather in the warmest place—All things happen by chance—which is Fate.

[This, and other entries of the same kind here and there, seem to show that Jefferies felt himself under a malign fate and subjected to undeserved misfortune. Everything he touched seemed to go awry. After a while, like John Keats, it seemed his life, so soon to close, was a failure. But, again like Keats, Jefferies' fame and due appreciation was to live and dwell in the immortal writings of his last few years.]

Six-spot Burnet Moth.

These are more speculations, like Chr. [Christianity] and others. The world wants something real.

Idolater. Girl in private museum. Idol. Must we kneel or kiss hand—hair to turn golden—to find a purse of gold—marries the alchemist. Agleria—return to life after 20 centuries—son or daughter Commodus, Lesbia, Messalina. Slowly taught modern in the cave—love. *Slaves of Life* [title]. [Suggested title for a Rider Haggard type of story.]

Burning books to begin with. Babylonish children—on the stones. Sparrows fall to the ground—Buddha (see Kingsford)—in all living things. Egyptian.



May—June  
1887

[Jefferies here refers to the writings of Anna Kingsford (1846—1888) She was a doctor of medicine and president of the Theosophical Society in 1883. She also founded the Hermetic Society in the following year. Wrote some semi-historical and mystical works.]

(1). The Oracles ceased, silent like Delphi—No Prophets. (2). The prophecies (old) come true. (3). No Promises realised. (4). Miracles ceased. (5). No answer to prayer. (6). No Healing. (7). No raising the dead. (8). No tongues. (9). No Visions, or Dreams come true. (10). No curses. (11). No ghosts. (12). No demons in possession. (13). No witches, no sorceries. (14). No 'Judgments.' (15). No signs. The Gods dead—like Pan.

People feel this. They *must* believe in Something to *soothe* them and take effect, they know of nothing else. Nothing vital left but the Hope of Life after Death, of meeting again Lost Friends. This common to all from the Tumuli. Nothing left but the dead.

50 ft. of Sunlight. Millions of miles of night form as thick a veil as the deep seas. Can we not go down a well in some way to see through the Night. Through starlight to see what there is besides the stars? Something stain and make visible the invisible? Something to receive on the plate the unknown rays and leave a figure? The scientific destination of the soul. (1). After-yourself. (2). ? Can you see through, and by the struggling mind find the truth? (3). If you tell the truth in all how then? It all ends in the Cultus of the mind.

Are the magical feelings (tumuli) of the mind right?—the future. Or must they be rigidly swept away. The mind cannot crush out itself and it *will* think of the future. It *will* think of greater mind—soul.

May 20.—If I say the truth, simply to recognise the soul seems to be *everything*, at the last moment and to have faith in its high unknown destiny. Also everything *Now*. Include all, immortality, all and wine (all things daily). Also to believe alone in that which has—or will have sympathy with the soul. Perhaps it will strive on as here.

['I came to feel the long-drawn life of the earth back into the dimmest past, while the sun of the moment was warm on me. This sunlight linked me through the ages to that past consciousness. From all the ages my soul desired to take that soul-life which had flowed through them as the sunbeams had continually poured on earth. As the hot sands take up the heat, so would I take that soul energy. . . . I was plunged deep into existence, and with all that existence I prayed.' *The Story of My Heart*.]

I should not like to tell the negro in Central Africa that there was no Soul Life. I would rather take a higher one than any yet known.



May-June  
1887

For the consideration of the soul-questions clearly the shark-nature must be entirely left out. For the consideration of the soul-nature must be omitted, its power ceasing with the body, turn the back on it for it interposes a thick veil.

I would construct a higher soul life—not obliterate it. I will try. (MS. as Letters.) But something entirely different to what has passed as it. In fact, it is all trash. Turn your back on the whole. The negro in Central Africa had better be without it. No loss. Fetich Letter—Maori.

Chr. [Christian] priests know just as much as the priests of Thibet or Burma with praying-machines turned by the wind or by the steam from the tea kettles. Tie one on your teapot.

It is clear no one knows anything about it. *Nothing to know really.* If any conception must be altogether different.

In Ignorance I was born and in Ignorance it appears I must end.

MS. I can only say what I did and thought—I cannot give the explanation of everything.

If I was well and no danger I should say nothing. All would be easy if I would abandon the infallible.

Still no help. If these things have grown up from Savage, what is that against them? Still go on to further geometry.

It does not seem to be soul in the old sense, quite different. The character, qualities, not wholly known.

Still I am not satisfied: merely to recognise myself not enough. Altogether different, all of it in some way. Soul or Mind too, The Flash. All, altogether different—from the first atom upwards. I turn away from all of it, I give it all up. *Something More*, Something in every way and altogether *Different*.

[‘There are other ideas altogether. From standing face to face so long with the real earth, the real sun, and the real sea, I am firmly convinced that there is an immense range of thought quite unknown to us yet.’ *The Story of My Heart*.]

This again returns to the Beyond. The Beyond of the Mind. Only the Mind Beyond. Not Nature.

Still nothing: still no help.

If I say the truth. I seem out of place everywhere. Except lying on the beach or in the meadow—Sun Life.

The great sea makes one a great sceptic.

Morning. And I ever heard the sound of the sea to which the heart by and by beats in rhythm, filling me with desire. Also I ever heard the sound of rain on the leaves near by. I increased my life by theirs. I made (plastic) a fish and I had its goodness and strength. I made a bird. I



May-June  
1887

bred foals and their lives gave me life, as if I had ridden on the backs of the animals (all); I planted trees and had equal life from them. I planted corn and had life from all I constructed. The living grains left alive to grow. I wrote a book and had life from the action of the mind. I made a statue and had life from that action of the mind. I built a building and the design gave me life.

[‘My strength is not enough to fulfil my desire; if I had the strength of the ocean, and of the earth, the burning vigour of the sun implanted in my limbs, it would hardly suffice to gratify the measureless desire of life which possesses me. . . . The intense life of the senses, there is never enough for them. I envy Semiramis. I envy Nero because of the great concourse of beauty he saw. I should like to be loved by every beautiful woman on earth, from the swart Nubian to the white and divine Greek. . . . The strength of Hercules, the fulness of the senses, the richness of life, would not in the least impair my desire of soul-life. On the reverse, with every stronger beat of my pulse my desire of soul-life would expand. So it has ever been with me; in hard exercise, in sensuous pleasure, in the embrace of the sunlight, even in the drinking of a glass of wine, my heart has been lifted the higher towards perfection of soul. Fulness of physical life causes a deeper desire of soul-life.’  
*The Story of My Heart.*]

The little man in the little stable messing with the straw with a prong, so little, so petty. I used to see it done when I was a boy; it seems so strange to see it still done. They look as if they were toys now.

May 21.—Butcher Bird.

*History of the Wild Beasts.* S. Africa. [? Title of suggested book.]

Chap. 1. Invasion of the Elephant. II Of the Rhinoceros. III. Empire of the Wasps. V. Fall of the Spiders. Cutting, eating, trampling—Europe since last Caesar. War and assassinations of the Beasts among each other—just the same.

There is more *materially* I feel sure than the visible universe.

*Work of Mind.* The Pen—the split reed, how thought of? *Letters.* Perhaps not by synthesis but sprang at once—Innate in the mind. See ship—prow—boomerang. Printing-types—jumped at once from Fust’s mind.

[Johann Fust. German printer. A goldsmith of Mainz, he lent money to Gutenberg and later carried on Gutenberg’s business in partnership with Peter Schoeffer, Gutenberg’s son-in-law. Fust’s masterpiece was a Latin Psalter, 1457, the initial letters in which were printed in red and blue. Fust died in 1466. The date of his birth is uncertain.]



Man has to get his living, natural state savage, by his mind almost wholly—animals are physically able—He (man) seems wholly spiritual. A conception of the Beyond then is of value.

May-June  
1887

May 21.—*The Greater Idea*. There may perhaps after all be a better Idea. Nothing to do with the making of the earth: nothing to do with the end of it—or sustaining. Quite apart from it—from the solid earth—letting that slip back out of sight. Not connected with the earth—*not ruled* by earth geometry or 'laws'. So long as I try to get the explanation from the earth universe, that shuts my eyes and contracts the mind. Ideas of not rigidly to those we get from the universe. Ideas of not confined to Almightyness Omnipresence. Perhaps not almighty—fragile—struggling—Perhaps not one (pure monad geometry) nothing to worship in one, perhaps many. *Perhaps not number at all*. Hyperbola not definable. You cannot trace the line to its ending.

[Hyperbola. Term in Geometry. Curve produced when cone is cut by plane making larger angle with base than side of cone makes. From the Greek *hyperbole*. Monad. The number one, and see Leibnitz's Philosophy.]

May 22.—This earth and indeed all the visible universe—stars—seems to be in a process of destruction, which alone suggests that the stellar system is not the whole. Stars burning and earth less habitable. I suppose there is somewhere a universe being made as well as our universe being destroyed. We seem to be the product or at least the inhabitants of an earth that is dying—has dropped out of sight—dropped off *the living continent*. How then shall we fix the Greater Idea by the geometry derived from crystallisation—from destruction? *Greater Idea*. Yet the Hyperbola is an idea. Ideas not prayer derived from earth—being destroyed—dropped off *the Living Continent*—not sufficient, defective [see preceding page]. Our ideas even now appear to be a great deal more perfect than the imperfect earth.

The earth when (In the beginning was destruction) it was made was destroyed *not* made—Its beginning was destruction—not born, but dying—made by being thrown off and separated from life. Therefore these other ideas Deity on It are really ideas not of life or divineness but ideas of death and evil being derived from the earth and universe.

*The Greater Idea*. To reverse them more true. This is then death now. What we call life is made of destruction, as the plant. Creating not killing. As the idea of the wheel jumped out of some one's mind, so the idea of the Greater Idea jumped out of my mind. He was not bound to give it genesis nor could not—nor could I. Innate in the



May-June  
1887

mind; not synthesis. Nor could he make it more than a wheel nor can I mine. *What Has To Be Met*. Not only the platform of one country. Not only the platform of one earth. Not only the platform of a few thousand years. The thousand thousand interlacings of human relations.

June 7.—Sun Life. Mine—The most spiritual of all cultus—All the Beyond—Spiritual in all things. Flowers, grass Burnet Moth, scarlet fly. All the Beyond. Mine more than spiritual because Beyond spirit. Third existence.

Perhaps the earth really did split or separate from the Living Continent and so bring with it the seeds or origins of life, so that we may be said to have come in remote ancestry from another world. More probable than spontaneous, and development. The whole universe seems like fragments of a former world broken to pieces.

The idea of the Beyond included in God—At first it may seem so, but the more followed the wider it separates, the basis is its being beyond deity that is the beginning.

Morning. I drew a drawing and the same. I lifted my arm and the action gave me more life. I thought and the thought gave me life. I saw—beauty and from it the flowers, the sea, the depth of space, gained life. I drew life *from the bust*. My life was extended by causing. I lived by causing. That is I lived of myself but became more by causing life. Feeling more I lived more.

Another universe where things are forming—opposite to this where they are being destroyed. The sun or destroyer as heat. We live by end destruction—dessication.

Illness. I escape nothing. Nothing is spared or passes away. Then a second illness, Humiliation. A third illness, the spine. Nothing spared. Tholed out.

This is part of Sun Life, to express the intense longing of the whole world—to Chr.—for its soul, for the miracle-hand to help. The fact that it is so shows how little confidence they have in their old creeds.

*Living Continent*. Life, the greater life there, must be sustained without extreme heat because great sun heat destroys—The sun a destroyer as heat. There is more in material than in spirit, a great deal—Material unlimited, spirit limited. *I* am spirit, if anything else the Beyond.

We really *Know* no more [*The philosophers* crossed out] than the rooks cawking together cawk, cawk, caw in their trees at sunset—They know not where the sun goes; they cawk, they caw, so do the philosophers and prophets.



May—June  
1887

The idea derived from the irresistible engine no more to be worshipped than the engine itself.

Philanthropy would be noble enough—only man after being philanthropised is still the same disagreeable beast.

I had no desire to make money or excel in anything or fame—All I cared for and desired was the fields, the hills, the sea, the bust. To be with the sun, the sea, the night. If I could have done so I would have remained with these. Higher soul life. No diamonds for me. Sun Life, Soul Life, loved beauty.

Gold gleams in the jeweller's windows, bright gold of rings, dull gold of bracelets; diamonds glitter; emeralds hold the eye like deep water; rubies that smoulder; opals iridescent. Gold twisted and beaten and shaped, with light on the one and shadow on the other part; silver and enamels; the pink of coral, the yellow of amber, the delicacy of pearl. I ask myself have these things really any value? To me they are so hard: gold is hard, silver cold, gems like the eyes of fishes that gleam but stare, stony, alive and yet lifeless, the unchanged stare of selfishness, never to be awakened to any other feeling. To me it is incomprehensible that there should be any value in these things.

[‘It is enough to lie on the sward in the shadow of green boughs, to listen to the songs of summer, to drink in the sunlight, the air, the flowers, the sky, the beauty of all. Or upon the hill-tops to watch the white clouds rising over the curved hill-lines, their shadows descending the slope. Or on the beach to listen to the sweet sigh as the smooth sea runs up and recedes. It is lying beside the immortals, in-drawing the life of the ocean, the earth, and the sun.’ *The Story of My Heart.*]

But I can find nothing sympathises with the soul—that is just what I want. I sometimes think that in civilised communities it is best to live an entirely artificial life shutting the eyes to Nature—because you cannot go back to Nature. How could the millions of London return to the fields?

Do not measure the universe by a tombstone.

Fl. Fin of fish curls. Membrane between ribs—opening and rising like fingers. Wing should not be stiff but curl on air. Fingers; right hand, forefinger.

May 24.—If there be not Something entirely outside our knowledge, thought and experience, unknown to us even by name, then there is nothing.

The blackguards and those who do not care are infinitely the best



May-June  
1887

off. No greater soul sympathising. No help. No explanation. Therefore nothing—unless. Analysis ends in negation. I feel utterly abandoned.

The light burning always in the eyes; the soul (mind) always burning within. The intense beauty and love of nature—every grain of sand. I can see the grains at Ventnor now '74 (seen in 1874) and its fragments of pebbles, joy in each. But not in this the answer to the soul. A Double feeling.

Loves. One sister or friend falls with the other, married. Then his difficulties and shame. 2nd will not let him free—threatens to confess. He thinks her wickedly true. Is punished to find she is not. Other lovers. 2nd husband finds out and poisons himself. A woman of gypsy race.

I can only describe Nature (1) Real characters. (2) Each broken on the wheel. (3) London side. (4) Higher class. (5) Frenchified. Facets. (a) Jugglery—quick action. (b) Meta. (c) To ordered end—Notre Dame. The running style will not do. Amaryl. Frenchified. Amaryl. into a Notre Dame. [Planning a new novel, not written of course. It was very near the end.]

Whether flesh is ever really alive any more than water? It does not feel.

Nothing in Nature as perfect as a wheel. But we cannot make the undulatory. How does matter do that? fin of fish, some property of matter at present unknown—elasticity, not elasticity.

Showing the great happiness of a courtesan's life and healthiness. No punishment. The 1st sister, engaged, one day nearly falls with him: he refrains; she thinks how strong, how good. Then when she finds he has with the married! But he says how could I have been strong with you if I had not fallen and bitterly repented? [More notes for the novel.]

Myself I seem (1) Sun Life. (2) The Beyond. (3) The Genuine in life things.

Such dreadful things happen everywhere I go I shall be driven not only from every place I reside in but from the earth itself.

If there is nothing Beyond then all the more a thousand times the more I will imagine it, and invent the Beyond and powers and scenes and things that I may enjoy them in the mind not least now before I sink into unconsciousness. If it does not exist a thousand times the more we should try to live it now—and to enable others some day.

[I hope that (succeeding generations) may enjoy their days, and the



May-June  
1887

earth, and the beauty of this beautiful world; that they may rest by the sea and dream; that they may dance and sing, and eat and drink. I will work towards that end with all my heart. . . . They shall not work for bread, but for their souls.' *The Story of My Heart.*]

Even physically these forces are not the ultimate forces—gravitation not ultimate, magnetism, electricity, still something behind these, quite unknown, and perhaps not force at all, but an altogether different condition. *A Life Behind?* Do not bow to these. Intelligent face of young bullock—intelligence behind, then some kind of future existence. If not for us neither any more for flowers—for they do not always get what they wish for, dry seasons, rain. Matter no more explains one part than spirit the other. Matter requires complete revision. Strike out altogether. *No Matter.* Something entirely different. No spirit. Matter should be called flesh, the web. ? Force—should be called Life—Or is there Life behind Force? Spirit quite different. Without a name—arbitrary. Arbitrary. That which has an eye cannot die. Bullock must again exist in some form. There is no matter. Cells germinating on a decaying earth: yet that does not seem right. Neither right—the decay, the grand design. The real object quite unknown.

Curvaline earth. Masts should look one higher than the other. They really rise level. [Small pencil sketch of three ships in text.]

The transcendental soul I understand, that seems natural; but how of the soul of 'Dolly'? The negro's prayer as powerful through rag fetich as that of the transcendentalist.

To take the very highest ideal Beyond—all, everything spiritual. Pain—ending—why wait to explain them: take them and go on ideal.

Morning. I said to a thought make wood and it made a piece of wood; and I said, Travel on Thought and make wood and it travelled on making trees of all kinds and I forgot it, but it still went on. I saw the soul-specks of man and swallow, and their existences not with material. The soul once grown and free does not go to material again—something entirely different. My thought of the gull—I think of *my thought* of the gull as still living on.

Must *do* something tangible.

Why enquire of pain? Do we enquire *why* pleasure? Or seek the mystery in it. Why birth? Why pleasure? Thoughts of, Before Birth.

Social. Avoid 'Knowingness'—do not be 'Knowing' which is the antithesis to the spirit. The Sun Life ethics. Admiration of beauty—as apple-bloom.

The world is the most perfect enigma ever planned. Fatal error



May-June  
1887

trying to do a thing perfectly well. It can never be done at all. No one pleases me: all some unpleasantness, some fault: I cannot find even a god to suit me, or construct one.

It is all something else—the earth and that which we see and feel in ourselves. Nether Matter nor Spirit.

While I fume away and think that in my little brain, the world and time slip away.

Whether undulation causes suspension? irrespective of up and down perpendicularly (Butterfly—no hollow wing)—some insects horizontally. Beam of light suspended by its undulation (not rotation). After you have refined that down to reason there is something reason does not express. ? Consciousness.

It is the sparrow's soul that does not fall to the ground.

Why pity the millions of London—why wish to interfere? They are a great deal happier there than they could be in the fields.

*Idea* of force no more worshippable than matter or force. Ten stones in a row—worship these! No. The idea of ten derived from them is no more worshippable. 10 worship this! No worship idea of 10 in the mind. Or the reflection—image picture on. No retina or memory after seeing a thing because it is immaterial. No. Why worship. Thought still the immaterial. I am nothing unless I am a metaphysician.

Fl. Bird's flight—impersonification of undulating speck of light—up and down and the rolling under the wing.

Still open [the mind he means]. Do not pretend to close it.

The ship was not developed and one did not grow from the other: the mind altered, and the ship sprang at once from the Mind of the day. We never developed prows, or made boomerangs: a different mind.

Chr. [Christianity] nowhere speaks of the soul of man always of men this world and the next as one thing—Old men of Phthia, the possibilities so great that the soul may easily resume or take shape or flesh or some form here or elsewhere if not from its original from other matter—as from the vast storehouse of cosmical dust. Still there could have been separation.

If anyone says how unjust that the wrongdoer should live again without punishment it is not more unjust or unnatural than that you should be wronged *now*.

The vast material cosmical dust for the soul speck to put round itself. The gull is dead but I think of my thought of the gull as living on.



May-June  
1887

Nature a careless printer, dabs the design butterfly's wing on to the margin and half off at the edges, and does not ink regularly, the colours of some species fainter.

[How fond Nature is of spot-markings!—the wings of butterflies, the feathers of birds, the surface of eggs, the leaves and petals of plants are constantly spotted; so, too, fish—as trout. From the wings of the butterfly I looked involuntarily at the foxglove I had just gathered; inside, the bells were thickly spotted—dots and dustings that might have been transferred to a butterfly's wing.' 'The Pine Wood', *The Open Air.*]

Peas in the field flowering before those in garden; a garden wall [knocked struck out] fell down and immediately peas flowered.

[It is known that such a shock will often increase within a short time, the fecundity of plants and flowers.]

A man will pursue his *habit* to his death rather than change it. Not developed any more than like Fust's types: ship, as the Mind or Greater Mind altered.

All my suffering no more consequence than the bees' broken wing that could not fly. Brown amber. Let not illness, suffering, loss, all, blind you or destroy judgment. Still see the truth.

If you quite solved the material world (like the rotation) and saw all generations et corruptina life and death quite clearly, still that would be nothing to me: the Soul must still march on. God is the word that expresses—the focus—of abstract mechanical, geometrical, infinite, invisible ideas. You almost want the idea of god first before you can get that of the Beyond. Start with the idea of this focus—god—as you want the idea of 10 before you get to algebra—to get to the idea of the Beyond. The Soul feels itself in itself capable of immense things beyond these, and can imagine the Beyond still further. The Beyond cannot be defined: (any more than named) the Aristotelian analysis destroys.

The savage's gods stronger than ours—almost really do what he supposes. Magic—because they are so strongly associated with nature, and perhaps actually do mesmerise, by nature currents of the mind, concentrating unknown forces perhaps.

I fetich Nature. Sea, sunshine, clear water, leaves. If I can see why not—if they cannot see I cannot help that—I see the sands and the stars, and the subtle cosmical material far up, and feel through, and the more I touch these the greater grows my soul life and soul touch. If I could recover health and strength and touch these I should never for a moment doubt the soul.



May-June  
1887

By the touch at once the soul feels there is something more than a focus of geometry. Fetich. Something tangible with which to touch the other soul (greater) with. What I want is—Physical Fetich, Sun Life, sea or hill. Mind soaring free, Soul-mind unchecked.

MS. Only the first part—the sun life—the prayer. Or all worked into the first part. It is not Material—neither is it spirit, but something more beautiful than either. MS. Collection of sentences—axioms—one part. To do good—humanity is well, yet it is not enough—it is only rational. I want something more than rationalism (goodness) alone on the hill by the sea. See Louvre: memory of good bitter, bitter as of vice. Insert prayers and all. In the all some truth will be found. MS. A Prayer Part. Ideal Part. MS. No chapters, text all run on. Each subject as much as possible collected together: like pamphlets bound up.

Fl. To work sails by steam as wings and so increase speed of steamer.

What is life? What is the universe—nature? It is the Impossible. It could not have been if you had not seen it: no one would have believed it possible—if they had not been born to see it, the stars—life itself. The Impossible is therefore easy to believe.

[‘If we had never before looked upon the earth, but suddenly came to it man or woman grown, set down in the midst of a summer mead, would it not seem to us a radiant vision? The hues, the shapes, the song and life of birds, above all the sunlight, the breath of heaven, resting on it; the mind would be filled with its glory, unable to grasp it, hardly believing that such things could be mere matter and no more. Like a dream of some spirit-land it would appear, scarce fit to be touched lest it should fall to pieces, too beautiful to be long watched lest it should fade away.’ ‘Wild Flowers’, *The Open Air*.]

The butterfly’s wing; no hollow. Kestrels soar. Faster than wind? but how? Albatross—vibration—suspension. Water—? no pressure at bottom—or else it must be compressionable. Ship comes up. Gull lifting itself straight out of the water.

[‘For examples of Jefferies’ observations and reasoning on subjects of this kind, see his essays ‘Birds Climbing the Air’, ‘Hovering of the Kestrel’, ‘Mind under Water’, all in *The Life of the Fields*.]

Transcendental excitement of the soul (by prayer for instance) no good: it should repose in touch—Ridgeway. The *transcendental repose* is most.

[*The Ridgeway*. The ancient track which runs over the Wiltshire and Berkshire Downs and on which the young Jefferies wandered and dreamed and prayed his soul-prayer—Lyra. ‘Let hope and faith



May-June  
1887

remain, like the air, always, so that the soul may live. That such a higher thought may come is the desire—the prayer—which springs on viewing the blue hill line, the sea, the flower.

*'Stoop and touch the earth*, and receive its influence: touch the flower, and feel its life; face the wind, and have its meaning; let the sunlight fall on the open hand as if you could hold it. Something may be grasped from them all, invisible yet strong. It is the sense of a wider existence—wider and higher. The stream of light—the rush of sweet wind—excites a deeper knowledge of the soul. It is not prayer in the sense of a benefit desired, it is a feeling of rising to a nobler existence.

*'The soul knows itself, and would live its own life.'* *'On the Downs', Hills and the Vale.*

Something real would bring the world from China. The world is eager for something—to drag it into the fields, something quite irrational, and [true struck out] Sun Life. You despise matter: Can you express the growth of a fir tree? Fishing rod. The higher you put material the higher you put the other things.

Something of soul life. This would bring the world to the fields from China. For the Mind-soul—It is not all *meat and medicine* that is craved for. Does not Sun Life give this? As all equal here all are equal there.

Fl. Faster than the wind.

The sun is great yet to me it only flashes on one small spot at a time. Pain and misery cut no inscriptions upon the rocks—else what lives upon lines—like those of [word illegible]—what mountain ranges written over. They leave no impress on the air. The sun and stars atoms extremely minute, motes, so magnified by the immense lens of the ether, as to appear vast bodies. The mind's measures are so small, in truth, it really does make them seem magnified: they are nothing really in size, it is my measure that is minute. The mind acts like reversed telescope on itself. Astronomy takes us no farther than geology—millions of miles and the same things there, the veil of sunlight, of light; no farther than geology, half a mile down to rocks: iron, copper, all the metals.

We find the same earth everywhere because we look with the same eyes; we want some more eyes, and a different mind.

If I really say the truth Material and Soul slide along as if they were after all one and the same. No one has ever written or said the truth both ways. No one has ever *admitted their failures*: I will admit mine. And all the more a thousand times the more I burn for a Lyra prayer Endeavour to express a Patmos if only in the desire for it.



May—June  
1887

May 31.—*The hatred of nature: I hated the sun, the sea, the bees, the trees. I wanted the Beyond, the Soul, the sense within me. I hated Material, I hated the Soul (the same as Material) I hated Deity. I wanted the answer to the cry in me.*

In Patmos I found the Ideal Beyond actually real at work. The Beyond as part of Lyra. The constant burning for Lyra, one of the distinguishing parts of mine. Lyra. Morning. And I found the Beyond, the Nameless ever answering the Soul. I actually found that I [*really struck out*] believe here. And the Mind-Souls coming *not judged* but received. Where the Ideal could be realised and where a thing could be done perfectly and well.

*Thoughts and Ideas came to me thickly—the delight of ideas—as flowers growing. I saw those I loved and rendered them justice each in their own way. Earth Return. I came back to earth after I had my Ideal here—woods, occasional Paris—fulness of life in every way. After five years—since Auto. written [i.e. *The Story of My Heart*] and all these thoughts and experiences still stopped by the profound conviction of the Beyond.*

[*The Story of My Heart* was published in 1883, whereas the above notes were written at the end of May 1887, less than three months before Jefferies' death. The five years between had been years of great mental achievement and much fine creative writing, but also years of great physical prostration and suffering.]

The world believes in the wonder-worker, not in the words of Wisdom.

June 1.—*The soul stands of all things nearest the Unknown. I consider that the whole round of Heavens yet constructed [is struck out] a very poor affair and far beneath what I ought to have. Nirvana, Jerusalems, Houris, to see old friends again—What a poor business: I consider I am entitled to much better than that.*

Consciousness in itself index of transcendental ideal beyond spiritual. I seem as if I would turn and twist in every direction rather than face, and the same in doing things. Sun Life is the recognition of the Beyond not *in* everything but *by* everything, as the sea now roaring.

June 7.—The esoteric meaning of everything—sea—seems to lie in the Beyond. Sun Life, the sea, contemplation leads to the Beyond most. The immense Mind beyond Mind. I brood for ever over the earth. I shall never see the end. I brood too long: for all is endless thinking, but life is not. No one has dared to write what they really found—they round it off for their own consolation. I feel myself so very very stupid: I cannot see or understand. If not settle the infinite perhaps I may start a social band.



May-June  
1887

The limbs of the rudest woman suggest so [*much that is struck out*] many possibilities of life and beauty—I love them for what they say.

Consciousness as the foundation. I have an inspiration and then carefully destroy it with rationalism: as Sun Life itself.

Consciousness.—Is in itself of itself transcendental. Ideal beyond spiritual of the most pronounced kind. The very thing. The very pivot of Beyond. I seem as if I would turn and twist in every direction rather than face—and the same in doing things. The Esoteric meaning of everything in Beyond. The Beyond, all soul. Cultus. Inspirations—sense of the Soul from (1) Sun Life. (2) The Beyond. (3) The Greatness of the Problem. The Beyond. Existence beyond Mind. The Immense Mind. The Ideas outside Ideas. (4) Consciousness. (5) That which sympathises with the fragile. (6) The Safety *after* the end, no punishments. [A portion of this is a repetition of a former entry.]

Fl. The butterfly snaps his wings above [*over struck out*] his back but does not seem to under.

S.L. [i.e. Sun Life] is the recognition of the Beyond in everything by me. In my deep desire (too much) to avoid hypocrisy, falsehoods, and deceptions. I narrow down *what has to be met*. Birth and before Birth. Timour and the pyramids of heads. The basis of the distant stars. In Aristotle's time looked on as mere points (see metaphysics)—now they are real. Polarization, undulation, the ultimate matter, the ether—all. The swinging of the great masses of people across the earth, Tartar invasions. So much more than hole and corner Palestine. The working of the vast masses of people now in America. People that lived in the glacial time: in sunken Polynesia.

I cut away that which I feel is right: I deny myself. This is wrong. Then the Beyond. All chance. It is chance so far as I am concerned—I cannot control it. I am just as ready for the end as a tree—that is I know nothing more.

Most people are materialists when they are hungry and like a bit of bread and cheese.

June 2.—S.L. What's life? or Consciousness? Matter or fire. A Fire conscious of itself. That knows itself burning. That enjoys its own flame.

[It will be seen that the occasional dated entries in this note-book are not in sequence. This is probably because Jefferies dated the thought and sometimes made an entry several days after its conception.]

The infallible is the *Curse of the Mind*. Theological people's ways. Each in his creed feels himself infallible. Not one infallible pope—ten



May-June  
1887

thousand infallibles. (A nation with only one sauce and a thousand different religions said Voltaire.)

The other side of space is perhaps shut off from us by some obliquity of the entire stellar orbit—not in itself insoluble—but shut off like the dark side of the moon. Perhaps in looking at the heavens we *look away* from the unknown not towards it.

How intensely infatuated to eternally try to narrow myself by analysis—rationalism.

Immense erudition (brooding) and in the end find original instinct was the nearest possible.

Fl. Butterfly's wings meet underneath (June 3. experiment) but separate so quickly it is not seen—above they stay and pause in the snap a moment. Above, pause, underneath, no pause. Wings underneath curl right under. Flexible every way, perhaps act like fin of fish. I thought I could see it. Butterfly? greenish first then yellow same one: like anemone.

Flying is a sort of thing which nature accidentally found out like the Japanese magic mirror. Perhaps found out life in the same way. No rationale up to it, nor deducible from it. Something between, reason, mind and matter—(blunder?) But having blundered into it make a good deal of it.

I love the ballet dancers, the rank, the rhythmic movement, when the feet coming down together with one universal will, the dust rises and the strong stage thunders trembling to the blow—God loves the ballet-dancers.

There are some things in history that make me suddenly blind with tears to think that such nobleness and chivalry were done. The 200 knights that rode into Bajazets [sic] army in Hungary, rest their souls, true merry gentlemen. Heaven send me many such a one for a friend.

It is a peculiarity that opportunities always come at an awkward moment—as the butterfly this morning when I could scarcely look at it—One must either lose the opportunity in order to carry on some existing business, most difficult to put aside, or audaciously throw all aside for the opportunity. The last.

Go to and fro upon the earth. Knock down your houses. Nomad.

Jangling bells 5-45 to 10 a.m. Killing invalids. Chr. [Christianity]. Simply all the other superstitions.

[Jefferies more than once in his writings attacks what to him was the disconcerting babel of church bells, to which, like John Keats and Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, he had a great aversion.]

Fl. Butterfly-wings under pinch the air. After floating—always



raise them for the first stroke—never strike from level *down*. Birds the same.

May-June  
1887

Change about in marriage. What a strange problem that I should have gone to Coate to Lid.—and exalted.

[i.e. Liddington Hill:—‘There was a hill to which I used to resort at such periods. . . .

‘Moving up the short green turf, at every step my heart seemed to obtain a wider horizon of feeling; with every inhalation of rich pure air, a deeper desire. . . . I felt an emotion of the soul beyond all definition; prayer is a puny thing to it, and the word is a rude sign to the feeling, but I know not other.’ *The Story of My Heart*.]

What a strange problem now that after so many thousands of years I should still wander to and fro spiritually unsatisfied. Get out of tune with Nature. No Sun Life (from illness) and you cannot understand anything. Get in tune and you understand everything.

Fir tree tops joy in seeing—living the problem. I cannot understand the problem but it is a great delight to feel and live it looking at the tops of the firs.

[‘The rugged lane there began to ascend the hill, and I paused a moment to look back. Immediately the high fir trees guided the eye upwards, and from their tops to the deep azure of the March sky over, but a step from the tree to the heavens. So it has ever been to me, by day or by night, summer or winter, beneath trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life the far sky means. The rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there because the distance seems within touch of thought. To the heaven thought can reach lifted by the strong arms of the oak, carried up by the ascent of the flame-shaped fir.’ ‘Wild Flowers’, *The Open Air*.]

Nature is like a beautiful statue. I must love, must gaze. Yet I cannot put the life into it that I should like to. Cannot make it love me, or do as should like to see it. Still cold however lovely. The sea is the sea and will not love you again. The sun is the sun and will love again. He seems wholly spiritual. June 7.—Nothing for man in nature. There is nothing for man unless he has the Beyond.

Not a picture in the world to equal a naked (beautiful) statue. [See the essay ‘Nature in the Louvre’, *Field and Hedgerow*.]

*Forget your enemies. Do not forgive. Indignation is the bottom and root of all good. Forget them.*

Sun Life. Lyra. As they liked. Enemies—I forgot. The land was endless—the forest no verge—the sea without bound—wander and sail for ever. No limit.



May-June  
1887

I saw that all things had a Third Existence there, the gull, the chaffinch, the eave-swallow, the shell—They came to their object there, the end and purpose of their lives. Not immortality in the same shape: their object.

Everyone has a scripture, a Koran, in his own soul, and that is the true scripture. The savage—the tumuli feeling—born within.

Fl. Pull a swallow *backwards* to rise. Rise by anchor. Working wings against line *like living Kite*. Wind up a reel with such rapidity as to pull up [*not using struck out*] wings simply spread. The reel might be worked by machinery—engine—not by the flyer.

In time of trouble, end, all you can do is to go back to the primeval tumulus feeling. That is written firm in the existence of us—instinct comes into existence, impressed like stamp on wax. Tumulus, The Soul and the Future. The sense of the super-conscious. Object of the universe neither good nor evil. There may be an outcome for us that we know nothing of. An outcome for all that has lived; the Eastbourne hill shells for example—the (blue) swallow. Other objects altogether. All sprang from Night. Hesiod. [Tumulus. On the Wiltshire Downs. See the *Story of My Heart*.]

If I knew everything still I could not make the sun rise.

The Beyond. I really make a Beyond more full of love and good kindness than any—immensely universal catholic heartness. Perhaps I am not really deserted. It will end in the Beyond pervading everything—Fate.

The great error seems to be in confounding the operations of Material with that of the Beyond. Life or some Third Existence, for all after—also before birth? Chaffinch, gull, Eastbourne shells. All. Speculations spiders' web—There is no good but Flesh. Flesh. I had there all I wanted in material, the gold of the buttercup, the strength of the young fir, the red tongue of Paris, the swiftness to follow the red stag.

Inspirations—Esoteric meaning—in meaning of all, in the Beyond. Nothing for man. Unless he has the Beyond. He seems wholly spiritual. Whereas all we really need and hope for is the material. I am a shark (one side of human nature). I am justly punished with any amount of cruelty. Other side—*I dream of Ideality*.

['*I dream of Ideality*.' Thus end the note-books of Richard Jefferies. For this is the last entry in note-book XXIV, written less than two months before his death, and this too is probably the last piece of writing in his own hand. 'I dream of Ideality', how fitting as the writing epitaph of the lonely thinker, the courageous spirit, and the great prose writer who gave the world *The Story of His Heart*!]



[Richard Jefferies died on August 14, 1887, at 'Sea View' (now Jefferies' House), Sea Lane, Goring-on-Sea, near Worthing, Sussex, at the age of thirty-eight, and was buried at Broadwater Cemetery, Worthing, where W. H. Hudson also lies.]



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