

GOLD DUST FROM THE WORKS OF "GEORGE ELIOT"

(Adam Bede)

"When death, the great reconciler has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of but our harshness."

"There are few prophets in the world; few sublimely beautiful women; few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities. I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground in the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy."

"Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds."

"It's well we should feel as life's a reckoning we can't make twice over; there's no real making amends in this world, any more than you can mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right."

"Ah," said Mrs. Poyser, "an' it's poor work allays settin' the dead above the living. We shall all on us be dead some time, I reckon,—it 'ud be better if folks 'ud make much on us beforehand, instid o' beginnin' when we're gone. It's but little good you'll do o'-watering last year's crop."

"What care I what the men 'ud run after? It's well seen what choice the most of 'em know how to make, by the poor draggie-tails o' wives you see, like bits o' gauze ribbon, good for nothing when the colour's gone."

"Ay, ay," said Mrs. Poyser, "the smell o' bread's sweet to everybody but the baker. The Miss Irwins allays say, 'Oh, Mrs. Poyser, I envy you your dairy; and I envy you your chickens; and what a beautiful thing a farmhouse is, to be sure,' and I say 'yes, a farmhouse is a fine thing for them as look on, an' don't know the liftin' and the stannin', an' the worritin' o' th' inside, as belongs to't."

"There's times when the crockery seems alive, an' flies out o' your hand like a bird. What is to be broke will be broke, for I never dropped a thing i' my life for want o' holding it, else I should never ha' kept the crockery all these 'ears as I bought at my own wedding."

"Oh, your honour, it's all right and proper for gentlefolks to stay up by candle-light—they've got no cheese on their minds. We're late enough as it is, an' there's no letting the cows know as they mustn't want to be milked so early tomorrow mornin'." So, if you'll please to excuse us, we'll take our leave."

"I'll never gi' my consent to her going for a lady's maid, while she's got good friends to take care on her till she's married to somebody better nor one of them valets, as is neither a common man nor a gentleman, an' must live on the fat o' the land, an's like enough to stick his hands under his coat tails and expect his wife to work for him."

"It's seldom I see other folk's butter, though there's some on it as one's no need to see—the smell's enough."

"Indeed, sir, if it's anything to our advantage, it'll be the first offer o' the sort I've heared on. It's them as take advantage that get advantage i' this world, I think;

folks have to wait long enough afore it's brought to 'em."

"If you could make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner."

"It seems as if them as aren't wanted here are the the only folks as aren't wanted i' the other world."

"Ay, ay," said Mrs. Poyser, "one 'ud think, to hear some folks talk, as the men war 'cute enough to count the corns in a bag o' wheat wi' only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door, they can. Perhaps that's the reason they can see so little o' this side on't."

"Ah!" said Bertie, sneeringly, "the women are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser, "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting 's tongue ready; an' when he out's wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatchin'. However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS

"An over-cute woman's no better nor a long-tailed sheep,—she'll fetch none the bigger price for that."

"All the learnin' my father ever paid for was a bit o' birch at one end and the alphabet at th' other. But I should like Tom to be a bit of a scholar, so as he might be up to the tricks o' these fellows as talk fine and write with a flourish. It 'ud be a help to me wi' these lawsuits and arbitrations and things. I wouldn't make a downright lawyer o' the lad—I should be sorry for him to be a raskill—but a sort o' engineer, or a surveyor, or an auctioneer an' vallyer, like Riley, or one o' them smartish businesses as are all profits and no outlay, only for a big watch-chain and a high stool. They're pretty nigh all one, and they're not far off being even wi' the law, I believe; for Riley looks Lawyer Wakem i' the face as hard as one cat looks another."

"We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it; if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lipping to ourselves on the grass."

"The days of chivalry are not gone, notwithstanding Burke's grand dirge over them; they live still in that far off worship paid by many a youth and man to the woman of whom he never dreams that he shall touch so much as her little finger or the hem of her robe."

"Philip had never been soothed by that mother's love which flows out to us in the greater abundance because our need is greater, which clings to us the more tenderly because we are the less likely to be winners in the game of life."

"We perhaps never detect how much af our social demeanour is made up of artificial airs, until we see a person who is at once beautiful and simple."