

**MINDS AND MOODS.
GOSSIPING PAPERS ON
MIND-MANAGEMENT
AND MORALS**

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Minds and Moods. Gossiping Papers on Mind-Management and Morals by J. Mortimer
Granville

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J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE

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GOSSIPING PAPERS

OR

MIND-MANAGEMENT AND MORALS.

BY

J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, M.D.

ETC. ETC.



HENRY RENSHAW,
356, STRAND, LONDON.

1878.

270. g. 776.

THE READER

Will please to understand that the following pages have no pretensions to be considered didactic. The articles collected were not written as essays, in any literary or scientific sense. They are simply, as described in the title-page, "Gossiping Papers on Mind-management and Morals." There *are* persons, I believe, who read mercifully, and with a view to pick up suggestions for thought and self-improvement. To such I commend the jottings of comparatively idle hours.

J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE.

November, 1877.

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THOUGHTLAND.

TRAVELLERS tell contradictory stories of this region and their adventures within its confines—the sights they have witnessed, the sounds they have heard, the sensations they have experienced. Some say Thoughtland is a realm of wild extravagances, with wonderful phantasmagoria perpetually flitting before the observer, crowded with objects that conform to no natural law in shape, or size, or function; peopled with beings whose conduct is not controlled by precedent, and who change their identity as easily and instantaneously as the men and women of our own land change their clothes or their principles. They speak of the air ringing with sounds, confused and incomprehensible—now weird with articulate whisperings and mutterings, then vocal with the music of sweet and plaintive song. Others report the country a very prosy place indeed, with nothing but hard and ugly reproductions of the scenes, the subjects and the sensations with which we are all familiar. To a few Thoughtland is elysium; to many it is more terrible than tongue can tell; to most it is a realm of strange conceptions, wonderful and grotesque, meaningless and inexplicable.

The truth is there are two provinces lying in such close proximity that it is difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins. The wanderer in Thought-

land is borne insensibly up some mountain slope, or glides unconsciously down a gentle declivity, and he is in Dreamland. No Boundary Commission has ever succeeded in marking the frontier of these states; and it may be confidently predicted that the partition will never be effected. It is a common error to suppose the line is passed when the brain begins to sleep. Many people dream when they are wide awake; and some, if they think at all, probably do so while they sleep. Thoughtland and Dreamland are, in point of fact, parts of the same expanse; and it is only because each puts on its characteristic features and produces its topical fruits nearer one or the other pole, Reason or Sentiment, that we are able to draw something answering the purpose of a line between them, and, speaking generally, say whether a particular conception comes from the land of Thought or the land of Dreams.

Thoughtland lies nearer the pole of Reason than that of Sentiment, and its climate is proportionally cool. Very far north it is cold and comfortless indeed. Only a small tribe of people, resembling the Esquimaux in being very much wrapped up in their own immediate surroundings—the two sexes scarcely discernible at a distance—contrive to live in this region. Frosty philosophers, with some more stable fluid instead of blood, ever registering an equable temperature a terrible number of degrees below the freezing-point, in their rigid veins; here and there a strong and tough-minded woman who, like Lot's wife, has been turned into a pillar of salt by looking back, and around, in short, everywhere—curiously, superciliously—except within; a dreadfully cramped people of frigid propriety, all over icicles of excellence, with a shiver of compassion for less cold and

inanimate souls, with more heart than, but perhaps not quite so much virtue as, themselves—these are the inhabitants of the northernmost zone of Thoughtland, and even such life as their presence affords is said to cease a good many leagues south of the Pole. Near the other extremity the country is peopled with a race exhibiting widely different qualities. Warm gushing natures, with nothing solid about them—mere creatures of sympathy, ever melting, yearning, glowing, beaming and generously expending themselves upon their fellow-mortals, but in such fashion that the process might be often repeated and nothing either gained or lost; enthusiasts, people of sentiment, of sensibility, emotional beings with pretty winning ways which do no one else good and themselves infinite harm, are denizens of that region of Thoughtland which borders on Dreamland, where the real and the unreal mingle together, and it is hard to discriminate between the true and the false. Midway, with mere fancy as far off on one hand as inflexible fact-mongering stands on the other, is the place of safety for mind, heart, head, temper, and happiness. Approached in its temperate regions, Thoughtland is one of the healthiest and most enjoyable resorts within reach of man; a recruiting-ground open to intellects of all orders and capacities, with suitable entertainment for each. An excursion into the country is always practicable, and may be so economically performed as to lie within reach of the poorest as well as the wealthy. Professional travellers, explorers, who commonly see less of a district than those who are chance visitors, and adventurers, who seldom perceive anything beyond the magnificence of their own achievements, should take care to be well-provided in point of health and vigour of mind and body before they set out, and go