



Now, in the whole range of added low /discoveries/, there is a very pleasant group of small sciences that have been improved, or, firstly, that have been produced, by the century of which I speak. This little body of lore may be called the science(s) of the minute. Not only are these very useful in giving us an insight into the characters of men {...}

Though in giving us insight into our own they not often make us grieve not a little, {...}

Joy of finding faults in our friends

Though no more than a dilettante in this line, I am often very taken with these sciences and the fits of abstraction which are common with one betray many friends into ~~wrong ideas~~ error. One of them will smile sarcastically at seeing one stroke my chin several times, then thrust my head in air and then push my mouth back or my arm forward and or commit some trifling idiocy of the sort, thinking me a vain person or a fool; when I have only been absently wondering if it be possible for my chin ever to be considered or prominent, or whether my nose be of the Greek or of the Roman type or ~~will it be~~ but one odd union of the two.

In the same way, I have often been much amused by the misconceptions my conduct gives rise to, in that, while in a railroad train or in a tramcar I will often indulge my humour in inspecting the faces of the passengers.

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