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The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

Commonplace Book  
1933-1952

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

A. A. A. A.  
52 Huntington Road  
& Cambridge

116

New Bull. 1891  
P 70. C P 305

Usher Diseases  
22. 18. 600

Hort. T. C. Trans  
I. 1812 pp 8-12  
X  
In the under etc  
pseudis

Pamphlet X II  
p 657  
X Be in wheat  
Diseases

22. 18. 1 29<sup>2</sup> (cold)  
22. 18. 1 29<sup>2</sup>

X In Benjamin Brodie  
Anatomog. p 67  
IX. 11. 3

No. 2

THE  
"CANVAS"  
SERIES

NO. PAGES	NO. PAGES
60 1 1/2 x 3 1/2	145 x 7 1/2 120
9 2 1/4 x 4	152 x 102 95
5 7 x 4 1/2	175 x 112 141
15 9 x 7 1/2	202 x 132 200
13 8 1/2 x 6	202 x 132 180
14 8 1/2 x 7	202 x 132 180
15 10 x 7 1/2	214 x 145 200
10 12 1/2 x 5 1/2	204 x 202 100
80 12 1/2 x 5 1/2	204 x 202 100
20 12 1/2 x 5 1/2	204 x 202 100

MADE IN ENGLAND



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Funeral of Frederick

Penn, W. 12<sup>th</sup> Mo. 20  
1750/1. Funeral - Abby  
Xp 13. 1751, sold 5

Cross:-

Here lies Fred - is dead

Who was dear to

Had a been his father,

I had more than

Had it been his brother,

Still better than another;

Had it been his sister,

Had I enjoyed her as I have

Had it been the whole generation

Still better of the nation;

But since it is my Fred

Who was dear to is dead -

There is no more to be said

The Socy of Pym-Cutter

In honor of Letitia.

Comd wife of J. J. 1743

p 194-196

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At Lyne Regis June 12. 1933 -  
(At Court, Collège, 15<sup>e</sup> arr<sup>t</sup>)  
June 13. 33 (On the fagots coat)

Flaubert's Letter V. d. XIII p. 6.

"Le science abstrait qui n'est que son cot, je suis sûr, une  
grande cause d'altération intellectuelle. Plus que l'imagination  
sur livre, il faut se sentir au sein des choses."

"Vraie la vraie immortalité : l'ignorer c'est la perdre ! de  
diable n'ex pas autre chose. Il se nomme l'éternel."

<sup>17.</sup>  
"à un certain âge le changement d'habitudes, c'est  
la mort."

226  
"Ce que j'invoque de bloquer pour ne pas faire de visite  
et refuser de s'inscrire en ville est purdogmeux ... La pauvre des  
monde sont impuissantes pour ceux qui travaillent."

246  
"Mais tu que j'ai trouvé ici dans ma courrière ? Une  
lettre d'une dame libraire qui désirait acheter mes  
manuscrits ... Il paraît que les libraires de mes  
conférences vendent les livres ... (p. 246) ...  
Vraie que l'art se met en boutique."

256  
"Donc ceux qui se regardent comme au-dessus des  
niveau humain de grandeur au-dessus."

258  
"Vous me parlez de la Correspondance de Balzac. Je  
l'ai lue quand elle paraît elle m'a peu  
enthousiasmé. L'homme y gagne, mais non l'écriture.  
Il s'occupe trop de ses affaires. Jamais on n'y voit  
une idée générale, une préoccupation en dehors de ses  
intérêts. Comparez ses lettres à celles de Voltaire, par  
exemple, ou même celles de Diderot ! Balzac ne s'occupe  
ni de l'Art, ni de la religion, ni de l'humanité, ni de la  
science. Lui et toujours lui, ses dettes, ses maîtres, son  
imprimé ! Ce qui n'empêche pas que c'est un très grand  
homme."

84  
Le sentiment du conique est un bon sentiment dans  
les fanges de la vie. Si je ne l'avais pas eu depuis longtemps  
je serais mal enragé.

85  
Le calme de la nature, au même temps qu'il apaise,  
humilie, ne trouble-vois pas: Comme nous sommes  
faibles et cystes vis-à-vis des choses, je suis  
fort et immuable! Plus je vois et plus je me  
convains de l'insignifiance de tout et de moi  
en particulier.

86  
Tous ceux qui se regardent comme au-dessus  
du niveau humain de fierté au-dessus

87  
Par supplanter l'existence, il faut bien avoir  
une marotte et croire qu'elle est sérieuse.  
[marotte = forte vacille (Ch. B.)]  
[?] fid. sur le read vs VI + VII = au utrum (Ch. B.)

88  
v. VI p. 2  
Deux à ma rage de travail, je la comparerais à  
une dartie. Je me gratte en criant. C'est à la fois  
un plaisir et un supplice. Et je ne fais rien de ce que  
je veux! Car a ne choisit pas ses sujets, le d'impression.  
Trouverai-je jamais le mien? Me tombera-t-il du  
ciel une idée à rapprocher avec mon tempérament? Pourrai-je  
faire un livre ou je me donnerai tout entier? Il me semble,  
dans nos moments de vanité, que je commença à entrevoir  
ce que doit être un roman.

89  
La muse, si scélérats qu'elle soit, donne mieux de chagrin  
que la femme. Je ne peux accéder l'un avec l'autre. Il faut  
opposer mon deux affaires depuis longtemps. Rote l'histoire  
des sons. Et me triques les vers scélérats. Même au

temps de ma plus vaine jeunesse, j'en faisais  
admission à ce je voulais.

p. 157

Tout s'use, l'angoisse elle-même

Vd VII p. 267

Heureux les gens qui s'occupent des  
sciences! Cela ne vous lâche pas son  
homme comme la littérature."

p. 275

Je ne lui rien du tout, sauf Shakespeare  
que j'ai repris d'un bout à l'autre.  
Cela vous retienne et vous remplit  
de l'air dans les pommiers, comme  
si on était sur une haute montagne.  
J'avais pu être médecin à côté de  
ce prodigieux bonhomme.

p. 280

"Mais, dans l'idéal que j'ai de  
l'Art, je crois qu'on ne doit rien  
montrer des sciences, et que l'artiste ne  
doit pas plus apparaître dans son oeuvre que Dieu  
dans la Nature. L'homme n'est rien. L'oeuvre  
tout! Cette discipline, qui peut paraître  
d'un peu de vie fauve, n'est pas facile à  
shower. Et pour moi, du moins, c'est  
une sorte de sacrifice permanent que je fais  
au bon goût. Il me serait bien  
agréable de dire ce que je pense et de soulager  
le jeune Gustave Flaubert par des phrases;



mais quelle est l'importance de  
dudit Sœur? (Lettre à Jolyand, Dec 1875)  
p 204

Le succès est une conséquence et ne  
doit pas être un but. Je ne l'ai  
jamais cherché (bien que je le désire)  
et je le cherche de moins en moins

p 290 (Jolyand)

Je crois que l'arrondissement de la  
phrase n'est rien, mais que bien écrite  
est tout parce que "bien écrite c'est à  
la fois bien sentie, bien pensée et bien  
due" (Buffon). Le dernier terme est  
le plus dépendant des deux autres, puis qu'il  
faut sentir fortement afin de pouvoir en  
penser pour exprimer.

... je crois la forme et la  
fond deux subtilités, deux art de qui  
n'existent jamais l'une sans l'autre.

Ce souci de la beauté est l'œuvre  
que vous me approchez est pour moi une  
méthode. Quand je découvre une mauvaise  
manière de une répétition dans une  
de mes phrases, je suis sûr que je patrouille  
dans le faux. A force de chercher, je  
trouve l'expression juste, qui est la seule  
et qui est, en même temps, l'harmonieuse.  
de mot ne manque jamais quand on possède  
l'idée.

2293  
de George Sand. Avril 1874

ce qui fait pour moi le bon de l'Art,  
à savoir : la Beauté. Je ne soursiers  
d'avoir eu des battements de cœur,  
d'avoir senti un plaisir vibrant en  
contemplant un mur de l'Acropole,  
un mur tout nu (celui qui est à gauche  
quand on monte aux Propylées). Et bien!  
je me demande si un livre, indépendamment  
de ce qu'il dit, ne peut pas produire  
le même effet. Dans la précision  
des ensembles, la rareté des éléments,  
l'ajustement de la surface, l'harmonie de  
l'ensemble, n'y a-t-il pas une vertu  
intelligible, une espèce de force divine,  
quelque chose d'éternel comme  
un principe? (Je parle en platonicien).

x x x  
Enfin comme il est difficile de s'entendre!  
Voilà deux hommes que j'aime beaucoup  
et que je considère comme de vrais artistes,  
Tourguenoff et Zola. Le qui n'empêche pas  
qu'ils n'admirent nullement la prose de  
Balzac tandis qu'en même temps celle de  
Gautier. Des phrases qui me rassurent  
leur semblent creues. Lui a-t-il? Et  
comme il aime au public, quand vos plus proches  
sont si loin? Tout cela m'attriste beaucoup. NE  
peux pas.

D'ailleurs, il m'est impossible de faire une chose courte. Je ne puis exposer une idée sans aller jusqu'au bout.

Vous avez bien raison de me dire (à propos de votre fils) que les gens raisonnables sont enclins à faire des folies. Les excentricités les plus graves sont généralement produites par les personnes de jugement, ou qui passent pour telles. C'est pour cela, sans doute, qu'il n'y a pas un comédien dans les prisons... leur métier est un exutoire par où s'épanche leur besoin d'exubérance que nous avons tous, plus ou moins. Voici un principe d'esthétique (vous voyez que je romène tout à mon métier), une règle, dis-je, pour les artistes: Soyez règle dans votre vie et ordinaire comme un bourgeois, afin d'être vedette et original dans vos oeuvres.

(Eclaircissement sur le Roman & l'Académie)  
 "En quoi l'Académie peut-elle les honorer? L'auteur n'est quelque'un, parqu'il voudrait être quelque chose?"

Il ne suffit pas d'avoir de l'esprit.  
 Sans le caractère, les œuvres d'au-  
 quoi qu'on fasse, seront toujours  
 médiocres; l'honnêteté est la première  
 condition de l'esthétique."

"Axiomes:

Les honneurs déshonorent;  
 Le titre dégrade;  
 La fonction abrutit.  
 Écrivez ça sur les murs."

p 215

Soyez donc plus fier, nom de Dieu!  
 et ne croyez pas aux recettes.

p 211

D'ailleurs, je n'aime les confessions  
 que lorsqu'elles sont ex casures. Par qu'un  
 monsieur vous intéresse en parlant de  
 sa personne, il faut que cette personne  
 soit exorbitante, en bien ou en mal.  
 Donner au public des détails sur soi-même  
 est une tentation de bourgeois à laquelle  
 j'ai toujours résisté.

p 327

Vous n'avez pas compris le sens de  
 mon indignation; je ne m'étonne pas de ceux  
 qui cherchent à expliquer l'insupportable,  
 mais de ceux qui croient avoir trouvé  
 l'explication, de ceux qui ont le bon  
 Dieu (ou le non-Dieu) dans leur poche,

Eh bien oui ! tant dogmatisme m'  
exaspère. Bref, le matérialisme  
et le spiritualisme me semblent  
deux impertinences.

Après avoir lu dernièrement pas  
mal de livres catholiques, j'ai pris  
la philosophie de Leibniz ("le  
dernier mot de la Science"); c'en est  
jeter dans les mêmes latrines. Voilà  
mon opinion. J'ai vu tant, tous  
charlatans, tous idiots qui ne voient  
jamais qu'un côté d'un problème, et  
j'ai relu (pour la troisième fois de  
ma vie) tout Spinoza. Cet "athée"  
c'est, selon moi, le plus sage des  
hommes, puisqu'il n'admettait  
que Dieu.

p 553

Je veux montrer que l'éducation,  
quelle qu'elle soit, ne signifie pas  
grand'chose, et que la nature fait  
tout ou presque tout.

p 370

Cette manie de croire qu'on vient  
de découvrir la nature, et qu'on est  
plus vrai que les devanciers m'exaspère.

La Tempête de Racine est tout  
aussi vraie que celle de Molière.  
Il n'y a pas de vrai ! Il n'y a que  
des manières de voir.

p374

mais je termine par une citation  
de Goethe, un naturaliste qui était  
romantique, ou un romantique qui  
était naturaliste, — autant l'un que  
l'autre — comme vous voudrez.

Dans Wilhelm Meister, je ne  
sais plus quel personnage dit à  
Wilhelm. "Tu me fais l'effet de Saisir,  
fils de Cés; il s'agit pour aller chercher  
les ânes de leur père si il trouva un  
royaume."

p399

Quand on écrit bien, on a contre  
soi deux ennemis: 1° le public,  
parce que le style le contraint à  
penser, l'oblige à un travail; et 2° le  
souverainement, parce que'il sent en nous  
une force, et que le pouvoir n'aime  
pas un autre pouvoir.

Lettres de Plaubert - Vol IX

Harlemere - Sept 1933

P<sup>22</sup>

"Nana" . . . "C'est un colosse

qui a les pieds malpropres, mais  
C'est un colosse. Cela choque  
en moi beaucoup de délicatesses,  
n'importe! Il faut savoir admirer  
ce qu'on n'aime pas."

P<sup>30</sup>

(Abou a obtenu pour lui les deux puits &  
vans correspondants f. smelly want  
"Boward et Pécachet")

J'ai m'a ouvrage mon raisonnement  
botanique; j'avais raison! . . . et j'avais  
raison parce que l'esthétique est le vrai,  
et qu'à un certain degré intellectuel  
(quand on a de la méthode) on ne se  
trompe pas. La réalité ne se flie  
point à l'idéal, mais le confirme!

"Let's endeavor to do things as they are, then  
 enquire whether we ought to complain. Whether to see life  
 as it is, will give us more consolation, I know not, but  
 but the consolation which is drawn from truth, if  
 any there be, is a solid durability. It is a pleasure  
 to be denied for error must be, like its opponent,  
 fallacious & fugitive."

p 226

"My play-fellows were grown dull, & forced  
 me to suspect that I was no longer young."

p 152

S. J. & B.

"My regard for you is greater almost than  
 I have words to express; but I do not choose  
 to change repeatedly; I write in order that  
 you may find your former letters, & never doubt of  
 my regard."



Reneeby essais de Montaigne VdE  
Harlemine. Sept. 1533

p 48

" ainsi est-il des Esprits : si on ne les  
occupe à certain sujet, qui les brève et  
contrainc, ils se jettent desreiglez,  
par-cy par-là, dans le vague champ de  
imaginacions.

x x x p 49

L'annee qui n'a point de lieu establi,  
elle se perd : Car, comme on dit,  
c'est n'estre en aucun lieu, sive  
d'estre par tout.

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160  
On ne furent à tous toutes graces  
(reuer)  
données -  
(L'anteparenty en pweat.)

From Cedar & Hyssop. ~~fruits~~ Crowfoot, J. M.  
Baldenapoger, L. (1932)  
[17 D. 82.64]

p 30  
(A folk tale of Palestine)

"When the Prophet Mohammed died all  
the trees mourned & cast down their leaves.  
Then came one & said to the Olive Tree, "O  
Olive Tree, the Prophet is dead, & all the  
trees mourn, and why do you not mourn?"  
The Olive tree replied, "I break my wood  
& see the grief within my heart. As he  
broke a branch from the Olive tree & saw  
the grief within his heart. For his grief was  
within & not to be seen of men."

(See Trenchard or Fitzjerdal late - this book. 1948 note)  
Letters of Edward Fitzjerdal. 2 vols. London  
Free Libry [826. F. 38. 1] 1901

(1809-1883)

(Fitzjerdal's Father John Pucell no man in his cousin  
Mary Frances Fitzjerdal & took her name.)

p 28 Nov 19. 1833

"For my part, I have given up deciding on how  
Hamlet should be played: or rather have  
decided it shouldn't be played at all. I  
take pleasure in reading things I don't  
wholly understand; just as the old women  
like sermons: I think it is of a piece with an  
ignorance of all Nature around us. I think  
there is a great chain in the half-meaning  
& glimpses of meaning that come in through  
Blake's wilder visions: though his difficulties  
arose from a very different source from  
Shakespeare's. You sometimes too much of  
this. I suspect that I have found out  
this as an useful solution, that I am  
asked the meaning of any thing that I  
am admiring, & don't know it."

1842. p105. "I know too - I said into  
volume of the volume as well as others of  
the note of sentiment the note which  
case: but I think unless a man can  
do better, he had best not do at all;  
I have not the strong inward call, not  
cruel-sweet-passions of partition, can -  
prove the bite of anything bigger than a  
mouse."

1842. p112 (Beethoven) "I think too -  
he was, strictly speaking, more a thinker  
than a musician. ... He tried to think in  
music: almost a reason - music:

whereas passages which should be contained  
in the feeling - "

1842 pp 120-121

"I grow every day more and more to love only  
the old good love to King, style: the  
common chords, these truisms of music,  
like other truisms so little understood  
in the full. Just look at the  
mechanism of Robert Adair."

(Cf. this in the difference between  
philosophy & science in Index ① ⑤)

p 291 (1852)

AA)

"Write even so shortly & shal ever show - ly"

<sup>pa</sup>  
(After Browne's Death)

"I send you four old Omar who has  
his kind of consolation for all these things  
... I hardly know any, since any of  
these things, when nobody buys; I  
scarce now see the few I give them to.  
But when one has done one's best, & is  
sure that he is best or better than so  
many will take pains to do, to seek  
far from the best to-morrow be done,  
we like smoke an end) the  
matter by Point. I suppose my best  
People <sup>in</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> Paris,  
Translation as I have: <sup>to the</sup> ~~to the~~ <sup>to the</sup> ~~to the~~  
not to be heard. But at all cost, &  
They may live: with a transfusion &  
one's own worse Life of one can't  
retain the Original's better. Better  
be a live Sparrow than a stuffed Eagle  
p. 26. Dec 7. 1861. To Lowell about  
Omar. "I thank him for the few - the  
most remarkable of the Persian Poets."

To W. H. Thompson  
p 29. Dec 9. 1861

To my son Peccadilloe, in Vera, I am now  
present to you, this is the copy of Rubbinget.  
I had translated them partly of Cavell;  
you Parker asked me some 7 years ago for  
something of France, I gave him the  
last work of these & use of he chose. He  
kept them for two years without using: & as I  
saw he did not want them I printed  
some copies with Quaritch; & keeping  
some for myself, gave him the rest.

Cavell, when I saw a copy was  
naturally drawn to it, he being a  
very religious man: nor have I given  
any other copy but to George Brown,  
when I had once lost the Persian, &  
to old Donne when he was down here  
the other day, when I was showing a  
Passage in another Book when he got my  
de Over up

To W. H. Thompson. 1863

p 28  
"I always look upon old Spedding's as one  
of the most wasted Lives I know: & he is

a wise Man! Twenty years ago I told  
him he should know del Bacon II;  
I don't mean give him up for want him  
up as far less scapin of Torre &  
Lobos; & edit Shakespeare. I think  
I would have been worth his life & have  
done those two; & I am deep persuaded  
persuaded Mr Bacon would have been  
better of some more or heat.

p 131 (1871)

"Cowell constantly reads Miss Austen  
as a rule after his Landmark Philology  
to me: & compares him, like fuel: a  
like Pascal's guess, that the picture  
that above all other because he saw  
Dadri-~~not~~ his thoughts."

p 136 (Mon de Lévy's)

"It's all Truth & Day by Day"  
Katy Anne said of Mr. Fielders

1875 p 135

"I have not been very well all the summer, &  
fanny than I began to 'smell the ground', as  
Salas says of the ship tea shakers speed  
as the water shallows under her."

p 212-13  
1877 (apparently about Omar)  
"I have in my mind feel & sense of 'triste  
Plaisir' in it, as often besides myself  
have felt. It is a desperate sort of thing,  
unfortunate as the bottom of all  
Humbly man's mind; but - made Muse of."

1877. To Lowell p 226

'Taste & the Feminine of Genius'  
(tragedy definitely says 'I am  
accredited with the aphorism')

p 226  
A long & elaborate one would be up late  
ready when he was my old - said &  
his remembrance of mine  
'L'ist-ce que cela fait  
si je m'amuse?'

p 223  
Fitzgerald says to me - Thackeray said  
"Sam Charles!" 30 yrs ago (i.e. abt 1848)  
partly a letter of C. L. to Samuel Butler  
to his forehead.

p 223  
The Beave said some friends in Count  
Jean Louis Godeau de Séguin



p 262

May 1879

"I certainly never remember so long, &  
so moist a Winter: any year as  
well as this."

p 267

"Seven months winter" — "sun &  
long, & moist winter as I never do  
I remember in my seventy years"

May 1851. p 268

"Ah, I should like to drive over  
Newmarket Heath: the sun shining  
in the distance leads to the Cathedral."

Aug 31. 34  
Epitaph in St. Lawrence's Church, Ludlow

HEARE LYET SUSAN THE  
WIFE OF IOHN RICHARD  
GENT. TOWNS CLARK  
OF LUDLOW. BY ADAM  
IN THE DUST I LYE BY  
CHRIST I AVE THE  
VICTORY  
1600

St. Julian's Church, Shrewsbury

The remains of Henry Corser of this Parish  
Chirurgian, who deceased April the 11<sup>th</sup> 1692  
And Ande his wife who followed him the  
next day after.

We man & wife  
Cousyns'd for life  
Fetch'd our last breath  
to near the Death  
Who part us would  
yet hardly could.  
Wedded againe  
In Bed of dust,  
Here wee remaine  
Till rise we must.

A double prize the grave doth finde  
If you can loose, keep u- in minde

Vth M AA  
Sep-5. 34.

in my life." Mr. Chesterton's share in the volume is eloquent of his extraordinary economy of time, when one thinks of his considerable output. He can, it seems, convert any spare five minutes into a little essay, a set of verses, or a drawing, and put his stamp on each. His shortest contribution here reprinted is the following, on the book in which Mr. Middleton Murry recorded his farewell to God:—

Murry, on finding *le Bon Dieu*  
*Chose difficile à prouver,*  
 Hogwells said "Adieu"  
 But God said "Au Revoir."  
 G. K.'s *Wraith* — Catholic Diatribal, cracks

## THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THURSDAY AUGUST 16 1934

## FRENCH EPIGRAMS

Sir,—In your excellent article on French Epigrams I see no mention of Maynard, and I should like to recall an epigram of his that has long appealed to me. Though written three hundred years ago, it seems singularly applicable to some of our present-day poets and prose-writers.

Ce que ta plume produit  
 Est couvert de trop de voiles;  
 Ton discours est une nuit  
 Veuve de lune et d'étoiles.  
 Mon ami, chaste bien loien  
 Cette noire rhétorique;  
 Tes écrits auraient besoin  
 D'un devin qui les explique.  
 Si ton esprit veut cacher  
 Les belles choses qu'il pense,  
 Dis-moi, qui peut l'empêcher  
 De te servir du silence?

Doubtless Cicero was addressing a similar audience when he said, "Nemo satis est mutum esse quam quod nemo intelligat dicere?"

KENNETH B. SCHOFFIELD.

## THE OLD WELL

## WATER IN THE VILLAGE

One of the familiar sounds of the village street, sounds that have been part of its life for centuries, and have a lenitive effect very unlike the impact of the noises of the new age, is that made by the machinery of an old well in a cottage garden between the green and the church.

Half consciously, as we hear the rumble of the mill-wheel, the sough of the blacksmith's bellows and the tinkle of the hammers on the anvil at the forge, or the stroke of noon by the church clock, so we catch the clack and whine of the winch as the rope runs down, or the hollow thud of the well lid as it is shut when the bucket has been brought to the top. We see in our goings to and fro, the warped and mossed framework, the barrel with its coiled rope and end of chain, the handle polished bright by generations of hard hands, much as we see the bowed timbering of the almshouse the row of pollard limes before it, and the white-palings of the little gardens full of hollyhocks and Michaelmas daisies, things which have had time to grow into our lives. We do not yet see the flaring petrol-pumps, the enamelled advertisements, the wireless-poles which, for all our open-armed reception of the gifts of Progress, have not yet quite found their places in the scheme of the daily round.

Some of us have had occasion, in a dry season, to take our pails to the old well's unflinching source, have looked into its mouth and down the dark shaft, have marked the ferns growing out of the crevices of the steining at the top, the brickwork, wet and shining where the light strikes in upon it, vanishing into a black abyss. Old Master Nye, the tenant of the cottage known as Moyses Rod, has drawn his daily allowance from the well for half a century, and will have no other. Ten years ago a main was laid through the village, and a general condemnation of wells followed; but the water at Moyses Rod defied the analysts and remained to stand an example of what the pure element should be, and to put in its proper place the product of the Water Board, immitigably hard, with a tang of iron, and not always impeccably clear.

Against the possession of one's private supply, renowned for virtues of its own in the matter of washing, tea making or drinking, qualities due, as the wise know, to a stratum of blue clay at the bottom, must be set the provision of the daily needs by the mere turning of a tap, without the heaving up of the dripping bucket by the winch. On the other side are to be ranged the risks of a centralized system, the sudden cutting off of five or six parishes by the chance of a burst main or a breakdown of the pump at the waterworks. When the wells were condemned, some were filled up, some were properly covered with flagstones and cement, others were merely abandoned, their timber floorings left to decay, lurking death-traps in years to come for anyone exploring the nettles and brambles of a derelict garden plot. The well at Moyses Rod has never been known to fail: in the great droughts of 1887, 1911, and 1921 alike it kept two fathoms of water up to the turn of the "breaking of the springs" after the autumn rains, and was always full to the brim in the winter months. There are large differences in the capacity of wells, even in a small area. Each narrow strip of garden behind the houses in the street had its own; in burning summers half of these might go dry; but old Nye was able without fail to fill his neighbour's pails from his abundance, proof against the fiercest Dog-star.

We had learned to believe that the old ways had gone for ever, banished by the turning of a tap. Almost lost was the craft of the well-sinker, lost the critical sense with which the older folk would judge the vintage differences of this and that source, almost forgotten the labour of the winch, the yoke and pails, or the counting of 100 strokes of the pump handle to fill the cistern before bed-time. We had not reckoned on two successive dry seasons like this and last year's, on the Board's warning of grave shortage and hours of restriction, when the tap gave no responsive trickle for all our turning, experiences which make some of us rather uncomfortably dependent on and decidedly envious of Master Nye, with his unrationed and unratred store.

## WATCHIE

## A VICTORIAN MEMORY

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

It was the sprig of holly over the door of the hut that fired the train of memory. Only the night-watchman was different, a young man, doubtless delighted to have the job, deferentially polite as he stood up after getting a light for his pipe from the steadily glowing coke fire which he had been blowing, and pointed out the clear way through the materials he was guarding.

To at least one small boy the night-watchman had been one of the prime elements of the romance of London, his only serious rival being the cabin of the barge down the river or along the Grand Junction Canal. My watchman, who stood well over 6ft. in his socks, was to me a heroic being, with his huge brown great-coat and his heavy boots, for he had fought in the Crimea and been wounded at Inkerman. He did not keep his coffee in a thermos. True, he had his tea in a tin can and his supper on a tin plate wrapped in a spotted red handkerchief of the variety that suggests Othello; but his chief comfort, greater even than that of his pipe, was the bottle the contents of which, as he would proudly inform you, came from across the Irish Channel, like himself.

At times he would fight his battles over again to an always admiring audience, often of one; at others he would sit over his brazier in the early winter evenings, wrapped in his thoughts and his great-coat, moodily sucking his short clay pipe. Then, if we tried to attract his attention or started to play with the bricks he was guarding, it would be, "Now be off wid ye, or I'll be after ye, same as I was after the Broosians"; or that most horrible of all threats to a child of about 1890, "If ye don't, Jack the Ripper shall have ye. I seen a man with a pot hat and a black bag down your road as I came along." It is true that this threat was generally kept for

the occasions when we were unsporing enough to remind him that, owing to the effects of the Russian bullet, he would be unable to catch us; but we knew that Watchie, who had driven the Roossians before him, was more than a match even for Jack the Ripper.

I envied Watchie at least as much as I admired him, and a touch of the old feeling returns whenever I see a watchman busy about his fire, making himself comfortable for the night. There was something peculiarly attractive to a shy little boy about the snug independence of his life, lived alone when the rest of the bustling world was for the moment out of action, with his hut and his fire and his big coat and his rug and his pipe and even his bottle. One could see all round it as an independent whole in its self-contained simplicity, just the life to which a hero should retire, his warfare o'er; though, it is true, Mrs. Watchie may have been a bit of a problem—or had Watchie his weaknesses?—judging by the words that sometimes passed between them when she brought him his tea. When I saw him roast a few chestnuts in his fire—on at least two occasions he presented me with one—I felt that, added to the most delectable of lives, he got all the good that was to be had from the most fascinating of trades without the financial risks involved. There was much the same attraction about the family in the cabin of a barge, with its brightly-scoured pots and the smoke gently rising from the chimney, shut off from all outside worries, such as school and work, sailing down into the unknown world of the river or being towed out into the real country—always a holiday in itself to a London boy—by their comfortable old horse. The children, I knew, never went to school. One of them told me so contemptuously when I asked her. Life passed in such surroundings was the nearest possible approach to the existence of children in the nice story-books, to that of the Swiss Family Robinson itself.

The only time that I felt a little sorry for Watchie was on Christmas Eve, when he was settling down just as usual by his fire in one of his more thoughtful moods; but he had a bunch of holly over his hut. I followed him in his various pitches along the new streets that were gradually turning the fields round us into a flourishing suburb, and when at last the Russian bullet proved fatal and the wounded toe mortified, I ended by identifying him with the watchman in the *Agamemnon*, an apotheosis of which he would most certainly have approved.

His successor could mean nothing to little boys, whom he detested. There were no adventures in his life, no stories to tell; only a red evening paper to read. Nor had a Russian bullet incapacitated him from catching us when we started playing with his bricks. Had he been the original watchman, the life would have had no romance for me. But, as it was, the old fascination still clung about the hut and the fire and the prospect of a peaceful night alone; the charm still worked.

DECEMBER 13 1934

## AN OPENING WINDOW

## LANDSCAPE IN DECEMBER

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

The effect just now of the baring of the hedges and spinneys can be compared best with the uncurtaining of Nature's windows, for a new visibility is conferred on the country landscape. Foregrounds have become quite new in the last few weeks. Fields invisible from the farmhouse a fortnight ago, being still screened by a remnant of leaves, are now spread out to the eye with a mere transparent lattice of brushwood between. This stripping, ready for the rougher winds and stresses of winter, gives a new landscape to the eyes.

It is an ascetic and by no means unpleasing transformation. The dark blue woods of the distance have shrunk in size sufficiently to disclose above them the white back of a famous chalk down which summer's pride obscures. Even the chill toning of what Keats called "unmatured green, valleys cold," has an astringent appeal to the artistic eye, or should have; for we wonder down here at the absence of easels that are plentiful enough in sunny times. It is not as if December were without its days of high feather, when a sun with more light than warmth to give glorifies a prospect naked indeed, but showing vivid emerald patches of winter eye, oaks, or greens amid brown corduroy trampled and faded sage-green old pasture.

From any hill-top commanding a farming valley it is easier now to decipher the agricultural programme of this holding or that. Easier, too, for many a farmer to plan with his soil thus bared to the eye. A flaw in hedging, an untidy headland, a gradually encroaching path or watercourse accuse themselves in these days, unable to hide behind green veils or tall crops. And an insidiously altering route of a watercourse is perceptible perhaps for the first time this season, after the beating rains; for, however slowly, the lie of the land does change somewhat with the years.

The beauty of the present bareness is that it has not yet reached emaciation. The deep frosts of January are in arrears; and usually they impart a bruised tinge to the wood and a scorched look to the grass, a look which all cattle know well and disconsolately turn from to hay two years old if there be any on the fields or low-fleeced silage. It is the nights that offer most of beauty in the great interregnum—cold nights when the stars seem to be as if timed by a common pulse, and one might hear them ring cymbal-like and clear. In our climate we know the stars less than the Greeks and Latins knew them, not of course, less than Chaldeans or Egyptians. But the sky is half the country, whether by day or night. The constellations we, my yellowing Virgil says, the old Roman farmer's monthly almanac, and as he sun moved from one into another he arched when to plough and when to sow, then to clip the wool or to prune his tree. "The planets watched over his births; and while the dawn star, herald of Aurora called him to work, that of the evening, pale in the fading sunset—sent him to rest; and all alike were to him as gods. The visible divinities are gone, but beauty remains in the star-scattered silences, and even some use also to readers of the night's temper."

Rain permitting, the teams are out with the plough, cultivator, or heavy rags, and between now and mid-March these huge shires will earn every peck of the crushed oats. They are doing much to make and decide next summer's landscape, and meanwhile they are the most heartening feature of the present one. The wide silences are broken for us now and rarely by the hoarse alarm of the peasant, the dull report of a gun, the quav of a snipe in "the wet field," the unsteady note of an owl, or the wild mixing cry of starlings. The ring of hills seems acutely remote except perhaps for an hour more at midday. Night strides in almost palpably about half-past 4 in several of the steps. One minute work afield proceeds well, unconsciously; the next, it is strain to the eye. It is as if the beat of a wing had deposited a layer of dusk upon us below.

Melancholy days apart, winter can be mentally bracing to countrymen, thanks largely also to the power of association. Perhaps it is needful to know, as Hardy said, "about those invisible ones of the days gone by, whose feet have traversed the fields which look so grey from his windows; recall whose plough has turned those sods from time to time; whose hands planted the trees that form a crest to the opposite hill; whose horses and hounds have torn through that underwood; what birds affect that particular brake." And yet a Gilbert White and possibly a few others can dispense with that addition, at least for a time, Nature having a power of her own, without reference to her most restless child.

## THE TIMES WEDNESDAY

JANUARY 23 1935

## USE OF THE HANDKERCHIEF

In Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes" (Dr. J. C. Cox's revised edition, relating to the Royal game of tennis in Elizabeth's reign, an anecdote is quoted as yielding a vivid picture of Court manners even in the presence of the Virgin Queen. In a letter from Thomas Randolph to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, dated March 31, 1565, at Edinburgh, occurs the following passage:—

"I have it from this gentleman's mouth that latter the Duke [of Norfolk] and my L. of Leicester were playing at tennis, the Q. beholding of them, and my L. Rich being verie hotte and sweating, tooke the Q. by the towle by her hande and wreyed her face with the Duke's handkerchiefe that he was in service and wchere it he wold laye his racket upon his face. Herewithen rose a great murmur and the Q. offended wch the Duke. This tale is tolde by the Earle of Arundell."

—MR. A. H. MACCHELL COX, Knightstone, Yelverton, Devon.

## LAND UNDER WATER

## EFFECTS OF THE FLOODS

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

A magician has arrived in the country-side: Water. It seems as though, moreover, he has meant for the last month to stay. In the low-lying tracts of the shires, assuredly this elemental artist has brought not only novel effects for the eye, but dramatic interest for even the oldest inhabitant, notwithstanding some attendant damage and inconvenience. The memory of our veterans can recall nothing like these floods, and the rivers still in spate, and the likelihood of more rains to come. We hardly know our native home and valley. The rector, a disciple of Gilbert White, like his predecessor, shows the village the records of high-water marks locally for the past two centuries; and we learn with an irrational thrill of superiority that there has been nothing like it since—when, shall we say?—since Reynolds shifted his ear-trumpet to listen to Dr. Johnson at the Club.

The busiest of us have to stop work sometimes to admire the strange alteration. We have often thought of visiting the Lakes: now the lakes have come to us. We have played wiffully with the notion of a skating carnival in the tradition of the Fens; it does but need a hard spell of frost and there is nothing between us and that felicity. The rural omnibus rushes at-leap for a mile through sheets of water, with its load of delighted passengers, 70-year-old eyes lighted up with as naive a wonder as those of the school children. Great shire horses pick their way gingerly by the margin of the field floods, but splash with uncouth enthusiasm where they feel a metalled road surface to support them. The dog population, such of it as does not swim, is often occupied in officious and futile barking at the phenomenon. Yearling heifers were hurriedly brought into the sheds a fortnight ago with the disappearance of a good autumn bite, the first deluge, and the closing in of nipping nights; and many milking herds are kept in or near the yards rather than foul their ankles in the

morasses which have appeared. A gipsy encampment in one of the river bends near to us knocked at the neighbouring farmhouse at 2 o'clock in the morning to borrow two more powerful horses to tow their wheeled household goods on to some drier Ararat. The neighbourly office was not refused, albeit it meant dressing for one man and harnessing for two horses. Home is home after all, though it may not be much roomier than a sleeping berth on the train. The hamlet has just been honoured, too, by the visit of one of the artistic school of newspaper photographers, who, neglecting certain of our sensational depths and submersions, sought out the angles for beauty of prospect: the result we expect to see and to keep for our sceptical descendants, with some telling caption or quotation.

For the coming of the waters has realized a number of literary images for us. At our doors, not in Morris, we can see "the Haystack in the Floods." Something tips the tongue from Mort d'Arthur:—

Lay a great water, and the moon was full.  
The moon indeed has put the last spectral touch of magic to the inundated valley at nights, and old unregenerates whom one had not suspected of a scintilla of poetry in them have been seen standing at gaze, as if through some wizard portal of the spirit. One is reminded at odd moments of the flood scenes in "The Mill on the Floss." The dozen villages around this many miles wide irruption of waters feel unanimously that some poetic tribute is called for to perpetuate an experience; in our groping rustic way we are not content with the iteration of the usual prose remarks; and the Folk, without a folk-poet to express them, are incomplete and know it. We shall probably have to put up with some picture post-cards; but these are only evidence, not comment.

We are equally interested, however, in the practical sequels to this visitation. One farmer is attempting to lock in the water that fills his hollow meadow, that he may try boating for visitors and, at rare seasons, skating. Another is happy that Nature has done his irrigation for him, and left good riparian organic sediment on a huge field which will soon be arable. He calls it free warping. For the most part it means that we are an "occupied" country: these vast standing sheets of water, while they are solvents of last year's unexhausted manurial values, are also holding up a little the winter cultivation programme. There are enough other tasks to expedite without turning amphibian. No three-horse team would be happy at present on low-lying soil; nor would such land take kindly to our attentions for several weeks. Indeed, one or two farms were surprised so quickly by the river's overflow that plough and cultivator and spring-time harrow alike are covered to the handles out in the field; they look pathetic there, like the fragment of a story which someone hesitates to finish.

But some day the story will be resumed. The waters will begin their slow recession, and the human overture will be heard—instrument by instrument, until this faery scene is forgotten. The poetry of desolation will make way for the poetry of toil and seeding and trim landmarks.

PLAYING BILLIARDS

If there is any virtue (and there may be) in saying that "to play billiards well is a sign of an ill-spent youth," it is only fair that it should be credited to the right man. Spencer says that the remark was originally made to him by his friend "the late Mr. Charles Roupell (an Official Referee of the High Court of Justice)," and was merely an abstract statement, not made in reference to any particular game or any individual player ("Life" of Spencer, pp. 298-9). Spencer's own attitude towards the game is given in the "Autobiography" (pp. 223-6):—

Those who confess to billiard-playing commonly make some kind of excuse. . . . It suffices for me that I like billiards, and the attainment of the pleasure given I regard as a sufficient motive. . . . So long as the serious duties of life have been discharged, the pursuit of pleasure for its own sake is perfectly legitimate and requires no apology.

—Mr. GEORGE EASTGATE, 28, Stanley Road, Woodford, E.11.

C. Day Lewis. Collected Poems

1929-1933  
1935. The Hogarth Press

p107

Ben—Two there are, shadow us  
everywhere  
And will not let us be, till we are dead,  
Hardening the bones, keeping the spine spare,  
Original in water, earth & air,  
Our better cordial, our daily bread.

x x x x x x  
And from the temperal prison, fear & pen  
Those borders march into the ice-fields  
of heat,  
And from their servitude escape their own  
Till in the grave we set up home alone  
And buy an liberty with our last breath.

read July 1935  
before going to I.R.  
by AA + AB.

Essays in Criticism. Matthew Arnold  
p 25 1886

The mass of mankind will never  
have any ardent zeal for seeing things as  
they are; very inadequate ideas will  
always satisfy them. On these  
inadequate ideas repose, & must  
repose, the general practice of the world.  
That is as much as saying that whoever  
lets himself see things as they are will  
find himself one of a very small circle;  
but it is only by this circle that the world  
is ever wakened from its adequate ideas, which  
ever get current at all."

p 29

Tubben says, "Ignorance which  
in matters of morals extends to the  
crime, is itself, in intellectual matters  
a crime of the first order."



Times Nov 1935

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More serious than the absence of the comparative method is the absence of a spirit of historical understanding in Russia. In the first place, the effect in Russia (and in other countries) of the non-existence of the legal constitution; the confusion of party decrees and State laws; the similar confusion of executive with legislative powers—as if they were revelations of a new "multiform democracy" which was itself a new revelation, higher than any other, possessed by any other country, or in any other age.

This system is intended to be a point during the first four weeks of the 1935-36 laying trials are generally promising, though the average yield varies from as low as nine to as high as 16 eggs a bird. The first month's results may not afford much indication of the final result, but it is clear that breeders are taking more care in the selection of competing pullets, many of which in years gone by did not begin to lay until the trials had been in progress for two or three months.

In the county trials has been kept by the new system of scoring, under which all special, first, and second grades, score a point during the first four weeks, while the first, second, and first-grade eggs will score for awards. This system is intended to be a point during the first four weeks of the 1935-36 laying trials are generally promising, though the average yield varies from as low as nine to as high as 16 eggs a bird. The first month's results may not afford much indication of the final result, but it is clear that breeders are taking more care in the selection of competing pullets, many of which in years gone by did not begin to lay until the trials had been in progress for two or three months.

EGG-LAYING TRIALS  
THE FIRST MONTH  
FROM A CORRESPONDENT

dividual rights; they are altering the franchise and methods of voting, in ways which make them more in accord with the methods of Western democracy; and they are giving individuals a larger share in the management of the State. This is the result of the programme now being contemplated by the politicians of Russia; and though there is always a lag between the politician's programme and the performance, it is only fair to hope eventually for a better practice. There are few, therefore, who will not hope for a better practice. There are few, therefore, who will not hope for a better practice.

ROYAL  
**ELLIMAN'S**  
EMBROCATION

IN FINE FETTL  
THANKS  
TO



In particular, Professor Macmurray devotes a lot of attention to the question of sex. He will find few to disagree in the emphasis he lays on the essential rightness of all human emotions, even when he tries to rescue that good word "sensuality" from the evil associations into which it has fallen. There are to-day few Manicheans. Professor Macmurray also earns our gratitude by much in his analysis of what constitutes true chastity. But there is a point beyond which many will be loth to follow him. He makes it clear, when he puts the question to himself specifically—even though he says "I don't know"—that the adoption of his philosophy would probably lead to an increase in extra-marital sexual intercourse. Now is it ever possible that sexual intercourse outside marriage, in however exalted an emotion, could be the same as the union of two persons bound to each other by sacred vows at the altar "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do us part"? Does not this solemn engagement give to the act of sexual union a background and a context which impart a quality not to be obtained outside the marriage bond? Professor Macmurray's answer is "No."

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THURSDAY OCTOBER 24 1935

## Book of the Day

### THE FABIANS IN RUSSIA

#### A GREAT EXPERIMENT SURVEYED

SOVIET COMMUNISM: A NEW CIVILIZATION? By SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB. Two volumes. (Longmans. 35s.)

Over a century ago, when the French Revolution was two years old, Tom Paine sat down, in the Angel Inn at Islington, to compose "The Rights of Man," and to introduce the principles and policy of the Revolution to the sympathy of English readers. It was a notable, brief book, and it has lived. To-day, when the Russian Revolution is, as it were, of an age to vote (the legal age for voting in Russia is 18), the Webbs have published two volumes, of some 1,200 pages, to commend its principles and its achievement to the attention of the Anglo-Saxon world.

They are *felices opportunitate*. They have the record of 18 years on which to draw; and like trained and experienced investigators they have drawn fully on it—travelling, inquiring, perusing the documents, ransacking the Press, using every available source. Their volumes appear at a favourable conjuncture. There is less prejudice against Russia than there was, and a juster appreciation of the Russian case. The reason is partly, perhaps largely, to be found in Russia itself. Soviet Communism has been moving, in recent years, along lines which bring it closer to the West. Its leaders have concentrated their overt policy on developing a scheme of "good life" in their country, which might serve as a persuasive model to others. They have been busy in creating a national State of their own, and they have brought it, with its national basis, into the international system of the League of Nations. They are now going farther still: they are introducing into their national State a new respect for individual rights; they are altering the franchise and methods of voting, in ways which make them more in accord with the methods of Western democracy; and they are giving the individual worker a greater freedom and a large initiative.

This is the programme now proclaimed by the politicians of Russia; and though there is always a lag between the politician's programme and his performance, it is only fair to hope expectantly for a better practice. There are few, therefore, who will not welcome these two massive volumes.

#### DEMOCRACY OR DICTATORSHIP?

The first deals with the Constitution. Since the U.S.S.R. is a Communist Society, which implicates economics in politics, the description of its constitution is a description not only of the political system of Soviets, and of the Communist Party which controls the system, but also of the economic system—the trade union hierarchy, the consumers' cooperatives, and the general forest of institutions (State-farms, collective-farms, industrial cooperatives, and what not) which covers the soil of Russia. Volume I. is thus a combination of a treatise on "government and parties," with a treatise, or treatises, on "industrial democracy," "the history of trade unionism," "the consumers' cooperative movement," and other similar topics.

It is a synthesis, for Russia, of all the themes which the Webbs have treated separately, in a long series of volumes, for England. The keynote of the synthesis is the idea that Russia provides a notable and glorious example of "multiform democracy"; and the last chapter of the first volume, entitled "Democracy or Dictatorship?" reiterates the affirmation of the spirit of Russian democracy. The second volume is concerned with "Social Trends"; it is an examination of the methods and the ideals of the "new civilization" (considered as something over and above the formal political and economic system) which inspires, in the authors' view, the whole of the new society. The earlier chapters of the volume deal with the liquidation of capitalism, the methods of planning, and

the substitution of new motives of emulation and honour for the old and out-moded motive of profit; the later chapters treat of the remaking of man in body and mind, the new religion of science, and the new morality (not drawn from the dubious thing called conscience, but "emerging from life") which characterizes Soviet humanity.

#### THE BOOK'S ACHIEVEMENT

The book thus planned has been executed on spacious lines. Here is a treasure-house of information about one of the most exciting experiments—perhaps the most exciting, but also in the toll it has taken, the most expensive and drastic—in the adventure of man. Can it stand as the authentic record, at any rate for this generation, of the meaning of Soviet Communism; and can we accept it as "the Bryce of the Russian Commonwealth"?

Hardly. The authors have done what research can do—a thousand and more miles away; without knowledge of the language of Russia; without previous acquaintance with its history, soil, and spirit. The book is not an "immersed" book, steeped in the intimacy of understanding which comes from residence on the soil of a nation and acquaintance with its speech. It is a made book, constructed from documents and monographs—especially the many American monographs (useful, but often wooden) which have been written in recent years. There is little sign of knowledge of the work of Russian historians on the social history of Russia. The references to Russian geography (which leave a picture of the whole of Russia as "a vast monotonous and apparently boundless steppe") are not illuminating. The book describes the making of a new mechanism rather than the growth and change of a life. It is not infused with the spirit of historical understanding. Nor is it comparative. The new machinery of Russia is expounded in isolation and as if stood in a vacuum. There is a significant passage which describes the position of the Russian Communist Party, in handling not only questions of party but also the business of the State, as "exceptional and even unique." How can it be unique when the Fascist party in Italy occupies exactly the same position?

#### "THE RUSSIAN HAZE"

More serious than the absence of the comparative method is the absence of a spirit of historical understanding. The authors accept many things in Russia—the "fluidity" (in effect the non-existence) of the legal constitution; the confusion of party decrees and State laws; the similar confusion of executive with legislative powers—as if they were revelations of a new "multiform democracy" which was itself a new revelation, higher than any possessed by any other country. Maitland once said that to understand the Middle Ages we must think ourselves back into a medieval haze. Is it not also true that to understand Russia we must think ourselves back into a Russian haze—in other words, we must recognize that Russia is not yet distinguishing what older peoples, in a further stage of evolution, know that they must distinguish? We may call undifferentiated homogeneity by the name of multiform democracy. The new name still leaves it only a primitive and undeveloped thing.

But most serious of all criticisms is the last. The whole spirit of interpretation is biased—biased in the sense that the universal measuring-rod is the expert's cold calculation of scientific social utility. This is the sadness of the book. Free discussion and freedom of the expression of thought—do they really matter? Hardly. Stalin is in himself, and by himself, the incarnate genius of discussion; and, apart from that, all that seems to be needed is that experts should be allowed to disagree with one another in publications intended for experts. ("It is not communication to the unthinking public that he needs for the fostering of original thought.") Religion and the free life of Churches—do they really matter? Hardly. It would be better indeed if Russia had scientific agnosticism instead of militant atheism; but science, after all, is all in all. Is this the last word of these two great figures in the history of our English thought, in their honoured age? If so, it is a sad word. They have said goodbye to the free life of the human spirit, and they beckon us onwards and downwards to the expert and automatic polity of—the bee.

C. Martin Robertson May 2, 1932

"I pray for your kindness long ago  
When you were thin  
With longing, you bestowed comfort  
And drank it in.

And now that you are rich & well,  
And I am poor,  
Be kind, if only a little,  
As I before.

But then perhaps you do not care  
— Why should you mind?"

"Oh no, you mean not turn bitter  
Now, & unkind.

How do I scorn your lovelessness,  
Now a forsake,  
But you were born to give kindness  
And I to take.

As into a hard wind for the cliff edge  
Shoot straight yewward, a gull on taut wings,  
So I rose straggly on the beach of things,  
But my wings were only just beginning a fledgling;  
Like I careworn I felt them crumple & I fell,  
I read a pip the air, stopped, struggling dropped;  
I rose to heavy feet where my fall had it spread  
Like tread in a muddy field

C. Martin Roberts

I stepped out of my thoughts  
And saw the grass road, straying <sup>dark heath</sup> between

Patch-worked into green & grey  
And flecked into white, <sup>caughn</sup> large cowbuds,

Along blackberry flowers with torn edges  
And honey-suckle drooping antlered sprays  
Pink, gold & white, sweetening the light-stillness  
By bird-notes pierced but not dispersed,  
While comy coolness

Lay soft against my skin.

Why do we always <sup>think</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>same</sup> <sup>thing</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>if</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>were</sup> <sup>new</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>us</sup>?

Time being so pleasant?

I thought, & the door closed as I stepped in.

Over the wide night I cut across my worn  
And found my soul sitting untroubled eyes  
And light-creed mouth, true as we want or pride.  
"I could not turn aside now if I could"  
Over of the way I have walked so long a time;  
I said & then, as he knew the lie  
Looked up unchanged; "Then," I said, "let me see  
"I could not if I would," for truth is true."

C. Martin Robertson

I want to say everything I have never said  
And say gain all I have ever tried to say  
But I cannot even think them. Come to the bed  
And lie down by me, your head by my head,  
And take my hand, & stay  
Quite still till I am dead,  
For my sake do not cry  
So cruelly;  
I - eye that was our last day today,  
And dream for you this is eternity  
As it must be for me.

To sleep upon a ready brain  
The light cold snow came down;  
- To change thoughts stray across the page,  
Multiply, mingle, merge,  
And settled close sleep the town  
White with an star or star  
Like fire commenced the cars  
Whose quiver filled  
Went shuddering in their muffled way  
Through the underlie day,  
And heavy men, their steps quite stilled  
Moved silently as stars.

Elijah when the ravens fed  
Ear-bus fill,  
How many when the angels comforted  
They left us sleeping still.

He came all so still  
There His Mother was  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the grass.  
He came all so still  
To His Mother's bower,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the flower.  
He came all so still  
There His Mother lay,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the spray.

15TH CENTURY CAROL.

C. Martin Robertson

I lay in bed & under drawing lashes  
I looked the white glare beyond the window-  
pane,  
Till, lulled among the crashes,  
Nicked & seized with rain  
I rode the lightning between churning clouds,  
Bar in the white moment of mast-ay  
The straining spirit bound under my brow  
Telt the old trammels of the fleshly form,  
And hearing long lido  
I found myself laid low in bed again  
Watching the dizzy storm.

Under the corks - branches oak, thorn & white branches  
Grow tangling like the actors, & dream  
You share the fountain beaches lips & spread  
They hold clear space, as thoughts held understandy.  
Dream are capturing dream, but one grows sick  
Of seen & particular colors; they deaden  
The touch of soul & bark, rendering remny  
More real than being, changing like the wind.  
Then & more sure & long delight in seeking!  
Thought thoughts that hold mind clear, a possible end.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 22 1936

## THE ROMANESQUE

Sir,—If we adopt a French word we should either use it in the French sense or define the sense in which we use it. . . . I think I am right in saying that in French usage *Romanesque*—*Qui tient du roman, merveilleux; exalté*; a sense which has no reference immediate or remote to architecture, round-arched or otherwise. The plain meaning of the word is *romantic*. Conversely, *romantique*—*romanesque; qui rappelle les descriptions des romans*. Whatever "Romanesque architecture" may be, it is not that.

And if we must seek the birthplace of

"Romanesque architecture" elsewhere than in Rome or France, the farther we travel from any logical justification for the misuse of this unambiguous French adjective.

If I remember rightly, Mr. Clapham, for whose work I have unqualified admiration, has used the *Portail Royal of Chartres* for "Illustration of *Romanesque Sculpture*." Of this great porch the French writers say, "C'est en 1145, dans l'Ile-de-France, berceau de l'art gothique, qu'on assiste à une véritable renaissance de la sculpture romane avec le portail royal de Chartres. . . . On considère ce portail comme une œuvre de transition du roman au gothique. . ." The point here is not whether this work rightly belongs to the transition from *l'art roman*, or whether the French were the first in the field of "Romanesque"; but that they do not, here or elsewhere, employ *romanesque* in an architectural connotation.

This curious English misuse no doubt began at a time when this style of architecture (if it is a substantive style) was affiliated with Rome. But if we reject Roman affiliation, let us also reject the word which perpetuates the exploded error; a word which, in the country of its birth means one thing only—*romantique*.

Yours faithfully,

A. S. RENSHAW.

## DATE OR FATE?

Sir,—Your reviewer of "Gibbon, by R. B. Mowat," quotes,

"A sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that . . . whatever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious," and goes on to remark, "Date," Dr. Mowat contends, must be a slip of the pen, and in its place "fate" should be read.

But from Shakespeare's Sonnets alone one can pick out in a few minutes a number of passages in which "date" is used in the sense of "duration, term of life or existence," e.g. —

xviii.—And Summer's lease hath all too short a date.

xxii.—So long as youth and thou are of one date.

xxxviii.—Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

cxliii.—No? Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change

. . . Our dates are brief.

And the "New English Dictionary" has no doubt about the matter.

Date (4).—The time during which anything lasts; period, season; duration, term of life or existence.

1440. Lydgate.—So to persecure and lastyn a long date.

1534. "Tr. Pol. Verg. Eng. Hist."—Miserable finishing the date of her daye.

1667. Milton.—Ages of endless date.

1676. Dryden.—To lengthen out his date a day.

1782. Cowper.—Whan the date of youth is once expired.

Is there really any need to change the word? It avoids the echo resulting from the second use of "life" in the same sentence, while, further, as it stands "date," as is seen in the examples given, gathers about it the suitable atmosphere of gentle regret.

Yours faithfully,

J. A. McB.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.1.

## Napier's Peninsular War

"The bustle of confusion is easily mistaken for the activity of business." "That indention from which none but great men and fools are free." "A memorable tale and a ruined city," and the like. But happily he resisted all pressure to stand for Parliament. Eloquence is but a branch of the dramatic—an interpretative art; and Napier was born to be a great creative artist. Whatever the passions which may have inspired him to resort to the pen for self-expression, he was too conscientious not to search earnestly for the truth and to set it forth becomingly as in his heart he believed it to be. Seventeen years of drudgery and grinding toil, with the bullet near the spine never resting in its work of anguish, went to the making of the six volumes. He knew all the troubles of an artist.

Easy ye were bote to rede and telteth of manche  
But the rear was made is troublid hard to write,  
he wrote in parody of Chaucer, when the work  
was done. But he has left us an everlasting  
possession.

No. 504.

## THE LINNEAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

GENERAL MEETING.

18TH APRIL, 1929.

Sir SIDNEY F. HARMER, K.B.E., F.R.S., President,  
in the Chair.

The Proceedings of the previous meeting, held on Thursday the 4th April, 1929, having been circulated, were taken as read, and confirmed.

A statement of the names of donors of gifts received since the previous meeting was read and laid on the table.

The following Fellow signed the obligation in the Book of the Charter and Bye-Laws and was admitted:—William Alfred Cunningham.

Certificates of recommendation for election of the following candidates to Foreign Membership were read for the fourth time:—Theodor Mortensen, Bohumil Němec, Carl Hansen Ostenfeld.

Certificates of recommendation of the following candidates for Fellowship were read:—For the second time in favour of Stanley Thomas Barfield, Edgar Johnson Allen, and Edgar Barton Worthington. For the first time in favour of Bashambar Nath Chopra.

In accordance with Chap. X, Sect. VII of the Bye-Laws, the following Fellows were nominated by the President to be Auditors of the Treasurer's Accounts for 1928-29, and were elected by a show of hands:—

Representing the Council	{ Mr. I. H. Burkill. Mr. Francis Druce.
Representing the Fellows	{ Mr. E. T. Browne. Mr. D. J. Scourfield.

The PRESIDENT gave the following further account of "Pelorus Jack":—

The Minutes of the General Meeting, 13th December, 1928, contain a reference to the dolphin which was known as "Pelorus Jack" and is believed to have been a specimen of Risso's Dolphin,



in response to a definite signal given by their human friends, who were thus able to capture their prey from the beach with nets and spears. This assistance was acknowledged by the offer of fishes on the end of a spear, and a porpoise which had not been thus rewarded would swim backwards and forwards along the beach until its wants had been satisfied. The story is a remarkable one, but it is supported by what appears to be reliable evidence, for which see Mr. Longman's summary in the 'Memoirs of the Queensland Museum,' vol. viii, 1926, p. 275.

Dr. G. CLARIDGE DRYCE, F.R.S., gave an account, illustrated with lantern-slides, of his experiences during a botanical tour which he had recently made in Cyprus. The following is an abstract of his account:—

The botanical history of Cyprus is a long one. Theophrastus mentions some of its products, Dioscorides alludes to its *Origanum* oil, and Drummond in 1754 was the first to record a definite endemic species, *Quercus alnifolia*; a second, *Onoclea frutescens* was found by Labillardiere in Feb. 1787; *Putoria* and the *Cedrus* had also thus early been noted. Its true scientific exploration was begun by Sibthorp in 1787 accompanied by his artist, Bauer, the discover of *Pinguicula crystallina*. Three of his original paintings of the island were shown—Monte Croco—80 (Stavrovini), the Monastery 81, and Ipsom 82; they were first made on the island, and noted 813 species, many of them being new to science. A few scattered notes were made between this date and 1831, when Aucher Eloy added many plants.

The new species were published chiefly by Boissier. T. Kotschy visited the island three times between 1840 and 1862 and brought up the number of species to 1050, of which about 90 are cultivated, but there are at least 800 definite species in his list. Gaudrey, Hooker, Hanbury, Hausknecht, J. Ball, Sir Samuel Butler, Sintenis and Rigo, W. Barbey, T. Fehler, E. Deschamps, G. E. Post, E. Hartman, and others have added to the knowledge of the Flora. Mr. A. Lascelles (now Sir Alfred), when he was Judge there, and his sister, Miss Lascelles, made considerable collections in 1900-2; these with Miss Sanson's plants are at Kew. The list contains about 46 additional species.

The author climbed Chionistra, Hag Hilarion, Pentadactylus (for some distance), and searched the high ground at Piatres, Pissiri, Prodromo, Kikkou, Agros, etc.; also the salt-marshes at Larnaca and Limassol, but the season was not forward enough for either the mountains or the marshes; also the area around Paphos, Morphou, Myrtru, Lapithos, Yrenia, Salamis, Nikosia, Kythrea, Famagusta, etc. He succeeded in verifying Sibthorp's records (hitherto not refund) of *Chailanthes fragrans* in two localities—*Camelina*, *Linaria Cymbalaria*, which is really *L. longipes*.

## "PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES."

### ORANG-UTANS FROM SUMATRA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—About three weeks ago there appeared in *The Times* an account of the arrival of some 60 orang-utans at a zoological garden on the Riviera, and in your issue of the 8th inst. there was another description of a descent of "48 orang-utans, including seven families of three," people. The motion of her arm, as she drew the screen of dry grass over her head, was exactly like that of an Indian woman drawing her *sari* over her forehead.

The decency and dejected resignation of these unhappy captives filled me with pity for their fate, and made me ask whether the mere satisfaction of the sporting "aristocracy" of a paying public is sufficient justification for the infliction of so much mental suffering on creatures who are so nearly allied to the primitive races of man. One is tempted to ask whether the Dutch authorities in the Far East are going to continue to permit the wholesale razzias that are now carried on in Sumatra among the nearest approach to human beings, not for the advancement of science—which might be some excuse—but merely, as in the case of the slave-raiders of old, to enable a few persons to make great pecuniary profits.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
HESKETH BELL.

Cannes, May 10.

### AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE has been informed by the Federal Reserve Board that the time limit for the payment of the dividends on the shares of the American Safety Razor Company, which was fixed for the 15th inst., has been extended to the 31st inst. The Board also stated that the company had not yet received the dividends on the shares of the company, and that the shareholders had not yet received the dividends on the shares of the company. The Board also stated that the company had not yet received the dividends on the shares of the company, and that the shareholders had not yet received the dividends on the shares of the company.

## "PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES."

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Sir,—About three weeks ago there appeared in *The Times* an account of the arrival of some 60 orang-utans at a zoological garden on the Riviera, and in your issue of the 8th inst. there was another description of a descent of "46 orang-utans, including seven families of three," at an establishment in the Tottenham Court-road. Up to quite recently a live orang in Europe was a rare spectacle, and the sudden appearance of more than a hundred of these distant cousins of ours must be of more than passing interest, not only to those who are students of the "ascent of man," but especially to all who are keen on the preservation of tropical fauna.

The suddenness of this large influx of specimens of the great ape, which is the nearest approach to man, indicates that some method of capturing them wholesale has recently been adopted. I learn that such is the case. It seems that a European in Sumatra, having discovered the favourite habitat of a considerable number of orang-utans, is making use of the following method. He collects a small army of natives and conducts them to the great virgin forests in which the gigantic apes have their homes. The orangs live in small communities or families. The hunters, by terrifying the animals, succeed in concentrating a group into a clump of trees, which is then isolated by the cutting down of all the surrounding vegetation. The few trees in which the orangs have taken refuge are then felled, and by means of very strong nets of great size the majority of the animals are secured. It seems to be a fairly humane system of capture, but it is probable that a good many of the great apes are grievously wounded or even killed in the process. Mothers, hampered by very small infants, are, of course, the ones most easily taken. Accustomed to roam, in spacious liberty, through the huge forests, feeding on the fruits and succulent leaves of their choice, the sufferings of these unfortunate captives during their long sea journey to Europe, cooped up in cages in which they cannot stand upright, needs no description.

A few days ago I visited the establishment at Cannes in which the remnant of the recent consignment is still to be seen. Of the original 60 individuals, about 15 remain. The others have either been sold and dispatched to various zoological gardens in Europe and America, or have died. Though housed in fairly large wooden cages, kept in scrupulous cleanliness and evidently well cared for, the sight of these great, gentle creatures, each in a separate compartment, could not but arouse a feeling of profound pity. Most of them are magnificent specimens, giants of colossal strength. Clad completely in thick coats of long, tawny hair, they have an appearance of modest decency rare among monkeys. The huge males with their great heads and flat faces, framed in an aureole of extended cheek-bones, have an appearance of reposeful dignity that inspires respect. Almost motionless and with folded arms, the enormous creatures seem to pass their days and nights in dismal reverie. If the "eyes are the windows of the soul," the orbs of these unfortunates show a condition of spirit that is pitiful indeed! The orangs have the eyes of an Airedale and one of them, near whom I stood for some time, looked into mine as if he were trying dumbly to tell me that his heart was slowly breaking.

There were two or three mothers with infants of tender age. In only one instance was the father allowed to share the same cage. The maternal care shown by these females was very touching, and it was difficult to see where their conduct differed from that of a human mother with a little baby. One of them showed the same sensitiveness to prying eyes that a woman might have evinced in the same circumstances. When about to give nourishment to her infant she turned away to the wall of her cage and drew up the loose hay over her back so as to interpose a curtain between her and the staring people. The motion of her arm, as she drew the screen of dry grass over her head, was exactly like that of an Indian woman drawing her *sari* over her forehead.

The decency and dejected resignation of these unhappy captives filled one with pity for their fate, and made one ask whether the mere satisfaction of the gaping curiosity of a paying public is sufficient justification for the infliction of so much mental suffering on creatures who are so nearly allied to the primitive races of man. One is tempted to ask whether the Dutch authorities in the Far East are going to continue to permit the wholesale *razzias* that are now carried on in Sumatra among the nearest approach to human beings, not for the advancement of science—which might be some excuse—but merely, as in the case of the slave-raiders of old, to enable a few persons to make great pecuniary profits. I am, Sir, &c.,

HESKETH BELL.

Cannes, May 10.

## HOOP-SHAVING

### A WOODLAND CRAFT

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

The news that old Tom Attree is doing a job of hoop-shaving in Hole Shaw prompts a journey to the wood at once, for the chance is not to be missed of seeing the veteran at his work, a chance which his 70-odd years and fading strength may be likely to make the last.

The shaw stands in a deep bottom, where the oaks spring straight and tall to the sky out of hazel-thickets and deep drifts of fallen leaves, among the first primroses opening and the bluebells uncurling their bowed spikes. The day is still, with mild sunshine, and there is a breath of the long-delayed spring in the air. Through the pillared aisles of the wood, at the foot of the hillside, appears the little "lodge" which old Tom has built himself, a sort of wigwam raised on ash-poles and thatched with the shavings which are a copious by-product of his handicraft. The roof is a shelter for his tools, his bag and kettle, and for himself if heavy showers or scurrils of spring snow should drive him from his task.

Close by the lodge is the old man himself, quietly busy with his draw-knife over the long hazel withes which are gripped in the rough wooden clamp, worked by the foot, standing before the hut. His job is



to make out of the hazel underwood so many hundred bundles of hoops for barrels; his work lies all round him, stacks of long, trim faggots, bonded with twisted withes, knee-deep litter of the shaved-off wood, later to be faggoted and sold for kindling fires, for there is no waste in this trade. He gives a cheerful welcome to the visitor, for there are not many now who care to recognize his skill; he knows himself for a lonely survivor, strange among the new generation. None of his sons have followed his crafts: none ever learned to thach a rick, lay a hedge, ferret a rabbit-warren, or handle the varied harvest of the woods. Two are in the county police, one is in Canada, another is the village postmaster.

Perhaps it is some touch of pride in the display of his art that moves him to throw down the last of the smoothed lengths and turn to the extremely neat-handed business of splitting in half the round hazel, an inch in diameter. Near the clamp stands a stout ash post, some four feet out of the ground: on the top of this he lays one end of a ten-foot rod, and

with a little adze-shaped hatchet, whose sharpness is one of the secrets of his mystery, nicks it unerringly in the centre. Then he prises and works the blade down the cleft, with marvellous control of the knotty and refractory grain: when the cleft has run for a foot or so he pushes it forward against the post, which acts as a wedge to help the leverage of the blade, till the two halves part smoothly at the butt. After finishing a dozen sticks he hands his tool and a not too kindly-looking rod to the onlooker, with a suggestion that he might like to try his skill. The experiment ends with the split running out viciously towards one side before it has gone many inches; the master takes back the half-spoiled work, and with a few cunning twists and humourous corrects the fault and throws the two even halves on the heap at his feet. That makes it time for his lunch: a few handfuls of the shavings are thrown on the embers of a half-dead fire and a kettle is hung on a crooked stick over it. In a few minutes the flames are licking the sooty bottom; a pile of the inevitable shavings makes an easy seat; the bread and cheese are unwrapped from an old newspaper, to be munches by almost toothless jaws.

The ease is patently a blessed relief to stiff limbs: it is only the long habit of work which keeps them in play. "I'm going rabbiting for Mus' Dicks at the Folly," he says, "after I done this job. Then, come September, I'll be thatching at five or six places, and I reckon as that'll be my last round. I s'pect I shall go in the winter, afore Christmas. My father and my uncle Harry they both knew pretty well to a day when they'd be gone, and it runs in the family."

## GIOVANNI BELLINI

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY MAY 16 1936

... and it is at least not utterly impossible that Bellini himself may have been the origin of many modes of expression considered to be specifically Giorgionnesque. That he continued until his death in 1516 to be one of the most powerful influences in Venice is shown by those words of Albrecht Dürer, "though very old he is still the best painter in Venice," written in 1506, and by that marvellous work of his old age, the Philadelphia "Bacchanal" painted in 1514, which foreshadows so much of the great achievement of Venetian art. It is worth noting in this connexion that while Dr. Dussler gives the signature on the picture as "Ioannes Bellinus Venetus," Sir Charles Holmes has stated that the last word proved definitely to be, on cleaning, not Venetus but Invictus, and so a sort of challenge by the almost ninety-year old master to the rising giants of the sixteenth century.



Detail of the Bacchanal

which runs with the original folk song,  
 Down by the salley gardens my own true love and I  
 She passed the salley gardens a-tripping with her  
 snow-white feet,  
 She bid me take life easy, just as the leaves fall from  
 each tree,  
 But I being young and foolish, with my true love  
 would not agree.

The mood of that first  
 period of the Celtic revival was expressed in  
 the motto which Lady Gregory had chosen  
 for her work: "To think like a wise man but  
 to express oneself like the common people."



GUERCINO'S 'ET IN ARCADIA EGO'

(Galleria Corsini, Rome)

"It is Death himself who stops the shepherds and sets them thinking with this awful  
 warning: "I hold away, even in Arcadia"."

"In Anglo-Saxon countries many people know and occasionally use the phrase, *Et tu in Arcadia vixisti* ("You, too, have lived in Arcadia"). In other European countries the more usual form is: "I, too, have lived in Arcadia"; but both versions express the same idea, namely, the retrospective vision of an unsurpassable happiness, enjoyed in the past, unattainable ever after, yet enduringly alive in the memory. Eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century literature particularly abounds in passages in which this Arcadian happiness is conjured up, be it elegiacally lamented (as is most usual), or accusingly though unsuccessfully demanded (as occurs with the frustrated hero of a celebrated Schiller poem who has renounced Pleasure and Beauty in favour of Hope and Truth and now requests compensation, challenging: *Auch ich war in Arkadien geboren*), or almost triumphantly evoked, as is the case with Goethe, who uses the phrase *Auch ich war in Arkadien* as a motto for the description of his blissful journey to Italy.

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NICOLAS POUSSIN'S 'ET IN ARCADIA EGO' (Louvre)  
founded on Guercino's picture reproduced on p. 27

'The grave is to be found here in Arcadia and death holds sway in the very midst of delight'

April 1936

#### THE PERIODICAL

29

The original version of this celebrated phrase, however, is in Latin and its original place is a tomb. In the year 1769 Johann Georg Jacobi, a German writer, penned the following sentimental lines: "Whenever, in a beautiful landscape, I encounter a tomb with the inscription: 'I too was in Arcadia', I point it out to my friends, we stop a moment, press each other's hands, and proceed." And in the same year Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a portrait [now in Crewe Hall] of two particularly lovely ladies, Mrs. Bouveric and Mrs. Crewe, in which was also seen a tomb inscribed "Et in Arcadia ego". This now is the canonical formula as used in the best-known pictorial interpretation of the Arcadia theme: it is found in the famous Louvre painting by Nicolas Poussin probably executed around 1630-5. . . . The correct translation of the Latin formula *Et in Arcadia ego* is "Even in Arcadia, there (am) I", and this, as a matter of fact, is its original and genuine meaning; for the subject of the sentence is not the man buried in the tomb, but the tomb itself—and the tomb in its turn is nothing but a substitute for death in person. This interpretation is confirmed by a painting in which the canonical—though certainly non-classical—formula *Et in Arcadia ego* seems to appear for the first time: an early Guercino in the Corsini Gallery in Rome, certainly executed not later than 1623, when the young painter left Rome for his native town of Cento' [and formerly attributed to B. Schidone: a sketch was found in Reynolds's Roman note-book].

From the article by Erwin Panofsky, 'On the conception of transience in Poussin and Watteau', in *PHILOSOPHY AND HISTORY: Essays presented to Ernst Cassirer*. Edited by Raymond Klibansky and Herbert J. Paton. OXFORD: AT THE CLARENDON PRESS.

GOOD TALK. A Study of the Art of Conversation. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. Lovat Dickson. 6s.

dealing with conversation we are dealing with life itself. In one of its essential aspects; it is impossible to think of talk except as of life overflowing into speech. . . . In setting out to solve the art of conversation we find ourselves confronted with that of life itself, in all its length and breadth and height. You cannot isolate the part from the whole; you cannot learn to talk without first learning to live.

THE TIMES FRIDAY JULY 31 1936

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—In your leading article to-day you ask, "How did it go?" May I quote it (correctly) in full?

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

On the cabin roof I lie  
Gazing into vacancy.  
Make no noise and break no jest,  
I am peaceful and at rest.  
Somewhere back in days gone by  
I did something—was it I?  
Do not ask; I have forgot  
Whether it was I or not.  
Sometime I may have to do  
Something else; but so may you.  
Do not argue, but admit  
That we need not think of it.  
Thought has ever been my foe;  
That is so. Yes. That is so.  
On the cabin roof I lie  
Gazing into vacancy.

The author, Arthur Hugh Sidgwick, was my dear cabin boy when he wrote these lines in the *Blue Dragon* in 1896. He was killed by a shell near Poperinghe in September, 1917, when on the point of returning on an urgent appeal to help in particularly delicate work in connexion with Mr. Fisher's Education Bill.

Yours, &c.,

C. C. LYNAM.

Oxford, July 28.

HONORIA LAWRENCE, a Fragment of Indian History. By MAUD DIVER. John Murray. 16s.

It is strange that no woman (unless we admit Mrs. Warren Hastings as an exception) has won even the smallest niche in fame in the long story of British-Indian relations. Mrs. Maud Diver has chosen an excellent heroine to redress the balance. Honoria Marshall, of the same Northern Irish strain as Henry Lawrence, is remembered by all who have read either of the two lives of her husband—that by Edwardes and Merivale, and the recent one by Professor Morison—not only for the courage and loyalty with which she supported a career full of changes and trials, but for her own individuality of character and intellect. She has found her own biographer at last, and Mrs. Diver, by excerpts from her letters and diaries, shows us what kind of woman it was that endured the physical hardships and loneliness of touring with a husband who was possessed of a veritable demon of travel and had no idea that all frames were not made after the pattern of his own. The earlier Honoria Lawrence confided to her journal, "For my own part, I am very fond of the society of men. . . .

Their minds, being essentially of a firmer texture, call into play all the energies within us," but at the same time amusingly noted "in two of the younger ladies" near her "flirtation in a new form: a passive delight arising from the sense that men were near them, as a cat basks in the sun." Only a few years of time—but how much of experience!—separated her from the woman who sat beside one child in deadly sickness and another dying.

She lay perfectly tranquil breathing away her spirit. I dreaded to call for candles. When they came, I saw the terrible change. At half-past 8 she ceased to breathe; and I laid her down to take up my still living child.

Such a life, and such a character, deserved to be remembered. Mrs. Diver's own descriptive gifts have enabled her to appreciate—and to bring out by selection—Honoria's delight in the Indian scene. She has brought to her work a knowledge of British-Indian history of unusual intimacy and fullness. The great-niece of Lady Lawrence and the descendant of General Pollock, she is aware of a great deal that can never find its way into print, and this gives her study a warmth and colour which the mere examination of authorities cannot provide.

THE TIMES FRIDAY JULY 10 1936

Isis. Preface v. d. XI. 1928.

GEORGE SARTON

Austerity is thus only another aspect of unity. It is the wish to see things as they are in their natural relationships with other things, pleasant or dull; the wish to see wholes rather than fragments. It is a reaction against the natural tendency to pluck the flowers only and make anthologies.

... But people who are sophisticated are beyond salvation, for their standards are false.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

WINGING HOME  
 SEA BIRDS' DISTRUST OF  
 LAND  
 TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES  
 Sir,—Your article "Winging Home" describes experiments which are of unique interest.

At the writer of that article suggests, oceanic birds as the shearwater or storm petrel never cross land except when, exhausted, famished, and suffering from want of sleep, they are driven inland during winter storms.

This reluctance of an ocean bird to cross land is well shown in the gannet. From June till mid-October there is a stray passage of gannets from St. Kilda into the Minch to fish, and of full-fished birds returning from the Minch to St. Kilda. I believe it to be no exaggeration to say that never, under any circumstances, does the gannet fly over the Outer Hebrides on these flights, although did it do so it would often save itself many miles of flying.

Anyone watching the entrance to the Sound of Harris (the strait between Harris and North Uist) will see gannets converging from north and south near the entrance to the sound and then steering through, or rather above, it until, having passed through the sound, they alter course somewhat for St. Kilda.

The sea bird distrusts the land just as the land bird distrusts the sea.

I am, &c.,  
 SETON GORDON,  
 Upper Duntulm, Isle of Skye.

THE TIMES TUESDAY OCTOBER 20 1936



OCTOBER 29 1936

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—The case for compulsory physical training so clearly put by the distinguished Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University is not without its dangers at a time when the freedom and the liberty of the individual is assailed in so many ways.

It is essential that the term "posture" should be used in its accurate physiological sense. Posture is not a question of physical exercises or matutinal jerks, or even of training the muscles. Posture is essentially the nervous (not muscular) mechanism which keeps the world right side up for the organism by keeping the organism right side up to the external world. It is the result of the co-ordination of stimuli from the eye, the internal ear, and the sensory nerves in the muscles. Posture—on the verge of change assumes a dynamic aspect and becomes an "attitude," in which the distribution of tone in various muscles is in a sense precurrent—prepared for active movement. Man normally assumes an easy posture. When startled he adopts an "attitude," so that he may turn, jump, run, or remain stationary as occasion demands. The soldier on parade is not in a posture of ease. He exhibits an "attitude." The maintenance of this attitude involves continuous conscious endeavour. The maintenance of a natural posture, as distinct from an attitude, is automatic, economical, and involves the minimum of mental and physical fatigue.

In assessing the stance and poise of children and adolescents it is important to remember that the widely accepted appreciation of military smartness has no anatomical or physiological basis. Military drill, for obvious reasons, is designed to make a group of different individuals look alike and act alike synchronously. Sound physical education should connote something distinct from regimentation. It should aim at the cultivation of the maximum efficiency consonant with the neuro-muscular equipment of the individual.

The feats of daring, of mental and physical endurance, whether at the equator or the poles, in the Himalaya or the Arabian deserts, are the product of the spirit of the British race, not of the gymnasium or the barrack square. Drake, Cook, Scott, Lawrence owed nothing to formal physical training. In Scott's last diary, after feats of incomparable physical endurance, is the advice:—

Make the boy interested in natural history if you can; it is better than games; they encourage it at some schools. I know you will keep him in the open air.

Biological development consists of the struggle for food, for a mate and for the offspring. Before succumbing to the present clamour for physical training the State should concentrate on the problem of nutrition. Our genius and constitution alike demand turbulent liberty, not arbitrary order.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
H. A. HARRIS, Professor of Anatomy,  
Anatomy School, Cambridge, Oct. 27.

? Somewhat gone wrong on left side

SATURDAY OCTOBER 10 1936

A SCULPTOR'S ODYSSEY. By MALVINA  
HOFFMAN. Scribners. 24s.

Apropos the pygmies, she quotes a remarkable story from a game-hunter. One of his men locked up a chest containing salt and chocolate, considered a great treat, and left the key in the lock; but, though they tried for several days, the pygmies were unable to master the motion of turning the key. When they finally gave it up and went away, two or three monkeys swung down and in a few moments had unlocked the box and taken the contents.

Illustration by Oweyden Ravert.



THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 7 1936

POLLY AND FREDDIE. By SIR F. W.  
KEBLE. Heinemann. 10s. 6d.

Or, on the alleged dependence  
of progress on a struggle for existence:  
"Pneumatic tyres didn't come into existence  
by wearing out or knocking about solid tyres,  
did they? They came all of a sudden out of  
the mind of the universe whispering in the  
brain of a man."

Instinct or unconscious memory  
being the common equipment of life, "it is  
only intelligence that makes you forget.  
That's partly why it was invented."

THE TIMES MONDAY

NOVEMBER 9 1936

### A TRAINER OF FLEAS

#### DEATH OF MR. HECKLER, OF NEW YORK

Mr. William Heckler, owner of the Broadway Flea Circus, known to many English and other tourists in New York, has died at Brooklyn at the age of 65, states Reuter.

Born in Switzerland, he ran away to sea and served in Mediterranean tramp steamers, where, as he afterwards put it, "I formed an intimate acquaintance with the flea world which was to last all my life." Heckler's method was to catch young fleas and imprison them in bottles. Those which persistently tried to jump out although they kept injuring their heads on the top of the bottle he classed as "stupid" and not worth training. Those which behaved in a docile manner in the bottle were transferred to larger quarters and there put through a strenuous training, which began with the fastening of a gold collar and chain about the insect's body.

"The flea has real individuality," Mr. Heckler used to say. "One of my favourites, for example, was Paddy, the Irish flea, which gave no fewer than 52,850 consecutive performances. Truly Broadway's longest run. Another good one was Sandow, the world's strongest flea, which I bought off a ship's steward for 12s." Of the 134 species of fleas only one, *pulex irritans*, which lives upon human beings, was considered sufficiently intelligent for training. Throughout the 32 years in which he was a flea-circus owner Mr. Heckler always fed his charges himself.

THE TIMES THURSDAY NOVEMBER 19 1936

CULLODEN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—In the B.B.C. Broadcast "The March of the '45" recently Culloden was pronounced "Cul-lo-den," the same as Flodden. I was born and brought up at Culloden, where it is invariably pronounced "Cul-lo-den," the accent being on the second syllable.

Although I am (and feel) a mere youngster as ages go nowadays—84 years—I believe I am the oldest living native of Culloden. My mother used to tell me that she remembered her grandfather, who was lame throughout his life as a result of his nurse letting him fall out of her arms when she fled for safety from the moor during the battle.

I am your obedient servant.

DONALD MAC GILLIVRAY.

17, Priory Gardens, Sudbury, Middlesex.

THE TIMES TUESDAY

NOVEMBER 24 1936

CULLODEN

Culloden Moor is close to these barracks. We pronounce the word as Klodden.—PRIVATE  
JAS. G. McTAVISH, Cameron Barracks,  
Inverness.

THE OBSERVER

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1936.

"Flodden."

Your correspondent Mr. Watson may be interested to know that while he is correct about Cullöden, he is mistaken about Flödden, the ö of which is long. By all rules of spelling, of course, it ought to be short—but it isn't. In our local song "Teribus" it rhymes, quite correctly, with Odin.—J. SCOTT, Massara, Hawick.

Keeble, F. W. (456. C. 93.676)

Pat & Freddie  
1936 (Henemann)

p 93

"I gave an my barracks for weeks  
weeks. Nothing happens. Then  
turn my head away - forget them, the  
problem I had wanted to solve, I wouldn't  
see - solved what" - was intent upon  
it gets bowled an - mable stump when  
I forget all about it. I suppose that's  
the character means for - It was the  
mind - change that never felt when  
intelligence is funny about. He was =  
wise old man who said: "you learn to  
skate during the summer & to play  
cricket during the winter."

p 260

~~The~~ art is nothing but the protest, the  
scene, the scene, the substance,  
and if you know both you know either.  
... We, if you learn to live in two worlds, some  
+ all the time, I was so happy myself &  
to buy happiness & other."

Times, Feb. 27

### Sir Joshua

The exhibition of pictures by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS which is to be opened this morning at 45, Park Lane will enchant the public in general and will give the connoisseurs a capital opportunity of fighting fierce battles over aesthetics and so forth. It should also (and no one would have hoped this more fervently than Sir JOSHUA himself) raise a great sum of money for the Royal Northern Hospital. But it will not have accomplished all the good that it might unless it draws attention to the beauty of something in Sir JOSHUA other than his pictures—the beauty of his character. It would be a thousand pities if ever that were allowed, as too many of his pictures have been, to become begrimed with neglect. He painted sometimes experimentally, with untried and impure pigments, and some of his pictures decayed so soon that HORACE WALPOLE declared they ought to be paid for by annuities so long as they lasted. In his character there was nothing experimental or fleeting. All was pure, sound, and durable. It seems to be agreed that REYNOLDS'S art depended to a great extent on his character. His art, says the preface to the catalogue, is so much a part of his character that it is difficult to dissociate the painter from the man; and even ROGER FRY, austerest of intellectuals, declared that REYNOLDS'S moral qualities profoundly affected his work.

The moral, and the intellectual, qualities of a man of that time are quickly tested by his relations with Dr. JOHNSON. "There," said JOHNSON, "goes a man not to be spoiled by prosperity"—by his Royal and noble friends, his thousands a year, his carved and painted coach (in which he himself very seldom drove), his silver-laced liveries, and the stately house in Leicester Square, which, as we learned only the other day, is to be the latest sacrifice of our mechanical age to the insatiable maw of the motor-car. "When Reynolds tells me something," said JOHNSON (who was as blind to painting as he was deaf to music), "I consider myself as possessed of an idea the more." There is plenty of evidence, too, that JOHNSON not only admired REYNOLDS but loved him,

And (without sacrilege be it spoken) twice at least REYNOLDS showed himself the better man of the two. He painted his own portrait with his hand to his ear—the portrait of a deaf man. He painted JOHNSON peering at his pen, and JOHNSON was displeased. "He may paint himself as deaf if he chuses; but I will not be *blinking Sam*." The other instance was the well-known occasion on which Sir JOSHUA made JOHNSON blush, for the only time, it was said, in his life. They were talking about wine-drinking and water-drinking, and JOHNSON, "who, from drinking only water," supposed everybody who drank wine to be "elevated," turned rude. "I won't argue any more with you, Sir. You are too far gone." "I should have thought so indeed, Sir," came the answer, "had I made such a speech as you have now done." And JOHNSON blushed and apologized.

For all that, the story of "blinking Sam" leaves a little, smiling doubt behind it. How far was REYNOLDS proud of being deaf? Or how far was he aware of the advantages of being deaf? It is only good manners to accept his own explanation of his deafness—that it came of the cold in the Stanze of the Vatican while he was copying the paintings of RAPHAEL. But psychologists say nowadays that in some cases deafness comes of not wanting to hear. REYNOLDS always seemed to want to hear. He founded the Club to give JOHNSON the opportunity of talking. At those brilliant, biggedy-piggledy dinners of his in Leicester Square, he sat, trumpet at ear, always attention to what was said. Nevertheless, the world knows what GOLDSMITH wrote:—

To coscombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
When they judged without skill he was still hard  
of hearing;

When they talked of their Raphaels, and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff. GOLDSMITH loved REYNOLDS as REYNOLDS loved GOLDSMITH. To REYNOLDS GOLDSMITH dedicated "The Deserted Village" in simple prose which to this day it is impossible to read unmoved. GOLDSMITH would never have mis-

interpreted, though he might cease, his friend and protector. Then there was DEAN BARNARD, with his poem to the "dear knight of Plympton," begging to be taught how to endure unruffled, as he did, JOHNSON'S "jest uncouth and truth severe":—

Like thee to turn my deafest ear,  
And calmly drink my wine.

The point has its interest, because much of the noble simplicity of SIR JOSIAH'S character was due to his peculiar power of abstracting himself from all that was trivial, unpleasant, and soiling. His mind, he told BURKE in 1779, had been so much occupied with his business that he had escaped the general terror of a French invasion. It was thus that he maintained the serenity of temper and the cool common sense which made him in manner "gentle, complying, and bland," in social life a staunch, wise friend, and in painting the master of a simple greatness all the world away from the "grand style" which he advocated in such admirable prose.

WREN. By GEOFFREY WEBB. Great Lives. Duckworth. 2s.

One of Wren's "detached observations" is well worth quoting:—

There are two causes of Beauty, natural and customary. Natural is from Geometry, consisting in Uniformity (that is Equality) and Proportion. Customary Beauty is begotten by the use of our senses to those objects which are usually pleasing to us from other causes, as Familiarity or particular Inclination breeds a Love of Things not in themselves lovely.

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From a poem by Gil Vicente (b. rd. uncertain  
1526) in T. L. S. May 29. 37  
just over 70

Daughter, whence come you,  
So white and so fair?  
Mother, I come  
From the banks of a river,  
There found I my love  
By a rose-tree in flower.  
In flower, my daughter,  
So white and so fair.



Eric Ravilock

SATURDAY DECEMBER 4 1937

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—One of the most suggestive poems of Francis William Bourdillon (1852-1921) are certainly the verses

The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one;  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is done.



J. F. MILLET: THE WOOD-GATHERERS



The Poems, J. M. Donne  
(Everyman's lib)

Filed at  
the Evelyn  
Museum  
Newington  
Green

Jan 2, 38

The Canonization p7

As well as well - wryer - we become  
The greater ashes, a half-acre tomb;

The Single Fool p8

"I thought if I could draw my pains  
Thy rhymes were at all, I should then  
Gladly have my bones made to be  
For he knows it, that fetters it in verse.

Who are a little worse, the best fools be.

An - Angels p12

There is a thin bow / level / all  
Before I know thy face a name;  
So in our, so - a shapeless flame,  
Angels affect us oft, & wash up be;

p13

Break, Day

"Mumbersness that fur hence remove.<sup>2</sup>  
Oh, that's the wear disease of love,  
The poor, the foul, the false, love can  
Admin, but not the busied man.

p21

Love's not so pure, I do hear, as they say.  
To say, I have seen no Murtherer but the Muse.

The Dream p25

A Valediction ~~fully~~ forbiddly moving  
p33

The Funerall

2nd ill

p28

p107 } of the dominions  
All my tears were but the  
To be that not the art; then the of the  
No more be said, I may be, but  
I myself for a perfection, & a woman's name

To Lady Wotton - At his joy  
Ambassador Venice.

For me, (if I can be such a thing as)

Politeness (if I can be such a thing as she)

Yes to me I bear so well for tyranny,  
Than she thinks nothing else so fit for me;

p 171 To Countess of Salisbury

"My heart bleeds to see thee with fire  
And I am sure you fight with me;

The Progress of Love p 199

her face, & eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, & so delicately wrought  
That no man's dunn say, her body through;  
p 171

My grass is green, & my red blood is red,  
So my eyes shall more true reach'd unto

The history p 267

And though they prove better, when fun I have  
Shuffled out Poverty  
As soon as the Riches didst allow,  
They accept Kings' gifts in the Epiphany,  
Believe, & make us, to both ways free.

Y MAY 17 1938

THE TIMES

"THE TEMPLE-HAUNTING  
MARTLET"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir—Though I am neither the pundit for whom Sir Sydney Cockerell appeals, nor even an ornithologist, the question as to the bird intended by Shakespeare in his "temple-haunting martlet" does suggest a clear reply from a simpler source. My own elementary intelligence is haunted by the possibility that Shakespeare meant exactly what he said—a "martlet."

He did not say swift, swallow, or even sand-martin; and, though all these do belong to the same family, I see no earthly reason why a great writer who says "Benjamin," and describes the exact habits of Benjamin, should be supposed by pundits to mean Joseph, whose habits are remarkably different. Shakespeare said "martlet" and—odd as this may seem at the present day—he meant "martlet." The misuse of the word and its confusion by others do not in the least affect his own accuracy. The martlet is a well-defined species. Gilbert White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, uses "martlet" as the alternative name of the "house-martin," and of no other bird.

Ruskin, in his careful classification of the various members of the swallow family (see his beautiful little book "Love's Meinie") speaks of the word "martlet" as the "really classical and authoritative English one" for the "house-martin." "It haunts and builds among grand masses or clefts of wall than the common swallow," Dryden spoke of the "house-martin" as the swallow's "chaplain." It was the bird that Ruskin knew best, and he rechristened it *Monastica*, his own variant of "temple-haunting." The Germans, he pointed out, called it "Münster Spyrén," which has the same suggestion; whereas they call the swift "Geierschwalbe," or "vulture-swallow."

Moreover, the context in Shakespeare makes it quite clear that Shakespeare meant what he said—the "martlet," and no other.

No jolly, frieze,

Buttress, nor coga of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed.

Swifts, like sand-martins, are "very defective," says Gilbert White, "in architecture." Their nests are not externally visible, and are made in holes. The swallow also prefers to build in a dark hole, or down a chimney.

The "martlet," on the other hand, does exactly what Shakespeare says it does. It makes a "pendent" nest, in a most elaborate way, outside buildings, working by stages, so that the shell or crust may harden and support the "pendent" weight of its "loved mansionry" (as Shakespeare calls it, in obvious allusion to just this elaboration).

This surely seems to be conclusive in support of Mr. de Séincourt's acceptance of Shakespeare's own phrase.

There is just one other minor point. The "martlet" comes later than the swift or swallow and only "begins to think of building about the middle of May, if the weather be fine" (Gilbert White). Its external operations clearly require a more "delicate air." The martlet, therefore, is more fitly called the "guest of summer," and in every phrase used of it—seems to illustrate Shakespeare's amazing fidelity to every shade and distinction of truth.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

ALFRED NOYES.

St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight, May 14.

## MONKEYS IN GOVERNMENT SERVICE

## "FISHING IN TREE-TOPS"

FROM OUR SINGAPORE CORRESPONDENT

What are described as "the first apes to enter Government service" are accorded the honour of mention in the annual report of the Singapore Botanic Gardens. They are named Jambul and Puteh, and they have been trained to collect botanical specimens from high trees in the Malayan jungle. They belong to the species known as the pig-tailed or coconut monkey, called *berok* by the Malays.

"A *berok* on the shoulder can be likened to a falcon on the wrist," says the acting director of the gardens, Mr. E. L. H. Corner, "and its employment is recommended, both to amateurs for its charm and cheapness, and to keepers of reserves where it is desirable to collect specimens repeatedly from the same trees without damage to them."

When working in the forest a botanical monkey is tied to a string 180 ft. long, which is wound on a wooden frame like a fishing-line. Instructions are given in Malay, of which the monkeys understand 12 words. The intelligence they show when working in lofty trees, almost hidden from their master who is shouting orders on the ground, is extraordinary. Mr. Corner writes:—

"It will be obvious that these monkeys delight in what they are doing; and the more one speaks to them, using the same words, the more they understand. After some practice in the jungle they do not have to climb every tree, but by a series of shouts and jerks on the string and pointing and slapping of trunks they can be induced to free their strings and leap from bough to bough, so that they can visit numerous trees before they are obliged to come down for a drink of water. Further, the more practice they get the more they understand what is wanted, and they drop down any arresting objects such as opening buds, flowers, fruits, and galls which are invisible from below. Indeed, to work with a clever *berok* in the jungle is like fishing in the tree-tops."

The *berok* has been used by Malays from time immemorial to pick coconuts, and also (more rarely) mangoes and other fruit. For this purpose they are caught as early as possible in their jungle infancy, while still small enough to sit in a human hand, and are gradually taught the tricks of the trade.

Dec 7. 38

An article on a musical subject - to Times

"Notes written for an occasion have a way of appropriating to themselves a long future."

## FAIR ISLE SWEATERS

From Fair Isle, that small remote island lying between the Shetland and Orkney group, come the famous Fair Isle sweaters, based solely on a four-colour principle (red-white and blue-yellow), and based on 12 geometric patterns reminiscent of Moorish embroidery. These patterns, tradition says, were taught to the Fair Isle women by Spanish sailors shipwrecked in their galleon *El Gran Griffen* at the time of the Armada. Thus is formed a dramatic abiding link between this rocky islet and the distant plains of Andalusia.

## THE OX AND THE ASS

## SONGS OF THE NATIVITY

Entre le bouaf et l'âne gra  
Dort, dort le petit Fils

Christmas cribs will soon reappear in countless Italian churches and wherever there is a crib the ox and ass keep watch. They have held their place there for nearly two thousand years. Though the Synoptic Gospels make no mention of them the apocryphal gospel of the Infancy tells how "on the third day after the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ the most blessed Mary went forth out of the cave and entering a stable placed the child in the manger and the ox and ass adored him." A later fancy was that the ox and ass warmed the new born Babe and would not touch a mouthful of hay in order to let him have more to lie on. A primitive representation of the Nativity in the catacomb of Saint Sebastian in Rome shows the infant Christ lying on an altar with the nimbed full-grown Christ above and the ox and ass in adoration.

Plenty of songs and legends tell the part played by various animals in the Nativity story, but no other animal was permanent. The ox and the ass remained, and no matter how the Nativity scene might vary were always there. They are found in

the great Byzantine mosaics, in sculpture and ivories, in metal and embroideries, in Graeco-Roman sarcophagi, in Carolingian miniatures, in enamel and stained glass, in Renaissance paintings; they even braved the rigours of the Counter Reformation and appear triumphant in the seventeenth and eighteenth-century cribs.

But the times which best loved the ox and ass were the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. We learn that the name of the ox is Mâchelet and that of the ass Trottemenu; and that the ox was laden with the baggage while the ass carried Our Lady during the 30 days' journey to Bethlehem and carried her again with her Son when they had to fly to Egypt. In Bethlehem when the ass saw the poverty of the cave she wailed so loudly that all the rats were scared away and she had to be pacified by the more placid Mâchelet. And sometimes Trottemenu's voice was heard not only in legends and carols but in French cathedrals, though it is difficult to know exactly how far all living ox and ass were admitted to take their place beside the crib in the Nativity liturgical dramas. The chief interest of the drama of the Prophets was certainly the entry of Balaam's ass; all Trottemenu's virtues were recited in the famous *Chanson de l'âne* on the steps of Sens, while at the Fête de l'âne at Beauvais a donkey covered with a cloth of gold carried a girl with a baby in her arms into the church; and remained there all through the High Mass; and if the ass did not bray in the lit places the clergy brayed for her. A big ox and ass were present at Saint Francis's Christmas crib at the hermitage of Greccio in 1223, and it sounds as if they took part in a great Christmas drama

which was held in Milan under Dominican auspices. But living animals must always have meant additional complications for stage managers, who no doubt were glad enough to fall back on lay figures. One likes to read in a Noël how all the animals, birds, even insects come to the crib, each with his gift, each serenading the new born King with his own voice; but such a scene would be difficult to arrange. These Noël's were first sung in France, to be copied in Italy, and one of the most pleasant draws a moral which applies to all times and every country. It runs:—

When in the depths of winter cold  
Jesus Christ was born,  
The ox and ass they biew and puffed  
To warm Him as He lay.

In this fair land of Gaul,  
How many an ox and ass I know  
Who would never have acted so!

And it is said of those poor beasts  
When first they Him beheld  
That meekly down they bowed their heads  
Humbly falling on their knees;  
How many an ox and ass I know,  
So swelled with pride they are,  
How many an ox and ass I know  
Who would never have acted so!

But the best part of all the tale  
Is that the ox and ass  
Both passed through all the livelong night  
With ne'er a sup or drink,  
How many an ox and ass I know,  
All fine in cloth and silk,  
How many an ox and ass I know  
Who would never have acted so!  
So there is something for the ox and  
ass to teach us every Christmas.



A thirteenth-century representation of the Crib, with the Ox and the Ass, at Chartres.

## THE OX AND THE ASS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—Your article on the ox and the ass in medieval representations of the Nativity reminds me that very few examples of such scenes survive in English sculpture. Probably the best of these survivals occur on roof bosses which, owing to their position, were relatively immune during periods of iconoclasm. Examples occur in the roofs at Tewkesbury, Worcester, Salle in Norfolk, and at Norwich, where there are three examples in the north transept and one in the nave. In all but one of these the ox and the ass figure prominently.

But the most curious of all is a fifteenth-century boss in the chancel at Norwich, where the Infant is shown lying on a cloth whose ends are supported in the mouths of the ox and the ass: they are evidently supposed to have taken Him from the manger, and they are lowering Him to His mother, who is lying on a couch below, and is holding up her hands to take Him.

I do not know of any similar representation, though seeing how often medieval sculptors took their subjects from manuscript sources it is possible that something of the kind may survive in fifteenth-century books of hours.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. J. P. CAVE.

Stoner Hill, Petersfield.

## HYMN

**G**OD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovran will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER

J. Middleton Murray T.S. Sep 16. 15 '35  
p535

**A**TERRIBLE PARADOX assails the mind of the thinking man to-day. He is involved in a struggle against the most inhuman political creed, and the most inhuman political system that have arisen for centuries in Europe; yet the struggle necessitates the use of the most inhuman methods of warfare that the world has known. The old commonplace of the Christian moralists that the crucial choices of our human experience are never between Good and Evil, but always between two evils, takes on a new grandeur and poignancy.

There is no facile consolation to be had. But if we can admit the situation for what it is, and its dangers for what they are, some consolation may emerge. The spiritual danger of our position is that we may lapse imperceptibly into the condition described by Lucretius: *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*—for the sake of living to lose the reasons for life. It was the fear of so lapsing which finally determined the declaration of war on Germany. But the danger is excluded in one form only to threaten us in another. For the question straightway arises, whether and how far it is possible for a democracy to wage a total war and remain a democracy.

## TRUE DEMOCRACY

For some minds, no doubt, the question is simply answered. Democracy goes totalitarian for the duration and, when victory is won, returns to itself. But it is not so simple. The persuasiveness of that answer depends upon a conception of democracy that is external and insufficient. Though democracy is largely a system of political machinery it is something more than that; for it is a machine which, if manipulated mechanically, will no longer do its true work. On the mechanical level the will of the majority is simply compulsive upon the minority; but on a different level democracy

is the political expression, however imperfect, of a religious conviction and of a way of life. On this level, the minority not merely has precious rights of its own—above all, the right of freedom of expression—but it is a necessary and active part of the democratic whole. The attractive phrase, His Majesty's Opposition, has a depth of philosophical significance. It utters in characteristically concrete and ceremonious terms the truth proclaimed by William Blake: "Without Contraries there is no Progress."

We have used as a clue to the nature of the struggle some words of Blake. We conclude by recalling another striking phrase of that great prophet. Time after time in the great drama of Man which he sets forth in the Prophetic Books he describes the spiritual fall of humanity in the words:—"He became what he beheld." That is the danger which besets any free people battling on behalf of freedom against a tyranny.

From Viscount Halifax's address to Defaulo's Chancellors  
Times, Feb. 28, 40

I constantly remember the story of the traveller who asked the peasant working in the fields how far it was to Carcassonne. "How far it is to Carcassonne, Sir, that I do not know. But that this is the road to Carcassonne, of that I am sure; for those who return say always that at the end lies Carcassonne."

THE TIMES MONDAY MARCH 25 1940

#### HOW THE TORTOISE DANCED

#### A WEST AFRICAN WAR PARABLE

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

The small State of Esakuma in the Central Province of the Gold Coast, assuring the Colonial Government of its willingness to aid in war charities, said that it was side by side with the British Empire in this war. Although its members had little surplus to give, they were like the tortoise in the old native story.

It was found among a large number of other animals, who were dancing in the forest. The other animals asked the tortoise why it did not dance. The tortoise replied, "I have been dancing all the time under my shell; you would be surprised if you saw how well I danced." The Esakumans assured the Government that even if, like the dancing of the tortoise, their help was too small to be seen, it would always be there.



Last year, to be precise 11 months ago, Signor Toscanini gave us the whole series of Beethoven's symphonies at Queen's Hall, and to those who could either know or sense what reached their ears it was an illuminating experience. This week the London Philharmonic Orchestra has begun a series of three Beethoven programmes under conductors none of whom is Toscanini. Is that sufficient reason for the contrast in the size of the audience? Last year people were scrambling for seats; on Tuesday the stalls were for the most part empty and the grand circle was scarcely more than half full. To those who find the conductor a sufficient reason for their presence or their absence there is nothing to be said. They have a right to choose their entertainment, and anyhow they are unlikely to read this article.

But apart from the Toscanini "fans" there were probably some who were genuinely stirred by last year's performances but who are byiding a look from them because they fear disillusionment. They say, "We have heard 'Eroica' in its perfection. Let us not risk dimming the impression." But Beethoven could not have been the supreme figure in the music of a century that he was and is, if he had been at the mercy of his interpreters, to be illuminated by their skill or dimmed by their lack of it. To judge from what we know of his contemporary performances he would quickly have sunk into oblivion if want of imaginative insight in his conductors could have caused his extinction. Moreover, Toscanini is not enriching our musical perception if the conclusion after hearing him is that we never want to hear Beethoven again.

There is a third class of listeners (and one likes to suppose that some of them who occupied the stalls last year were crowding the gallery this week for legitimate economic reasons) who because they have realized the supremacy of Beethoven want to live in the light of their experience. To them it is a matter of secondary importance whether the performance they hear now is every whit as good as what they heard last year. They are not present for the sake of repeating their experience, but

in order to enlarge it. And the experience is found in Beethoven, not in the conductor or the players. Listeners who go in that mood will never come away from any honest performance feeling unrewarded. Unless they are exceptionally stupid something will certainly strike them with a force unfelt before. If they have been at all careful students of Beethoven what strikes them is not likely to be something of which they were unaware before. They may have known it all their lives, but as a result of some quality in the handling on this occasion it speaks newly to them.

To give an instance, a purely personal one perhaps, from Tuesday night: that dynamic crisis in the middle of the Eroica's first movement where the F's and E's so clamorously contend then to be resolved into a new key (E minor) and a new tune. Most of us could play it from memory on the piano, have done so dozens of times. The sense of having reached an impasse from which only Beethoven could have found a way of escape came with peculiar strength to one hearer, at any rate. How wonderful that this is not the end of the great development, but only the middle of it! Behold the new tune opening the door to a whole new phase of Beethoven's inexhaustible invention before the music sinks back, through a passage made famous by the horn's impatience, to the key of E flat and the recapitulation.

This is to acquire something of value only to the owner, but all the things most worth having are of value only to the owner. Those which can be gossiped about in the foyer—"What a pity the horn lost his nerve in the Trio," and so on—are nothing. The most skilful execution of that trying passage tells us nothing fresh about Beethoven. A performance of Eroica in which every one can pick holes may be as illuminating as Toscanini's. The artist always seeks perfection and his greatness lies in the nearness of his approach to it. The listener also seeks to find perfection in Beethoven. He is happy in the search, happiest maybe when he finds it for himself without waiting to have it handed to him in a lordly dish.

An article in the T. L. S. June 11, 1940  
says that Thomas Hardy wrote in a notebook  
in 1884 "The business of the  
poet & novelist is to show the sorrows  
underlying the grandest things & the grandeur  
underlying the sorriest things."



Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester, the birthplace of Thomas Hardy, from an etching by Leonard Patten

Letter Laurence Steere ed.  
of Lewis Perry Curtis. Dated 1835  
457-C.53.413

p 174

"My dear Cousin,  
I consider thee as a  
bent-note in a corner drawer of  
my bureau - I know it is there (I wish  
I did) - & is of value, tho' I seldom  
take a peep at it."

p 420

Steere's grave lies under the west  
wall of a desecrated burial-ground of  
St. James' (Hanover Square) near any  
any to fields of Parkington on the  
Bayswater Road.

Mr. Park-Har. Dr. Frederick Pollock  
has often plucked "up a nettle or two  
on the head of it, which had no business  
to grow there."  
(He does not give the source of this)

Letter "Elyse" (Mrs Daniel Dreyer)  
p 312

"Let me now tell you a truth, Mrs., I  
believe, I have uttered before. - (tho'  
I first saw you, I beheld you as an object of  
compassion, & as a very plain woman. ...  
You are not handsome, Elyse, nor is your  
face to be with pleasure the tent-pole of  
your behelds, - but as something more; if I  
scarcely not to tell you, I never saw so  
intelligent, so animated, so good &  
courteous; nor was there, (nor can I be),  
any more ~~of~~ of your tenderness, & feeling,  
in your company than in any other.  
(It will not be) your address, or friend.  
consequence of it; ... & something in your  
eyes, voice, your presence in a degree more  
persuasive than any woman I ever saw,  
heed, or heard of. I know that bewitching  
sun of nameless excellence, to men of nice  
sensibility alone can be traced with."

## SCIENCE OF KEEPING FIT.

## XXX.—WORRY.

(BY OUR MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Youth is the age of enthusiasm, middle age of worry. Young men see few of the difficulties of their work, and so either succeed or fail conspicuously. Older men see many difficulties. Sometimes they see difficulties which have no existence except in their own minds.

This is the condition known to mankind in general as worry and to doctors as neurasthenia. The neurasthenic is not irrational; rather his reason has taken the bit between its teeth. All the catastrophes which he fears may indeed occur. The chance exists undeniably. Yet it is so remote as not to be worth considering.

Neurasthenia, in fact, is a state of mind in which possibilities become probabilities or even certainties. In this it differs wholly from hysteria. In the latter not reason but emotion is exaggerated. Women do not worry—though this may seem a trifle bold; they fret. The eyes of a man are nearly always on the future; those of a woman on the present or past.

It is important that every man who is apt to suffer from worry should recognize this distinction. Recognition of it will save him from the mistake so commonly made of seeing himself as a weaking, an hysterical person, more woman than man. Such an idea adds melancholy to the stock of trouble and impedes recovery. The truth would rather seem to be that a man is never so much a man as when he is worrying.

For it is not at all abnormal to worry over real troubles. If important decisions are pending every one feels a natural anxiety. The mere fact that the issue is in doubt charges it with some distress. One normally builds up possibilities in one's mind and then pulls them down again.

But in this process there is always manifest a reasoning which would appeal to every ordinary mind. Everybody in similar circumstances would feel the same way. It is when the reasoning is not of general appeal, when the chances against disaster are too long, that natural anxiety becomes useless worry.

## "LIKE ONE THAT ON A LONESOME ROAD,"

Here is the bane of the middle-aged man. Accustomed to weigh chances with precision, his mind "falls over the edge" and adopts too great a precision. He reasons himself into fear, so to speak. And the fear paralyzes his activities.

As a rule he is told that his evil forebodings will not materialize. Yet this is a method of help which is really unsuitable, and therefore unhelpful. For the truth is that the fault lies not in outside circumstances at all, but in the man himself. If there were no outside circumstances of any kind he would invent them.

Thus a normal process of the mind becomes an abnormal process. Reason turns on herself. The immediate cause is evidently a failure or inability to stop thinking. One hears often enough that the worrying man cannot think, cannot concentrate. In fact, he is thinking and concentrating far too much. Whereas in former days he made decisions and left them, now he turns them over and over, alters them, rejects them, readopts them, until his brain reels in the process.

It used to be held that this was purely mental. But there are now competent observers who take a different view. They see in this irritability a poisoning of the brain—that is to say, a physical change in its structure.

The more one explores this idea the more reasonable it seems to be. For in chronic poisoning of almost any kind mental worry is very often encountered. The stout man who does not get sufficient exercise is usually a most irritable individual and often a morose one. So also is the victim of chronic constipation; so are the gouty and the rheumatic.

These men have brains liable to be inflamed with poison from the blood. During the periods of poisoning they worry severely and become neurasthenic. In intervals of betterment their minds regain their accustomed clarity and calmness.

"BE QUIET AND GO A-ANGLING."

This very often a visit to a spa makes "new men" of them; and the same happy result may be achieved often by exercise, a holiday, a course of light diet, or some measure designed to drive poison out of their bodies.

In fact, it is not putting the matter too high to say that in every case of worry two factors are at play—the amount of poison present in the individual's blood and the degree of difficulty in his surroundings. At the one end of the scale is the neurassthenic with no real troubles at all, at the other end the normal man surrounded by difficulties.

Experience shows that the great majority of the cases fall well between these extremes. There is usually some little external—*i.e.*, business—trouble, and some slight degree of seediness. The patient overlooks this latter as a rule and concentrates on his mental state.

This is the wrong way round. The victim of worry should think rather of his general health. He would be well advised to take his temperature carefully night and morning at about the same hour, and to record it. Often he will find that in the morning his temperature is subnormal—*i.e.*, 97deg. Fahrenheit, or under. At night it may be slightly raised—*i.e.*, 99deg. Fahrenheit, or even a trifle higher.

This points to a mild degree of poisoning. The cause may be obscure or it may not. In any case steps which tend to improve health—exercise, careful eating, correct and deep breathing, and so on—will tend to remove it. In this way the brain will be relieved of an incubus and the worry mitigated or dispelled.

Between these 2 entries

M's. v. n. 5  
Fiskland  
June 1940

For if no use of sense remain  
When bodies once this life forsake,  
Or they could no delight partake,  
Why should they ever rise again?

And if every imperfect mind  
Make love the end of knowledge here,  
How perfect will our love be, where  
All imperfection is refin'd?

Let thou no doubt, Celinda, touch,  
Much less your fairest mind invade,  
Were not our souls immortal made,  
Our equal loves can make them such.

Thus Lord Herbert, and on the opposite page,  
with less argument but more music, Tom  
Carew says the same:—

My very ashes in their urn,  
Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burn.

Times Aug Dec 6. 40

THE SIREN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir.—In his defence the siren's notes your Music Critic mentioned the swoop from C sharp to G natural as being "an augmented fourth, the very interval which our forefathers abhorred and called 'Diabolus in Musica.'"

It is remarkable that in *King Lear* (1-2), Shakespeare makes the villain, Edmund, sing four notes containing an augmented fourth as symbolical of the devilry of his mind, and the conspiracy against his brother which has just been evolved in his brain. The notes given in the next of the play are 'Fa, sol, la, mi.' Naylor in his "Shakespeare and Music" gives a full explanation of this musical phrase, and illustrates it with an example of Sol-fa of the period. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

R. L. EAGLE.

Grassendale, Arundel Road, Chesh.

THE SIREN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir.—I thank Mr. Eagle for recalling what Shakespeare had to say of the siren's notes. Shakespeare, like every trained musician of his day, would be familiar with the saying "Mi contra Fa diabolus in musica est." But he goes farther than this. Through the mouth of Edmund the siren speaks its own defence.

"My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi."

Peace be to Mr. Basil Maine! Here is something surely very much our own.

I am, Sir, &c.

YOUR MUSIC CRITIC.

THE TIMES THURSDAY DECEMBER 5 1940

Martin Roberts March 1941

I The Party

For we may hate the towers of loneliness  
But still cleave to the towers of peace.

Though in the heart set firmness, strength too, doubt  
The natural angel went.

Oh plan no more the exact, unreal scheme,  
No man here by the dream,  
No light here his blood;  
Open your eyes, eyes may come to pass  
Your unisoned hope, as the hand moving find  
Dew on the grass.

Review T.L.S. April 12. 1941  
"Leonard's Art Theory"

...that the art theory of any period is only valid in relation to the general ideas of the times. Try as we will we cannot bring ourselves back into the state of mind in which the actual proportions of a man or a horse or the geometrical accuracy of perspective matter "two hoots" in artistic endeavour. What survives, and will always survive, is the idea of proportion, but it is now transferred to the work of art instead of being laboriously calculated from the subject represented.

SATURDAY AUGUST 30 1941

Special Articles

The Poet as Symbolist

PAGE

418

Poetry is natural speech in the highest sense. It only seems unnatural because we have lost or never developed the capacity to be natural, and so to speak naturally in that pure creative sense. Consequently its naturalness is inevitably and unforgettably strange to us. But it is not obscure or indecipherable without an elaborate commentary.

An enjoyment of Milton's poetry may be the highest reward of scholarship, but it can be enjoyed without such scholarship. Blake's "Songs of Innocence and Experience" may be and are full of the veiled mystical and metaphysical meaning which Mr. Foster Damon and other learned researchers have brought to light. But they sing themselves into the heart and mind of a child.

And the sure sign of a true symbolism would seem to be that it carries within it layer

upon layer of meaning, speaking at different levels of understanding to all, withholding itself from none but those who have no ears to hear. And that is why we can return again and again to great poetry and measure our progress in experience by the deeper content of meaning, the more complex significance we find in its essential simplicity. But when in any poet or school of poets we find the complexity on the surface, barring our approach to inner depths and proclaiming its own clever or fantastic ingenuity, we may be sure that the secret of wholeness, in which the ordinary life of men is never despised but rather illuminated, has been lost. A true symbol is a sign of an inward and a spiritual grace. But those who flaunt their signs, like banners embroidered with strange devices, have little to signify.

Times Dec 5. 1941

But why: is it all merely the reaction of fashion? Surely not. There is something in that boy's simple lesson that Mozart requires every note to be right, not merely correct but put into its right place, shaped with its companions, so that the mountain stream may ripple on its course. Music does not consist in torrents and cataracts of sound bearing down all opposition, overwhelming the senses, but in fineness of outline and delicacy of tone-colour, hinting at emotions deeply felt but not wallowing in the display of them, touching seriousness with humour and enriching gaiety with thought. In the last 50 years we have rediscovered that this is Mozart, that Mozart is music.

the infusion of novelties into this year's symphonies and serenades is a sign of returning health to the body politic of our music which is now convalescing from the first impact of war. It would be unreasonable to expect them all to be masterpieces, nor is it desirable to pile more great works upon an already over-loaded repertory, for the public's recent obsession with nothing but the most universal and heroic compositions has been almost morbid. Yet the slightness of many of these new pieces for the orchestra raises questions: what function can music serve which requires so elaborate an apparatus to say so little, must light music be futile music, what are epithets of size and weight—"light," "small calibre," "great," "though we fight only of the easy"—what are they doing in aesthetic judgments?

Plainly there is a place in the world for things both great and small: there is certainly a place in music for the little, the light, the big, the long, the serious, and the intense. Greatness in music is discussed in a new book by the ex-German critic, Alfred Einstein, who writes out of great historical knowledge and philosophical critical acumen. But it was a small and empirical, who plotted out the distinction between greatness and beauty in works of art. Samuel Alexander attributed the double valuation to the distinction between fact and subject-matter, and pointed to an analogous distinction in morals and science: virtuous actions may be equally good and two may be bigger than the other. Great works of art, then, are works that successfully deal with important subject-matter, and great composers are those who can handle these universal topics in music.

The small work of art should deal with smaller, more partial experiences, and if the composer's imagination works with equal intensity the beauty of the little work will be no

less than the beauty of the big. There is a further distinction to be drawn between small music and light music. A true account of light music involves the distinction between art and entertainment. There is art in most entertainment and most art has some entertainment value, but broadly speaking art aims at mental stimulation (the most serious art at catharsis), entertainment at mental relaxation. There is no place for light music at the Proms because the audience comes not for relaxation, which musically speaking it obtains without active listening in cafe, dance hall, or from the wireless in the smoking room. But it is entitled to expect good small music. Too much of what we have recently heard has been undistinguished, its ideas though small have not been intensely enough imagined, the orchestra form has been out of all proportion to its slender subject-matter.

From these complaints must be excepted Dr. Harris's Heroic Prelude, which presents a bold and heroic. It could be objectively, not small. In a short prelude a suitable vehicle for the conveyance of heroic subject-matter? The resolution of the contradiction is perhaps to be found in the idea of function which, as Einstein observes, rarely exists for the modern composer as it did for Bach, to whom indeed it supplied the motive force. Dr. Harris's Prelude is a prelude to something else either to a noble ceremony in some cathedral or Pantheon or, as it seemed at the time, to the utterance of words. Its size seemed to have been determined not wholly by its actual content, but by some function, not openly nor consciously avowed, which shaped content to form. It was really a small piece of big music, and did not therefore meet the need for a substantial piece of small music or a satisfying piece of light music.

The difficulty, it appears, then, is to write for the large medium of the orchestra music that is light in weight, small in scope, and slight (or even frivolous) in subject-matter. On the whole French composers are the most successful in so adjusting content, form, and function as to produce the lighter weights in music and yet avoid both vapidity and bathos.

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"A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—Your readers will probably have many reminders that the original "Jolly Good Fellow" was, musically speaking, the great Duke of Marlborough, the air being that of Malbrouck s'en va-en guerre.

Yours faithfully,

J. G. TURNER.

1, Holmewood Ridge, Langton Green, Tunbridge Wells, Oct. 28.

1942

for Botanical Documentation

THE TIMES LITERARY

SUPPLEMENT FRIDAY JUNE 18 1954

The Last  
Hundred Years

SO much poetry  
Of their time  
Was bad prose  
Dolled up in rhyme.

The nineties went  
From bad to worse;  
Such bad poetry  
Dolled up in verse.

But our age—  
Who could suppose!—  
Such bad prose  
Dolled up in prose.

R. BATES.





THE MAKING OF TO-MORROW. By RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES. Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.

quotation in T.L.S. for above book

T.L.S.  
Feb 10. 63

It is indeed strange that whereas each of us accepts the existence of insoluble problems, we can hardly bear to think that there may be no ideal solution for the problem of humanity as a whole. Individuals go on living with equanimity, resignation, and often cheerfulness in spite of chronic bad health, money difficulties, inextricable family troubles or mental sufferings of one kind or another. Yet each of these individuals who so bravely bears his own personal problems without being able to solve them cannot suffer the idea that there may be no way of curing the ills of the world. If we can accept the thought that perfect happiness for the individual is not accessible on this earth (and who but a fool can think otherwise), we must believe nevertheless in the reality of the millennium.

The Pollock-Holmes Letters.

2 vols

Com. Law Press 1942

[251.5.C.90.59]

Boston, Jan 17. 1887

Holmes. "Life is like an artichoke; each day, week, month, year, gives you one little bit which you nibble off — but precious little compared with what you throw away."

Holmes Mar 22. 1891

Life from your perspective is one from Helen; not less interesting, but I hope a much more unpermeable.

Holmes Apr 15. 1892

"The Frenchman's answer when he is asked if a gentleman must know French & Latin: 'No, but he must never forget them.'"

Holmes Feb 20. 1897

[Turvett] ... always has shown me as no more than a retail dealer in notions, not the signatory, large ideas

Pillsbury. Feb 24. 1905

(Alb. pneumonia)

p 148

[In a temperature] the better world of one's sleep is transformed. Distorted the coherence & coherence of careful or normal dreams, one's sensations (mostly unpleasant) for somewhat detached from reality & objects (this is the only way I can express it, whether or not is good psychology or not)

Pillsbury Aug 23. 1900

all art is really conventional & so called  
realism is only the decay, most  
conventional by means of a man or less free  
point of view.

Hobbs Sept 1. 1910

Wm James's .... reason made him  
replied & his wishes led him to turn  
down the light so as to get much &  
charm.

Hobbs Sept 24. 1910

I think Mantell just as a large  
scale an prima facie the worst abuse  
of private ownership.

Holmes Dec 18. 1910

"When a few miles been it's nearly  
worn out.

VII II

Pollock. Aug 6. 1919

For myself I find it difficult to believe that  
the universe is reasonable, but impossible to  
believe that it is not.

Pillars. Feb 12. 1920 p 38

The so-called syllogism of truth seems to  
me an illegitimate converse / a mere  
more general proposition, than a doctrine  
capable of being stated as a theorem  
which seems to form a reasonable hypothesis  
of being either true or erroneous.

---

p 166  
21 Hyde Park looks new to ceremony  
of St. James' Horse Guards Square.

---

Holmes & Pillars. Aug 28. 1920

A man's system is forgotten: only his  
aperçus remain

"The man of God is beyond  
infidelity, religion"  
VIII p 30

Selected Poems from the *Dīwānī*  
*Shamsī Tabrīz*  
trans. by R. A. Nicholson  
Cambridge 1898  
Moh. 589. d. 1 (my friend  
to my friend)

XII p 47

Long form you see has 5 authentic  
in the *Proclama* world

N<sup>o</sup> XXXVIII p 153 *metres*  
Iraq in *Cambridge* of *P. M. H.*

*Medraevul Latin Lyrics*  
Helen Waddell  
London 1933 (4<sup>th</sup> ed. revised)  
[G15. d. 93.5]

*Pelronius Arbiters* L. A. D. 66  
*peroxi*: neque enim fortuna  
malynior usquam  
cupiet nobis quod prior hinc dedit  
yea, I have lived: never shall Fate  
Take what was given in too earlier hour.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

*Boethius* (C. 480-524) p 295  
*Quaenam diocors foedera rerum*  
*Causa resiliunt?* <sup>p. 5. 8</sup> *quis tanta Deus*  
*veris statuit velle diebus,*  
*ut quae carptim singula constant*  
*eadem nolint mixta iugari?*  
This discord in the pair of things,  
This endless war work of truth & truth,  
That singly hold, yet give the lie  
To him who seeks to yoke them both -  
Do the gods know the reason why?

flos in picture  
non est flos, immo figura;  
qui pingit florem  
non pingit floris dorem.

Ausonius p 32 c. 310  
c. 395  
p 271

Ad uxorem  
Uxa vivamus ut uximus et  
teneamus  
nomine que primo sumpimus in  
thalamo;

nec ferat ulla dies, ut commutetur in  
aero,  
Quam tibi sim juvenis tuque puella  
mihi.  
Natura non quamvis provecit, aemulaque  
annis

vincas Cumanam tu quoque  
Deiphobon,  
nos ignoremus quid sit materia seclitias,  
sive aeri mentum, non numerat  
deceat.

Ausonius

To his wife

Love, let us love as we have loved, nor lose

The little names that were the first

And never come the day that sees us old,  
my hair's gray,

I still your land, & you my little loss.

Let me be older than did Nestor's years,

As you the Selyl, if we heed it not.

What should we know, in two, of ripe old age?

We'll have its richness, & the years forget

*From a Twentieth Century Psalter*  
*(17th Day—Morning)*

*LAST* night, a new-year night of storm,  
With angry engines overhead,  
An ill-intent, invisible swarm,  
I prayed to be free among the dead  
Since life had drawn so near to hell.  
I thought that those who lie in the grave  
No longer are obliged to tell  
The history of the beast, the slave,  
The anonymous and broken man,  
The nation, maddened by its pride,  
Betraying, to a fiendish plan,  
The soul that once was sanctified.

*Out of remembrance, cut away*  
*From the hand that guides the troubled mind*  
*Through dreams by night, through thought by day,*  
*I urged my heart to grow resigned,*  
*And, meaningless, unmonitored,*  
*Beat through an anarchy of hate,*  
*With science for a broken sword,*  
*To a half-believed-in fate.*

*Out of this prison, I set forth,*  
*Self-conscious still, and sceptical.*  
*The sights and sounds of the night-earth*  
*Surrounded me. I watched the fall*  
*Of grey cloud-castles. From them broke*  
*The moan with her own fullness big.*  
*A subtle definition woke.*  
*The woods, the hills, the winter twig.*  
*The willow, drooping whip by whip,*  
*Swung a sleeping finch, whose wing*  
*Spread lest the coral foot might slip*  
*While the dreamer began to sing,*  
*And singing, broke her trance. She slept*  
*Again, heart-hushed and re-assured,*  
*While over her the cold stars kept*  
*Their stations, with a time-endured*  
*Indifference. The bombers passed*  
*Behind the storm. The triumphant skies*  
*Loomed over me. My ears at last*  
*Had heard. I looked with seeing eyes.*

RICHARD CHURCH.

SUPPLEMENT SATURDAY JULY 24 1943

THE TIMES LITERARY

# MENANDER'S MIRROR

## "LA DOUCEUR DE VIVRE"

In all the plans that are made for the life we are to lead, how seldom is there evidence of any wish in the planner that that life shall be enjoyed! That it shall be safe—yes; that it shall be instructed, rationed, equalized, rubbed smooth, supplied with dust-less corners and chromium-plated taps; but that there shall be grace or charm or quiet or gaiety or sweetness or light in it, there is among the sterner planners neither hope nor desire. Utility and sameness are their guiding stars. Canned milk is their vintage. Their ideal is to make of the art of life what a time-table is to a poem. The word utility, used as a deliberate and waspish denial of men's longing for variety, and held up as a virtue in peace as well as a bleak necessity in war, is the enemy of *la douceur de vivre*. Do you not hear the answer from the bureaucrats—that, in an age of high endeavour, we ought to desire no such thing! Are we sybarites? Are we romantics? Are we not disciplined to the service of the Common Man? This is the language of their preachment. All their castles in the air are built with glazed bricks for the public convenience. And yet, if we care for democracy at all, it is worth observing that what, in modern times, has distinguished it from the totalitarianism of Right and Left is, precisely, that totalitarian rulers, while industrious in bribing their peoples with bread and circuses, have set their faces against *la douceur de vivre*.

Wherefore, unless we desire to conform to their dull and slavish pattern, we do well to accept neither their assurance nor Talleyrand's that the gentleness of living belongs to a past age. Tired men and bureaucrats are for ever saying such things. And this time we have need to beware. Speed and standardization have given to fanatical dullards a means of penetrating the whole life of a people which they never before possessed. They stupefy freedom with gross promises of comfort and security. They speak as if there were neither dancing nor stringed instruments and no sound meritorious on all earth but the scratching of a clerk's pen and the shuffling of a queue. They see the face of mankind only through a *guichet*. To-day they are unavoidable, and believe that they will always be so. The way to disprove it is to cultivate in spite of them that grace, not of the herd, which fits men to be happy neither in power nor in possession when they have made their voyage or fought their battle, and evening comes, with wine or song or hope or memory, and the great heat is out of the day.



THE TIMES LITERARY

SUPPLEMENT SATURDAY JUNE 5 1943

# MENANDER'S MIRROR

## ITALIA IRREDENTA

To say, in any derogatory sense, that there is something middle-aged in our quality would be ridiculous, and yet the word has meaning as pointer to what in Italy is unique—the running together and fusing in her of old age and youth, of evening with morning. Mid-day—yes, if you please, the glory of noon—is left out. The generalization cannot be pressed, but there is in it a truth of feeling, of atmosphere, if not, strictly, of criticism.

What one feels always in Italy is an extraordinary and direct mingling of freshness with repose, as though all life were sunset and sunrise, winter and spring.

*Distillation (?: for La Fontaine)  
"Chassay le naturel il revient au galop"*

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

# MENANDER'S MIRROR

## THE SILKWORM AND THE LOOM

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 4 1943

The Chinese sage who wrote two thousand seven hundred and twenty-three years ago, and whom Miss Helen Waddell translated, went not far enough. What he said of women—for he was an anti-feminist—has a salutary application to the human race:—

What does she in affairs of State?

Her place is in the inner room.

Her wisdom doth less hurt in this,

To mind the silkworm and the loom.

Not her wisdom only. We write pamphlets. We are for ever curing the world of what we conceive to be its naughtiness. We sell the ointment of spikenard for three hundred pence that they may be given to the poor. We permit the breeze to expose to us the headlines of the morning newspaper. The sleepy cat yawns. The silkworm is neglected.

The "inner room" is to be interpreted as a man's personal life, the "silkworm and the loom" as emblems of activity appropriate to his natural talent. It is among the chief wastages of war and of all social upheavals that they drive him out of his inner room, out of his home, into that dreadful wilderness, barren of all true life, in which every one is busy on a task not his. Worse than this, worse than the destructive necessity of it, is the idea, which springs up and grows like a weed on the rubbish heap of collective thought, that any attempt to preserve the inner room is wrong, that a woman ought to unsex herself beyond the requirements of war, and that men who, while performing the duties the nation requires, cultivate their personal lives are guilty of anachronism.

E TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

K OF MR PRIESTLEY  
ND SERIOUSNESS

The political lesson which is preached on the outskirts of a Utopia does great credit to the dramatist's heart and it could have been by no means easy to work into it a mounting human interest.

I don't like the jolly to the "that isn't no hum and wo

So it satisfies asks w ever w thing e posses, most i of the it's s ally b ling a ge with plex soph drug in v tha im

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SUP  
2241

and the wo better mak mind the Priestley will never rest satisfied to be a perpetual spring of jolly Yorkshire farces and delicate human comedies. All three of his latest published plays show him earnestly in quest of the reality behind what George Ponderevo called the merry immediate things. The Malvern Festival plays to

A. G. MacDonnell's farcical comedy *The Fair God* has proved in performance a successful entertainment. The high-spirited account it gives of a charming cad's relations with his rich, tolerant and charming wife never fails to show the level of hippancy and readers may wonder a little why it has succeeded in the theatre, and if they study the high, easy dialogue more closely they will perceive that the hippancy is sustained by a ready inventiveness. *The Kindled Flame* is a gentle reconstruction, not without humour, of George Eliot's sentimental history. The authors, Mr. Walter Cranmore and Mr. Joseph Best, have a pretty taste in Victorian sentiment and know how to pitch rebellion on The present batch of printed plays includes a welcome new edition of Franz Werfel's *Paul Amann the Landlord*.



Blasie.  
Augustine, Innocence p171  
To see a World in a grain of sand,  
And a Heaven in a wild flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand  
And Eternity in an hour.  
p172  
A truer treat's told with bread and wine  
Than all the lies you can invent.

Under every grief there  
Rains a joy, but seldom known.  
p176  
He also bends to himself a Song  
With the winged life destiny;  
Born he who knows the Song is flesh  
Lives in Eternity's service.  
p177

2241  
The Book, that  
Can Wisdom be seen in a school book  
Or Love in a golden bowl

Buy me my bow of burning gold!  
Buy me my arrows of desire!  
Buy me my spear! I'll clutch it, unfeared!  
Buy me my chant of fire!  
I will not wear the mantle of pain,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have blown the Tarsandien  
In England's green & pleasant land.

# Biography

## HANS ANDERSEN'S OWN TALE THWARTINGS AND FAME

THE SHOEMAKER'S SON. The Life of Hans Christian Andersen.  
By CONSTANCE BUEL BURNETT. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

Hans Andersen's own life was the "stuff of his fairy tales, and his own life was as wonderful as any of his tales; and so it is in the style of a fairy tale (with a quotation from "The Ugly Duckling" at the head of each part, and with paper cut-outs by Hans Andersen himself for the end papers) that Miss Burnett has chosen to begin the story of that fantastic life. It is not possible to keep to that style to the end, but she tells the story with a moving simplicity, from which she only occasionally stumbles. One wishes that she had

not used such words as "location" and "donate," nor talked of "warmth emanating from a glowing hearth" or of someone's self-respect being "depleted." But she could not have gone more directly to the heart of the story than when she wrote:

Always for Hans Christian there were to be moments of enchantment on any difficult road. Hidden nightingales would sing for him, because he had ears to hear, beauty would step beside him because he had eyes to see, and kindness would touch him because he had the heart to feel.

Kindness was continually touching him. He had to endure much disappointment and criticism. But he did bring some of it on himself by returning again and again like a dazzled moth to the lights of the stage. He had to endure misunderstanding and ridicule. But he did go into the houses of complete strangers and start at once to read his verses to them. Yet in spite of it, how many houses were open to him, how many friends he found, how much practical help was given him up to that last cruel but wise kindness of the State in making him, late in his boyhood, go to school! After his own genius the most astonishing thing in his life is the help which he received, and because of it the people of Denmark share in his triumph. But there must have been in him, still young and unformed, a quality of mind so manifest that it overcame at once what was outwardly ridiculous.

The English writer of whom one thinks in reading his life is Francis Thompson. There was the same helpless gentleness in each, with a power of the spirit enduring beyond the power of the toughest flesh. One had education as his natural right; the other had it painfully forced on him after he had tried for years to succeed without it; but each found a rare family to befriend and love him, though only Thompson found the family that knew and loved the poet in him. Each found fame, though Thompson's was among those of his own craft, and Hans Andersen's was vastly wider, among the crowds and royal courts.

But where they most resemble one another is in the helplessness and hopelessness of their love. With the same simplicity with which she tells the rest of the story Miss Burnett writes of the women whom Hans Andersen loved, and who liked him, admired him, loved to listen and talk to him, but who married other men. His story of the little mermaid (how, as a child, looking through the book for the loved, familiar things, one would pass that story by, not daring to read it because it was so sad) is the story of his tragedy, as "The

Poppy" is of Francis Thompson's. Hans Andersen might have said of his life:—

Love! I fall into the  
claws of Time:  
But lasts within a  
leaved rhyme  
All that the world of  
me esteems—  
My withered dreams,  
my withered dreams.

And yet perhaps  
not quite. Life was  
not altogether as  
tragic as that for  
him. He found a  
great deal of what  
he had longed for.  
His first love, the  
stage, played with  
him and then re-  
fused him. But he

found the fame which he and his family had dreamed for him. He found it in undreamed of measure, and he found it when he was still young and could still enjoy it. But how much of that fame would he not have gladly given away (he who, when he was dead, was found to have hung round his neck the last letter which Riborg Voigt had written to him nearly fifty years before) if he could have had the love which was denied him?



Paper cut-out by Hans Christian Andersen,  
from "The Shoemaker's Son"

SATURDAY MARCH 25 1944

# MENANDER'S MIRROR

## FORM IN LITERATURE

On the subject of the English belief in the individual man, Professor Evans is full of interest. He says justly that the English theory of individualism is illustrated in our political and philosophical literature, and that our imaginative writers show the theory carried into practice. The voice of the individual man is heard very early, "and it is a voice that, once heard, is never to be silenced." As attempts have been made in recent years either to subordinate it to the collective voices of groups or to substitute for it the shrill note of egotism, this needed saying: The voice of the individual man, speaking not only of himself or for himself, but of the eternal truths re-illuminated by his experience, is a voice speaking from within the classical tradition; it is the voice of Catullus; and though we in England have often used it with a romantic intonation—with a special emphasis, that is to say, upon personal experience—our classical inheritance has always been powerful, giving depth and a strange, accepting melancholy to our romantic song, and keeping our individualism always in contact with the classical generalizations. This interweaving of the classical and the romantic in a rare flexibility of weave is, we should have said, the distinguishing character of the English tradition.

In those arts into which the time-factor enters (of which literature is one and painting is another) the means by which the artist communicates, in his beginning, an expectation of his end; in his end, a fulfillment; and, in this all, a harmony.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. By B. IFOR EVANS. For the British Council. Longmans. 1s.

At its highest, imagery, by drawing together widely separated objects and experiences into a brief and unlaboured expression, asserts the unity of human life. The poet, though often not consciously, is affirming that behind all the conflict of contrasting appearances there is a single life of the spirit. Metaphor is the applied metaphysics of poetry. Imagery in its purest form is mysticism made manifest from sources that depend on ordinary experience. It may well be that it is typical of the English genius that it has discovered this way of making empiricism transcendental.

SATURDAY MARCH 25 1944

Sir,—Among the leapfrog games mentioned by Mr. Stevens is an interesting one called "Buck, Buck." I have met two old gentlemen who have played it in childhood. One boy bends down, and another leapfrogs on to his back, holds up some fingers and calls out, "Buck Buck how many fingers do I hold up?" This game was played as far back as the time of Petronius Arbitr, who in his *Satyricon* has the following passage: "Tri-machio not to seem moved by the loss, kissed the boy, and bade him get up on his back. Without delay the boy climbed on horseback on him, and slapped him on the shoulders with his hand, laughing and calling out, 'Bucca, Bucca quot sunt hic?'"

"Eena dena dina doh" like other gibberish in the counting out rhymes "Hickory dickory dock" and "Hickey pickety my black hen," has its origin in the shepherds' scores found all over these islands; they are remnants of the old Celtic numerals and the relationship is clearly seen if the Welsh numerals are compared with the shepherds' scores and the counting out rhymes.

Yours truly,

MILDRED BOSANQUET.

Croft, Seal, Sevenoaks.

Heron-Allen, E. (1899) Edward  
Fitzgerald's Rubā'iyāt of Omar Khayyām  
into their original Persian sources collected for  
his own MSS., literally translated.

London. Quaint. 1899.

(Law by D.S.R. March 1945)

Fitzgerald:-  
L.

A Hair perhaps divides the False & True;  
Yes; if <sup>and</sup> single Hair were the clue —

Could you but find it — to the Treasure-house,  
And peradventure to THE MASTER too

of his other travels, but in Heron-Allen  
this derived from several, one of which is —

My Heart said to me: "I have a longing for  
unperishable knowledge,

"Teach me if thou art able;"

I said to a Hair, My heart said: "Say no more.

If One is in the house, one letter is enough."

circulation. However much an author masters his material, the process of creative writing uncovers new facets and opens up new vistas, and a second period of refinement is required—it is here that a *pièce d'occasion* is apt to suffer if the occasion is taken by the forelock. The basic ideas of Mr. Taylor's book are sound, but would have profited by further careful examination and unfolding. Also, too much brilliancy is hurtful in intercourse with ideas, as too much wit is in intercourse with men; a dazzling formulation is apt to interfere with the precise presentation of a subject or thesis.

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 29 1945

2 vols - T.L.S. 1946

below the surface-stream, shallow and light,  
Of what we say we feel—below the stream,  
As light, of what we think we feel—there flows  
With noiseless current strong, obscure and deep,  
The central stream of what we feel indeed.  
That the lines are Arnold's we know from a letter to his mother. But it

THE PICASSO EXHIBITION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—If it be true, as Aristotle said, that it is the function of tragedy to cleanse the mind with terror and pity, surely this Picasso exhibition is a tragic masterpiece. My first emotion on entering was pity for the great artist who was driven to express himself in this way; my second, terror for the world which provoked this reaction in a great artist.

Of Picasso's greatness there cannot, to my mind, be any doubt; a study by him of two strolling acrobats, shown some years ago at a Bond Street gallery, seemed to me then, and still seems in retrospect, one of the most moving pictures I have ever seen; and among the innumerable things that have passed through Sotheby's in my time I remember few with so keen a pleasure as his little water-colour drawing for the décor of *The Three-cornered Hat*. But I could take no pleasure in this exhibition; indeed, I was so dazed by the impact of its awful power that I could hardly bear to look, as I went out, at the tranquil masterpieces of medieval and Renaissance craftsmanship displayed in the outer and inner halls of the museum.

Perhaps posterity will be able to enjoy these tragic things, in 200 or 300 years, when the world, let us hope, will be more happily integrated, and when Pablo Picasso will have long been at peace with Jonathan Swift "*ubi saeva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit*."

Yours, &c.,

GEORGE KEY, D. HOBSON,  
Director, Sotheby and Co.,  
34-35, New Bond Street, W.1.

Sir,—Few men of perception will dispute Mr. Ledward's definition of the paintings of Picasso as a "symptom of the disintegration of our present form of civilization." His words "this type of art" are more open to question. Art is concerned with universals, not with reflecting in a pseudo-artistic form the corruption of society. If the latter conception be accepted as the legitimate province of art, the artist plays the part not of Hamlet but of Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern. He ceases to be the reader of "nature's infinite book of secrecy," the prophet or the critic of society and the interpreter of truth which decadence flouts or has forgotten.

Hamlet is so well aware of the degeneration of the state of Denmark that it paralyses his power of action. But we are left in no doubt as to the gulf between him and the court of Claudius. So, if Constable and Turner (pace Dr. D'Arcy Hart) had merely reflected the dissolution of rural society in their times they would not now be in the National Gallery. Picasso and Matisse are X-rays of an internal cancer in modern civilization. But the function of the X-ray is not the function of the artist; to be so is Mr. Trenchard Cox's "science of aesthetics," a contradiction in terms. Picasso and Matisse in expressing the corruption of society and that only become part of it and so cease to be artists.

Yours, &c.,

H. J. MASSINGHAM,  
Reedings, Long Crendon, Buckinghamshire.

Times  
Dec 27  
45

## THE SONNET

Sir.—May I say a word in defence of your reviewer who has been taken to task by Dr. Marie Stopes? She declares that the sonnet "has a universally accepted rhythm, beat, rhyme and number of lines." This statement is difficult to substantiate.

*Prose* would that "some think that all Poemes and Donne's a single true

## THE SONNET

Sir.—Dr. Marie Stopes's incursion into prosodic criticism might perhaps have been more illuminating had she defined the exact tests of sonnet formation which she alleges to be infringed by the line of Rex Warner which she quotes ("My moon is brought down from the sky in kindness"). Her attack on this line does not appear to be grounded on aesthetic opinion, and it can therefore be countered by asking her to quote any rule, rhythmic, metrical or prosodic, which can exclude this line from a sonnet, while admitting, let us say, "Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing." It does not need an unusually careful study of Mr. Rex Warner's sonnets in the volume recently reviewed to disclose a rather exceptional effort on the part of the poet to impose formal discipline and strict traditional order on a mood of tense and powerful passion; and it seems, to say the least, ungracious criticism to stigmatise such an attempt as "lacy" or "conceded" on the strength of what I hope is a critical misapprehension and not purely uncritical prejudice.

RONALD MASON.

## THE SONNET

Sir.—It is hard to see how the following line from Shakespeare differs essentially from the line by Mr. Warner, which Dr. Marie Stopes declares to be no sonnet line:—

"How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted" (CXIX).

Shakespeare has seven sonnets beginning with a line with a feminine ending, and many other similar lines. Dr. Stopes's criticisms of Mr. Warner and of your reviewer seem entirely uncalled for, to say the least.

J. H. DOUGLAS WEBSTER.

## THE WISDOM OF HUMOUR

These are not days in which it is easy to be humorous, at least about mankind in general. Yet never perhaps has a lack of humour been revealed more tragically as a defect with direful consequences. The real humorist is not, of course, concerned with mankind in general, which doubtless explains why the Englishman with his love of the particular prides himself with some reason on his humour. The serious-minded may complain that he avoids the trouble of thinking by turning everything into a joke. There is some truth in this. But when we consider the enormities to which abstract thinking unsweetened by humour has led, we may bless even this defect. For it is at least the defect of a quality. Coleridge distinguishes humour from wit by its dependence upon personality. Wit, he remarked, is impersonal and is entirely of the mind and the senses. But no play of words or thoughts will of itself be humorous unless it is rooted in some individual peculiarity. And real individuality includes the heart.

There is doubtless a laughter of wit and a laughter of the heart. It was of the former that Bergson was thinking when he declared wrongly that "laughter is incompatible with emotion." In the laughter of wit we may well always find a latent, if not an avowed intention to humiliate and consequently to correct our neighbour, to which anything that aroused sympathy would be fatal. But the heart can laugh without desiring to ridicule or to flatter its own defects by exposing those of others. It can laugh without malice because in laughing at another it laughs at itself. Humour, in short, is imaginative as wit is not. And being imaginative it reaches always beyond and through the particular to the universal. In a genuine humour, as Coleridge wrote, there is always "an acknowledgment of the hollowness and the farce of the world, and its disproportion to the godlike within us." An acknow-

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## THE SONNET

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Even if we regard the Elizabethan use of the word as obsolete, many good poets have allowed themselves considerable licence. Some of Sidney's sonnets are written in alexandrines; Spenser's arrangement of rhymes in *Shakespearean*; Milton wrote one sonnet (with a coda of six lines); Keats sought to combine in 1819 the distinctive merits of the *Shakespearean* and *Milford* forms; Hopkins wrote some of the greatest sonnets of the nineteenth century in sprung rhythm and long lines; Rilke's "Sonette an Orpheus" are in a variety of forms and his experiments have been imitated by Mr. Auden who can hardly be classed with those "lazy and conceited young writers who do not take the trouble to learn the elements of their craft."

I do not deny that some poets write imperfect sonnets because they have not learnt their craft; but it is equally true that many poets have deliberately experimented in new forms. Dr. Stopes might have complained of Shakespeare's failure to write sonnets in the form used by Petrarch and Ronsard, of Milton's deliberate failure to separate the octave and the sestet, of Keats's blundering confusion of the Italian and English forms and rhyme. Donne's rhythms are far less regular than the line Dr. Stopes quotes from Mr. Warner. It should be added that the line as written by Mr. Warner (and as quoted by your reviewer) is superior to the misquotation of it by Dr. Stopes—

"My moon is brought (or drawn) down from the sky in kindness." Compared with some experiments in the sonnet form by greater poets Mr. Warner's sequence is almost traditional. There was no need for your reviewer to administer a reproof.

KENNETH MUIR.

VOLTAIRE TO D'ALEMBERT

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# THE TRIUMPH OF EDWARD JOHNSTON

From a Correspondent

The world is so often content to accord an extraordinary obscurity to true genius. How many of the countless passengers who are steered through the present nightmare of London's transport system by the late Edward Johnston's "sans-serif" or block lettering on the London Passenger Transport Board's stations and buses, could name the designer? It is odd for anyone acquainted with Johnston and his work as a scribe, and as a designer of lettering and typography, to reflect in this ubiquitous manifestation in London of the craft of one who was a frail reclusé living at Ditchling in Sussex.

The commemorative exhibition (October-December), which is being held at the Victoria and Albert Museum, affords the first opportunity that anyone has yet been able to enjoy of seeing an assembly of work illustrating the brilliance and range of Johnston's achievement. He not only brought to the practice of a single handicraft as much genius as any craftsman who ever lived, but, to an extent to which the present writer's knowledge can offer no parallel, he evolved his craftsmanship without the inspiration either of contemporary masters or of a living tradition.

In the nineteenth century, inspiration had ranked as one of the dearest accomplishments appropriate to gently nurtured young ladies. Owen Jones (1800-1874), architect and author of "A Grammar of Ornament," sought to revive the art and produced an illuminated manuscript of "The Song of Solomon," which was published in coloured facsimile. Jones's work, however, was stilted and lifeless, unmaking far too much of the Gothic Revivalist's drawing-board. William Morris (1834-1896) also worked as a scribe and illuminator. Morris, however, did not devote enough time to the craft to give himself the chance of becoming a highly accomplished scribe, although it goes without saying that he touched nothing that he did not adorn. It was left to Johnston, a later actor in that revival of the crafts which Morris's prodigious energy had staged, to achieve something that is not simply far above the level of talented amateurism, but comparable with the very finest work of any age, and, in its variety, unique.

Edward Johnston was born in Uruguay in 1872 and came to England as a child. His ancestry affords a clue to the patient pursuit of perfection which dominated his nature. He was descended from the Gurneys of Earlham, and Elizabeth Fry was his great grand-aunt. It is significant that in childhood he lavished an innate devotion to letter forms on the texts which he wrote out on Sundays at home. Too delicate for school, he was taught at home by governesses and tutors. Electrical apparatus, a lathe, and carpentry also occupied him. At the age of seventeen he bought Lefebvre's "Lessons in the Art of Illuminating" and busied himself with it for some months.

When he was twenty-four, Johnston went to Edinburgh University as a medical student, but his uncertain health broke down and he was compelled to drop medicine. Finally, he owed his self-education as a craftsman to the admirable tolerance of a company-directing uncle, who actually encouraged him in this ambition. An architect friend introduced Johnston to W. R. Lethaby, who advised him to study manuscripts in the British Museum. So began the incredible process of Johnston's development, the story of a genius who became a superlative craftsman with the aid of modest private means and British Museum manuscripts.

In 1899 Sir Sydney Cockerell gave Johnston his first commission, an address on the marriage of Mr. Neville Lytton to Miss Blunt. During the same year he began his class in writing and lettering at the Central School of Arts and Crafts under the sympathetic aegis of W. R. Lethaby, the school's Principal at that time. Among Johnston's early pupils were Eric Gill, Graily Hewitt, Noel Rooke, and T. J. Cobden-Sanderson. From 1901 Johnston also taught at the Royal College of Art. The Morris-inspired association of the crafts with riverside Hammersmith continued after Morris's death. Johnston, trying to imitate the Terrace achievement of Emery Walker and Cobden-Sanderson, drew initial letters and headings for the press which were cut in wood by Noel Rooke.

Johnston's acutely exacting standards of work and the bugbear of poor health necessarily restricted throughout life the quantity of work that he could undertake. His influence on calligraphy and letter-design sprang mainly from his work as a teacher. Fraukein Anna Simons was an early pupil of Johnston's at the Royal College of Art, and a historian of the craft writes that "in 1910 the Johnston teaching was introduced into Germany by one of his pupils, Fraukein Anna Simons, wife of the Bremer Presse, Munich. The school of calligraphers practising the teaching of Johnston and Gill, which has arisen since the year 1905, has in its hands the whole of German type-design, with the exception of the cruder kinds of advertising letter."

In 1906 appeared Johnston's book, "Writing and Illuminating and Lettering," now in its nineteenth edition. This is not only an instructional manual of surpassingly clear and thorough exposition; the introductory chapter on "The Development of Writing" is a brilliant critical summary.

Gerard Meynell introduced Johnston to the late Frank Pick, that enlightened despot of London Transport, and in 1916 the block letters, both capitals and lower case, were designed for general use on the Underground Railways. In 1920 there followed the further block letter for London bus destination labels. A token of official recognition was bestowed on Johnston in 1939, when he was made a C.B.E.

He was interested in many things, from poetry to the design and construction of water-clocks, a curious man in the older meaning of that adjective. He admired "a full man" and I think that explained the depth of his veneration for Robert Bridges. There was nothing hidebound about Johnston's practice of his craft. For example, although he remained faithful to pens of quill and cane or reed for small or very large work, for moderately large work he frequently used steel

nibs, grinding their sides and edges with the greatest care.

Johnston had a fine head, a frail body, and a strange, chanting voice—imagine a minor canon who forgot to shed his liturgical voice on leaving the cathedral choir. He delighted in puns, his own or those of others. I recall, rendered in that odd and antiquary, but better known to the world for some years as "The Londoner" of the *Evening News*:

"Barron, you remind me of Simon Stylites.  
Why, Johnston?  
"Because you live on a column."

His disregard of the exigencies of time, commercial profit, and all the hectic paraphernalia of Twentieth Century civilization, was startling. There are many Johnston stories. His personality will long remain a legend at the Royal College of Art.

The trinity of criteria which he applied in writing and lettering were Legibility, Beauty, and Character. It might plausibly be argued that the second and third of these qualities are inseparable. There is a tantalizing sense of frustration in the attempt to analyse and describe in words the merits of superlative calligraphy, which the Chinese value above all other arts in art. One would be more hopeful of so-

artistry as a by-product of the flawless grace of a supreme ballerina. The rhythmic beauty of the loveliest specimens of calligraphy seems to defy verbal description. Johnston was a superb exponent of writing and lettering that had what can, I think, best be described as a superb kick to it. Here was "character" indeed, a wonderfully bold fancy that wrought magnificent effects.

The present exhibition at South Kensington contains almost every important work that Johnston is known to have executed. In a way, the most significant group of exhibits is that consisting of photographs of Johnston's blackboard demonstrations at the Royal College of Art. Posterity is here indebted to the zealous service of Miss Violet Hawkes's camera. It is astonishing to see how Johnston's virtuosity overcame the use of chalk and blackboard, at first sight a peculiarly discouraging medium for a calligrapher.

The range of mood and style is dazzling. Johnston could be majestic or exquisite, Gothic or humanistic, with unflinching versatility. Here the craftsman had some fun and yielded to the charm of the archaic, producing vermaculosity medieval transcripts from Barbour and Chaucer. There the stark legibility of "Next Eastbound Train" recalls the Transport Board's block letter. A page of verse in a charming italic hand has a green border of willow leaves reminiscent of Morris. The address to John Montearth in red, black, and gold, is a splendid example of Johnston's grand manner. Specimens of works for different purposes illustrate his virtuosity in most of the admired historic hands. The composed handwriting of the calligraphic letters to personal friends, the last phase of Johnston's activity, which is dominated by the bold rendering with a broad nib of the recipient's initials, is as fascinating as any graphical designs for Count Kessler's Cranach Press and other work for the printer.

Handwriting, like cooking, is an everyday art, but the handwriting of a Johnston is, alas, no more an everyday occurrence than is the cooking of a Carême. This atomic and jet-propelled era is at once barbarous and fearfully ingenious. When it comes to the arts of daily life, people are in great danger of becoming "cultural orphans," to use the expressive phrase of Lord Geddes. As we emerge from the chaos of a second and far uglier world war, we need to be reminded that it is worth while to foster excellence in the civilizing crafts. Such at least is the train of reflection which the Johnston Exhibition provoked in one visitor, whose present appetite for civilization is in no danger of being surfeited.

## HECATE

THROUGH her wide gates stream ceaselessly  
the files

Of newly dead, yet ever Hecate murmurs low,  
'How sleeps Achilles in his western isles  
The dreary days and nights? No more now  
can he know

'Tumult of battle or Patroclus' smiles',  
And softly sound the voices of the hosts  
As sighing waves upon sand-slippered coasts,  
'How sleeps Achilles in his western isles?'

'Ever I watch and wait for his lost wraith,  
All others flock to me but he still flies afar;  
My sceptre shall be his, his footstool, Death,  
And he shall shine upon my darkness as a star.'  
Through her dominions that unnumbered  
miles

In rifted blackness wind, the murmur passes  
Sadly, like a breeze in river grasses,  
'How sleeps Achilles in his western isles?'

'Fool! The years are at an end for him;  
Eternity is come, his own world having past,  
A brave and splendid dream grown grey and  
dim;

Long have his very gods, from high Olympus  
cast,  
Wandered in outer darkness, old exiles.'

And softer still the shadowy masses moan  
As each one whispers to himself alone,  
'How sleeps Achilles in his western isles?'

She says, 'What use to hang upon the verge  
Of the world as a dead bee clings to a golden  
flower,

Straining to catch, amid the wild sea-surge,  
The drums of earth, the pageantry and power  
Of passing ages? Oh, had I Circe's wiles  
To lure him hither!' And down the windy dark  
Mutter the drifting hosts all stiff and stark,  
'How sleeps Achilles in his western isles?'

FROM THE HOUSE IN THE FOREST AND OTHER POEMS.  
Averil Morley. OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, LONDON:  
RAY CUMBERLEGE.

20 West Rd

11.2.47

at may be true, as Virgil said (unlike h  
re Solomon), that all things weary a man C  
be at last save the power to understand; il  
le but how should?

Dear Dr. Arber.

prosaic intelligence. The source is  
a scholar on Virgil. I am  
afraid I have never hunted it  
out. I first saw it, in French,  
in Anatole France, who finds  
it from Littré. When I later  
saw the Latin, I can no longer  
recall. What really mystified

ON MARY FLEMING

of a Hartley Coleridge, over one hundred years ago, wrote these verses in the death of Mary Fleming. Some of these are now printed below for the first time.

After his failure in school-teaching at Rimbleside in 1826, Hartley moved to Treasmere, where, after living at a local school, he moved to the house of a farmer's widow, Mrs. Fleming, "who cared for him and saw to his needs." There he sojourned intermittently until her death in June or July, 1837. The occasion was a solemn one, for the "wonder child," who won all hearts and whom everyone (excepting Crabb Robinson) loved, was a nurse's darling. Mary Fleming was his last nurse. She, an elderly woman, bestowed motherly affection on him and they regarded each other with reciprocal devotion.

A. S. WHITFIELD.

ON THE DEATH OF MARY FLEMING

Hush'd is the vale—yet ever and again  
There comes a sigh, as of oermaster'd pain.  
The sky is clad in clouds obscurely white  
As garment of a female Anchorite;  
Few words we speak in tone repress'd and low  
Our wildest lads demurely walk and slow.

The clamorous wind holds in its noisy breath  
Awed by the presence of a holy death.

For she is dead that was of all approved  
And loving many, was by many loved,  
Small need, I wean, of that dull booming bell

Whose sad tautology is task'd to tell  
What we all know, all woefully too well  
That she that wont to pace along the way  
With step so light, yet firm—with heart so

Yet self-possessed with form erect and gay  
And smiles that were a daily festival,  
Now lies a model of inanimate earth  
Nor hears the sobs heaved by her desolate

Yet wears the look of patience that she wore  
Through months of pain still trying, often sore.

Yes, she was fair—and better far was good  
Most lovely in her early womanhood—  
Fair yet not too fair, for the busy life  
And daily duty of a plain man's wife

With just enough of scholarship to see,  
Both what she ought to do, and ought to be.  
Full fitted seem'd she to the state which

In its benignant care to her had given.  
But God allwise, and surely he knows best

Decrees the Maiden to be early blest,  
We shall not see her, for she will not walk  
In the cold moonshine, and she will not talk

In the chill whistling of the midnight wind:  
No buried treasure has she left behind—  
No sin she did not upon earth confess

Obscures her hope of perfect Blessedness.  
We shall not see her—ill,—God grant we may  
See her again in God's eternal day.

DOMINIC GERMONS

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Biological Documents

## ELEPHANTS GET BACK THEIR MAHOUS

### HAPPY ENDING TO A HUNGER-STRIKE

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

DELHI, Oct. 24

Twenty Muslim elephant drivers employed by the Maharaja of Patiala, who joined the headlong flight of 100,000 of their co-religionists into the refugee camps last month, have been brought back to the State capital under military escort by the Maharaja's orders.

Worried State officials gave them a right royal welcome, but not warmer than that trumpeted by their drooping charges, who, since the mahouts' departure, had starved, feral and dazed from any other food, and lay down apparently to die. After five days, during which the elephants resisted the most tempting titbits and stubbornly declined to touch even water, and, when it seemed that nothing else could save their lives, the Maharaja ordered the refugee camps to be searched for the mahouts, who had fled from the palace stables in terror when the massacre of Muslims began, and for them to be brought back to the capital. Now the men are back, and are being treated with every sign of royal favour. From the first day of their return the elephants, though weak from their prolonged fast, resumed interest in life, and are now enjoying their normal food and exercise.

The oldest State elephant in Patiala is 65. His mahout, wizened and silvery-haired, is almost as old. All Patiala's "elephant boys" belong to the same family, which has tended the State's elephant stables for generations.

1948

## FITZGERALD ON TENNYSON

[During the preparation of his Life of Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám and the friend of Tennyson and other great Victorians, Mr. A. McKinley Terhune was given free access to the family papers, including more than a thousand unpublished letters.]

... In 1848 FitzGerald said prophetically, albeit inelegantly, "Tennyson is emerged half-cured, or half-destroyed, from a water establishment; has gone to a new Doctor who gives him iron pills; and altogether this really great man thinks more about his bowels and nerves than about the Laureate wreath he was born to inherit."<sup>1</sup> Two years later Tennyson was appointed Poet Laureate.

FitzGerald was convinced that his friend's preoccupation with nerves, water cures, and pills had a deleterious effect on his poetry. The 1842 volumes, he frequently declared, contained "the last of old Alfred's best," a remark dismissed as "another of Fitz's crotchets." Critics have often interpreted the statement as signifying that FitzGerald approved of all that Tennyson wrote before 1842 and condemned everything which he wrote thereafter. That is not true. When the 1842 poems appeared, he said, for example, "It is a pity he did not publish the new volume separately. The other will drag it down. And why reprint the *Mermaid*, the *Mermaid*, and those everlasting *Eleanores*, *Isabels*,—which were, and are, and must be, a nuisance. . . . Every woman thinks herself the original of one of that stupid *Gallery of Beauties*."<sup>2</sup> It is true that FitzGerald's criticism after 1842 was preponderantly adverse, and Tennyson's partisans have resented the frankness and severity of his strictures. These qualities were by no means confined to his judgments of Tennyson's works. He was always uncompromising in criticism, sparing neither himself, friend, nor stranger. "Then Trench is coming out!" he told Barton while Tennyson was preparing to publish in 1842, "such wonders is this Spring to call forth. Milnes talks of a popular edition of his poems!—poor devil, as if he could make one by any act of typography."<sup>3</sup>

He watched the progress of Tennyson's work during the remainder of the 'forties without enthusiasm. In June, 1845, he mentioned that the poet had written two hundred lines of a new poem in a butcher's book. This, beyond doubt, was *The Princess*, for which FitzGerald never cared. The work was finished in May, 1848. While Tennyson was reading three books of it to him one evening, FitzGerald, tired with "hacking" about

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Cowell, Nov. 1848.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Barton, 2 Mar. 1842.

<sup>3</sup> Letter to Pollock [1842].

London all day, fell asleep. He thought it monotonous and said that Tennyson's "old fault of talking big on a common matter" was too apparent. His weariness, FitzGerald granted, may have been responsible for the reaction; and, he added, "I may be fast growing out of my poetical age." Nevertheless, when the poem was published later in the year his opinion was unchanged; and he was considered, "a great heretic" for abusing the work. It appeared to him, he said, "a wretched waste of power at a time of life when a man ought to be doing his best; and I feel almost hopeless about Alfred now." Nor did he like the lyrics which Tennyson wrote later "to be stuck between the cantos", because none possessed "the old champagne flavor." As soon as *The Princess* was published, Tennyson began the *Idylls of the King*, for he had long considered basing a poem on the legends of Arthur. FitzGerald, again, was unenthusiastic. "How are we to expect heroic poems from a valerudinary?" he asked; and he urged Tennyson to "fly from England and go among savages."

From THE LIFE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD TRANSLATOR OF THE Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. By Alfred McKinley Terhune. (Vale University Press, Oxford University Press, London; Geoffrey Cumberlege (21s. net).

GEOPACIFICS

[Absorbing at a study of the influence of environment and topography on the development of mankind, Dr. Griffith Taylor's *Our Evolving Civilization* disposes of Haushofer's menacing geo-political theories and develops a counter-theory of 'Geopacific'.]

The chief aim of civilization, as I see it, is not to prepare for a better world beyond this earth, but to prepare a better world on this earth. Our immediate objective should be a world at peace. This can only be attained by studying world problems, especially those involving other nations and regions. This is indeed the province of the modern geographer, especially if he gives considerable attention to the new department of Cultural Geography.

I have finished my brief study of the pageant of civilization, and it may be that I have too completely ignored some phases of human development. But geography deals essentially with material aspects of our life, though . . . it seems to me to act as a liaison subject between science and philosophy. Some of the higher attributes of human philosophy, such as

MS. letter to Cowell [8 May 1847].

OLD FITZ

ALFRED MCKINLEY TERHUNE: *The Life of Edward FitzGerald, Translator of The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* Oxford University Press. London: Cumberlege.

In 1905 A. C. Benson published a thoughtful monograph on FitzGerald, among various of punishment and and not a different manuscript. Calcutta the original "which Calicut" copy. The manuscript to Calicut's notice. It were not that it said to have introduced them. The newly discovered three versions exist, may have accorded of Mr. Thomas Phillips, of which the Memory of the "Elegy" of which all had British Museum version ("For you died at Fairfax; a line in the encourage the poet's message, and who were Phillips, who had been the first in teacher of Colinton Hospital, Toronto in 179, and the Chatterton two books. The subject of the line is the page my gratitude can give."

CASSELL'S CENTENARY

JOHN M. TURNBULL  
The 1833 volume.  
three other pamphlets were printed in the "The Last Days of Elia as originally printed in the *London Magazine* for 1823, under the title "A. ultimate paragraph of the "Preface" of Chatterton, was one of three "world of called upon Lord Dacre on the 24th the "Fornell" for whose papers Camp-House, with whom Mr. Clifford identifies Henry Fornelle, of the East India post in the East India House, in 1782 and of the of the provisions of his appointment to a Crown Office Row, adds significance to his acting as co-executor with John Lamb direct access to the upper floors of 2 175. Disclosure of his residence in family the manuscript remained for many years, Michael Clayfield, in whose original "by George Calicut" from the graph (566b, f. 56) and the version of sister Somerset, the silent abuser of



OLD FITZ

BOOKS

ALFRED MCKINLEY TERHUNE: *The Life of Edward FitzGerald, Translator of The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.* Oxford University Press. London: Cumberlege. 21s.

In 1905 A. C. Benson published a thoughtful monograph on FitzGerald, based, as to facts, on Thomas Wright's biography of the previous year. This in turn had been squeezed, hacked and chiselled out of the Letters and Literary Remains that Aldis Wright, beginning six years after FitzGerald's death, had edited at intervals till the fragments filled seven volumes of a final edition in 1902. Apart from some further letters and brief recollections, not much has been done about FitzGerald. His life is agreed to be uneventful and his literary attraction is often thought to be due mainly to the appeal of a Persian poet. The present biographer, primarily addressing an American audience, has been left a free field to collect and embody manuscript data about "Old Fitz." From relatives and descendants and from FitzGerald's own university of Cambridge, he has obtained "more than a thousand unpublished FitzGerald letters," with others of his family and friends; and the word "friends" unweils the whole gleaming constellation of the three Tennysons, Thackeray, Carlyle, George Crabbe, James Spedding the Baconian, the Americans Lowell and Norton, a white flash of Ruskin and the steady sixth-magnitude persistence of the Quaker poet Bernard Barton who, like Polonius, had a daughter, boding ill.

It was not to be expected that this ampler light would radically alter the known portrait of a scholarly, leisurely but by no means easy-going man of culture whose greatest sensation—the success of the *Rubáiyát*—struggled by slow stages out of what seemed the usual and expected public ailure. Mr. Terhune fills out the story of the translation and its fate, beginning with a note to Tennyson in 1856: "We read some curious Infidel and Epicurean Tetrastichs by a Persian of the Eleventh Century . . ." Quaritch, who published it anonymously, lost much of the edition in removing, so that even the phoenix-revival from his twopenny box was a lucky dispensation. While FitzGerald amused himself in academic fashion trimming and altering his "shrimp of a Book," America, through C. E. Norton, began to honour it with an understanding of its almost creative quality. It was Fanny Kemble's daughter who guessed the translator's identity in 1870. Ruskin's note of praise in 1863, addressed to the unknown: "I never did—till this day—read anything so

glorious, to my mind, as this poem—More—more—please more," was delivered nine years later via Burne-Jones, Norton and Carlyle. To FitzGerald its hysterical later fame as a best-seller might have seemed absurd. His other translations from the Persian and Spanish had an equal place in his own estimation and were marked by the same licence to insinuate his own philosophy and modify their shape.

From a biographical angle the *Rubáiyát* is not his only claim to attention. Mr. Terhune gives it two chapters only out of twenty-seven. The others emphasize his position as an occasional non-competitive essayist and translator, a figure possibly missing the status of "Great Victorian" because his temperament was unsuited to easy conditions. These freed him from the drive and discipline required for professional writing and left him leisure to doubt his talent and to live "with tolerable content," as he wrote to his friend John Allen.

All the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus, lying full length on a bench in the garden: a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this: Nero and the delicacy of Spring; all very human however. . . . So runs the world away.

It is easy to see how oriental fatalism appealed to such a mind, though FitzGerald's nature contained many contradictions. Jealously guarding his solitude, he was a hospitable friend. Melancholy by temperament, he wrote some of the gayest of English letters. Spontaneously generous, he could retire into a boorish and unmannerly egotism. His passion for personal freedom bent before altruism or a naive delusion when he married Barton's ageing and equally opinionated daughter to protect her against want. On this short-lived disaster Mr. Terhune supplies some comments from his manuscript sources. FitzGerald took the blame overmuch for the failure, and after the separation wrote to Mrs. Tennyson that he was "older, sadder, uglier, and worse."

It was in this condition that he began to tackle Omar Khayyám. How far he welcomed the task as a return to bachelor habits, and how far his recent trouble coloured the philosophy of his rendering, is a question that falls outside Mr. Terhune's decision to write "objective and impersonal" narrative. As such, his book has a decided, if limited, value.





LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LONDON, PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE  
CENTRAL 2000

Saturday December 20 1947

EDMUND BURKE'S  
EMPIRE

"Nevertheless, let me heartily acknowledge his transcendent greatness." So Coleridge on Burke, after calling him a "mere dinner bell" because, though reading history philosophically, he could show his powers only when associating his general principles with some "sordid interest," like panic of property or Jacobinism. "Nevertheless" seems to be an inevitable qualification in comments on Burke whatever the political leanings of the writer. PROFESSOR HAROLD LASKI, for example, who would read Burke with his Left eye, while some would read with their Right, as Coleridge with both, is full of "neverthelesses." His address to the Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin, on the occasion of the bi-centenary of the foundation of Burke's "Club," is liberally sprinkled with hesitations, yet remains a tribute of gratitude for services rendered. Hazlitt wrote a "Character" of Burke in 1807, which he confessed was composed in a fit of extravagant

candour "at a time when I thought I could do justice, or more than justice, to an enemy, without betraying a cause." His Left eye was a trifle bloodshot then, and rather more so ten years later when he again essayed a "character." Rather more so; but not because Hazlitt's revolutionary spirit had changed in any degree, for it entered into him early and remained for life. Like all others who had studied Burke, he was so infected by him that he felt it less than just not to join the choir of praise. Not Burke's nobility of language alone seduces his critics; he enriched every subject by a profound understanding "various as the sources of nature." The pattern of his thought decided the pattern of his phrase; which is what style means. Those who strive hard to keep clear of the eddies are swept in by the siren notes of one who provokes our thoughts to-day, as he provoked his contemporaries, by, in Goldsmith's phrase, "winding his way into a subject like a serpent." It was that kind of provocation—to exercise whatever gift of thinking we have—that men of his time and ours chiefly note in him. Chatham's power of speech, Hazlitt says, made you want to act; Burke's made you want to think. Me

(from) Jacob's Dream  
by T. Wrennall from Six Poems by Thomas Wrennall,  
privately printed in 1947 by the Tunbridge Wells  
School of Arts and Crafts.

(as crystal formed within a rock  
Holds hidden symmetry in the unshapely block  
To his gloomed mind, by failures discomposed  
And broken - treasures unaware disclosed.

ADRIAN BELL: *The Path by the Window*.  
Bodley Head. 9s. 6d.

8 outlook. . . . . There  
9 are phrases which lodge in the memory, as  
10 when he writes of wild swans "riding their  
11 reflections on a still reach"; or of corn stooks  
12 seen "in the shape of praying hands, a great  
13 Gothic aspiration in all the works of harvest";  
14 or, in praise of candlelight—"the candle has  
15 somehow meant so much, from the altar to  
16 the cottage kitchen, that I think we shall see  
17 our way to heaven by one." Mr. Bell explains  
18 the expressive word "fudging" which he tells  
19 us, "is more haphazard than to job; it is  
20 more a sort of stirring up of old accumulations  
21 to see what need for jobbing may then arise."  
22 His own fudging, in those quiet places, what-  
23 ever it may have led to in the way of jobbing,  
24 has clearly had the by-product of some wise  
25 and whimsical thinking, which now finds its  
26 reflection in these essays. And it is needless  
27 at this time of day to remind readers of Mr.  
28 Bell's books how good an essayist he is.



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LONDON PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE  
CENTRAL 2000

Saturday November 20 1948

from unpublished letters from George  
Eliot's contemporary, Bessie Parkes, the  
poetess and mother of Hilaire Belloc  
and the late Marie Belloc Lowndes:—

March 6, 1852.

Dear Fellow

. . . I don't know whether you will  
like Miss Evans. At least I know you  
will like her for her large, unprejudiced  
mind, her complete superiority to most  
women. But whether you or I should  
ever love her, as a friend, I don't know  
at all. There is as yet no high moral  
purpose in the impression she makes,  
& it is that alone which commands love.  
I think she will alter. Large angels take  
a long time unfolding their wings; but  
when they do, soar out of sight. Miss  
Evans either has no wings, or, which I  
think is the case, they are coming,  
budding.

Epigram by Verrall in a very  
bad translation of Euphrosyne by Butler  
& (Parker) in <sup>Must. i</sup> Cant. Review

"Euphrosyne, when I beheld  
You wake with Butler's motto,  
I pity Enoch, who, 'tis said,  
Died not but was translated."

D.S.R. told A-A this in Sept 26.49  
a propos of the proverb she said her  
line is:

"Traduttore è traditore"  
a translator is a traitor

B. Bosanquet's "Our Ignorance is  
a paraphrase of Juellier's" "Denn die Wünsche  
verhüllen uns selber das feiwünsche"  
(P.B. v. v. m., Mar. 1918)

The supine longed & prayed for  
The green gods send them down,  
They send perhaps a martyrdom  
When we demand a crown.

Some things are written painted & seen  
In fraudulent disguise,  
The supine longed & prayed for  
Are here before our eyes. (Zoar p. 28)



**February**

sent to B. Bosanquet  
J.H. in (writing)  
184. c. 193.00

There are three lines of Chaucer's, about the discipline of courtly love, true also of the discipline of poetry:

The lyl so short, the craft so long to lerne,  
Thys say so hard, so sharp the conqueringe,  
The dreddful joy, alwey that slitt so yerne.

It is impossible not to be reminded

Proem of  
The Parliament of Foules

This is connected to

12 Complete Works of

Geoffrey Chaucer.

ed. by F.V. Robinson

12 vols. n.d.

publ.

p 107  
Theatr. ed.

unquering  
(Chaucer)

### At a Party

"HAVEN'T we met before?" "Didn't we both meet in . . . ? I remember your face, but I . . ."  
"Can't remember my name? Let me remind you—Truth."  
"Of course, how stupid! And mine is History."

Paraphrase  
(in outline 1939)

To think that had he been left with his faint mental restoration might have resulted in a comedy. One who has felt insulted by a conversation, which is not a helpful situation, the mind to brood upon. Lacking the greater sweep of imagination, there is something Lear-like in the verses written at High Beech during a thunderstorm a few days before he escaped to make his long tramp, between sleeping and waking, to Northborough.

I live in love, sun of undying Light,  
And fashion my own heart, for ways of  
In its pure atmosphere, day without night  
Shines on the plains, the forest, and the  
food.

Smile on, ye elements of earth and sky,  
Or frown in thunders as ye frown on me;  
But have the mind as its creator, free,  
In its pure atmosphere, day without night  
Shines on the plains, the forest, and the  
food.

This poem was printed in the Tribbles two-volume collection. It is included, with others already published, in Mr. Griffson's edition of the poems written in the two asylums.

some kind of logic is heard in the melody. Nature's moods and aspects were always within memory's call. There was CLARE's real life. The phantom of Mary Joyce (whom he addressed as his "first wife") became a symbol of Nature; in hymning the sonnet of his dream he is hymning his Nature's counterpart. At times the identification is direct: "Mary was Nature's self and I the poet's self is her, through sun and shade, through right and wrong."

Nature was his bride; and Clare's mind, as he said in prohibition to another idea which holds true of this one, "lost its memory—in the eternity of beauty's successions." He has been called a mystic, but there is nothing complicated in the direct communications of his worship. They are rather a poignant expression of innocence: "I long for scenes where man hath never been, a place where woman never smiled or shed a tear."

There is a subtle, wistful Creator, God, And deep as I, a child hood's body deep.

The all my cares up in thy arms, O Sleep,  
Add give me weary sports peace and rest,  
I'm not an outlaw in this midnight deep,  
If prayers are offered from sweet woman's  
One and one only made my being vast;  
And fancy shapes her form in every dell,  
On that sweet bosom I've had hours of rest,  
Through now, through years of absence  
Day seems my night and night seems  
blackest hell.

There is mystery in Clare's shuttle of insanity and insight, and it is not soluble by scholastic observations about the ways of schizophrenics. His ardent belief that all things, every bird, weed and blossom, were heirs of a fine heritage, and his command of expressing this faith, place him in the case-books of poetry. Only blundering man, who was to Clare an interloper in the land of the dreams, could have written the books of poems, from which, had there been a more intelligent observation of his condition, it is likely he could have been saved.

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it in  
of  
the  
Letters to the Editor

WALTER BILKAP, ORAN, SCOTT; E. A. WATSON, FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

from the above argument (see note on p. 107) that the tribbles are considerably greater length under the title "De Decker's Uppor" in Anna's 2d. Also, 1840, Xenia, Homerton, XVIII, 1840, and in any way, but against the context of the tribbles, it is the tribbles involved in the

## THE UNWAKING DREAM

GEOFFREY GRIGSON (Editor): *Poems of John Clare's Madness*. Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21s.

That John Clare's was a mental case from 1836 until his death in 1864 can no longer be in doubt. As the records of his life accumulate the only doubtful matter is whether a poet of so gentle nature would be certifiable to-day. That the evidence of madness was his many years' addiction to "poetical prosing" might go hard with many now if taken as a precedent. He presents to alienists and to critics this enigma: as his illness grew—e.g.; his delusions about his "two wives"; and his own identity—so did his best verse increase in subtle charm and in intellectual recognitions. Little remained of the peasant whose rustic verse delighted London in 1820 with *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*. There was a patronage in the reception of this countryman, with his uncertain grammar, punctuation and spelling, which to-day has a look of comic insolence.

Thanks in large measure to the devotional explorations and insistencies of Mrs. F. J. Furness, and to him, as Mr. Grigson says, "one of the most natural, pure and authentic English poets, with an impulse to lyricism which recurred through life, into madness and into old age." The web of his verse is of a mingled yarn, but the ill portions, and there are stretches of such, are only so in comparison with the rest. It is, indeed, remarkable that the quality is not overwhelmed by the quantity, published and still in manuscript. Singing was an instinct, and his songs seem to be as effortless as quiet breathing. He became a scribbler, he said, from downright pleasure in giving vent to his feelings: "I wrote because it pleased me in sorrow, and when happy it makes me happier." He did not seek for fame, only the simple joy of singing to woodland solitudes and the winds of autumn. We think of Keats: "I feel assured I should write from the mere yearning and fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night's labours should be burnt every morning and no eye rest upon them."

No complaint can be made of Clare's treatment either in Dr. Allen's asylum at High Beech or in the Northampton Asylum. On the contrary, his keepers and some of the inmates were understanding friends. But Clare wanted his home, and it is permissible to think that had he been left with his family mental restoration might have resulted. Certainly he would not have felt insulted by incarceration, which is not a helpful situation for the mind to brood upon. Lacking the greater sweep of imagination, there is yet something Lear-like in the verses written at High Beech during a thunderstorm a few days before he escaped to make his long tramp, between sleeping and waking, to Northborough:

I live in love, sun of undying light,  
And fathom my own heart for ways of good:

In its pure atmosphere, day without night  
Shines on the plains, the forest, and the flood.

Smile on, ye elements of earth and sky,  
Or frown in thunders as ye frown on me.  
Bid earth and its delusions pass away,  
But leave the mind as its creator, free.

This poem was printed in the *Tibbles* two-volume collection. It is included, with others already published, in Mr. Grigson's edition of the poems written in the two asylums.

Mr. Grigson adds over one hundred poems not previously printed, or collected. He speaks of the hesitation the scholar feels at the edge of the great forest of Clare manuscripts. Indeed, high courage is needed in those who plunge into that forest. By collating original Clare manuscripts, transcriptions by friends, often under Clare's supervision, and the printed versions of the asylum poems he has found that many emendations of published text were necessary. So this collection of poems, considered with the case-books relating to Clare while at Northampton and the records left by officials, inmates and visitors, makes possible a fuller knowledge of the asylum years. Mr. Grigson goes back earlier to establish the gradual diminution of realities in Clare's mind by his life of imagination. Even in 1822, as a letter from Clare to his publisher shows, he had exhausted himself in the intensity of mood and effort during the composition of *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*, such a pinch that leaves a distaste for my old accustomed wanderings after nature"; and "the Muse is a fickle Hussey with me, she sometimes stunts me up to madness and then leaves me as a beggar by the wayside with no more life than what's mortal and that nearly extinguished by melancholy forebodings." There is much more evidence, as Mr. Grigson says, of the wave and trough of Clare's mental distress; but nothing to show, till after years of monotony (in Northampton) that his mind was deeply injured. Nor at any time was there any violence in his demeanour: he was always kindly, companionable, courteous. Frustration, the shipwreck of his hopes, led to his breakdown.

Both at High Beech and Northampton he would tell visitors, in the middle of a sensible conversation, that he was Byron, or Shakespeare, or Nelson, or Tom Cribb; but with pencil and writing-paper he could recover his rightful kingdom, with little deformity of reality and most often without derangement of poetry. Many asylum pieces have a lyrical perfection his earlier work had not attained, an exact consonance of observation, expression, passion and music. Even when the bells jangle out of tune, they are never harsh, some kind of logic is heard in the melody. Nature's moods and aspects were always within memory's call. There was Clare's real life. The phantom of Mary Joyce (whom he addressed as his "first wife") became a symbol of Nature; in hymning the woman of his dream he is hymning his Nature-worship. At times the identification is direct. Mary was

Nature's self, and still my song  
Is her, through sun and shade, through right and wrong.

Nature was his bride; and Clare's mind, as he said in relation to another idea which holds true of this one, "lost its memory in the eternity of beauty's successions." He has been called a mystic, but there is nothing complicated in the direct communings of his worship. They are rather a poignant expression of innocence:

I long for scenes where man hath never trod,

A place where woman never smiled or wept—  
There to abide with my Creator, God,  
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,

Untroubling, and untroubling where I lie,  
The grass below—above the vaulted sky,  
or,

I was a being created in the race  
of men, disdainful bounds of place  
and time,

A spirit that could travel o'er the space  
of earth and heaven, like a thought  
sublime,—

Tracing creation, like my Maker free,—  
A soul unshackled—like eternity;  
Spurning earth's vain and soul debasing  
thrall—

But now I only know I am—that's all,  
or in "A Vision":

I lost earth's joys, but felt the glow  
Of heaven's flames abound in me,  
Till loveliness and I did grow  
The bard of immortality.

I loved, but woman fell away,  
I hid me from her faded fame,  
I snatch'd the sun's eternal ray  
And wrote till earth was but a name.

In every language upon earth,  
On every shore, o'er every sea,  
I gave my name immortal birth  
And kept my spirit with the free.

Such intimations of immortality  
seem to say as much as the mighty  
harmonies of more famous poets, who  
did not reach their decisions in an  
asylum.

Still, the poems as arranged by Mr. Grigson do show, in broken rhythms, erratic transitions, and inconsequences of thought, a gradual decline of mastery, with occasional visitations of the old power over intricacies of cadence, living adjective, variety of imagery.—Mr. Grigson is able to give in full the *Don Juan* and *Child Harold* poems written in the delusion that Clare was Byron adding stanzas to his published work: *Don Juan* shows a grasp of Byronic satire, though a strange confusion of sanity and its opposite; *Child Harold* sheds a milder beam and contains stanzas as delightfully moving as any of his writings. Mr. Grigson correctly comments on their confessional insight:

Life to me is a dream that never wakes;  
Night finds me on this lengthening road  
alone.

Love is to me a thought that never aches,  
A frost bound thought that freezes life  
to stone.

Mary, in truth and nature still my own,  
That warms the winter of my aching  
breast,

Thy name is joy, nor will I life be soan.  
Midnight, when sleep takes charge of  
nature's rest,

Finds me awake and friendless—not  
distressed.

Tie all my cares up in thy arms, O Sleep,  
And give my weary spirits peace and rest.  
I'm not an outlaw in this midnight deep,  
If prayers are offered from sweet woman's  
breast.

One and one only made my being bless,  
And fancy shapes her form in every dell.  
On that sweet bosom I've had hours of  
rest.

Though now, through years of absence  
doomed to dwell,  
Day seems my night and night seems  
blackest hell.

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# LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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"Punch or May Day," by Haydon

## STOCK CHARACTERS

AMONG the many maps the cosmographer of the imagination has yet to draw is the map of that island where the characters of legend—Richard Coeur de Lion and Napoleon have escaped from history into masquerade. Don Quixote has passed into the common speech of people who have never read Cervantes; Falstaff is more popular than King Henry IV, Parts I and II; and Sherlock Holmes is a public personality apart from his narrative or dramatic existence. The medieval processes, in fact, which have preserved such antique figures as Robin Hood, King Arthur and the Wandering Jew are still at work, and many characters first named in Renaissance or later times have gone from strength to strength in popular memory, often to the extent of becoming quite divorced from the context in which they first found form. The people of the *commedia dell'arte* are of their number, notably Punch, Pierrot and Harlequin. Dr. Faustus has a life of his own, and so has Don Juan.

Modern times are by no means deaf to their appeal. Dr. Thomas Mann's latest work is on the Faust theme; Don Juan has attracted the attention of J. E. Flecker and the commercial cinema as well as of Mr. Bernard Shaw; Harlequin is an honoured member of the corps de ballet. Pierrot, too, took London by storm in Marcel Carné's film *Les Enfants du Paradis*. The demise of Pierrot last thirty regularly amended is still with us as *more*, but his name of what Sir Max Beerley, and is not far to seek at on Bank Holiday. Hollywood has paid tribute in Technicolor to Robin Hood, and Yankees continue to present themselves at the Court of King Arthur.

The question of the provenance and persistence of characters in the stock repertory of popular imagination is to much of the credit. Falstaff remains his creator's property. Volumes have been written about

him, he has appeared in opera, and he has been analysed and re-interpreted continually since Maurice Morgann first treated him with the respect that is his real character's due. Books have been written to shake, speculate's creation. The two parts of *Henry IV* and the resplendent in *Henry V* paint the whole portrait; there was no more to do. Shakespeare himself could do no more; *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is necromancy as far as Falstaff is concerned. To their creators alone belongs the credit for such masks of the repertory as Don Quixote or Shylock, Oliver Twist or Sam Weller.

Many characters of the company, however, are members in virtue of no such single act of creative finality as that which gave us Falstaff. When Fañer Gabriel Tellez, the dramatist Tirso de Molina, first put Don Juan on the stage in his play *El Burlador de Sevilla*, it was the beginning, not the end of the character. A rôle, incidents and a situation were brought together for the purposes of a didactic entertainment and constitute the formula of the tradition of Don Juan. Centuries of recreative activity followed. Italian players and playwrights improvised their own criminal and black scenario of laughter and terror; Molière founded on it that strangest of his plays, and with Molière the character became irremediably French. It was Molière's Don Juan whom Beaumarchais fitted in the romantic tradition when the hero, leaning on his rapier in Charon's barge, disdainful to take notice of the pageant of his days translated into an infernal spectacle. Last year *Don Juan* was presented on the stage of the Athénée, in a setting devised by the late Christian Bérard. M. Louis Jouvet played Don Juan with a sombre nonchalance perhaps more appropriate to Baudelaire than Molière. Molière gave the rôle its complexity; the romantics exploited it. The impious libertine of Counter-Reformation Seville became a martyr, one of the greatest saints of the romantic canon. The loneliness and alien springs of action with which the classical writer endowed the character fixed its orientation. Romanticism saw its opportunity of glorifying the one at the expense of the many. Don

Juan was stricken with the superb *café* of the Romantics, and damnation became apotheosis. The arch-Romantic Mr. Bernard Shaw, took *Don Juan* as his focal character in *Man and Superman*, by hardworking but and ending that the hero, afterwards after Rosalinda and Statue, came to the theme too late in his career to give it a romantic treatment in literary form—but how much of Don Juan there is in the Byron who strove to shape his own life in terms of art.

The formula is potent, and the consistency with which its elements have been preserved indicates a power beyond the recreative activity of latter-day writers—or musicians. The licentious and sceptical protagonist, the Statue of the dead Commander, the infernal fiend; here the rebellious nature of man is brought into contact with the sacred and baneful power of the dead, and blasted. Tirso de Molina did not invent the story of the Statue; nobody invented it. It is a symbol of the dominion exercised over the living by the dead, a dominion present in the human imagination since the earliest times. When Don Juan mocks the Statue he outrages a great taboo. In his amorous intrigues he is a sinner at odds with society; in his dealings with the Statue he calls down on himself the wrath of God. A whole history of human generation of the dead is evoked when the Statue nods in grave acceptance of the inevitable. The Statue, in its haughty equality the Statue with dogma, with the ard conservatism of the community, but the old significance of the symbol still charges the story with occult force. It is perhaps for this reason that no artist has succeeded in making Don Juan his own, and that though he belongs to none of them he belongs to each of us.

Pierrot, through his ill-success in love, is apparently the reverse of Don Juan; for Pierrot persists in popular recollection as the type of the constant and heartbroken lover. His origins, like the origins of all characters of the improvised comedy, are obscure. He has been traced to the *minimus* of Rome, but a thousand years separate the classical mime from the Pedrolina of the *commedia dell'arte*.

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one shall withhold, have of such

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21: these characters of the tragedy  
always there, and to know this I  
22: so perfect that it peeks the  
23: freedom? Yet the thought, the  
24: always there, and to know this I

25: because the "Irish criminals" had  
26: law-giver there "like us, but  
27: revolution. What "us," but

28: The Law, after all, is a com-  
29: and Don Juan and a solution and  
30: of our huge modern litera-  
31: because the "Irish criminals" had  
32: because the "Irish criminals" had

Letters to the Editor (continues)

ANDREW ROSS

Sir—Andrew Marvell's beautiful lines  
in *The Gardens*:

"Amidst his garden  
To a green thought in a green shade,"  
with the long bird-like line that follows,  
have delighted many readers at the same  
time as they have slightly puzzled them.

The poem (*Pierre Legoux*, p. 123), draws  
attention to the mystical "recherche de  
l'unité absolue par l'élimination de tout  
ce qui est aventure ou accessoire," and  
he speculates on the reason why "the  
green" beloved of Marvell should be  
the "green" of the "Irish criminals" and  
Miss Lloyd Thomas's turn of mind  
showing the imagery to be part of  
Christian allegory, and they recall the  
Jesuit love of emblem for teaching  
purposes, and the use of gardening terms  
for poetry.

I have, until lately, guessed the full  
reasonable meaning of the lines. Recently  
after re-reading the thirteenth-century  
*Ancient Rible (Rible for Ancherite)*, I  
found the following passage:

Threee ancren boos' arith bridres  
of heouene fet floos' an heith, ant sutes  
ysse is, besches' uss, and of þe bilis;  
þe boouene, iset never as valowes,  
aith is ever grase, and sutes a þrise  
grase, saguinde swate maure; þet is,

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MARVELL THE ANCHORITE

These poems were published and  
his third

(Three anchorites are indeed birds  
of heaven that fly on high, and sit  
singing merrily on the green bough;  
and the green thought in a green  
shade, upon the bliss of heaven that never  
withers, but is evergreen, and they sit  
merrily; that is, they come to rest in  
the green, as do those who have made  
as do those who have made mirth of heart  
as do those who have made mirth of heart

Marvell's poem was probably written  
about the garden at General Fairfax's  
seat, Nun Appleton House, which was a  
convent until 1542, where Fairfax's great-  
grandmother, Isabel Thwaites, had been  
a nun. The four stanzas of *The Gardens* be-  
ginning "What wondrous life is this I  
lead"—unparalleled in Marvell's Latin  
version whose allegory is much more  
serious and pagan—fit close parallel to  
the first stanza of *The Gardens* which  
much to say about the convent and the  
nuns as well as about nature.

Lord Fairfax possessed a good many  
medieval manuscripts at Nun Appleton  
House at the time of Marvell's residence  
there and he inherited from his grand-  
mother the Bodleian Catalogue of the  
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of a copy of the *Ancient Rible*. But the  
thought of the *Rible* passage simplifies

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of a copy of the *Ancient Rible*. But the  
thought of the *Rible* passage simplifies

Richard  
Napoli  
into a  
It  
Company  
are some of the brilliant  
flowers.

of glory," and Fausset and Pietro, point of view Don Quixote and their

stayed  
Falsball and their  
It  
Company  
are some of the brilliant  
flowers.

21: these characters of the tragedy  
always there, and to know this I  
22: so perfect that it peeks the  
23: freedom? Yet the thought, the  
24: always there, and to know this I

25: because the "Irish criminals" had  
26: law-giver there "like us, but  
27: revolution. What "us," but

28: The Law, after all, is a com-  
29: and Don Juan and a solution and  
30: of our huge modern litera-  
31: because the "Irish criminals" had  
32: because the "Irish criminals" had

These poems were published and  
his third

(Three anchorites are indeed birds  
of heaven that fly on high, and sit  
singing merrily on the green bough;  
and the green thought in a green  
shade, upon the bliss of heaven that never  
withers, but is evergreen, and they sit  
merrily; that is, they come to rest in  
the green, as do those who have made  
as do those who have made mirth of heart  
as do those who have made mirth of heart

Marvell's poem was probably written  
about the garden at General Fairfax's  
seat, Nun Appleton House, which was a  
convent until 1542, where Fairfax's great-  
grandmother, Isabel Thwaites, had been  
a nun. The four stanzas of *The Gardens* be-  
ginning "What wondrous life is this I  
lead"—unparalleled in Marvell's Latin  
version whose allegory is much more  
serious and pagan—fit close parallel to  
the first stanza of *The Gardens* which  
much to say about the convent and the  
nuns as well as about nature.

Lord Fairfax possessed a good many  
medieval manuscripts at Nun Appleton  
House at the time of Marvell's residence  
there and he inherited from his grand-  
mother the Bodleian Catalogue of the  
Bodleian Catalogue of the Bodleian  
of a copy of the *Ancient Rible*. But the  
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KATHARINE GARVIN

most traditional forms...  
modified by literary influences...  
French on the other hand, has nothing  
to do with the emotions, and nothing  
to muddy him. He is doing nothing  
popular of a character beloved in  
nothing to imaginative whose  
artists, though, are immensely in his  
he marvelously rich—Cruikshank,  
Watson, Collier, Tappin, Benish,  
Robert Hayden, Gunder, Pugh,  
Parocelle, Magostin and Fausset.  
demonstrate the vitalizing inspiration  
he holds for poetical artists.

His origins are made mysterious,  
him with the Roman Masceus, with  
Petrans of the Cornu Felice, and  
with citizens of the Nages to which  
his modern beginnings are classically

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## MISLEADING CLOCKS

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir—Your correspondent's account of the "woful inaccuracy" of the London clocks brings to my mind an incident which happened, not so very long ago, to an English friend of mine while travelling in Eire, this delightful country, where, as has been said with some truth, the impossible always happens and the inevitable never occurs. Finding himself one day in a large railway station he noticed that there were three clocks all keeping different time, so he pointed this out to a porter and suggested that it might be a good thing to have them put right. The porter countered with the quite unanswerable statement: "Well now, if they were all keeping the same time we wouldn't be wanting more than one."

Yours faithfully,

TEIGNMOUTH,

Brownsbar, Thomastown, County Kilkenny.

Sept. 27.

Times  
Sept 30, 1950

LADY MURASAKI: *The Tale of Genji*. A Novel in Six Parts. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley. Allen and Unwin. 35s.

Near Lake Biwa in Japan the traveller is still invited into a temple of ancient date and shown the apartment in which, more than 900 years ago, Lady Murasaki lived for a time and wrote some of her chapters. (We will not go into the theory that she was not one writer but a team.) The room is indeed rather too gloomy and monastic to seem appropriate to her brightness of mind; but it is possible that the story of her receiving the inspiration she prayed for from the reflection of the full moon in the lake will overcome that sense of melancholy. In any case, Lady Murasaki had been required by Ito-Mon'in, the second consort of the Emperor Ichijo, to write a novel; it was the period of the literary court ladies in old Japan; and what was most necessary to her genius was a place of no distractions where she might take her time.

Her success was quickly seen. The touch of learning in the first chapter amused the Emperor as he listened to it. Others were entertained by the paradox that Murasaki Shikibu, whom all regarded as a most virtuous lady, should appear in the novel as so considerable an authority on amours and intrigues. One, Lord Michinaga, attempted to test her real nature by a visit at night, which led to nothing more than a poem of protestation from him and a clever reply (also in verse) from her, next day. She may not have lived to be old, and Mr. Waley shows that her great book was completed by 1022, when she was about 44 years of age.

*Genji Monogatari*, then, is considerably senior to our own Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and in Japanese literature is in something of a comparable position to that held by the *Canterbury Tales* in English poetry and prose. Its 54 books, from which the Japanese poetic tradition is seldom absent long, are those of a novelist of undying freshness in observation, treatment and expression. Their chief concern is the various adventures of a decidedly busy lover, Genji—the "Shining One"—an Emperor's son. These episodes easily lend themselves to those changes of scene which are so

pleasant a part of so much Japanese fiction. Whatever happens—and the love stories are told with great command of the human heart, if with something of the fairy-tale at intervals—the spirit of place and season is mingled with the life of the characters and the manners as they rise.

In the fourth month he decided to call upon the ladies in the Village of Fallig Flowers, and having obtained Murasaki's permission he set out one evening, clad in his usual disguise. For days it had rained unceasingly. But now, just at the moment when the heavy rain stopped and only a few scattered drops were falling, the moon rose; and soon it was one of those exquisite late spring nights through whose moonlight stillness he had in earlier years so often ridden out on errands of adventure. Busy with memories of such excursions he had not noticed where he was driving, when suddenly looking up he saw a pile of ruined buildings surrounded by plantations so tangled and overgrown that they wore the aspect of a primeval

timber. Over a tall pipe-stem a trail of wisteria blossoms was hanging 2 ft. and a sudden puff of wind that carried with it when it reached him a faint and almost imperceptible odour of flowers. It was for orange-blossom that he had set out that night; but here too was a flower that had a fragrance worth enjoying.

Mr. Waley's translation of Lady Murasaki's *Tale of Genji* began to appear 27 years ago, and it is 17 years since it was last issued in its entirety in one volume. Of its stature as a translation there was never the least doubt; and Japanese readers themselves have been known not only to praise it but to use it. That the scholars of Japan might differ here and there over a point of interpretation is inevitable, as in all the ancient literature of that country; but the achievement of the translator in general lucidity, life and variety stands as one of the principal heights in the view of Western re-creations of Eastern genius. What was conceived as an elegant diversion for a limited audience in a Japan which has itself changed so much in nine and a half centuries has become, thanks to scholarship of extraordinary compass allied to a gift of direct and yet subtle writing, a book for everybody.



THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT FRIDAY DECEMBER 1 1950

THE ACCADEMIA ETRUSCA OF CORTONA

By IRENE ORIGO

A few years later the Academy was presented with another interesting work of art—a charming painting in encaustic of a young woman holding a lyre, generally believed to be a Roman painting of the first century A.D. and to represent the Muse Polyhymnia, but possibly a Renaissance painting in the manner of Correggio. It was discovered by a farmer ploughing his field, who, believing it to be an image of the Virgin Mary, placed it on a wall of his house, with a candle burning before it. But when one day a priest came to the house, he declared that it was only a vile pagan image; so the farmer decided to put the lady into "Purgatory" by using her as a door to his oven, and here she remained, until rescued by one of the academicians.

Since then another 100 years have

February 23 may pass simply as Polling Day this time round, but the day has already laid claim enough to glory as a festival of strongly English flavour. Not indeed by its beattitude of exotic saints: SERENUS the Gardener, BOISIL, MILBURGE, DOSITHEUS of Palestine, and PETER DAMIEN are characters who might tax the most scholarly in clamouring for their biographies. But February 27 has contributed the birth of PEPYS and the death of KEATS; the death of SIR JOSHU REYNOLDS; the death of ELGAR, and the birth of HANDEL, who on being twitted for a foreigner retorted that whereas his accuser was English by accident he himself was English by Act of Parliament. In this connexion we may drag in the obscure Venetian fiddler who became Pope EUGENIUS IV. He died on the same day, February 23, 1447, as HUMPHREY DUKE of GLOUCESTER, and between these men there is a link. The one who spent his career asserting the supremacy of Pope over Council, the other a layman who resisted appeals to Rome a century before this became national practice, meet in Oxford University, for it was EUGENIUS who authorized the founding of All Souls, while HUMPHREY, steeped in Renaissance culture, bequeathed a forerunner of the Bodleian.

### Summer Clouds

In a letter published to-day an eminent painter testifies to the great beauty of the clouds in an English summer which may have seemed, to holiday-makers, a trifle short of the traditional beauties of the season. The clouds have long been an inspiration to English artists and, though SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT speaks particularly of those in Wales, the west has no monopoly, and it is tempting to see a connexion between that part of England where the panorama of the clouds is most extensive and various—that is to say, the East Anglian counties—and the rise of English landscape painting. RICHARD WILSON, it is true, belonged to Wales, TURNER to London, and DAVID COX to the Midlands, but it is remarkable how many of the great creators of our landscape painting were East Anglians. GAINSBOROUGH, CONSTABLE, CROME and COTMAN—all were from Suffolk or Norfolk, and all were in varying degrees students of their native skies. CONSTABLE especially, a miller's son and so hereditarily concerned with wind and weather, is known to have been a close observer of clouds, making many studies of them, exquisitely delicate and luminous, beside copying those of ALEXANDER COZENS. Furthermore, as MR. KURT BART's recent book has shown, he seems even to have been acquainted with LUKE HOWARD's scientific classification of cloud forms.

Times Oct 2. 50

Not only artists and meteorologists, however, are concerned with the clouds of England. They are every man's concern and, indeed, the very heart of the English climate, which, as CHARLES II is traditionally reputed to have maintained, is the finest in the world. There are those who have scoffed at that very reasonable thesis.

Visiting Americans point out that in Arizona or Colorado the skies are of an unbroken endless blue for months upon end, and a picnic may be planned weeks and weeks ahead in the absolute certainty of its meeting fine weather. Yet those same visiting Americans will praise England's greenness—which this year has been as wonderful as its clouds—without remembering that the one depends upon the other. Who would want six months of blue sky and blazing sun if it meant an England brown and—save for the first flush of spring—flowerless? The English picnicker, like the postman, the farmer, and the other more serious users of the countryside, is prepared to take his chance with the weather. With no more than a seasoning of grumbles he will munch his sandwiches while watching meditatively the rolling masses of white and grey that pile themselves across the sky, and perhaps reflect, with the poet COWPER, though in a literal sense, that

The clouds ve so much dread  
Are big with mercy.

It is, in truth, through them that England remains "a flowery, green, bird-singing land" that binds ineluctably to itself the hearts of those happy enough to be its natives.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—We have had bad weather, but does anybody remember a summer with more glorious skies? Day after day the heavens have been a joy, varied and majestic. When painting by a wide estuary one day a Welsh postman, sharing my pleasure in the cloud effects, said to me, "God is the best artist."

Your humble limner,

W. RUSSELL FLINT,  
Peel Cottage, 80, Peel Street, Campden Hill,  
W.8.

# THE HARDY MYTH

His name of Thomas Hardy recovered more quickly than is usual from the fall that follows the death of the famous. Two books on his novels, which he regarded as the lesser part of his work, traveller's wares, have been published within 12 months, one by an American critic, the latest by Mr. Hawkins. It is now, and it was always so, more particular aspect of his work as novelist or poet and not the whole accomplishment that compelled protest or approval. The details, especially the gargoyles which were not hard to find, are scrutinized with no eye for the building. It seems to be a law of our nature to turn against the tastes of our fathers, and to turn to them again with some adjustments enforced by time on our growth or our decline. We indict the old gods for their lapses; we do not grant them the rights of sleep.

The village atheist and the village idiot is without meaning now, if ever it had any; a more pointed and wittier one was George Dyson's cartoon of Hardy entering into heaven, not like General Booth with all the drums and cymbals beating, but as the lonely, stone-faced critic looking God in the eye, while the nervous Creator and judge of fossils and men pleads with him: "If only you knew all the circumstances, Mr. Hardy!"

The all-embracing indictment Hardy makes of the mighty necessitating forces ("unconscious or other") when they are not in equilibrium does not concern us so much as it did. Humankind has so entangled itself in woes this century that it is not surprising that it is more ready to listen to a thinker who shifts the blame from its shoulders. There is a certain sort in posing as a victim in the unwitting hands of fate. But somehow, when discussion of this and all other aspects of Hardy has been exhausted, the novelist remains in obstinate command of the scene, his scene. He details there because criticism

remains forgets the purpose of the artist in fiction and drama. *Under the Olive-tree*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge* and the rest of the gallery are not life as we know it, neither are *North and South*, *Oh, Wholly*, *Great Expectations*, *The Plumed Serpent*, *Ulysses*. All artists above the level of slice-of-lifers play upon our credulity, and their success is measured not by our willing suspension of disbelief but by their compulsion upon it, till we are moved more deeply to pity (*Muchness*) or to laughter (*Tarzan*) or to comedy, and the whole range of Restoration comedy than life itself can move us. They are concentrated, evil concentrated, fun concentrated. If we do not see, with the goddess in *The Turn of the Screw*, the ghosts of the wicked, the fault is in ourselves, not in Henry James. Bligh Hago, not in Henry of evil, like Iago, not of this world, but in another region of reality where it is the author's power of imagination, if we have understanding, to carry us.

were the only practitioners to that line of fiction, is really recognition that his inventive gifts, combined with high themes of here and now under the chaste cold stars, of poor plodding figures pitted against forces outside themselves, are too immense to need to adopt the little booby-traps lesser novelists make use of. Moreover, it leaves out of account the traps set in the paths of authors by a Victorian was himself, first for a living and Editors demanded, coincidence and excitement, plenty of it, so long as it was kept respectable. The editor who published *Tess* in instalments would not allow Angel Clare to carry the three dirty maids over a stream. He thought the incident would be less thoughtfully, if it were not for the fact that Hardy tucked them into a wheelbarrow, putting them into Clare's arms again in the published book. The pity is that he was not always so artistically punctilious. *The Return of the Native*, with its superb opening, which gives the key to the author's thought and style at its best indeed, is present in all our novels, is among the great stories. And this in spite of the irritation aroused by the botching

ending. The botching was not the consequence of fear of Mrs. Grundy, the fear that made Barrie so evasive, but the inartistry brought about by an editorial edict that a novel must finish happily. D. H. Lawrence's claim that it is the critic's duty to save the tale from the artist goes too far in caprice; but it was Hardy's duty to save *The Return of the Native* from the censor. He never troubled to do so in the half-century left to him. The footnote to the definitive edition invites readers "of an austere artistic code" to restore the author's original conception by assuming a different ending and by ignoring certain circumstances of serial publication. Mr. Hawkins rightly, and rather mildly, regards this as one of the oddest things to be found in the work of any writer. There should be less carping at oddities in view of the *Richelieu*, that highly misinterpreted first novel, and in some later and poorer work, we can hear beyond the trivialities and improbabilities the tones of a universal tragedy, of a universal sacrifice, like the echoes of rhythmic waters booming from a distant shore.

The prose style itself carries the same echoes, slow, cumbersome, dull-toned, but sure, heavy in taking off, then soaring to its mark with the precision that marks a poet of perceptive sensibility. Henry James and Stevenson ("the Polish and Osric of literature," Hardy retorted with unexpected wit) were bright and gay at its expense. They and their contemporary critics need not have been endowed with abnormal perspicacity to recognize that something new and great had entered into English fiction when they read:

The spot was a near relation of night, and when night should show itself an apparent tendency to gravitate together could be perceived in its shades and the scene. The sombre sweep of rounds and hollows seemed to rise and meet the evening flood. The spots of light, the bright gleams of the sky, the obscurity in the land closed in which each adventitious object seemed to be combined with the mystery of twilight combined with the mystery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, eloquent in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. (*The Return of the Native*.)

Or Gabriel Oak on his hill, watching the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects while conscious of the almost palpable roll of the world eastward:

Castor and Pollux with their quiet shine were almost on the meridian; the barren and gloomy Square of Pegasus was creeping round to the north-west; far away through the plantation, Vega sparkled like a lamp suspended amid the leafless trees, and Cassiopeia's chair stood daintily poised on the uppermost boughs.

"One o'clock," said Gabriel. (*Far from the Madding Crowd*.)

passages should all the modern and at the direction, the great works and the lesser ones, except the almost worthless *Lancelotti* and *The Hand of Etheberia*. The careless phrases and the naiveties of the dialogue, unless the rustic chorus is present to give reality, life and warmth to speech, a smaller writer like Stevenson could not be guilty of; but they should not be noted as important blemishes when so much grandeur is freely poured over the dramas.

The setting of the stories in such scenes as Hardy pictured is imposing, like a watchful ancient permanence. He was too much impressed by the rationalizing tendencies of his day—although there is a spice of comic insistence in the idea that Darwin was a theory of evolution which involved evolution and was known to Darwin's cousin and was known to Darwin's cousin and was known to Darwin's cousin. The reason to lead to the decision that Hardy accepted a mechanistic interpretation. On the contrary, as an old country housewife. The Darwin's work only deepened his belief in the survival of the fittest. He was a Wessex of his own creation, where he made a symbol of his own life. He was a Wessex of his own creation, where he made a symbol of his own life. He was a Wessex of his own creation, where he made a symbol of his own life. He was a Wessex of his own creation, where he made a symbol of his own life.

logy out of the masquerading Absolute and the Immanent Will. It was not a philosophy he was willing to die for, or even to argue about. A myth of some sort is an artistic necessity. All Hardy did with his was to make it the controlling influence of his impressions of experience and to deal with it as a tragic poet. Poets, dramatists, and novelists have always accepted this artistic necessity. "Reason suffers itself to be so hoodwinked that it may better enjoy the pleasures of the fiction," says Dryden, and Hardy speaks of "the secret of how to produce by a false thing the effect of a true." Again, we are told to understand that "however true this book may be in essence, in fact it is utterly untrue." That art which most nearly approaches faithful imitation of life is mediocre and dull. Professor Elmer Stoll declares, in "Prefacing study of the novel and the life in the noble exercises of dramatic qualities of Shakespeare, Hardy and the Restoration playwrights; and he argues that *Tess*, while not enjoying the full liberty of poetry, participates in some of its high privileges. Time and place, season and circumstance, are appropriate: "the forest, Salisbury Plain and the vast changing but unrelenting heavens." The scenes on the Plains and Stonehenge, however, seem not to accord with Mr. Hawkins's taste. Or do they? He thinks them "poor stuff," and then adds:

The inscrutable time-worn monoliths, the air of ancient pagan majesty, and the prevailing sense of venerable ruin and obliteration lingering in the symbol of grand dignity—here is the abiding *mise-en-scène* for every last act of Hardy's imagination. The empty scene, the eloquent landscape and the noble overthrow combine is the goal to which his characters are inexorably carried by the tides of human destiny.

The "stuff" seems not so poor when Mr. Hawkins acknowledges the need of Stonehenge for Hardy's purpose. As poet and novelist he had an instinct to dramatize impressions of human destiny by reference to ancient and fundamental things. For all his culture and vast reading he was essentially a countryman with the traditions of his kind. He lived long enough to see the passing of a rural England that had endured for centuries, and all his other contributions apart, he will be known as the last of our folklorists in ballad and novel. He grew up, he wrote, in "one of those sequestered spots outside the gate of the world"; yet where "from time to time glided past a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely knit interdependence of the lives therein." His note-books are full of oddities of the life of village tragedies and comedies, not collected for use but for the entertainment of his own probing mind. His feet were rooted in the soil of Wessex; his vision extended over the culture of Europe and played among dead

classics. He was a countryman of his kind, as Mr. Hawkins, who is so quick to find defects as to praise

St. Cleeve, the young astronomer in *Two on a Tower*, is another Hardy, a countryman by day, by night a traveller from the earth to Uranus and the outskirts of the solar system, and beyond across gashly chasms. Who but Hardy among dramatists has made such journeys through space, scouted the gods, and descended to joke with peasants and to note the agony not of men only but of birds and worms on a battlefield? No poet but he ever considered the worms on the field of Waterloo. It is the only notice they have had in tragic poetry. Critics who complain that Hardy was more disturbed by their pain and by the thought of their indifference than by the plight of men are wrong. They all the more know nothing of his purpose. This uncompassionate sweep of his own oddity mixed, it is true, with Wordsworthian disregard of banal passages. In *A Pair of Blue Eyes* is a description of a cliff by comparative measurement with other cliffs, done with precision matched only by its lack of invention. But if the reader listens to it, he will find that Hardy could not write so great strokes. He rose only to his measuring rod and faces us with

a limitless magnificence. A man clinging desperately to the cliff-face and expecting death discovers man's place in the scheme of things, the cosmic pathos of human life, that his predicament is the whole predicament of living things. His face is close to an embedded fossil.

He was to be with the small in his death. Time closed on like a fan before him. He saw himself at one eurythmy of the years, face to face with the beginning and all the intermediate centuries simultaneously.

This is a stroke, as Mr. Hawkins says, which would have delighted the Elizabethans, who loved rare images of mortality. When he adds that it could hardly have occurred to any writer before Hardy, we recall a passage of Leonardo meditating on fossils before science had stolen some of the mystery from these ancient.

Mr. Hawkins devotes a chapter to Hardy's defects of style, characterization and incident, and then is driven to conclude that Hardy has written six masterpieces of fiction, the *Return of the Native* being taken of his work as a poet, which seems a fair number for any man, and that nearly all his novels, great and small, contain vital, elemental scenes to which time and human contingencies are largely irrelevant: "they translate into prose the majesty and amplitude of dramatic blank verse, not so much delineating particular biographies as measuring life itself." And when it is added that Hardy had a surer grasp of the elements of tragedy than any other English novelist of the last century "there seems to be small need to put him under a microscope. We are grateful for what we have. English fiction abounds in talent, not in an excess of masterpieces. And Hardy bequeathed to us something larger than six great novels.

Mr. Hawkins explains the novelist's aims, achievements and lapses very well. He writes with critical perception, brightly, cleverly—and sometimes pays the penalty. As when he describes Sue Bridehead as "the palest little bitch in English literature" where his own expression matches his innocence of that order of women.

## Talesin and the Spring of Vision

"I tread the sand at the sea's edge, sand of the how-glass,  
And the sand receives my footprint, singing:  
You are my nearest, you who have travelled the furthest,  
And you are my constant, who have endured all vicissitudes  
In the cradle of sea, Fate's hands, and the spinning waters.  
The measure of past grief is the measure of present joy.  
Your tears, which have dried to Chance, now spring from a secret,  
Here time's glass breaks, and the world is transfigured in music."

So sang the grains of sand, and while they whirled to a pattern  
Talesin took refuge under the unfledged rock,  
He could not see in the cave, but groped with his hand,  
And the rock he touched was the socket of all men's eyes,  
And he touched the spring of vision. He had the mind of a fish  
That moment. He knew the glitter of scale and fin.  
He touched the pin of pivotal space, and he saw  
One sun/grain balance the ages' cumulus cloud.

Earth's shadow hung. Talesin said: "The penumbra of history is terrible.  
Life changes, breaks, scatters. There is no sheet-anchor.  
Time reigns; yet the kingdom of love is every moment,  
Whose citizens do not age in each other's eyes.  
In a time of darkness the pattern of life is restored  
By men who make all transience seem an illusion  
Through inward acts, acts corresponding to music.  
Their works of love leave words that do not end in the heart."

He still held rock. Then three drops fell on his fingers,  
And Future and Past converged in a lightning flash.  
"Hess we who instructed Shakespeare, who fell upon Dante's eyes,  
Who opened to Blake the Minute Particulars. We are the soul's rebirth."  
Talesin answered: "I have encountered the irreducible diamond  
In the rock. Yet now it is over. Omniscience is not for man.  
Christen me, therefore, that my acts in the dark may be just,  
And adopt my partial vision to the limitation of time."

VERNON WATKINS.

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY MARCH 7 1952

## In Exile

ONE idea contains all:  
It is a rock or tree or abrupt waterfall  
To which the mind constantly returns and recovers  
Its poise and exalts in a wind of delight as a lark hovers.

It is the private place set apart;  
The Garden of Eden in the fallen heart;  
And the desperate exile will brave the flaming sword  
To discover inside the peace as cool as a single word.

It was seen long ago by chance,  
In fact or vision; and as the years advance  
Its constellation hangs where once the future shone:  
It is the hope the face will die clenched upon.

DOUGLAS GRANT.

TL5 Mar 7  
1952





March



February

### A BROWNING LETTER

Sir—In view of the recent publication of *New Letters of Robert Browning*, the following letter which has not yet appeared in print and is in the Manuscript Collection of Manchester College, Oxford, may be of interest to your readers. It relates to the writing of "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix."  
It has long been known that there was no sort of historical foundation for the poem (cf. Mrs. Orr's *Life and Letters of Robert Browning* (1908), page 94). Browning himself stated that he wrote it "under the bulwark of a vessel off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy

of a galleon on the back of a cork, and a horse, 'York,' then in my stable at home." (*The Poetical Works of Robert Browning*, T. J. Wise, second series, page 285). The letter bears this out and adds a touch or two which suggest the way in which the poet's mind conceived and "worked up" the idea of "galloping." The letter was written from 19, Warwick Crescent, W., to the Rev. V. D. Davis, then Minister of Christ Church, Nottingham, and is dated December 30, 1881:

Dear Sir,  
I sincerely beg your pardon for the delay in replying to your letter of a month ago—a letter I only this morning find where I had, I suppose, mislaid it.

The poem to which you refer was written at sea under the excitement of a desire to be at land and on horseback again. All the circumstances were imaginary—the places inserted by conjecture—and the date given as an indication of the time and manner of the "galloping" on which attention was meant to be concentrated. Would the object of the ride be clearer if you suppose that Ghent was invested and reduced to extremity, that help was about to arrive in some unexpected way, and that the intelligence of this—which would "save the city from its fate" of surrendering—must reach Ghent at once by some road still open—by an accident perhaps? A film or two, even so slight as the above, may sufficiently support a tolerably big spiderweb of a story—where there is ability and good will enough to look most at the main fabric in the middle.

With many thanks for the kind expressions in your letter—and renewed apologies for my apparent neglect of it—believe me, Dear Sir,  
Yours sincerely,

Robert Browning.  
H. JOHN McLACHLAN,  
Librarian, Manchester College.

A LOST NEWSPAPER

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

... world. We have

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 8 1952

THE TIMES MONDAY JULY 30 1951

MR. BENJAMIN BRITTEN  
HONOURED.

FREEDOM OF LOWESTOFT

Mr. Benjamin Britten, the composer, who was made an honorary freeman of his native town of Lowestoft on Saturday, said that although in the past artists were the servants of institutions, they had now become the servants of the community.

It was the State that commissioned large paintings and grand operas; it was the guarantors of five guineas or less who kept our festivals or small music societies alive to-day; it was the community that ordered the artist about, and he did not think this such a bad thing.

Mr. Britten said that any artist worth his salt always had ideas in his head, and an invitation to write something could often direct those ideas into a concrete form and shape. For all those reasons, he could never manage to throw up his hands in horror quite as high as other people when he heard stories of Soviet composers ordered about by their Government.

"In principle," he said, "it is just the same as Palestrina ordered about all his life by the Church, Handel ordered about by king and princes, Wagner ordered about by eccentric, ill-well-meaning patrons. The rub comes when it is impossible to please these patrons, when the artist sees beyond them, which often happened then, and often happens now."



November



April

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## The Laughing Hyena, by Hokusai

FOR him, it seems, everything was molten. Court-ladies flow in gentle streams,

Or, gathering lotus, strain sideways from their curving boat,  
A donkey prances, or a kite dances in the sky, or soars like sacrificial smoke.  
All its flux: waters fall and leap, and bridges leap and fall.

Even his tortoise undulates, and his Spring Hat is lively as a pool of fish.  
All he ever saw was sea: a sea of marble splinters—

Long bright fingers claw across his pages, fjords and islands and shattered trees—

And the Laughing Hyena, cavalier of evil, as volcanic as the rest:  
Elegant in a flowered gown, a face like a bomb-burst,  
Featured with fangs and built about a rigid laugh,  
Ever moving, like a pond's surface where a corpse has sunk.

Between the raised talons of the right hand rests an object—  
At rest, like a pale island in a savage sea—a child's head,  
Immobile, authentic, torn and bloody—

The point of repose in the picture: the point of movement in us.

Terrible enough, this demon. Yet it is present and perfect,  
Firm as its horns, curling among its thick and handsome hair.  
I find it an honest visitant, even consoling, after all—

Those schenctious phantoms, choked with rage and uncertainty,  
Who grimace from contemporary pages. —It, at least,  
Knows exactly why it laughs.

D. J. ENRIGHT.

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY OCTOBER 26 1951



May



July



August



September

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dolls' faces being painted at a factory at Wellington, Shropshire

THE TIMES MONDAY DECEMBER 21 1936



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