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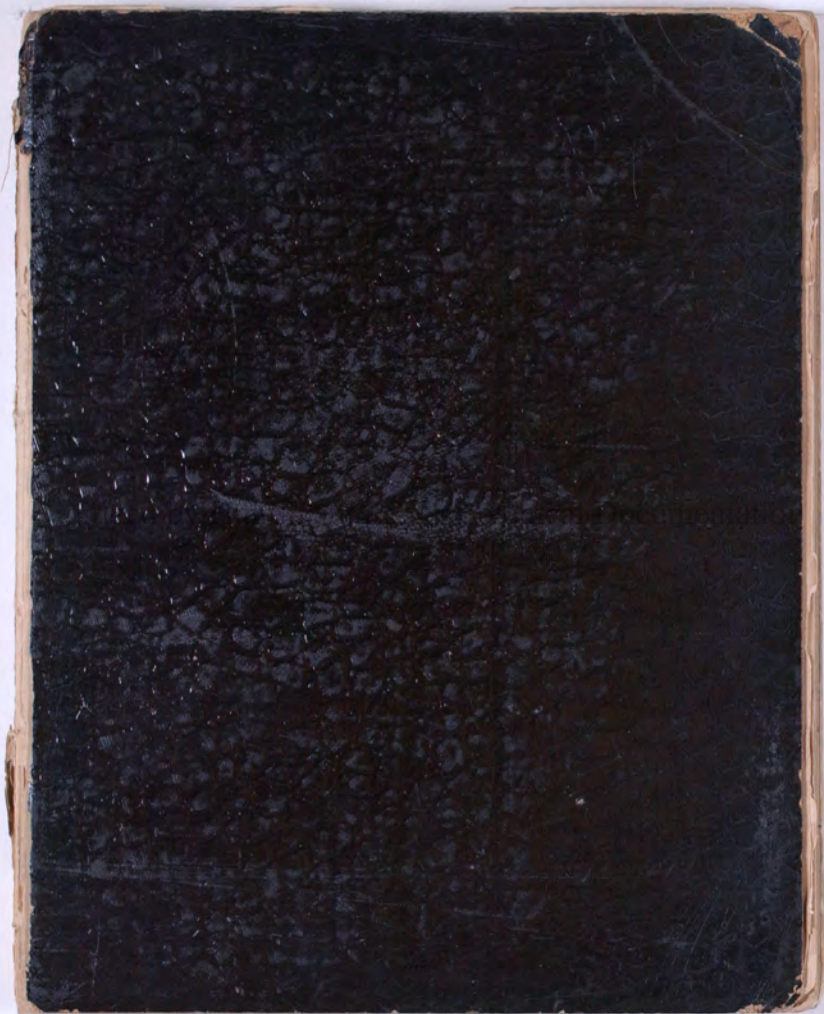
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About the Institute

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.



6
Common Place, "Locus Communis", was a term used in
old rhetoric to represent testimonies or pretty sentences
of good authors which might be used for strengthening
or adorning a discourse.

Refer to Sidney's "Defense of Poesie"
(Canal's Hist. Lit.)

Commonplace Book

Agnes Robertson
Dec. 20. 90

"It's strange that God should fast to frame
The yearth + lift sae hie,
and clean forget to explain the same
To a gentleman like me"

R. L. Stevenson
(Quoted in R. Outlook)

"Life is worth living
Through every grain of it,
From the foundations
To the last edge
Of the corner stone, Death."

"The Poet of the Cry"
(Quoted in The Outlook)

6
"Doch was alle Freundschaft bindet,
St, wenn Geist zu Geist sich findet;
Geistig waren jene Stunden,
Geistern bin ich noch verbunden."

Uhlond

"The string o'er stretched breaks, & the music flies,
The string o'er slack is dumb, & music dies;
Tune us the Sitar neither low nor high"

Light of Asia

"Then, craving leave, he spake
Of life, which all can take but none can give,
Life, which all creatures love & strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear & pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak & noble for the strong."

Light of Asia

Sir F. Arnold.

"A wise man knows an ignorant one, because he has been ignorant himself; but the ignorant cannot recognize the wise, because he has never been wise."

(Persian Saying)

~~"Yes," said Goethe, Lessing himself said that if God would give him truth, he would decline the gift & prefer the labour of seeking it for himself.~~

(Book-lover's Enchiridion)

See the other ^{right} version of this saying at the other end of the book

Utopia (Sir Thomas More)

"They bring up a great multitude of pulleyne, & that by a mercayline policye. For the hennes dose not sytte upon the eggs; but by keepynge theym in a certayne equall heade they bringe byfe into them, & hatch them."

[Is this a prophecy of incubators?]

"For they permitte not their free citizens to shynge the use wherof they thinke, clemencye & the gentlest affection of our nature by lytle & lytle to decay & peryshe."

"For they merveyll ----- that anye man is so madde, as to count him selfe the nobler for the smaller & finer threde of wolle, which selfe same wol be it now or never so fyne & spruce"

thred) a shepe did once wear: & yet was she
all that time no other thing than a shepe"

"For they define vertue to be life
ordred according to nature."

"Pleasure they call every motion &
state of the body or mind wherein
man hath naturally delectation"

"But of the Disease be not onely curable
but also of the cure, & the cure
Then the priests & the magistrates exhort the
man, sence he is not leable to doo anye
dewtye of hyffe, by overlying his owne
death is mysome & wkesome to other, &
grievous to himself: that he wyl determine
with himself no longer to deuyge that
peskint & painful disease. And sence
his lyfe is to him but a torment,
that he wyl not bee unwilling to dye,

but rather take a good hope to him, &
either dispatche himselfe out of that
paynfull tythe, as out of a prison, or a
rocke of torment, or elles suffer himselfe
willingly to be rydde out of it by
other

"That the fellowshipp of nature is a
strong league: + that men be better &
more surely knid together by love &
benevolence, then by covenants of
them by wordes"

"Ware or battel as a thing very
beastly, & yet to no kinde of beastes in so
muche use as to men, they do detest &
abhorre and contrarie to the custome
almoste of all other nations, they count
nothing so much against glorie, as glory
gotten in warre."

A sigh sent wrong,
A kiss that goes astray,
A sorrow the years endlong —
So they say.

So let it be!
Come the sorrow, the kiss, the sigh!
They are life, dear life, all three —
And we die.

Henry

THE POET AND THE PUBLIC

To the Editor of THE OUTLOOK

The letter of "Philopoietes" on this great and burning question cuts one to the heart. Hence the appended parody, with apologies to Mr. Kipling:—

THE PUBLIC

*Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the Public that doesn't read verse
(And, probably, never will learn to read verse)
Which it does not understand!*

A fool there was and his youth he spent
(Even as you and I!)
Concocting rhymes that were excellent
(If the Public had only perceived what he meant)
But the Public can't help its natural bent
(No more than you and I!)

*Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the beautiful things we planned
Belong to the Public that doesn't buy verse
(And has made up its mind it will never buy verse)
Which it cannot understand!*

The fool was stripped of some foolish pence
(Even as you and I!)
Which he might have foreseen if he hadn't been dense,
But fools, of course, have none too much sense,
And, somehow, they suffer in consequence
(Even as you and I!)

*Oh, it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand—
It's coming to know that your verses won't sell
(Seeing at last that they never can sell)
And beginning to understand!*

A fool there was and he wrote with care
(Even as you and I!)
And he carried his work to a publisher
(Who gave him an estimate then and there),
And he *dreams*, at times, there are profits to share
(Even as you and I!)

T. W. H. C.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

"Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The leaves of Life keep falling one by one."

—————"————"
The Master

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from trāh to trāhi; &
They charge or push all — but he remains;

—————"————"
Look to the Rose that blows about us — "Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the World I blow:
At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
Tear, & its Treasure on the garden throw."

—————"————"
"Oh, come with Old Khayyam, leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, & the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies"

—————"————"

Oh love! could thou & I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits - then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

To E. Fitzgerald - Terryson (Dedication of *Trucias*)

"But more can say
That Latin fare makes denton thought
Who reads your golden *Trucias* lay,
Than which I know no version done
In English more divinely well."

Addison - Selections from the Spectator
edited by T. Arnold

"The mind that lies fallow but a single day,
sprouts up in follies that are only to be
killed by a constant & assiduous culture -
It was said of Socrates that he brought
philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit
among men; & I shall be ambitious to
have it said of me, that I have brought
philosophy out of closets & libraries, schools &
colleges, to dwell in clubs & assemblies, at
tea tables, & in coffee-houses" *

Seneca says that "we are always complaining
our days are few, & acting as though there
would be no end of them."

* Cp. Milton Paradise Regained

"To say philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low roof'd house
of Socrates."

Pages from the Day Book of Bethia Hardie are
by Ella Fuller Fairland

Madrigal

The past is as a Rose,
Whose faded petals are for ever sweet,
and doth in death disclose

A fragrance meet
To perfume the still chamber where
A heart holds all most sweet, most fair.

And Time's own hand made fast
The cement long ago,
against sad autumn's blast,
Chill winter's snow;
and so the present cannot enter now
and steal its sweetness from that Rose
The past.

Paradise Lost. Milton

"For see! the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling."

"And with rebounding surge the seas assailed."

"Evening mist
Rise from a river o'er the marsh glides
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel.
Flame and returning."

"The world was all before them, where to choose"

"That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

"Flur'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky"

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
& Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High overarch'd, imbower."

"Whose delightful seat
His fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abana & Pharpar, lucid streams."

"When the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams."

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"to bees

In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rises,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
& clusters; they among fresh dew & flowers
Fly to & fro, on the smooth plank,
The suburbs of their straw-built abode
New rubb'd with balm, excrete & confer
Their state affairs."

"The gorgeous East with richest hand
Shower'd on her kings barbaric pearl & gold."

"Two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Flouring a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air."

The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none,
Distinguish'd in no member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
In each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as the Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head,
The likeness of a tongue of fire had on."

Ebb Tide Stevenson & Osborne

"Seeking favourite passages & finding ~~new~~ new ones
only less beautiful because they lacked the
conservation of remembrance"

"Deficient in consistency & intellectual marshness
wandered in by paths of study, worked at music
or at metaphysics when he should have been
at Greek."

Paradise Regained

"Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of art
And eloquence, native to famous wits,
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks & shade.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowering hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious sojourns."

"However, many books,

Whose men have said are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, & to his reading brings not
A spirit & judgment equal to superior
(And what he brings what need he draw when sent?)
Uncertain & unsettled still remains,
Deep veiled in books, & shallow in himself."

Samson Agonistes

Death, who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now, & full discharge

Death to life is cross or shame

Heroically hath finished
A life heroic

Lycidas

"To sport with Amargillis in the shade"

"Fame is the spew that the dear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn & chide his live laborious days."

"Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes
That on the green turf seek the honeyed showers"

Tomorrow to feed woods & pastures new:

While the still morn wait out with sandals grey

Paradise Regained

Where winds with weeds roses whispering play

And anywhide of mind to great deeds

"The poetry of the body is eternal - All can feel it
who have so much as the brightness of one
fingernail to attest their relation with the
All-Beautiful."

W. H. C.

"The Outlook" Jan 6, 1900

Song.

A wrinkle & a whitening lock
Bespeak not Love's decay;
They only tell Time's creeping clock
Beats out the rounding day.
So send the song about, my heart,
Old Time will bear thee in good part;
Dile gains no bargain in his mart,
Nor long a leave to stay.

~~A hornblow~~ ~~on cheaped sod~~

Proclaim not Love's decease;
They tell but of a lighted load,
A way-worn soul at peace.
So sing, my heart, thy loudest, best,
What though our wheels be near the West:
The sounder sleep, the sweeter rest
Await us when we cease,
My heart,
Will save us when we cease.

W. Watson. The Bullwark Sept 15. 1900

La vie est vaine :
Un peu d'amour
Un peu de haine
Et puis-bon jour

La vie est breve :
Un peu de joie
Un peu de peine
Et puis-bon soir

Nathaniel Hawthorne

"Let the warm day slide by, in the sweet endearment
of doing nothing."

But there is reason to suspect that a people awaiting
to decay & ruin the moment that their life
becomes fascinating either in the poet's imagination
or the painter's eye.

authentically secret

Un sarcophage chrétien des catacombes
de Rome porte une formule d'imprecation
dont j'ai appris avec le temps à comprendre
le sens terrible. Il y est dit: "Si quelqu'un
impie vide cette sepulture, qu'il meure
le dernier des siens"

x x x

Je ne dois pas craindre de survivre aux
siens tant qu'il y aura des hommes sur
la terre, car il en est toujours qu'on peut
aimer.

Le crâne de Sylvette Bonnard
p 134 - ANATOLE FRANCE

"You have no wish then to be immortal?"

"I am content with being eternal. As to our
present consciousness, it is an accident, the
phenomenon for an instant, like a bubble on the
surface of the water."

Anatole France

"Englishwoman's Love Letters"

"For must it not be true that a woman becomes more absorbed in friendship than a man, since friendship may have to mean so much more to her, & cover so far more of her life, than it does to the average man? (However big a man's capacity for friendship, the beauty of it does not fill his whole horizon for the future: he still looks ahead of it for the mate who will complete his life, giving his body & soul the complement they require. Friendship, also does not satisfy him: he makes a higher claim on life; regarding certain possessions as his right! But a woman: oh, it is a fashion to say the best women are sure to find husbands, & have, if they care for it, the certainty before them of a full life. I know it is not so. There are women, wonderful ones, who come to know quite early in life that no man will ever wish to make loves of them: for them, then, love in friendship is all that remains, & the strongest wish of all that can pass through their souls with hope for its fulfilment is to be friend to somebody."

1st Fortnightly Review May? 1901

Review of Keats by Charles Lamb

Conclusion:—

"To us an ounce of feeling is worth a pound of fancy;
& therefore we recur again, with a warmer gratitude, to
the story of Isabella & the pot of basil, & those never
dying stanzas which we have cited, & which we
think should disown criticism, — if it be not in
its nature cruel; if it would not deny to honey its
sweetness, nor to roses redness, nor light to the
stars in Heaven; if it would not buy the moon
out of the sky, or the dawn at the price of the
fair."

Andromache

"Listen. Can you hear that little beating sound — down
sea ward, away from the sun?"

Proteus

"It is the water lapping against the rocks."

Andromache

"There is a sound like that in the language I told you of.
Old, old men, whose whines gods have deserted them,
hear it in their hearts — the sound of all the blood
that men have spilt & the tears they have shed,
lapping against great rocks, in shadow, away
from the sun."

To Andromache

Gilbert Murray 1900

Browell's ltp. & Johnson

"The flesh of animals who feed exclusively is allowed to have a higher flavour than that of those who are cooped up. May there not be the same difference between men who read as their taste prompts, & men who are confined in cells & colleges to staled tasks?" (Browell)

"Sir, Addison had his style, & I have mine"
(Dr. J)

The medieval world went to Greek masters for systems & Summas; it did not understand that what the Greeks had to offer was dialectic — the play of mind & mind. This is the lesson they have for us. If, & as long as, we go to Ancient Greece for education we shall learn to think. And not merely to think — other people besides the Greeks have done that — but to criticize our own thoughts."

Review of "Greek Thinkers": a History of
Ancient Philosophy by Gomperz Vol. I
Translated by David Reardon

Some Faint of Solitude William Perin

The Country Life

ed. The Country is -----

A Sweet & Natural Retreat from Noise, Talk, &c. &c.
&c. &c.

In short, 'tis an Original, & the Knowledge &
Improvement of it, Man's oldest Business &
Trade, & the best he can be if.

— 12 —

Dislike what deserves it, but never Hate: For
that is of the Nature of Malice, which is almost
ever to Persons not things, tis one of the
blackest Qualities Sin begets in the Soul.

Let them despise, nor oppose, what they do not
understand

"The world is but a school of inquisition"

"We are born to enquire after truth"

Colton's Mombayne p. 7. 36
On Conference.

To the Muses (William Blake)

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the Chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove;
Fair Muses, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sounds are faint, the notes are few.

"Every night & every morn
Some to misery are born;
Every morn & every night
Some are born to sweet delight;
Some are born to sweet delight,
Some are born to endless night.
Joy & woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief & pine
Runs a joy with silken line.
It is right it should be so;
Man has made for joy & woe;
And when this we rightly know,
Safely through the world we go."

From William Blake's "Arguments of
Innocence"

P. Muller =
Christian Teacher
Quarter Series N^o. 11
? about 1832-1838
? Boston 1835 * *

The Tittle given in his
Autobiography as Source or
Night-Deceit

(V. II p 47. Oct 16. 1838)

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* given to J. J. J. published in
"The Bygon" in 1828. B. W. sent the
source ~~to~~ to Coleby, & fillman had
sneaked from his hands by some one who
published in Peckey's Bygon with poems
published for Coleby

To Night (Blanco White)

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report Divine, I heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for the lovely Flame,
This glorious canopy of Light Blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting Flame,
His eyes with the Host of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in Man's view.

Who could have thought such Darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
What ~~the~~ ^{fly} 's a leaf & sunset's hood revealed,
That to such countless O's thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, ~~or~~ wherefore not Life?

* given as "fly" in Blanco White's
autobiography V. I p 48, (he) took the
name a misprint after his
death. The copyists have put in for the version
00.24.46

Louis Agassiz by Alice Bache Gould
(Beacon Press; Boston 1907)

Agassiz used to say "that no investigation could afford to be without a specialty, but he miss a proper standard for exact & for comprehensive knowledge. One subject, he said, should be like a surveyor's arbitrary base line, to which all other lines are referred for comparison."

"He always chose very broad subjects for popular lectures, making the unlearned public flock of great generalizations with such velvet ease that only other scholars saw the iron scholarship beneath & knew the volumes of debate summed up in one judicious sentence

D. J. Bram & his sister by E. T. Mill

The author speaks of her intercourse with D. Bram as producing:-

"Intensifying life within & around one, & the feeling of being understood, & of being over-estimated, & yet this over-estimation only led to humility & aspiration."

In a short space she touched the realities, she saw life & death in their true proportion; & even while she was looking at them with clear & startled vision they were blurred again into indistinctness, they faded away & were gone — rubbed out by the insupportable details of the passing hour."

"if I only had a mother, a sweet mother all to myself, of my very own, I'd put my head on her dear shoulder & cry myself happy again. First I'd tell her everything, & she wouldn't mind how silly it was, & she wouldn't be kind however long it was, & she'd say 'Little darling child, you are only a baby after all,' & would scold me a little, & kiss me a great deal, & then I'd listen so comfortably, all the time with my face against her nice soft dress, & I would feel so safe & sure & wrapped round while she told me what to do next. It is lonely & cold & difficult without a mother."

The Benefactors

By the Author of Elizabeth & her German Garden

William Blake

Can Wisdom be put in a silver rod.?

Or Love in a golden bowl.?

I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball;

It will lead you in at Heaven's gate

But in Jerusalem's wall.

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

THE UNIVERSITY PULPIT

Vol. XXIII. No. 566.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1901.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Sunday, October 13.

Sermon preached at Great St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. W. F. J. ROMANUS, M.A., Trinity College, Assistant Master Charterhouse School.

'I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart, for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle.'—1 Samuel xvii. 28.

We know nothing of the real character of the speaker, and therefore cannot be quite sure as to the motive of the speech. The words are probably a taunt, and express the contempt which the proud and admired soldier Eliab felt towards his young brother the shepherd-lad of Bethlehem, who had thus dared to leave his father's flocks and peaceful home to mix himself up with soldiers and the din of arms. 'What had he to do with battles, the spoilt child of home, the guardian of sheep, the companion of herdsmen? To such at least a warlike spirit is not befitting. Curiosity has brought him here to see if he may get a glimpse of the fighting. He has come to look on while we shed our blood.' Like many an ill-natured speech these words were answered in the equal but the 'brave' of events. As a matter of fact the home-bred lad had a 'spirit braver' than his brethren, and while Eliab keeps his tent afraid to go out to battle, David goes forth in the strength of his God to face and slay the oppressor of his people. But Eliab's taunt was not altogether unnatural. 'I should like to see a great battle' is a remark which youth and inexperience have often interchanged. There is a dread attractiveness in 'War's magnificently stern array.' The pomp and the glory of it, even the terror and the horror of it, wield a strange fascination. The fascination of the terrible is one of the strangest features in human character, a kind of instinct like the love of horrors often shown by children, a lower form possibly, if not a caricature, of that sense of the awful which is one of the finer feelings of our nature. David in the hour of his country's need, amid the lesser duties of the sheepfold, did long (we may reasonably imagine) to see something of the sterner, grander, more awful realities of life.

Moreover a taunt, even an angry taunt, is often only a true reproach misdirected, and need ill-naturedly, and the accusation with its implied innuendo 'Thou hast come down that thou mightest see the battle,' might be brought with great propriety against many classes of men, in all societies and in every age. What Gibbon describes as 'that cold ambition which delights in war, but declines the dangers of the field,' is by no means uncommon. If we think of other battles than those which are fought on earthly fields, is not this the very thing that some of us are doing—going down to see the battle? to watch rather than to enter the arena, to observe rather than to do, to wait for special call or favouring circumstance, rather than to go forward now and seize the passing offer.

It is not then the character nor circumstance of David, indignantly repudiating an unjust charge, that I ask you to consider this afternoon; but rather to enquire whether there are not some simple ways in which the taunt of the rough soldier of old, smarting under his country's disasters, may not be brought home to us with something of much needed stimulus, something of well-merited reproof. Is it possible that among average Christian men, men even of blameless lives, and reputable character, there are too many contentedly, disinterestedly, perhaps even interestingly watching the battle, to whom some Eliab of to-day might address his taunt with some show of reason, 'I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart, thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle.' Can we imagine in any way some scoffer standing at our side, pointing

as it were to some fierce battle raging in no distant field, but very near us, in our daily lives, in our homes, in our streets, in our hearts, and then by the contrasted picture of our Christian professions and our Christian practice, convicting us of being little better than observers, little more than watchers of the conflict?

We seek no disparaging contrast between the speculative and the practical life, the visionary and the actual. There is an isolation we know which does not sever, a solitude which shuns no strife, an observing which has no idle gazing. The battles of mankind are fought and won in the lonely soul, as much as in the tent of the strategist, or the brain of the Commander. There are those (who has not known them in actual life, or in the pages of biography?) who seem to be in this world and yet not of it, characters so good and pure and simple that they seem to be living on some upland height above the conflicts and contending rivalries of earth, knowing the world evil yet untouched by its taint, wounded with no scars of battle, saddened by no memories of defeat, calm saintly spirits reflecting as in untroubled water the light of heaven.

(Glad hearts without reproach or blot,
Who do Thy Will and know it not.)

But such characters are rare indeed, set apart for some special service, uplifted above the rank and file of the army of God, in which our lives are surely cast. They live already the truths for which we struggle, they breathe already the peace which we can only win through conflict. They are on the height above, we 'in the thronged field where winning comes by strife.' Again (who would deny it?) there are those who from some lonely watch-tower of thought, in seeming aloofness from the controversies of earth, watch the battle of humanity, and from such seeming solitude and detachment they are enabled 'to see life steadily, and to see it whole.' Not that they shirk the burden of the day, or would seek in philosophic calm a refuge from its heat and noise. Rather in inward controversy they endure the hardness, and win in wider vision the higher principles which make for peace. Never may there be lack of such, the bright, the spiritual splendours of our race, such as, in examples not a few, this University has caused to reverence and to love, and as they dwell upon their holy mount, may their voices never cease to float down to us, in tones of encouragement, guidance and inspiration!

But there is a standing aloof from the conflict which has no special calls of character or circumstance to commend it, to which no post of observation has been assigned by duty or gift. There is a going down to see the battle, representing a view of human life and conduct which commonly prevails. We might call it the sightseeing or bystander view of life, by which men are led to think that they were sent into the world * to be spectators only, to whom the world offers a grand show, a pageant, a scenic battlefield, which they go down to see, to study, to criticise, perhaps to enjoy, but not to take part in, not to be soiled themselves with its dust, not themselves to bear the heat and burden of the day. A battle in which mighty forces are engaged, upon which gigantic issues hang, is going on around them, truly full of pomp and splendour, and distress and horror, a fascinating spectacle enough, and their resolution is, if possible, merely to watch the great tide as it sweeps by, from some safe position, but not to don their armour and to take the field.

It is to be feared there are in every society at the extreme and coldest pole of human character, those who from in-

* Cf. Church's 'Human life.'

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

THE UNIVERSITY PULPIT

VOL. XXIII. No. 568.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1901.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Sunday, October 27.

Sermon at Great St. Mary's, by the Rev. H. RASBELL, D. Litt.,
New College, Oxford.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

'So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.'—Gen. i. 27.

A recent work of Mr Leslie Stephen has called attention to the enormous part played in the Theology of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries by the line of thought which is familiarly associated with the name of Archdeacon Paley. It may almost be said that the theistic belief of thoughtful men a century ago rested mainly upon what is called the argument from design. I will not weary you by asking in detail why that argument cannot be to us what it was to our fathers. It will be generally admitted that, if its force has not been destroyed by Darwinism, the form of it has been entirely changed. Its obviousness, its popular persuasiveness is gone. And however it may be reconstructed, we may safely say that in the future belief in God will not be mainly derived from that source. I trust that it will not need an apology for me to invite you to think for a few moments this afternoon what line of thought is to take its place.

Is not the true apologetic of the future outlined for us in the words of my text? More and more I think, the conviction grows that in the soul of man is contained the true revelation of God. I do not mean that Theology can afford to ignore the facts of Science. What I do mean is that for the enquirer of the present day the oracle of Nature will prove obstinately dumb as to all that concerns his origin and destiny, if he neglects to ask himself what is the relation between what we call the material Universe and that mind of man through which alone we know anything at all about what we call the material Universe. And some of us may feel strongly inclined to go further still, and to say that no absolutely sufficient and unassailable ground can be discovered for belief in God in any theory of the world which recognizes the existence of matter as an independent thing in itself, capable of existing by itself, and which stops short of seeing in matter simply the correlate, the creation, the experience of mind.

To the ordinary common-sense view of things it seems that matter is something which we know all about, something whose existence is undoubted, and fully intelligible; and if it does not, as a matter of fact, exist by itself independently of spirit, it is at least thought capable of so existing. It is mind, whose existence, or at least whose independent existence, seems shadowy and problematical. But further reflection may bring the conviction, not merely that we do not know anything about matter apart from the effects it produces upon us, but that the very idea of such a thing as matter apart from mind is unintelligible, unthinkable, self-contradictory. Analyse the world that we know, the only world that we have any reason for believing in as actual or possible, and in what do we find it to consist? There are certain feelings—certain actual-feelings and certain generalised ideas which we get from actual feeling—and certain relations between actual or possible feelings. Feeling can clearly exist only in a mind or consciousness. Feelings, and, if relations are relations between things that are felt, they cannot very well have a being of their own independently of the mind that experiences those feelings and apprehends those relations. All that we know in short is experience or possible experience, and the souls that have such experience. To attempt to form the idea of a world that exists apart from experience is

simply to think of a possible experience, and to forget to think of the mind to which that experience is to occur.

I know of course how strange and extravagant such a view of things will seem to those (if such there should be in this Church) to whom it is unfamiliar, and how utterly inadequate this brief suggestion of an argument (it is intended for no more) will appear to those to whom it is not unfamiliar. You will know where to look for a fuller development. The argument is one which has never been more powerfully stated than of late in Cambridge. If I have ventured to touch upon so difficult, some may think so unstartable, a subject in a sermon, it is from a very deep conviction that the true basis of belief in God, and especially of the Christian belief in a God who reveals himself, is that view of the universe which holds that spirits and their experiences are the only real things in the world—the only independent realities. For it is quite clear that the world is not constituted merely by such minds as ours. If we use the idealistic formula 'The mind makes Nature,' it is quite clear that it is not my mind or yours which makes Nature. If Science be not a mass of delusion, this planet existed before human or even animal life existed on it. The physical Universe at large existed before there is any reason to believe that any minds the least like ours were there to apprehend it. And such minds can contain but a tiny fragment of the all which there is to know. Therefore, when we are discovering facts which were facts before they discovered them. And what we know, we do not will. Our experiences are often opposed to our likings and our strivings; they fail to satisfy our desires and our ideals. And even the greater part of what does satisfy us, we are conscious of no more willing that we will our own pains. Each of us has (to all appearance) a beginning; but the world was before we began. Therefore, if the world can exist only in or for a consciousness, there must always have been a mind in which and for which the world existed; and if the world is to have a cause, it must be willed by that mind; for will is the only cause we really know or can conceive. Such in briefest outline is the trend of thought which leads us up by a rigorous logical necessity (as it appears to some of us) to the idea of a conscious Will that is the source and the cause of all that is—for whom the world exists, from whom are derived all those lesser spirits which, with God, make up the totality of real existence. 'Nature,' as Lotze puts it, 'is the name for an effect whose cause is God.'

But, it will be said, this is Metaphysics. I am afraid that cannot be denied. And it may no doubt be urged with much plausibility that to make the truth of Theism or Christianity rest upon a metaphysical doctrine is positively suicidal. It seems to admit that belief in God is possible only to the educated. Even educated men, it may be said, cannot all be metaphysicians, and, though we may with some confidence appeal to the all but unanimous witness of Philosophy to a non-materialistic view of the Universe, it cannot quite be said that all philosophers are Idealists, or that all Idealists share in all points the Christian view of God.

Many answers might be made to this objection, but the most important perhaps is to remind you that Metaphysics (that great bug-bear of practical men) is after all only ordinary thought carried a little further than it is ordinarily carried. The arguments which when fully developed become a metaphysical system are the same arguments which in their undeveloped form appeal to educated or even to uneducated common-sense. When the philosopher argues for the impossibility of matter without mind, he is only analysing and developing that general conviction of the superiority of mind to matter, and that feeling of the gross improbability that matter should develop of itself something

~~Emerson~~ Stevenson

"Now things there are that, upon him who sees,
set strong vocations lay; & strains there are
That whose ears shall hear for evermore."

"The English lad goes to Oxford or Cambridge; then,
in an ideal world of gardens, to lead a semi-scenic
life, costumed, disciplined & drilled by proctors"

Sight-seeing is the art of disappointment."

The Pascar Children of the Royal Family

(Sparrow)
Answer to the question - What is Truth given by the Jupil Bahian Merga
Truth, sir, is a bird that flies so fast that
the eye of man cannot follow it, & so high that it is
lost to sight beyond the skies. But every now & then
one of its feathers falls down, & when it touches the
earth it takes the shape of a prophet. Muhammed
was such a prophet, sir, & so were Moses & Jesus.
No man on earth has heard the Voice of the Bird,
nor shall he hear it before he sits down beneath
the lote-tree in heaven."

The Five Arts [Knox. Extens. Manuals]
G. Baldwin Brown

Titian's method of painting described by one of his pupils.

He laid in the foundation with a great mass of pigment & then turned the canvas & the wall of the studio for some months without looking at it. "They would then be brought out one by one & subjected to the most rigorous scrutiny, 'as if they were the face of his most mortal enemy'."

"to deviate & get succeed is the prerogative of genius."

Life of Tennyson:-

by Unpublished poem of Tennyson
"has each

Down to his slightest tears & attitude —
Was something that another could not be."

Letter for Professor Subjuncto

About the stanzas in *Memories* CXXIV

"I feel in them the indestructible & ineradicable
minimum of faith which humanity cannot give up
because it is necessary for life; & which I cannot know
that I, at least so far as the man in me is deeper
than the methodical thinker, cannot give up."

Saying of Tennyson "I hate utter unfaith, I cannot endure
that man should sacrifice everything at the old altar of
what with their imperfect ~~and~~ knowledge they choose to
call faith or reason. One can easily lose all belief,
through giving up the continual thought & care for
spiritual things."

The Crash of Death (unpublished fragment)

But some have hearts that in them burn
With power & promise high,
To draw strange comfort from the earth
Strange beams from the sky."

"That's the swift decision of one who sees only half
the truth."

The statesman (unpublished poem)

"And in the hurry & the noise
great spirits grow akin to base"

1692. Sir William Temple's "Essays"

"When all is done, human life is, at the greatest & the best, but like a forward child, that must be played with & humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, & then the care is over."

A Defense of Poesie (Sir Philip Sidney) 1595

"most of them are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves"

of Goldsmith's "Good natural Man" 1768

"Life at the greatest & best is but a forward child, that must be humoured & waxed a little till it falls asleep, & then all the care is over."

"This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, & enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or what immediate end soever it be directed: the first end is, to lead & draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of. x x x x x But when, by the balance of experience, it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall in a ditch; that the enquiring philosopher might be blind in himself; & the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart; then to! did proof, the over ruler of opinions, make manifest that all these are but serving sciences, which, as they

have a private end in themselves, so yet are all directed to the higher end of the mistress knowledge, by the Greeks called ἀρχιτεκτονική, which stands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's self; in the ethic & politic consideration, with the end of well-doing, & not of well knowing only; even as the saddle's next end is to make a good saddle, but his farther end to serve a nobler faculty, which is horsemanship; so the horseman's to soldiering; & the soldier not only to have the skill, but to perform the practice of a soldier."

Sartin Resartus Carlyle
"Shame," --- "a mystic grace-encircled shrine for
the Holy in man."

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"The Art of Noctidly Wisdom"

by Balthasar Grauan 1653

Translated from the Spanish by Joseph Jacobs.

(Golden Treasury Series)

"Nature scarcely ever gives us the very best; for that we must have recourse to art."

"Knowledge without sense is double folly."

"He cannot make himself understood who does not himself easily understand."

"Drain nothing to the dregs, neither good nor ill."

"A grain of boldness in everything."

"If discovery be a gift of genius, choice of means is a mark of sound sense. Discovery comes by special grace & very seldom. For many can follow up a thing when found, but to find it first is the gift of the few, & those the first is excellence & an age."

"One ought to remove even the bowl of nectar from the lips."

Samuel Butler (RA Streetfield)

[Monthly Review Sept 1902]

(About Last Action)

"That brilliant sterility which too often seems to be the result of the modern system of education. . . . His learning paralysed his productive power. His mind was so crammed with other men's ideas, that his own had no room to germinate."

Sonnet by Butler publ. in Athenaeum a few months before his death

"Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear stream
Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those
Among the dead whose pyres we have seen,
Nor those great shades whom we have held in awe;
No meadow of asphodel our feet shall tread,
Nor shall we look each other in the face
To love or hate each other being dead,
Hoping some pain, or fearing some disgrace.
We shall not argue, saying, "I was then," or "Thou";
Our arguments whose drift we shall forget;
Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill be all one to us;
We shall not even know that we have met.

Yet meet we shall, & part, & meet again
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men."

Montaigne's Essays V. 1. #
That we Taste nothing Pure [cf. Emerson's "Compensation"]
"The most profound joy has more of severity than
gayety in it."

All Things have their Season
"A man may always study, but he must not always
go to school."

Defense of Seneca & Plutarch
"Every one thinks that the sovereign stamp of
human nature is imprinted in him, & that from it
all others must take their rule; & that all proceedings
which are not like his, are false & of force."

R. A. M. Stevenson

"Velasquez" <sup>(Great Master
of Purplish
Sulphur)</sup>

"The test of a new thing is not utility,
which may appear at any moment like a short-cut
the first favouring breath of Spring."

"Art without personal prejudice would become
an affair of science in which truth depends on
argument & not on personal convictions."

"Propaganda, like a fine day, puts us into a pleasurable
frame of mind without conscious effort on our part."

"The man who has no interest in technical questions
has no interest in art, he loves it as those love you
who professedly love for your soul."

"The 'agendas of culture' grant but one gift —
intellect — to many-sided man, & award but one
faculty of imagination to the dweller in a house whose
wains windows look down five separate avenues
of sense. Often some of these windows are blocked,

So many men must misunderstand each
other's reports of the external world, but the man
of culture too often keeps no window clean, & from a
dark chamber of the mind would explain to
everyone else the true inner meaning of what they
see.

"Who shall say what encourages genius — Not command
of original seeing, intellectual courage, & some gift or other
of expression."

Anthony Cleopatra
Sothagey. "In nature's infinite book of secrecy
at little I can read."

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The Love of Books

The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury

newly translated into English by E.C. Thomas

De La More Press 1902

"For the disciples, continually melting down the doctrines of their masters, & passing them through the furnace, drove off the dross that had been previously overlooked, until there came out refined gold tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times to perfection, & obtained by no admixture of error or doubt."

"Songs of Dreams" Ethel Clifford (P.M. by Lane)

"A Song of Love's Coming" (Dusted in the Outlook)
To some love comes so splendid, & so soon,
With such wide wings, & steps so royally,
That they, like sleepers wakened suddenly,
Ere they are down, are blinded by his noon.

To some love comes so silently & late
That all unheard he is, & passes by,
Leaving no gift but a remembered sigh,
While they stand watching at the gate.

But some know Love as the enchanted horn,
They hear him singing like a bird afar,
They see him coming like a falling star,
They meet his eyes, & all their world's in flower.

Letters of John Keats

To ~~Jane Keats~~ Edited by Sidney Colvin.

To Jane Reynolds

"In truth, the great Elements we know of, are no mean comforters; the open sky sits upon our senses like a sapphire crown - the Air is our robe of state - the Earth is our throne, & the Sea a mighty minstrel playing before it"

To S. T. Keats

"nothing is finer for the purposes of great production than a very gradual expansion of the intellectual powers."

To Benjamin Bailey

"Men should bear with each other; there lives not the Man who may not be cut up, ay dashed to pieces on his weakest side. The best of Men have but a portion of good in them - a kind of spiritual yeast in their frames, which creates the ferment of existence - by which a

Man is propelled to act, & strive, & buffer
with circumstance."

Keats mentions a maxim "On cause mieux grand
on ne dit pas causons":

To Reynolds.

"Poetry should be great & unobtrusive, a thing
which enters into one's soul, & does not startle
it or amaze it with itself - but with its subject.
How beautiful are the retired flowers! -
how would they lose their beauty were they
to throng into the highway, crying out, "Admire
me, I am a violet! Dote upon me, I am a
primrose!"

"Now it appears to me that almost any man
may like the spider spin from his own inward
his own airy Citadel - the points of leaves & twigs
on which the spider begins her work are few,
& she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting.

Man should be content with a few poems to tip
with the fine Web of his Soul, & weave a tapestry
Engyean - full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of
softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his
wandering, of distinctness for his luxury. But the
minds of mortals are so different & bent on such
diverse journeys that it may at first appear
impossible for any common taste or fellowship to
exist between two or three under these suppositions.
It is however quite the contrary. Minds would
leave each other in contrary directions, traverse
each other in numberless points, & at last greet
each other at the journey's end.

To John Taylor

"In Endymion I have most likely but moved
into the go-cart from the leading-strings - In
poetry I have a few axioms, & you will see how
far I am from their centre.

1.st I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess,
& not by singularity; It should strike the reader
as a wording of his own highest thoughts, & appear

almost a remembrance.

2d. No touches of beauty should never be half way, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of Imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, & set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be, than to write it — and this leads me to —

Another axiom — That if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, or had better not come at all —

To Reynolds

"I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public — or to anything in existence, — but the eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, & the Memory of Great Men."

To Reynolds

"The most unhappy hours in our lives are those in which we recollect times past to our own blushing — If we are immortal that must be the Hell.

Well — I compare human life to a large mansion of many apartments, two of which I can only describe, the doors of the first being as yet shut upon me — The first we step into we call the infant or thoughtless Chamber, in which we remain as long as we do not think — We remain there a long while, & notwithstanding the doors of the second Chamber remain wide open, showing a bright appearance, we care not to hasten to it; but are at length irresistibly impelled by the awakening of the thinking principle within us — we no longer get into the second chamber, which I shall call the Chamber of Maiden-Thought — than we become intoxicated with the light & the

atmosphere, we see nothing but pleasant wonders,
& think of delaying there for ever in delight: However
among the effects this breathing is father of is
that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into
the heart & nature of Man — of convincing
one's nerves that the world is full of Misery
& Heart-break, Pain, Sickness, oppression —
whereby the Chamber of Grandeur Thought becomes
gradually darkened, & at the same time, on all
sides of it, many doors are set open — but all
dark — all leading to dark passages — We see
not the balance of good & evil — we are in a
mist — we are now in that state — We feel
the "burden of the Mystery." To this point was
Wordsworth come, as far as I can conceive, when
he wrote Tintern Abbey,

To Hersey

"In Indymon, I leaped headlong into the sea, &
thereby have become better acquainted with the
Soundings, the quicksands, & the rocks, than
if I had stayed upon the green shore, & piped a

silly pipe, & took tea & comfortable advice.

To George Chapman Keats
"The only means of strengthening one's intellect is
to make up one's mind about nothing — to let
the mind be a thoroughfare for all thoughts, not
a select party."

To Rice (written less than a month after
the attack of hemorrhage which Keats recognized
as his death warrant)

the poor Falstaff, though I do not talk; I
think of green fields; I muse with the greatest
affection on every flower I have known from my
infancy — their shapes & colours are as new to
me as if I had just created them with a
superhuman fancy. It is because they are
connected with the most thoughtless & happiest
moments of our lives. I have seen foreign flowers
in hothouses, of the most beautiful nature, but
I do not care a straw for them. The simple flowers

your Spring are what I want to see again."

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Sketches & Essays

"On reading books"

William Hazlitt (1st publ. 1839)

"I am not in deducing the whole of our time to the study of the classics, or of any other set of works, to the exclusion & neglect of nature; but I think we should turn our thoughts another way to convince us of the existence of genius & learning before our time, & to cure us from overweening conceit of ourselves, & of a contemptuous opinion of the world at large

"On Cant & Hypocrisy"

One of the finest remarks that has been made in modern times, is that of Lord Shaftesbury, that there is no such thing as a perfect Theist, or an absolute Atheist; that whatever may be the general conviction entertained on the subject, the evidence is not & cannot be at all times equally present to the mind; that even if it were, we are not in the same humour to receive it: a fit of the gout, a shower of rain shakes our best-established conclusions; & according to circumstances

+ the frame of mind we are in our belief varies from
the most sanguine enthusiasm to lukewarm indifference,
or the most gloomy despair."

"So I would contend against that reasoning, which
would have it thought that if religion is not true,
there is no difference between mankind & the beasts
that perish; — I should say, that this distinction is
equally proved, if religion is supposed to be a mere
fabrication of the human mind; the capacity to
conceive it makes the difference."

"Care is the voluntary overcharging or prolongation of
a real sentiment; hypocrisy is the setting up a
pretension to a feeling you never had & have no wish for."

On a Sun-Deaf

"*Floras non numerus nisi serenas* — is the motto of
a sun-deaf near Venice. There is a softness & a
harmony in the words & in the thought unparalleled of
all conceits & is surely the most classical. 'I count

only the hours that are serene." "

On Taste

"Genius is the power of producing excellence: taste is the power of perceiving the excellence thus produced in several sorts & degrees, with all their force, refinement, distinctions, & connections."

"Instead of making a disposition to find fault a proof of taste, I would reverse the rule, & estimate every one's pretensions to taste by the degree of their sensibility to the highest & most various excellences. An indifference to less degrees of excellence is only excusable as it arises from a knowledge & admiration of higher ones; so readiness in the detection of faults should pass for refinement only as it is owing to a quick sense & impatient love of beauties. In a word, fine taste consists in sympathy, not in antipathy; & the rejection of what is bad is only to be accounted a virtue when it implies a preference of & attachment to what is better."

"no one ever approaches perfection except by stealth, & unknown to themselves. Did Corregio know what he had done when he had painted the "P" Jerome; or Rembrandt when he made the sketch of "Jacob's ladder"? Oh, no! These & who are conscious of their powers never do anything."

"Men of genius, or those who can produce excellence, would be the best judges of it - poets of poetry, painters of painting, etc. - but these persons of original & strong powers of mind are too much disposed to refer everything to their own peculiar bias, & are comparatively indifferent to merely passive impressions."

On Knowledge of the World

"He has not the sense of personality - the faculty of perceiving the effect (as well as the grounds) of his opinions."

Terminations

Henry Jones

The Middle years

Doct^r Hugh was an ardent physiologist, saturated with the spirit of the age - in other words he had just taken his degree; but he was independent & various, he talked like a man who would have preferred to love literature best. He would fair have made fine phrases, but nature had denied him the trick."

Lavengro by George Borrow

"What is your opinion of death, Mr. Peludengro?"
said I, as I sat down beside him.

"My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as
that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have
heard my grandam sing—
x x x x x x x x

When a man dies, he is cast into the earth,
& his wife & child sorrow over him. If he has
neither wife nor child, then his father &
mother I suppose; if he is quite alone in the
world, alas, then he is cast into the earth,
& there is an end of the matter."

"And do you think that is the end of man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother"

"Do you think, so?"

"Think so! - There's nigher o'day, brother, with
sweet things; sun, moon, stars, brother, all
sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the

health - Life is very sweet, brother, who would
wish to die?"

"I would wish to die -"

"You talk like a gorgio - what is the same as
talking like a fool - were you a Rommany Chab
you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed! - A
Rommany Chab would wish to live 'forever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun & stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I
could only feel that, I would gladly give 'forever.
Gosta, we'll now go to the tent & put
on the gloves; + I'll try to make you feel
what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!"

The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford

"Passion may burn like a devouring flame; & in a few moments, like flame, may bring down a temple to dust & ashes, but it is earned as flame, & essentially pure."

"A general principle, a fine saying, is nothing but a tool, & the wit of man is shown not in his possession of a well-furnished tool chest, but in the ability to pick out the proper instrument for use."

"On whatever lines the world may be framed, there must be distinction, difference, a higher & a lower; & the lower, relatively to the higher, must always be an evil. The scale upon which the higher & lower both are, makes no difference. The supremest bliss would not be bliss if it were not definable bliss, that is to say, in the sense that it has limits, marking it out from something else not so supreme."

--- topics which permit a great deal of
dreaming, but very little thinking: in fact, true
thinking, in the proper sense of the word, is
impossible in dealing with them. There is no
vigorous advance from one position to
another, which is really all that makes
thinking worth the name."

Mark Rutherford's Deliverance

"Pain & death are nothing new, & men have been
drawn into perplexed scepticism & even incuria
by them, ever since men came into being. Always,
however, have the majority, the vast majority
of the race, felt instinctively that in this
scepticism & incuria they could not abide,
& they have struggled more or less blindly after
explanations; determined not to desist till they
had found it, & reaching a result embodied
in a multitude of shapes irrational & absurd
to the superficial sceptic, but of profound interest
to the thoughtful. I may observe, in passing,

that this is a reason why all great religions
should be treated with respect, & a certain
sense preserved. It is nothing less than a
wicked waste of accumulated human strivings
to sneer them out of existence. They will be
found, every one of them, to have incarnated
certain vital doctrines which it has cost centuries
of toil & devotion properly to appreciate.
Especially is this true of the Catholic faith, & if
it were worth while, it might be shown how it
is nothing less than a divine casket of precious
remedies, & if it is to be eventually broken, it
will take ages to rediscover & restore them. Of
one thing I am certain, that their rediscovery &
restoration will be necessary. I cannot too
earnestly insist upon the need of our holding,
each man for himself, by some faith which
shall anchor him. It must not be taken up
by chance. We must fight for it, for only so
will it become our faith. The halt in
indifference or in hostility is easy enough &
seductive enough. The half-hearted

thinks that when he has attained that stage he has completed the term of human wisdom. I say go on; do not stay there; do not take it for granted that there is nothing beyond; incessantly attempt an advance, or at least a light, dim it maybe, will arise. It will not be a completed system, perfect on all points, an answer to all our questions, but at least it will give ground for hope.

We had to face the trials of our friends, & we had to face death. I do not say for an instant that we had any effectual reply to their arguments against us. We never so much as sought for one, knowing how all or in had sought & failed. But we were able to say that there is some compensation, that there is another side, & that is all that man can say. Is there any of the world is possible. The storm, the rain slowly withering the harvest, children sickening in cellars are obvious; but equally obvious are an evening in June, the delight of men & women in

I say myself
 always & expression
 "Well, how you have the secret of good work: to gladden
 the eyes of your neighbor & to be glad in
 his joy & to keep the passion fresh."
 Yours P 116

He said... you do it again & again, getting rid of the
 meaning by unsharpening, as with a safety pin in a
 stroke of iron that there was a great deal more in the
 back than there was in front. He said he
 had a lesson in his master.

one and then, in music, & in the exercise of
 thought. --- The proper attitude,
 the attitude enjoined by the severest exercise
 of the reason is, I do not know; & in this
 there is an element of hope, now rising
 & now falling, but always sufficient
 to prevent that blank despair which
 we must feel if we consider us settled there
 when we lie down under the grass there is
 an absolute end.

"My love for little was great, but I discovered
 that even such love as this could not be left to
 itself. It wanted perpetual cherishing. The
 lamp, if it was to burn brightly, required daily
 trimming, for people become estranged & indifferent,
 not so much by open quarrel or serious differences
 as by the intervention of trifles which need but
 the smallest, although continuous effort for their
 removal. The true wisdom is to waste no time
 over them, but to eject them as soon. Love, too,
 requires that the two persons who love one another

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Plant metaphors - Greek

1. τῆς ἀρετῆς ἰσοπέδιον ἔστιν ἡ πίστις

2. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

3. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

4. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

5. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

6. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

7. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

8. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

9. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

10. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

11. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

12. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

13. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

14. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

15. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

16. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

17. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

18. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

19. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

20. ἡ ἀρετὴ ὡς ἡ ἀκροατικὴ ἀκοὴ

shall constantly pressure to one another what
is best in them, & accomplish this; deliberate
purpose, severe struggle, are necessary. If
through relapse into idleness we do not attempt
to buy soul & heart into a true communion
day by day, what wonder if this once exalted
relationship become vulgar & mean? "

Principles

"There are multitudes of moments in which intellectual
conviction in the truth of principle disappears, &
we are able to do nothing more than fall back on
some dogged determination resolution of force, not to
give up when we have once found the truth. This
power of dogged determination resolution, which
acts independently of enthusiasm, is a precious
possession. A principle cannot for ever appear
to us in its pristine splendor. Not only are we
tempted to forsake it by other & counter attractions, but
it itself becomes to us because it is a principle. It
has a certain life of its own."

the good use the second person in the third
the man observing the character of the man
the man observing the character of the man
the man observing the character of the man

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Plant material - Greek

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IV

Xpous Xepi'ois Xily'ekin
Homes
of Xepi'ois Xily'ekin
(of Xepi'ois) Homes
Xepi'ois Xily'ekin
Xepi'ois Xily'ekin
Xepi'ois Xily'ekin

V

Kupiro Xepi'ois of common-splitt
of common-splitt
Kupiro Xepi'ois of common-splitt
Kupiro Xepi'ois of common-splitt
Kupiro Xepi'ois of common-splitt

VI

Spoid Kiro's Spoid of Tros Tros
of the way to the oak so shall I bring
Euphrates
Euphrates

could force another what
accomplish this, deliberate
, an necessary. If
less we do not attempt
to a true communion
order if this once exalted
year & mean? "

ment in which intellectual
of principle disappears,
more than fall back on
we found the true. This
terminate resolution, which
enthusiasm, is a precise
iple cannot for ever appear
splendor. Not only are we
by other counter attractions.
because it is a principle.

the good use the second person
the administration
the administration
the administration
the administration

becomes a fetter, we think. Then it is that faith comes
into operation? We had fast, why obey a third state
follows the first second, & we emerge into confidence
again. One would like to have a record of all that
passed through the soul of Ulysses when he was
rived past the Sirens. In what intellectually
subtle forms did not the desire to stay do the
work itself to that intellectually subtle soul? But he had
bound himself beforehand, & he reached Ithaca &
Penelope at last.

the nation
in the last sentence
of the author, of the only Cardinal Guarnelli.
When Guarnelli, Owing, then refused to attend the
St. Gaetano College in Guarnelli, secured his
authority, Philip II was compelled to remove him.
1585 the Regent saw Guarnelli's progress, & by the
Philip's refusal to his presence in the Palace.
The Cardinal's course was in Aug 1586 - when
came with his army - 1587 - then & Guarnelli
executed in 1588. Hence also records the
from the Treaty of Nijmegen in 1648 the United States
of Holland obtained the general acknowledgment of the
European powers.

den gale Vab, die nederlandsche Havermarkt. Hoe
use of spirit. The first is "den hollandsche Havermarkt".
Many of the expressions are phrases in character.
in 1731
an example in the explanation of the following
He took a whole lot of the former has been used
by Murray & Baskin
appeared in the character for the year 1798 published
from a small review.

Remembrance and Doctrine
composed in 1796 or 1797. When he had made up his
mind to write it, he mentioned to the University from
a person, so as to be away from the business & rather like of
He Nemo, & says the text & card himself of the
area of his general scholar, the problem of that at
the University.
"I have attempted to give the newly formed elements
of the life of small German town in the country &
of the people, from the dawn of the world to the present
no sacredness, & no sacredness in imperious."
consideration & commendation of the history of the work
from a small review.

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been looked on as mere foils to a more heroic
character. He also complains that Egmont's
services & his country have to be taken on trust &
hearsay instead of being actually presented to us.
He complains of the love interest, & thinks that the
fact that it is not an improvement to the play
shows that Goethe was not justified in introducing
it in opposition to history. Schiller thinks that it
is much more natural that Egmont should
stay in the Netherlands from not wishing to leave
his family & wants, than that he should do so
for cause of confidence (Surely to deserve his
family of their father must have been worse
than to expose them to our accustomed want!)

Schiller's Historische Skizzen

Hist. Introductions

Charles the Bold who died in 1477 ruled over a realm
which included nearly the whole of the provinces now
constituting Belgium & Holland. He was succeeded
by Philip the Fair, & again by Charles V, who as
ruler of the low countries was simply 'Count
Charles V of Holland'. He was bent on stifling the
turbulent spirit of freedom of his Netherlands
subjects, & upon suppressing the 'new creed' & the
the necessary consequences of their national
vanity made him extremely popular with the
Netherlands. Philip II ascended the throne in 1555
He was - through Spaniard in his worst features
proud, gloomy, fanatical. He encroached upon
their well established constitutional rights by leaving
in the country a Spanish garrison, & increasing the
severity of the religious edicts & ordinances. The
Netherlands had hoped for Count Egmont as the
Prince of Orange's Regent. He appointed
Margaret of Parma, & introduced the State

Schiller's criticism of Goethe's *Egmont*

"Ueber *Egmont*, Trauerspiel von Goethe"

Just shows that the tragic poets found their material in one of the three ① actions or situation

② passions

③ characterisation

The old tragedians confined themselves to ① & ② + Shakespeare was the first to add ③, & in Germany Götz von Berlichingen was the first example of ③

The play in an operation being by long & thin plan
"Hier ist keine hervorstechende Begebenheit, keine vorwältende Leidenschaft, keine Verwickelung, kein dramatischer Plan"

(What in the world does he mean by the things I have underlined?)

The unity of the piece rests neither in the situations, nor in any passion, but in the man.

(What praise could be higher than this?)

(Surely *Egmont* had a 'vorwältende Leidenschaft' for two things, freedom & Klücker)

Schiller complains of the human weakness that *Egmont* exhibits, which he thinks ought have

an era in the writing, finishing by then a certain
arrangement, vivid description & artistic style
He later applied himself to the study of philosophy,
especially Kant's

Schiller's connection with Goethe 1794-1805

In addition to the chiefly prose "die Horen" he began
~ 1796 to edit the poetical journal, the "Musen
Album"

~~George Meredith~~

~~(Pages in Amalath's Ed.)~~

"Well, there you have the secret of good work: to plod on &
still keep the passion fresh" Egout p 116

While Schiller went back to his Dramas, Goethe turned his attention to narrative in prose verse. In 1796 he finished his novel, "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship".

In the Spring of 1797 Goethe brought out Hermann and Dorothea, a narrative poem & a most charming picture of German home life at the end of the 18th & beginning of the 19th century, when Schiller was bringing out his greater dramatic creations, Goethe wrote little.

Goethe's old age 1805-1832

Deerly affected at death of Schiller. In these years he busied himself with subjects connected with natural science, but did not do much in literature proper - His first considerable work was a novel "Elective Affinities" After finishing this novel he commenced his auto biography.

Schiller 1759-1785

^{many who turn} son of a surgeon, soldier, & superintendent of gardens in turn. Desultory education. Wished to study theology.

Favourite books the Bible especially psalms & Puffenb. & Luther's Gerhardts & Gellert's hymns. Shakespeare's plays which he read in Wieland's translation, turned his attention to the drama. He began his first notable tragedy, the Robbers at the age of 18. A product of the Storm & Stress period. 1783 his second drama "The Conspiracy of Fiesco" also belonging to Storm & Stress period.

1784 Cabal & Love

Several lyric poems pervaded by the stormy spirit of the period. "The Spectator of the World" "Count Eberhard, the Weeper," "The Battle" Schiller founded a Journal History & Mystery of Theatrical matters

Period of Successful Activity (1785-1794)

Don Carlos & Maria Stuart the haughtiest of the Storm & Stress period through Goethe's influence Schiller was appointed the 1st of the Performer in history at Jena. His works made

piece in Italy, but keeps its prose form.

Ignomont is a dauntless, frank, genial Netherlander.

Duke Alba is sent by Philip II with secret orders to supersede the Regent Margaret in the government of the Netherlands. The Prince of Orange, a far seeing politician, warns his friend of the danger from Alba. But Ignomont fears nothing, even when taken prisoner he relies on the King's justice, the Regent's friendship, or in the last resort on Orange & the nation. But the nation, notwithstanding the efforts of his love Kläuschen to rouse them, are too cowardly to attempt the rescue of their champion.

Ignomont pushes a vection to overconfidence at a crisis which called for prudence & policy. Before he dies the Spirit of Freedom in the guise of Kläuschen appears to him in a dream, tells him that his death will yet win freedom for the Netherlands, shares him the wreath of victory. When Kläuschen hears of Ignomont's fate she takes poison.

Schiller in his review praised the historical ideal coloring, but could not help wishing that Ignomont had been made equal to the emergencies of the time, a

successful hero whom we could venerate. But Goethe desired to treat an Ignomont whom we should love, pity & lament.

Goethe's intercourse with Schiller

G. met S. first in 1779, but it was not till 1794 that a great friendship sprang up between them. From that time they corresponded unceasingly, when in 1799 Schiller came to live at Weimar they visited almost daily.

Goethe was a realist rising from the particular to the general, Schiller an Idealist who for the general idea, deduced the individual instance. They published together the periodical "die Horen" which Schiller was setting up in 1794 in which Goethe's Roman elegia first appeared. Published together epigrams which they called "Xenien" after the title of Marat's 13th book. In the "Muses Almanack" for 1798 appeared a string of the lovebest Ballads by both authors. Goethe's were "The Treasure Seeker", "The Book of Countess", "The Girl of the Bayadere"

Goethe's Second Period [1775-1794]

G. came to Weimar in 1775. He soon became the centre of an intellectual circle. He became the intimate friend, companion & adviser of the Duke, whom he accompanied to Switzerland. He was raised to the highest office which the Duke could bestow on him.

From 1775 to 1777 a number of his most beautiful ballads appeared. "The Fisherman", "The Red Rose", the "Minted". Also Songs, "To the Moon," & those of yearning desire sung by Myrta & the Harper in Wilhelm Meister. His journey to the Harz in the winter of 1777 gave rise to the poem, Winter Journey to the Harz.

And the group of poems belonging to this period are those written to gratify the poetical taste of the court as. "Triumph of Sensibility", "Birds" the pretty operas, "Lila", "The Fisherman's wife", "Funning, Cunning & Revenge", "Claudine von Villabella", the one act drama "The Sisters & Brothers".

All this time Goethe was pondering, planning & trying to begin several works that demanded deep & undivided thought, "Iphigenia", "Tasso", "Wilhelm

Mentis", "Egmont". He was ill at ease, feeling distracted from his life work. In vain he took up the studies of mineralogy, anatomy, botany, as well as drawing & painting. To ease his mind & recover his poetic nature he resolved to leave Weimar for a time, to go to Italy. This journey was a turning point in Goethe's life; he says himself that his sojourn under the southern sky was for him a spiritual second birth. He now understood the spirit of Greek Art; the more he understood it the more he despised the formless productions of the Sturm & Stress period. The true principle of Art he found, not in the slavish copying of commonplace nature, but in the classical idealizing which robes an exalted subject in the most perfect form. He felt bound therefore to remodel the three plays commenced before his journey. He began with Iphigenia which he had already written in Prose, & rewrote the whole in blank verse.

In 1787, the year that Iphigenia appeared, Goethe put the finishing touches to "Egmont", which he had hardly sketched at Frankfurt 12 years before, & had almost completed at Weimar before his travels. He retouched the

impress the poet's youthful genius. He received many new ideas when Frankfurt was occupied by the French during the Seven Years War, & the King's Lieutenant, Count Thurneise was lodged in his father's house. The count was a lover of art. He set up a French theatre, which first led Goethe to study the French drama. His instruction was superintended by his father, who sought self-activity in his son, & to train his understanding rather than load his memory. The boy wrote a kind of novel consisting of letters in several languages, French, Latin, Greek, English, Italian, German, & the Jewish dialect of Frankfurt. This Jew-German led him to a study of Hebrew & to a keen appreciation of both the Old & New Testaments. Goethe went to Leipzig in 1765 to study law. He was not keen about the subject, but he got a great deal of enjoyment from the society he met. The director of the Art school helped him much. A visit to the Dresden picture gallery gave him a greater interest into art.

- Goethe's works — 1st period (1749-1775)
- 1767 The Lover's Huron } First period's dramatic works.
1768 The Accomplices } Written at Leipzig
1773 Gotz von Berlichingen. ed. Drama wh. laid the foundation of his fame as an author.
- This is a product of the Storm & Stress period. The material was taken from the autobiography of an old Franconian knight who died in 1562.
- The piece rep^s the collision between the old independent order of knights of the Empire, & the new order of things.
- The whole is bright & true to life, but lacks the economy of the drama.
- 1774 The Sorrows of Young Werther another product of the Sturm und Drang period, one of whose characteristics is a morbid & dreary sentimentalism.
- The plan of the whole is similar simple, & the language most lovely melodious.
- This work had an immense influence on contemporaries. The Songs dedicated to "Lili", Elisabeth Schonebaum to whom he was for a time engaged among the last works of the first period.

He defined the Principles of the Drama, & showed that the French models were antagonistic not only to the German spirit but to Art itself. He pointed to Shakespeare as being vastly superior to the French poets, & as being with the Greek poets, the best models for the Germans.

1772 - Tragedy of Emilia Galotti. Christian Livijs tale of Virginia in modern garb. The characters are drawn with masterly skill. The first great German tragedy.

He wrote Nathan the Wise in reference to polemical quarrels which he became involved.

The three monotheistic religions are put on an equal footing. In Nathan the Wise is typified, Lessing has raised a monument to the character of his friend Mendelssohn. Saladin is an ideally noble follower of Islam. There are 3. & 4 Christians, but none of equal regard with Nathan & Saladin. For fairness there should have been a more noble Christian character.

Lessing may be called the originator of sterling

German prose. He always chooses the simplest fittest words to express his thoughts.

The "Sturm und Drang" period.

In the seventies of the last century, about the time when the Göttingen club of poets was formed, a great revolution was going on in poetry, science & art. In religion everything positive was to give way to a religion of reason. On matters of education Rousseau with his return to nature, was now the prophet. Humboldtmann & Lessing had laid down new rules for art. The highest models were Shakespeare, Homer, & the Yoke-song. "Originality & genius" was the cry. In many men these ideas degenerated into sheer licence.

Goethe

First period 1749-1775

Wealthy father, mother daughter of town magistrate. Born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. His native town, with its extensive commerce, its annual fairs, its historic monuments & associations, had much to excite

- 4 Poetry practised by Citizens & Guilds "Meister Sings" AD 1300-1500
- 5 Period of the Reformation AD 1500-1624
6. Literature in hands of Men of Letters 1624-1748
- 7 Second Classical Period (from 1748)

Lessing 1729-1781. At Meissen school his favourite subjects were classics, mathematics. He was so apt a scholar that his schoolmaster said he was "home who needed a double portion of fodder." In 1746 he went to Leipzig University to study theology, but he did not care for it, & studied medicine with equal want of success. He then applied himself to poetry, philosophy & languages. He was particularly fond of the Dramas, which till he went to the University he had only known in the writings of Plautus & Terence. He was fond of the society of actors. He was a friend of the philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn. In 1767 Lessing undertook the task of transforming the Hamburg Theatre into a model one for the whole nation, but this design was frustrated, & in 1770 he

accepted the post of librarian at Wolfenbützel which he held until his death.

Lessing possessed extraordinary erudition, & an insatiable desire for research. It was not knowledge that made him happy, but the search for knowledge. In one of his polemical treatises he says: "If God held in His right hand all truth, & in His left only an eternal craving for truth, coupled even with the certainty of error, should we choose; I would humbly touch the left hand, & say 'Father, give; pure truth to doubters for Thee alone.'

Lessing was an excellent critic

1767 Minna Von Baumbach or Soldier's Luck
 One of Lessing's objects in writing this drama, in which the two chief characters, a Prussian Officer & a Saxon lady, vie with each other in generosity, was to remove the hated shroud up between Prussians & Saxons by the Seven Years War, & awaken the higher idea of a common Fatherland. In this sense it may be termed the first national drama.
 1767-1769 L. published the Hamburg Dramaturgy

Lublin's Primer of German Literature

"Aryans" from Sanscrit *Aryas* = mighty ones

Low German spoken on plains of N. Germany. Its oldest form was Old Saxon

High German spoken in S. Germany & German part of Switzerland.

Old High German from before Charlemagne to AD 1100

Frankish dialect predominates

Middle High German AD 1100-1300

Swabian dialect predominates

New High German

Periods of German Literature

1. Earliest times to Charlemagne AD 800.

Chiefly occupied by old heathen legends

2. Charlemagne to beginning of 12th century. Paganism disappears. Literature falls into the hands of the clergy
AD 800-1100

3. First Classical Period. Poetry in the hands of the nobles
"Court Poets" AD 1100-1300

standing of ... all continued to do this for they
but the ... line to set down
I felt quite ... talk of
the two together - ... remember all the conversation
but some time during the interview Miss G. gave
me a graphic account of how she was christened
Eleanor (that being my name) as her brother &
sisters had exhausted all the available Belle
names & then on hearing I was Saene she at once
enlarged on all the dangers of the subject &
ended by agreeing to come to the conclusion
that I must be an Agnosthi. I said I didn't think
I was an Agnosthi! whereat she appeared much
relieved. She ended finally by getting on to what
I hear is her pet subject the absolute inferiority of
MAN."

Verse game. Answer by H. R. P.

Question "Are there better dreams?"

Word to be introduced "Iconoclast."

"Are there better dreams & will these fancies last?"

Hush thy voice & wake him not, vile iconoclast!

October 5. 99

Miss S. Gould to AR

"The old chestnut tree which I can see as I sit up in bed (7.20 A.M.) from my window every morning, changes in beauty day by day - Such lovely sunset tints & soft browns, intermingling with the fading green."

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October 5. 99

29 Hunt to AR

"You will see I have settled down at the Hall - It is a strange place mostly frequented by medicals (who seem to be in a chronic state of carrying skeletons & skulls about & slide students. Miss Dr. & Miss G. are the two principals so soon after my arrival I conceived it would be proper to call on them & make my bow. I accordingly did so & a very strange quarter of an hour followed. Miss G. & Miss Dr. were both

Book of Letters

Sept 6. 99 Miss Ellen Sweetapple to A. R.

"We have so enjoyed our garden & have lived almost entirely out of doors. A friend who has been staying with us said that she should always think of our garden as a large room with a green carpet & blue sky ceiling."

Sept 3. 99. W. S. Hall to A. R.

"How strange - I have been doing algae too. I go fairly on to the end of the Volvocaeae then it gets rather wearisome & by the time I get to the Flandere I feel as tho' I had been absorbing sawdust."

Job
Victor Hugo

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