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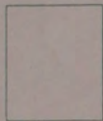
About the Institute

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.

POST CARD

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE



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Kant.

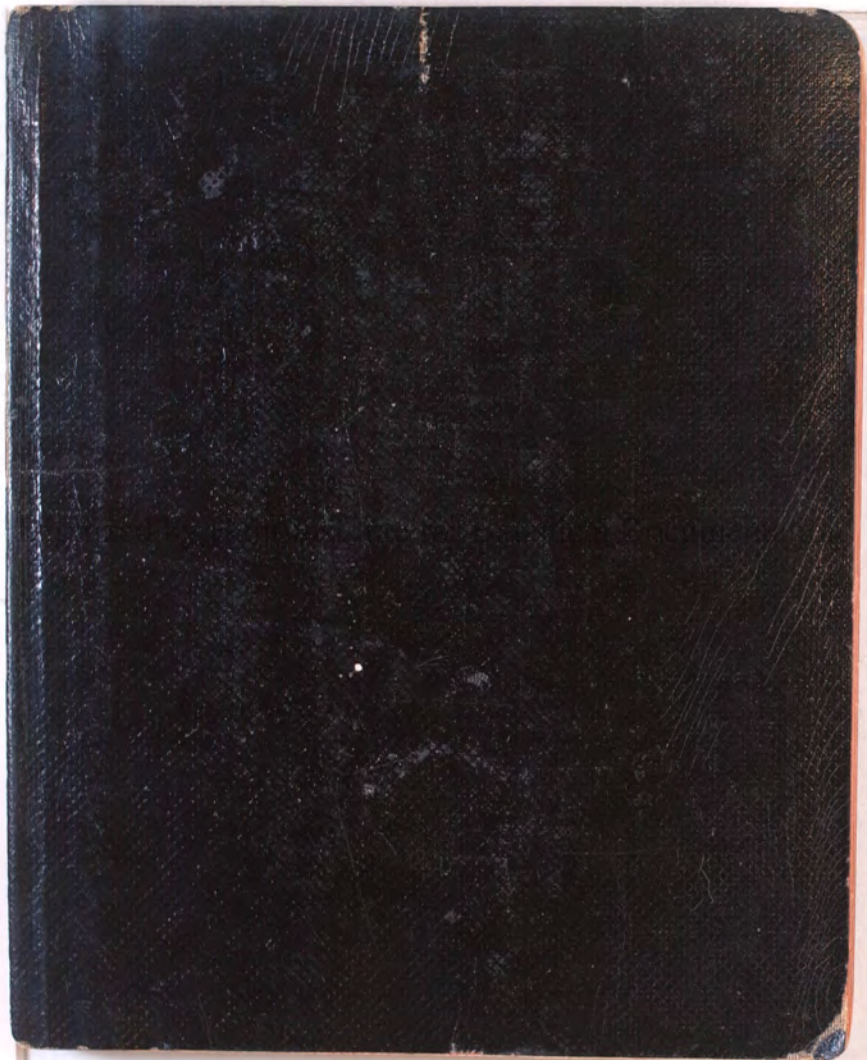
Die Kritik der Urtheilskraft-

§ 80. 1750

Derlymbe heritette für nun-heritette

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184. d. 9¹¹ 28
(see to 184 d. 9¹¹ 27
184. c. 9¹¹ 67



"I've often wanted to 'ave a good
go in at reading" Kipp's replied.

Comma-place Book III.

Agnes Arber
52 Huntingdon Rd
Cambridge
Aug. 25. 1911.
— Dec 1919

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W. Drummond

"But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought."

(Conclusion of sonnet - beginning
"Of this fair volume what we would do name"

Tax not the royal Sain^t with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the Architect who plann'd
(Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only) the immense

And glorious work of fine intelligence!
— Give all that canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of much-calculated less a more:—
So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense

These lofty pellers, spread their branching roof
Self-possess, & scoop'd into ten thousand cells
Whence light & shade descend, where music dwells

Linger & wander on as with the breeze
Like thyme to those very sweetness yieldst proof
That they were born for immortality.

W. V. Adams

"The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:

+ + + + +
And thou wast lovely to the last
Extinguish'd not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest when they fall from high.

+ + + + +
Yet how much less were to gain,
Thou' thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain
Are all of time that cannot die
Through dark & drear Eternity
Returns gain to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than any ~~expire~~ ^{expire} is long years.

Poems of Currier, Ellis - Acton Bell 4

Mementos by C. B.

If state the paths of love she follow,
I will be with tired & froward will;
The 'llay' tail, the aching hollow,
The joyless blank of life to fill."

C. B.

To bid, O thank, to long, to give,
To seek my future fate!

Be also desolate, men the eve
Well, such a life a heart makes late

Welcome, wished for friend;
Then, and we, Reason, Patience, Faith,
To suffer to the end! "

= Parson (by C. B.)

" I'll die when all the foam is up,
The liquor wine sparkling high;
No want will in the exhausted cup
Lies' dark days only lie."

Winter Stanzas

We take from life one little share,
 And say to an' thus shall be
 A space, redeemed from toil & care,
 From tears & sadness free.

And haphly, Death untrifling his bow,
 And sorrow stands apart,
 And, for a little while, we know
 The sunshine of the heart.

And slowly, will not stay
 Alike, though clear & clouded skies,
 It cleaves its solemn way.

Alike the bitter cup of grief,
 Alike the drayman of bliss,
 His progress leaves his woman brief
 For beffled lips to kiss.

The sparkling drayman is dried away,
 The hour of rest is gone,
 And again comes, round us, say,
 "Ho, hunger hasten on!"

And has the soul, then, only gained,
 From this brief time of ease,
 A moment's rest, then overstrained,
 One hurried glimpse of peace?

No; while the sun shone kindly o'er us,
 And flowers bloomed round our feet, —
 x x x x x x x x

An' unseen ~~to~~ work within was plying;
 Like honey-seeking bee,
 From flower to flower unweary'd, flying,

Labour'd one faculty, —
^{Thence full of wisdom, feeling, sorrow,}

Its power scanty;
 Prescure today, of woe tomorrow
 Told quite memory.

E. B.

Anticipation

7

"Bene", with firm foot & tranquil face,
I held boulevard for that tempting race,
Gazed o'er the sands the waves efface,

To the enduring seas —
There cast my anchor of desire
Deep in unknown eternity;
Nor ever let my spirit tire
With looking for what is to be!

Plead for me

Oh, thy busy eyes must answer now,
 When Reason, with a scornful brow,
 Is mocking us my overthrow!
 Oh, thy sweet tongue must plead for me
 And tell thy I have chosen thee!

When Reason is to judgment come,
 Arrayed in all her forms of gloom;
 With thee, my advocate, be dumb?
 No, radiant angel, speak thy say,
 Why didst thou cast the world away
 Why have preferred to show
 The common path to an ostracism;
 And in a strange way journey on,
 Heedless, above wealth & power
 Of glory's wreath & pleasure's flower.

These men, indeed, seem'd Beings Divine;
 And thy, per chance, head bows of mine,
 And saw my flames in their shine;
 But careless yet are seldom priz'd,
 And mine were worthily despis'd.

So, with a ready heart, I move
 To seek their altar-stone no more;
 And give my spirit to adore
 Thee, ever-pure, phantom thing -
 My slave, my comrade, my king.
 A slave, because I seek thee still;
 And love thee O my changeful will,
 And make thy influence good to all
 A comrade, for by day or night
 Thou art my intimate delight; -

My starting pain ^{two} wounds & scars,
 And wings & blessing ^{one} for years
 By leading me to earthly cares;
 And yet, a king, ^{to my} Prudence well
 Have taught my subject to rebel
 And am I wrong to worship where
 Faith cannot doubt, no hope despair,
 Since my own soul can grant my prayer?
 Plead, God of virgins, plead for me,
 And tell thy ^{love} have chosen thee!

see
 in hall
 (1855)

Oh, I would give my heart to death,
To keep my honour fair;
Yea, I would give my inward faith
My honour's name to part.

So false pretence + cold allies
Mistreat me, every one:
Let me be false in others' eyes,
If faithful in my own.

E. B.'s last poem is

11

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life - than in me has rest,
As I - undying Life - have power in thee!

Vain are the thousand needs
That vex man's hearts: unutterably vain;

Or idlest fancies amid the boundless
To waken doubt in me
Holy so far by thine infinity;

So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With work-embracing love
Thy power animates eternal joys,
Perceives & buds above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, rears

12
I thought earth & man were gone,
And suns & universes ceased to be,
And ~~the world~~ Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is no room for Death,
No atom that his might could render void:
Thou - THOU art Being & Breath,
And that THOU art may never be destroyed.

"that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy + the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened:— that serene + blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—
 Until, the breath of this corporeal flame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, + become a busy soul:
 When with an eye made pure by the power
 Of harmony, at the deep peace of feeling
 We see into the life of things.
 x x x x x x x x x x
 The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion.
 x x x x x x x x x x
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 heavy of tonalities
 x x x x x x x x x x
 And I have felt
 a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 x x x x x x x x x x

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, 14
And the round ocean & the living air,
And the blue sky, & in the mind of man:
A motion & a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

The life letters of Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker. ^{15 Sept 1918}
Leonard Huxley. 1918

Vol I p. 363

"To write a book of the sort, has been the pole-star
of my life & now that it is really all over & one
feels the great climacteric passed, & looks back upon
life after the fashion that people are described as doing
after marriage, or the birth of their first child or later,
but as I do not after either of these occasions."

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1877
on Feb 3, 1877, when nearly 40 he writes to
Harvey (msul 40)
"I would urge you to think now of
putting together some of your ideas of facts or
under branches in a purely descriptive. I
think this becomes a duty after a certain
time of life with those who keep such subjects
before them - too much of our dear boy's
experience dies with us, & the pursuit of careful
descriptive Botany, rather renders us too
timid about striking on into generalities than
are the product of years of insensibly gained
experience."

Vd I p 475 (Letter to Aspray)

16

"The long & the short of it is, that we have too many clever people - the world, too few sound ones."

Vd II p 26 (Letter to Darwin:-)

"I venture to see with you by the way, that after long working on a subject, & after making something of it, one invariably finds that it all seems dull, flat, stale unprofitable - this feeling, however, you will observe only comes ^(and mechanically) after you really have made out something worth knowing."

Vd II p 51

(Letter to Darwin had been entering into controversy with the Athenaeum)

"I cannot abide this bugging of science before the public in Times & Athenaeum, & implore you, my dear fellow, not to do so again, & x the only party that gains by these discussions is the promoter of the paper; the only one that loses every way is the maintainer of truth, science will be much more respected if it keeps its discussions within its own circle."

the life, Letters & Journals of Sir
Charles Lyell, Bart. Edited by his
Sister-in-law, Mrs. Lyell 1880

19

F 1/2/71

"I am quite clear, from all that I have yet
seen of the world, that there is most real
independence in the class who, by
possessing moderate means, are engaged
in literary & scientific hobbies; & that in
ascending from the uneducated, the feelings of
independence decrease, pretty nearly in the
same ratio as the fortunes increase.

F p. 73

"I think the same is true in the case of
the feelings & prejudices of the age. This is
not courage or manliness in the cause of
Truth, nor does it promote its progress. It is
an unfeeling disregard of the weakness of
human nature, for as it is our nature
(for what reason? Heaven knows), we as it
is constitutional in our minds, to feel a
marked sensibility on matters of religious
faith, I conceive that the same right
feeling which guards us from outrageous
feelings

too violently the sentiments of our
neighbours in the adjoining concerns of
the world & its customs should direct us
state more so in this."

p 234

"We must preach up travelling, as
Demosthenes did 'delivery' as the
first, second, & third requisite for a
modern geologist, in the present
advanced state of the science."

p 234

"I will tell you fairly that it is at
present of no great consequence to
me to get a respectable sum of my volume,
not only to cover the expenses for present
future projected campaigns, but because
my making my hobby pay its additional
costs, which in-entails, will alone justify
my pursuing it with a mind sufficiently
satisfied with itself, so as to feel independent,
& free to indulge in the enthusiasm
necessary for success. I shall never hope to
make money by geology, but not to lose, &
taxation for my amusement; unless I
can secure this, it would in my circumstances

be selfish - me to devote myself as much
 as I hope to do to it" x x x my work is
 in part written, & all planned. I will
 not pretend to give even an abstract of all
 that is known in geology, but in like
 endeavor to establish the principles of
reasoning in the science; & all my geology will
 come in as illustration, ~~the~~ my views of these
 principles, as evidence strengthening the
 system necessarily arising out of the
 admission of such principles -
 1825 "If I can but learn the whereabouts
 of any author, or rather of extraordinary
~~cost~~, depend upon it, I will write no time
 in bookmaking for Lucretius sake. At least
 will answer for myself for many a day.
 try to get me off very V. P. G. S. if
 intended gain. I have, as you have, a
 sacrifice in meeting to official duties, &
 am prepared to do so gain at some future
 time, but I will not for the time coming, except
 as referee & councillor."

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I p 299

"After a due series of failures, blunders, wrong guesses, etc., we will establish a firm theory."

I p 321

jeu admittit f Madame de Staël
"L'Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur des Nations."

p 335

Cockburn said "I have often thought that peace and companionship, usually any civility is a duty, as to a same social silence." He said deep emphasis on these last words, which I recall, many an occasion when I had felt the same, when I would have preferred to walk or sit in a room with one I loved without speaking, say conversation with an indifferent person."

F p 347

to his fiancée
 " I shall write a few words before I get
 into the steamboat, just to tranquillise
 my mind a little, after reading several
 controversial articles ... gaining sight.
 If I find myself growing too warm or
 annoyed at such hostile demonstrations,
 I shall always retreat to you. You will be
 my harbour of peace & refuge, & when I
 my finger the storm. I must tear by
 persevering steadily I shall -----"

p 352

" So far public affairs, I have long left
 off troubling myself about them, as
 knowing that one engaged in scientific
 pursuits has so little to do with them
 in power of influencing their career, as
 with the government - the hurricanes
 or earthly motion; & if one becomes
 annoyed, there is an end of steady work."
 p 365
 " A walk home in bright moonlight
 did me much good."

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I 372

"they had made up for cultivating
Natural History, & prone to inquire into
(the causes of things) - such people I believe
are born with in very different degrees, not
by any means in proportion to the talents."
They may happen to have for other pursuits."

I 375

"He has not the application necessary to make
his splendid abilities tell in a work. Besides
every one leads him astray. A man shall
have some seventy characters, be able to
repel imitations, etc."

I 376

"Came to ask me ^{of a man in foreign} ^{with whom I had} ^{been}
hence into the County by resolution of the
with pain, but is only by resolution of the
him that anything can be done. I always
reflect that if I had a recognized profession,
all the world would thank me right, as called
upon to be equally unprejudiced; therefore,
as I am determined to make science a profession,
I will do so, in the end they will thank me
right."

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I 384

"I have told Murchison I cannot be President. He unaccounted, was long, but was firm, I suspect - he trusts me right. It is just one of these temptations the world, which decides whether a man shall really rise high or not in science. For two more years I am free from the affairs administrative, which, said M. Beuchart in his late letter to me, have prevented me from studying philosophy d'une manière suivie, cherchant à faire carrière already so far."

I did
 "We have at least no danger in some sense, that of being rich, which I am sure, must as many of us wanted in science, gives men's careers more than anything, gives them immortality duties, by which they become stewards of their property, rather than men who have time to devote to philosophical pursuits. By with holding the temptation of the President's chair & the lectures at K.C. next year, I shall, I

think, have done two virtuous acts of
 self-denial, but they will require to be
 backed by still greater; for precisely in
 proportion to my not having any of those public &
 respectable engagements to plead, will be the
 difficulty of finding off the important
 to address with them, shall be assailed. Did I
 tell you what a fire of desperation the interruptions
 of General Oxenford have in law driven
 Burckland? Literally obliged to hire another
 house and town, five miles, to leave his
 library & other conveniences! x x x I reckon that
 the loss of time, & reference even now, then
 to me look, as far off as G.S. from me, is
 so great to us as to keep us from
 buying. Oh what a hissing five miles
 from his boots!

I 405

"the grand secret is to revise constantly,
 + to compare them frequently, after
 thinking over what you see in the interval."

I 405

Essays of Sidney Smith: - "but why
 should a man say I will be intimate & social

27
only when I have known people
fifteen years? One must ^{be} always beginning, &
extending his acquaintance, & be left alone.
Life is not long enough for such a plan. A man
must allow for something intermediate between
cold reserve & the familiarity of schoolboys.
Heck not do, Sir, depend upon it, for any
man to say, "I will shut my mouth, &
be reserved to all with whom I cannot
play at leap-frog."

I 429
I can make myself master of the
kind of evidence relied on for the change of
level of the Baltic, & it is necessary to
cross-examine both nature & man. The
testimony of the former is strong; & the
latter, I must say, so weak & contradictory,
that I require to know the men, & find
how they got their views.

I 437
"I was glad to hear that you had been fishing, or
lizard catching, with Lord Greenock, who has
the greatest of all merits, loving the subject."

I 445
(album B. 4)

The lectures answered well. The evening
badly - too much display to suit with my
notions of what philosophers should do. The
plant form drops reminded me of the
hustings -

I 465
"as a rule I rather judge the devotee of
some ^{xxx} official duties, than some
people like, but such an un-try taste, -
written away one's time tonight."

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I 475
To Charles Darwin
"When some great principle is at stake, all
the degrees of minute peaceful comparison
vanishes, but I heartily long for some one
here with a collection of shells, pleasure to talk
on these matters with. I would be
recompensed with work. Don't accept any
official scientific place, if you can avoid it, &
sell no one than I save you the advice
as they would all cry an-against me
as the preacher of anti-patristic
principles, I forgive against the calamity

29
being President as long as I could. All
has gone smoothly, but has not cost me
more time than I anticipated; but my
question is, whether the time annihilated
by learned bodies ("par les affaires
administratives") is balanced by any
good they do. Many exchanging Herschel
the Cape, for Herschel is President of the
Royal Society, which is so narrowly
escaped being, - I voting for him too! I
hope to be forgiven for that. At least, with
as I did, exclusively for yourself & for
science for many years. Do not presume
incur the honour & penalty of official
dignities. There are people who may be
profitably employed in such duties,
because they would not work if not so
engaged.

II 33

Macaulay on Bacon "It is a philosophy which
never rests. No law is perfect; a point which
was invisible yesterday & its goal today, will be
the starting point tomorrow."

at Osnabruck + Münster I met
 a warm & German reception from men of
 whom I had never heard, but who had read
 my paper in Sweden or something else.
 I mean by German, that kind of frank
 expression, enthusiasm for science, or of any
 emotion, that well-bred Englishman tries
 to suppress, at least all outward expression
 of it, from the dread of being thought ridiculous,
 or of affecting of feel more than he does, or from
~~moderate~~ moderate ~~hunts~~ hunts. If you ever get sick of
 too fashionable nonchalance which would
 blush to admire anything, or at least
 confess it, I advise you to plunge into
 Germany, you will be soon reformed &
 brought back to your true opinion, &
 will be literature, science, or any other
 pursuit you are following.

"I am very glad you like the Athenaeum. I used
 to make one mistake when first I went there.
 When anxious to push or write my book, after
 'two hours' spell', I went - there by way of a
 lounge, & instead of that, walking head long
 hard, being crowded by meetings with clever people,
 who would often talk to me, very much to my
 profit, on the way when I was writing,
 or I fell in with a Review or Magazine relating
 to geology. Now this was all very well, but I
 must forgive that this ought to come for
 work all day, after had been written, then I
 myself consequently gave up my second
 'two hours' spell'. By not doing so I was of the
 brain - i.e. dead stop. x x x After being two
 hours fallen the mind is refreshed, & then
 in five minutes you fancy will frame
 speculations which will take you two hours
 to realize on paper."

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II 125

says of Rogers
"When men have his or a dozen good lines,
they must always debate them with a
hundred weak ones."

II 136

says of Johnson
"Some people mistake the venom
of the shaft of the cynic of the bow."

II 316

says of the hardships, Sicily
"But nothing but ^{scientific} ~~conscience~~
exclamation could carry me through."

II 336

To Sir Charles Bunbury
"I hope to hear soon ^{from you} ~~that you are returning~~ &
your scientific ready ^{investigation} ~~investigation~~, & that
you will pay well for them in cell ^{of fact as they} ~~fact as they~~
in Scotland, rather than let your ^{valuable} ~~valuable~~
time be seriously absorbed by such
superintendence & agency as can be purchased."

II 36

"I feel that Darwin & Huxley & Deity
secondary causes too much. My tank they
have got farther into the domain of the
unknowable, than they have by the aid
of variation & natural selection."

II 185

"Mr. Peabody a Unitarian preacher
in King's Chapel [Boston] gave us a
fine discourse today on the death of
Daniel Webster, my nephew's friend.
He dwelt on the grandeur & the
nobility of a commonwealth
even that party who differ entirely
their political views but the advantage
they may present is placed in a clearer
light on broader grounds, & that they
were forced in opposing to our gods is less
ignorantly."

"M. de la Harpe of Lausanne called here
 one morning, & then expressed my misgivings
 as to Hees' confidence about species founded on
 mere fossil leaves & fragments of leaves, he
 said that I ought to see Hees' collection & make
 a model of work. No one, he continues,
 who does not make a study of elytra
 or wings as a separate branch, as if the
 leaves of plants can imagine the resources
 of that branch when isolated, when
 the entomologist is a botanist. He
 must rely on them & that only.

I. 327
Age 34 nearly results a good days work ³⁶
And I calculate the work as follows AA

7.0 - 8.30

9 - 10.30

11 - 1.0

+ 2 hrs. sometime apparently - the
late aft.

He says about this days work "have made
great way today, by a day of much
enjoyment withal; seven hours work,
quite fresh."

The life of Sir Charles J. F. Bunbury³⁷
by Mr. Henry Lyell 1906

I p 7

At the age of 9 C. J. F. B. went to
Malvern

"When we came near to Malvern,
I was very much impressed by the
appearance of the hills, which are indeed
so bold in form, rise so abruptly from
the plain, that they may well be called
mini mountains. The first of the hills
in which I can remember seeing.

(I must have been about the age when
Metcalf took me away into the down-
(Kettle Urwick) at Malvern, I
remember the extremely vivid impression
these hills made on me in my first sight of
the bedrock under the
morning ^{after} I arrived.

II 289

Highly talky, finished
"He said when I can well understand - that he
felt overwhelmed with the multitude of new impressions;
... new things he noted continuously until his
power of receding them... And not only so, in the
felt - not less the inefficiency, his powers of
attention observation. Continually, he said, in
happened then - before the day was over, he felt that
his power of attention was worn out, and he could
receive no more."

I 235

Ruin of - Hindu University no far
from Madras, the inscriptions show
to have been co-educational. One inscription
found seemed to be a solemn sacrifice
to an ancestor had been offered up to the
deities on the discovery of some important
mathematical or astronomical rule."

I 296

"I have had but little time to bestow
on geology, but I am sure that it is not a
science which can be profitably studied
by matches. It is a ~~tyrannical~~ study
which requires the devotion of a man's whole
time & thought, to do anything great in it."

II 287

"In these days of easy communication, it seems
hard that people who have eyes for one another, &
who live in the same island, should never meet. And
strange people are so easily met."

Henri Bergson Creative Evolution. Transl. 39
by A. Mitchell 1911

p134
"Our freedom, in the very movement by which it is affirmed, creates the gravity which it will stifle it if it fails to renew itself by constant effort; it is dogged by automatism. The man living thought becomes rigid in the formula that expresses it. The word turns against the idea. The letter kills the spirit."

The profound cause of this discordance lies in an irreconcilable difference of rhythm. Life in general is mobility itself; particular manifestations of life accept this mobility reluctantly, & in a certain way, but not fully. Evolution in general would fail so soon as a stage is reached, each special evolution is a kind of will. The older of the races by the word is it passes, the living turn upon themselves, borne up by the great blank life. They are therefore relative stables, counterfeits of immobility so well that we treat each of them as a thing rather than as a progress, forgetting that the very permanency of their form is only the outline of a movement. At times, however, in a fleeting vision, the invisible breath that bears them is materialized before our eyes. We have this sudden illumination before certain

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forms of met and love, so that they in
 man animals to teaching, As well even
 in the solicitude of the plant for its seed. This
 love, in which some have seen the great
 mystery of life, may possibly deliver us life's secret.
 It thus is each generation leaving over the
 generation that shall follow. It allows us a
 glimpse of the fact that the living being is above
 all a ^{to} rough far, & that the essence of life
 is in the movement by which life is transmitted.
 This can be seen between life in general, or the
 forms in which it is manifested, as everywhere the
 same character. It may be said that life
 is a ^{kind of} movement, the ^{character} of which is ^{the} ^{highest} ^{possible}
 each species prefers to ^{the} ^{highest} ^{possible}
 possible effort.

Trust Action Society.
 Meeting Sat. July 6: 1918
 Symposium: Are physical, biological &
 psychological categories irreducible?
 by J S Holdane, D'Arcy W Thompson,
 P. Chalmers Mitchell & L T Hobhouse

p 18
 D'Arcy W. Thompson

"The naturalist has his hand full of relatively simple problems; he approaches them in his own way, he solves or tries to solve them by his own accustomed methods. But he is afraid, generally speaking, of the deeper problems which lie beyond; thus fear may be justified, or at all events pardoned, or at least condoned. When we speak of life itself, we know that we speak of a great mystery. We seem to have stepped unbidden upon holy ground. Ignorance beclouds our thoughts, traditional beliefs disturb our minds & ineradicable preconceptions interfere with our endeavours to rationalize. We confess our ignorance, we admit our failure, we seek refuge in "Intuition", or we are lost in Wordament."

42
But now when we take our courage
in both hands, lay aside our comfortable
intuitions, endeavour to face the facts,
acknowledge our difficulties, ^{as per review!}
& criticism our self-formulated creeds.

x x x x
"That Matter & Mind are incommensurables
seem, to my judgment, to denote that it
needs no argument & asks no serious denial.
It involves, doubtless, an uncomfortable
dualism, an awkward breach in the
continuity of our thinking. I must leave it at
that, & be content to state rather than to
defend my dualistic attitude."

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p 41
"One may be, I hold, a consistent "mechanist"
without being by any means a "mere materialist." x x x
The mechanical concept is no base one at all.
The earth itself & the sea, the earth with her
slowly changing face, & the sea multitudinous
with all its tides & currents - great & little waves,
constitute a mechanism; the heavens themselves,
the sun & moon & all the little stars, are a
glorious mechanism. The whole material aspect
of the Universe is a mechanism; we

know not how it has its being, but we know 45
 that it lives & moves according to certain laws;
 + the same Benedictine Dominion is addressed
 to the Shores + Dew + the Winds, God as C. all
 from more in the waters shall trace more in the
 air, to all Beasts + Cattle, + unto the
 Children of Men.

p42

"At least let us recognize, if we venture to
 apply ourselves to the teleological argument
 at all, that teleology never should close, but
 that the final + the efficient causes are
 combined, or C. be continued together. It is
 difficult to serve two masters, but it is also
 difficult in this case to understand the other
 Master + One. There is a certain caste among
 the famous castles of Jarraine, + in it a great
 other fashioned staircase — a marvel, a
 very jewel of a stair. Round the central
 newel of the staircase wind side by side two
 separate stairs; the climber by the one stair
 sees nothing of those who pass a cross him on the
 other; there is no passage-way between — until
 you come out on the top. So is it, I suppose, with
 the teleological + the mechanical categories

Chambord
 Made near Blois
 23rd Dec 1970

"It is not merely that we dust or hard in
 first beginnings, & then to dust we shall at last
 return. x x x But there is something that is not
 dust at all, though as in all things else we
 find therein; something that is the order of the
 Cosmos & the Beauty of the World; that lives
 in all things living, & dwells in the Mind & Soul
 of man; something not fulfilled in Physics,
 which vivifies the dust & makes the dry
 bones live. You may call it - Intellect,
 or things the same. You may call it - Entelechy,
 or you may call it the Harmony of the World;
 you may call it the Plan of God, or you may call
 it the Breath of life. Or you may call it
 & called in the Holy books of Creation, & in the
 hearts of men, - you may call it the Spirit of
 God."

"Physiology paper has never been w. that-right
& self-satisfied as not than for their sciences,
r x x but morphology has: the base
describ[ing] & comparing | descriptions has been
is only aim of about forty years ago, -
has | descend[ing] of a very problematic character
was of any general result.

Fairies & Chinnneys
by Rose Fyleman

A Fairy Went a-Marketing

A Fairy went a-marketing -
She bought a little fish.
She put it in a crystal bowl
Upon a golden dish.
An hour she sat in wonderment
And watched its silver gleam,
And then she gently took it up
And slipped it in a stream.

A fairy went a-marketing -
She bought a captured bird;
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song
That ever she had heard.
She sat beside its painted cage
And listened half the day,
And then she opened wide the door
And let it fly away

T.O

A fairy went a-marketing -
 She bought a winter gown
 All stitched about with posamer
 And lined with the white down
 She wore it all the afternoon
 With prancing & delight,
 Then gave it to a little frog
 To keep him warm at night.

A fairy went a-marketing -
 She bought a gentle maise
 To take her tiny messages,
 To keep her tiny horse.
 All day she kept its busy feet
 Pitter-patter to & fro,
 And then she kissed its little ears,
 Thanked it, & let it go.



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The Awkward Age

Henry James

p 366

(London - Mitchy)

"The eyes of the two men met over a pause terminated at last by Mitchy's saying: "We must make it all up to her."

"Is that your idea?" "Ah," said Mitchy gently, "Don't laugh at me."

his friends' eyes of Don again covered him. "But what can - ?" Then as Mitchy's silent face to him seemed to wince with a silent "What could?" the old man completed his objection. "Think of the magnitude of the loss."

"Oh, I don't for a moment suggest," Mitchy hardened to reply, "that it isn't immense."

"She does care for him, you know," said Mr. Longdon.

Mitchy at this gave a long wide glare.

"(Know—?)" he ever is definitely
 murmured.
 His cry had quite touched. "But of course
 you know! You know everything — Nanda
 you."

There was a time in a train — moved a
 young, & Mitchy laughed out. "I like your
 party me with her! But we'll all together.
 With Nanda," he next added, "it's deep."

His companion took it from him. "Deep."
 "And yet somewhat a sort of object."

The old man wondered. "Object."
 "I mean it isn't pitiful. In its way,"

Mitchy developed, "it's happy."
 This too, though rather usefully, Mr. Longdon
 could take from him. "Yes — in its way."

"Any passion is great, so complete," Mitchy
 went on, "is — satisfied or unsatisfied — a
 life"

p 3 6j

51

Kitchy on Vanderbank

"Then on people like that — great —
Cases of privilege x x c They go through
life somehow guaranteed. They can't help
pleasing."

p460
 (Maggie) "I want a happiness without a hole
 in it big enough for you to poke in your finger."
 "The golden bowl — as it was or have been."
 "The bowl with all its happiness in it. The bowl
 without a crack."

p473

(Maggie) "My idea is this, that when you only love a
 little you're naturally not jealous — or are only jealous
 also a little, so that it doesn't matter. But when you
 love in a deeper & unceasing way, then you are, in
 the same proportion, jealous. Your jealousy has
 interest & no doubt, finally, when, however, your
 love is the most abysmal & unutterable way of all —
 my love you're beyond everything, & nothing can
 pull you down."

The Better Sort Henry James
Bew: - "The Tone of Time" "The Story in it"
+ "The Beast in the Jungle"

(Conclusion of this: -

"His very brain as the other gear had with drawn.
x x x the two men were for a minute directly
confronted. Marcher felt him in the spot as one
of the deeply stricken - a perception so sharp
that nothing else in the picture lived for it, neither
his dress, his age, nor his presumable character or
class; nothing lived but the deep ravage of the features
that he showed. x x x What had the man had to
make him, of the look of it, so bleed & gelive?
Something - the weather, habit; the proof of
- that he, John Marcher, had it; the proof of
which was precisely John Marcher's ailed end. No
poison had ever touched him, for this was what
poison meant; he had survived & murdered &
poisoned, but where had been his deep ravage? The
exhaustion they we speak of was the sudden
rush of the result of this question. The light struck
just over his eyes named to him, as in letters of
quark flame, something he had utterly, insanely
missed, & what he had missed made those things a faint
of fire, made them mark themselves in an anguish
of unward throbs. He had seen outside of his life,

not learned it within, the way a woman was
 mourned when she had been loved for herself;
 such was the force of his conviction, the meaning of
 the stranger's face which stole upon him like
 a smoky torch. It had not come to him, the
 knowledge on the wings of experience; it had brushed
 him, jostled him, upon him, with the desperate
 of chance, the wisdom, an accident. Now that
 the illumination had begun, however, it blazed
 to the zenith, - that he presently stood there jagged
 was the sounded void of his life. He jagged, he
 drew breath, in pain; he turned in his dismay,
 or turning, he had before him in charger incision
 the man over the open page of his story. The name
 on the table in his hand, the name of his
 neighbor had done, when in such a state full
 in the face, was torn! she was done the answer
 missed. This was the awful transfer, the answer
 to all the part, the vision at the dread darkness
 of which he turned as cold as the stone beneath
 him. Everything fell together, confessed, explained,
 overwhelmed; heavy him most of all stupefied
 in the blindness he had cherished. The fate he
 had been marked for he had met with - vengeance -
 he had emptied the cup to the lees; he had been
 the man of his home, the man, to whom nothing

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on earth was to have happened. That was the rare
stroke - that was his visitation. So he saw
it, as we say, in pale horror, while the pieces
fitted & fitted. So she had seen it, while he
Dublin, so she sewed in the hour to die
the truth, home. It was the truth, vivid &
monstrous, that all the while he had waited
the wait was itself his portion. This the
companion of his vigil had at a given moment
perceived, & she had then offered him the
chance to baffle his doom. One's doom,
however, was never baffled, and the day she
had told him that his own had come down
he had seen him in stupid stare at the
escape she offered him. The escape would have been a love her;
then, then he would have loved. She had loved -
who could say now into what passion? - since
she had loved him for himself, whereas he had
never thought of her (ah how he hugely grieved
at him!) but in the chill of his egotism & the
lyric of her use. Her spoken words came back to him
& the chain stretched & stretched. The bear had
lurked indeed, & the bear, an hour, had
sprung; & had sprung in their twilight of the
old April when pale, all, wasted, but all beautiful,

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he perhaps even then recoverable, she had risen
from her chair to stand before him & let him
imaginably guess. He had sprung as he didn't
guess; it had sprung as he hopelessly turned
from him, & the mark, by the time he left
her, had fallen when it was of fall. He had
just freed his fear - achieved his fate; he
had failed, with the best in attitude, & all he
was to fail of; or moan now rose to his
lips as he remembered she had prayed he
might not know. His horror & waking - this
was knowledge, knowledge under the breath
which the very tears in his eyes seemed of force.
Thus, to know none the less, he tried to fix it
should it; he kept it there before him as that
he might feel the pain. That in tears, related
& better, had something of the taste of life. But
the bitterness suddenly seethed him, & it was
as if, hardly, he saw, in the truth, in
the cruelty of his image, that had been appointed
& done. He saw the jungle of his life & saw the
lurking Beast; then, while he looked, perceived
it, as by a star of the air, rise, huge & hideous,
for the Beast that was to settle him. His eyes
darkened - it was close; & instinctively,
in his hallucination, to avoid it, he flung
himself, on his face, on the tomb.

Anthologie des Poètes lyriques français
(Revue) Introduction by Charles Sadocca.

"La poésie moderne a conquis un
domaine, qui lui est propre et qui
jadis lui était étranger. Sœur de la
métaphysique et de la religion, elle
nous transporte dans le royaume de l'Idée,
de la Fantaisie et du Rêve. Luttant les
visages bômés où baigne notre
pauvre existence, elle veut explorer
l'océan de mystère qui partout
nous entoure. Elle aspire à exprimer
l'inexprimable, à connaître l'inconnu.
Elle veut nous donner le frisson de l'inconnu,
saisir ou déceler les forces cachées,
élémentaires, qui dominent la vie humaine.
Surtout elle aspire à se rendre maîtres
des énergies redoutables de la passion,
de l'instinct, de l'hérédité. Par
delà la vie consciente, elle cherche à
pénétrer dans le vague et vaste domaine
de l'inconscient, du sub-conscient, du
supra conscient. Et... chez un Shelley, chez
un Maeterlinck, elle aspire à surprendre

les analogies subtiles, les correspondances 58
enigmatiques qui unissent la vie humaine
à la vie universelle. Elle s'efforce de deviner
le sens caché des mille voix qui surgissent
de l'abîme.

Par sa pénétration dans ce monde enchanté,
le poète moderne emploie d'autres moyens,
met en oeuvre d'autres facultés que
la raison raisonnante. x x x par la
musique verbale, par le nombre et le
rythme d'attendant un double objet
que l'esthétique n'a pas encore
suffisamment démié; d'une part le
rythme ⁱⁿ quelle la sensibilité d'autre
part il entend l'intelligence, et l'empêche
par l'alternance monotone des cadences,
comme l'océan nous berce et nous
calme par le flux et le reflux de
ses vagues: et la raison raisonnante
se laisse apaiser, elle cesse de poser
à l'imagination et à la sensibilité
de troublantes questions et s'abîme
dans le culte ^{de} l'imploration de la beauté.

Chanson
Pierre de Ronsard (1524-1585)

" Bref, je fais comparaison
Par raison
Du printemps et de m'amie
Il donne aux fleurs la vigueur
Et mon cœur
D'elle prend vigueur et vie."

x x x x x

" Au moins lève un peu les yeux
Et vois ces deux colombelles,
Qui font naturellement,
Doucement,
L'amour du bec et des ailes."
Et nous, sous ombre d'honneur,
Le bonheur
Trahissons par une crainte;
Les oiseaux sont plus heureux
Amoureux
Qui font l'amour sans contrainte."

Henry James
(Embarrassments)

"The next time"
p 211

When Ray Lambert tried to write down
to the public:-

"Lambert gathered, to make his pudding, dry bones
& dead hawks; how then was he to
formulate the law that made the dish
prove a feast? What was the cerebral
treachery that defied his ambivalence?
There was some obscure interference of taste,
some dissension of the experts. All one could
say was that genius was a feared but never,
or than the unhappy man had no
effectual flair. When he was drawn
to gather a party he came home with
helmet and spear."

p 112 On the few ready of Lambert's attempt at
a pot boiler:-
"Coming home to dinner, I found the two volumes
on my table, - I sat up with them half the
night, dazed, bewildered, rubbing my eyes,

wondering at the monstrous joke. Was it a
monstrous joke, his second manner, — was this
the new line, the desperate bid, the
scheme for more general acceptance, & the
remedy for material failure? x x x O brass?
— where the demerit was in brass? Popular?
how in earth could it be popular? The thing was
charmy, with all his charm, powerful with
all his power; it was an unscrupulous, an
unsparring, — shameless, merciless masterpiece.
It was, no doubt, the best letter of the
Beacon, the worst he could do; but the
pervicacy of the effort, even to a heroic,
had been punished by the pressure of the left.
Under that Mission had he laboured, with
what-wavering, tremendous energies had
he steered? His honour was mortal, &
his measurements were all wrong. I was
thrilled with the whole impression, with all
that came crowding into my brain. It was too
grand & colossal, — it was too hideous &
triumph; I exulted almost with tears, — I
lamented with a strange delight. Indeed as

the show might-wared, and, thrashing about in
my emotion, I fidgeted by high-peeked
window for a glimpse of the summer dawn, I
became as last aware that I was staring as it are
eyes that had unconsciously roamed & filled.
The eastern sky, over the horizon house tops,
had a wonderful tiger crimson - that was
the color of his magnificent mistlebe.

p 167

"I dare say that, without
knowing it, I had been looking no rather
nervously at an altar of sacrifice; however
that may be, I submitted that I am a
Ralph Lambert to me of the rarest emotion
of my literary life, the sense of an activity
in which I could critically rest. The rest
was deep & salutary, it has not been disturbed
to this hour. It has been a long, long surrender,
the luxury of dropped discriminations.

Trees & Fauns Rosa Fyeman. Punch 63
29.1.19

The larch tree gives them needles
To stitch their summer things;
Carefully, cunningly took the oak
To shape the cups of the fairy folk;
The hycamae gives them wings.

The lordly fir-tree rocks them
High on his winging sails;
The hawthorn fashions their tiny spears,
The whispering alder chains their cars
With soft mysterious tales.

The hollyhock decks their ball-room
With candles and white
While all the trees stand round about
With boughs protecting arms held out
To guard them through the night.

A says, Darwin & Alfred Russel
Wallace (in Nat. Sel. & Trop Nat. p 472) 64

"When I am obliged to give up observation
& experiment - I shall die."

Rev. in Times Lit Sup. Feb. 13. 1919

65

p. 79

"But man exposes himself in other
media than society & the State. It is well
for the Western, no doubt, to be a good citizen,
but for the Indian, perhaps, to be a good
weaver or goldsmith. The same water
may fill the Nile, rich overflows &
fertilizes the earth, & the Colorado,
which only builds canyons & reflects the
stars; we cannot justify one in the
opinion of the other."

A hundred + Seventy Chinese Poems
Translated by Arthur Waley 1918 66

po 1

To his wife
(By General Su Wu (circa 100 BC))

Since our hair was plaited & we became man & wife
The love between us was never broken by doubt.
So let us be merry this night together,
Feasting & playing while the good time lasts.

I suddenly remember the distance than I must travel,
I spring from bed & look on - to see the time.
The stars & planets are all quenched in the sky;
Long, long is the road; I cannot stay
I am going in service, away to the battle-ground,
And I do not know when I shall come back.
I hold your hand with my - deep sigh;
Afterwards, tears - in the days when we are parted.
With all your night eyes the spring flowers,
But do not forget the time of our love & pride.
I know that if I live, I will come back again,
And if I die, we will go on together in each other.

More ~~the~~ translations for the
Chinese.
Arthur Waley 1915
"And the blood spinn' dancin' through
his limbs."

p34

The Eastern Gate

67

Anon. (1st century B.C.)

A poor man determines to go out into the world
& make his fortune. His wife tries to detain him.

I went out at the eastern gate:

I never thought to return
But I came back to the gate with my heart full
of sorrow.

There was not a speck of ice in the bin:
There was not a coat hanging on the peg.
So I took my sword & went toward the gate.
My wife & child clutched at my coat-sleeve:
"Some people want to be rich & grand:
I only want to share my portion with you.
Above, we have the blue waves of the sky:
Below, the yellow face of the little child."

"Dear wife, I cannot stay,
soon will be too late
When I am growing old
One cannot put things off."

(Per 1st cent. BC AD)
"I want to go back, but there's no road back."

p64
3rd cent. AD
"Rites & Honor are the handmaids of Disaster."

"God can only set in motion:
He cannot control the things he has made."

"The rivers of our souls spring from the same well!"

The Red Cuckatoo by Po-Chü-i (14th C. of 9th century)

Served as a present for Annam -
A red cuckatoo
Coloured like the peach-tree blossom,
Speaking with the speech of men.
And they did to it what is always done
To the learned recluse.
They took a cage with strain bars
And shut it up inside.

by Po-Chü-i

"While the hand is busy, the heart cannot understand."

Ballad of the Western Island in the North Country

'Seeing the plum-tree I thought of the Western Island
 And I plucked a branch to send from the North Country.
 I put on my dress of apricot-yellow silk
 And bound up my hair black as the crow's wing.
 But such is the road to the Western Island?
 I'll ask the man in the ferry by the Bridge of Boats.
 But the sun is setting & the owls flying home;
 And the wind is blowing & sighing in the walnut-tree.
 I'll stand under the tree just beside the gate;
 I'll stand by the door, & show if my enamelled hair pins
 She's opened the gate, but her lover has not come;
 She's gone now on the gate to pluck red lotus.
 As she plucks the lotus in the southern dyke in
 The lotus flowers stand higher than a man's head.
 She bends down - & plays with the lotus seed
 The lotus seeds are green like the lake-water.
 She gathers the flowers & puts them into her gown -
 The lotus-bud that is red all through.
 She thinks of her lover, her lover that does not come;
 She looks up & sees the wild geese flying -
 The Western Island is full of wild geese.
 To look for her lover she climbs the Blue Tower.
 The tower is high: she looks, but cannot see;
 All day she leans on the balcony rails -

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The sail is twisted into a twelve-fold pattern - (70)
She lets fall her band white like the colour of jade.
She rolls up the awning, she sees the wide sky,
And the sea-water waving its vacant blue.
"The sea shall carry my dreams far away,
So that you shall be long at last for my sorrow.
If the South wind only knew my thoughts
It would blow my dreams like they get to the
Western Island."

P. 150
After Lunch by Po Chü-i (1st half of
9th century)

After lunch - one short nap:
On waking up - two cups of tea.
Raising my head, I see the sun by the
One again starting is the south-west.
Those who are lorry regret the shortness of the day;
Those who are sad grieve the year's elapse.
But these whose hearts are devoid of joy or sadness
Join in living, regardless of "short" or "long".

The Ultimate Belief

A. Clutton-Brock 1916

p 73

"There is a glory of the universe which we call truth & which we discover or apprehend, & a glory of the universe which we call beauty & which we discover or apprehend. Both glories are revealed to us through our power of seeing things or facts in a certain relation to each other; and we see them in one relation when we exercise the intellectual activity, & in another when we exercise the aesthetic.

When we exercise the aesthetic, the philosopher reveals truth to us by setting facts in a relation which he has apprehended or discovered; the artist reveals beauty to us by setting facts also in a relation which he has apprehended or discovered. x x x Writing & the work of art are both an effort at a greater precision, at a more intense concentration & isolated intellectual or aesthetic activity. But the artist is an artist, the philosopher is a philosopher, for the same reason, that we exercise our intellectual & aesthetic activities on our own account, & not because they want to gain judgment or praise. x x x The spirit in us constantly desires to exercise these faculties, & is thwarted & troubled if it cannot exercise them."

The Sacred Fount
Henry James

p 21

"I was just conscious, vaguely,
of being on the track of a law, a
law to which I felt, that would
strike me as governing the delicate
phenomena - delicate though so
marked - that my imagination found
itself playing with. A part of the
concerns they yielded came,
dawning, from my exaggerating them -
proving them to be large matters of
truly a larger "law" from the fact,
as observed, governmental; but this is
the common fault of mind for which the
vision of life is an illusion. The illusion
pays, if one will; but to pay it has to
be aware."

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p 27

"The particular case before us,)
 easily granted, usual by over-emphasis,
 but it was a fair, to say a gross, illustration
 of what almost always occurred when twenty
 & forty, when thirty & sixty, meted or
 mingled, lived together in matrimony.
 Matrimony of course had to be postulated, then
 either the high number or the low always
 got the upper hand, or was usually the
 high event succeeded. It seemed, in other
 words, more possible to go back than to
 keep still, to give way to an older so,
 x x x "one of the Fall," said, "has to pay
 for the other." The reverse, a miracle,
 miracle, an expenditure, but a miracle, the
 man to have you quite time over. It's
 second word, another 'go' - which is the
 sort of thing he mostly treat as to. Mr. Piss
 had got her new blood, her extra allowance
 of time & bloom, somewhere; and for whom
 could she so conveniently exhaust there as for
 you herself? The has by an extraordinary
 feat of legerdemain, exhausted them; she, on
 his side, supply her, has had to tap the
 sacred fount. But the sacred fount, like the
 gaily man's description of the turkey is an inkstand
 drawn dish. It may be sometimes to drink for a single
 show, but it's not enough to go round

214

"Ridiculous as it may seem, I had my
nerves & steady; what is perfectly
true for real criticism there are no such
adjectives as uneducated ones."

132

"Most people, Don't you see?
Don't in the least know what has
happened to them, & Don't care to know.
That's one way, & I don't deny
that it may be practically the best. But
if one does care to know, that's another
way."

"Harley Street is the Cemetery church
& church." Sir Alfred Acland

4

OLD KHAKI FACES.

MEMORIES OF MEN WHO PASSED IN THE NIGHT.

By Trevor Allen.

THE MEN WHO WERE.

"And there is B—, garbed in sober grey tweeds, trudging from shop to suburban street, from street to shop, marrying, perhaps, a girl with little intellect and not too much beauty. . . . Compare this with that dear old long thing faced, cheery and devil-may-care or some-thing else, what pathetically dismal, sweating work in the sun, pretending to ride a horse, left at hewing and rearing a home against the elements, talking in the nights with a strange, fierce earnestness, his soul and mind awake as never before.

"Compare them—ordinary, lovable men in a life such as we have passed through. Meet them again, and what then? We smile; we say Ha! ha! we venture some old quip or jest so full of humour and real affection in its birth. And heavens! there is a pause, a forced smile, a 'Cheerio!' and—

—and—
"There was C—. Poor C—! He is the only phantom I can hold out of that past, knowing it will not crumble into the debris of unmerciful reality, for we left him under the little mound by the Aegean. . . ."

Ay, there's the sting, brother. Gone are the wide horizons, the crusader's robes, the common hazard that united poet and potboy, ostler and clerk. We have shrunk back into the old grooves of scheming and begetting, behind the old barriers over which class squints at class. No one listens to our tale of heroics because we have ceased to believe in them ourselves. It is useless to go to the war pictures and say, "That's me!" We have grown obscure and little; the crusader's robes no longer fit.

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"There are only two ways of
shaking one's innate narrow-mindedness
& provincialism: to move in space or
to move in time. One is travel, the other
history; both should be periodically
resorted to."

Sarton

Quotation from Larmor by Prof J C Philip
(Jubilee no. 919 of Nature)

"In the case of every successful scientific
struggle the time must come when its first
easy triumphs become exhausted, & when
prominent defects of the investigator are its
outstanding difficulties."

Java Head
by Joseph Hergesheimer

p 107

"The long night watches, the anxiety of the sea, the profound mystery of the wheeling stars & the silence of the ocean at dawn, had given him, he dimly realized, an inarticulate reverence for the supreme mystery of creation. He was unable to put it into words or a facile prayer but was the guarded foundation of that that he was, & it bred in him a contempt for lesser signs. The religion of his birth, the faith of Taoou Yuen, the fetishism of the Zangbar Coast, he had regarded as equally important, a faith he the mere work of the immensity of beauty, the inexorable destiny, that had seemed to breathe in him alone at the stem of his ship."

p 154

"There were lights in the rope walks on Briggs street; through a window she could see a man pacing down the long narrow interior logg & stand of hemp from the burden on his shoulders. It made her shudder to think of the monstrous passage forward & back, an eternity of slow-

- Curious life. Her life was something like
that - she took the happenings of each day 78
& wove them into a strand dark & bright : a
strand, she edged, to a few strings as it
lengthened ".... ~~that~~"

p 183

"It brought, like her care-free excursion, a
certain momentary glow, a warmth,
with an exhilaration to which had gone before a night
fellow; there was the same quality of
momentary rest, refreshment, complete
relaxation, a joy in being."

p 157

"he had the navigator's necessity for
clear understanding of the combined elements
with an insight into their resultant in a harmonious
or at least a predictable movement. He
destroyed all fogs

The Three Black Pennys
by Joseph Hergesheimer

79

p 312

"But now, clearly, he recognized in her
the meeting of spirit & flesh that had been
denied to him. That was life, he thought,
that was happiness. x x x Life took the
spirit to itself, mysteriously; wove the
gilt thread into its design of scarlet & earth
green —"

p 122

"A man, he saw, could not sever
himself so casually from the past; it
reached with one breath from the
into the present, the future."

The Arrow of Gold
Joseph Conrad

80

"You may think that I am subtilizing
my impressions or purpose, but you
may take it from a man who has
lived a rough, a very rough life, that
it is the subtleties of personalities, &
contacts, & events, that come for
interest & memory — and pretty well
nothing else."

Booklet: Jubilee no of Nature
p 261. 1919 Vol 109 from Pres. MacLaurin 81
of the Mass. Inst. of Technology

The superintendent of buildings & grounds, or other
competent authority, call upon Mr. Newton
superintendent: "The theory of sanitation is hanging
fire underly. The director wants upon a finished
report, filed in his office by 9 a.m. Monday
next; summarized in one page; type written,
& the main points underlined. Also careful
estimate of the cost of research per student-hour
Newton: But there is one difficulty, I am not
puzzling me for four or five years, I am not
quite... I am not quite...
superintendent (also map of campus) sees you had
better overcome the difficulty of
making a quit."

"The atoms regarded now as a solar system, but the massive central sun, comprising all but a negligible fraction of the whole mass, is an exceedingly minute positively charged nucleus attended by numerous rings or shells of the almost massless electrons. $x \times x$ The chemical & physical properties, including the light spectrum, are governed probably by the outermost shell or ring of valency electrons, but alone are variable in number. The coming or going of these ^{electrons} constitute chemical change."

J. J. Thomson p 215
 "The whole, the mass of an electron due to its change. Mass of this kind depends upon the velocity."

E. Rutherford p 226
 "From consideration of the passage of electricity through gases, it had long been surmised that electricity, like matter, was atomic in character."

were, see it. Cayley - sometimes said I
have been able to visualize the 4th dimension,
but W. Brouwer by his absolute
scepticism, in that he could not impress
that he did because he is a latent
with analytical mathematics that on paper
he could deal with 4 dimensions as easily as 3,
time is the 4th dimension.

The theory of relativity is not new - dates
back to about 1900.

The curvature of space is considered in
curvature in time as the 4th dimension by
Einstein. Although it cannot be visualised.

Newton is "Einstein with a time limit"
Einstein makes no difference of dynamical
conceptions at any speed below 10000 miles per minute
= No one can visualize space as curved. If two
straight lines are drawn in a plane surface they
may be produced to infinity with an unbroken
a creature living in two dimensions it is unthinkably
to us this plane surface should not extend to infinity.
But we, being 3-dimensional creatures can see
that if the plane surface is transformed into
a sphere, the parallel lines will meet at various
as they go round the plane surface, being
curved, return upon itself. In the same way
a 3-dimensional creature, the idea
of space will be infinite but to a 4-dimensional creature
unthinkable, but to a 4-dimensional creature
space may be curved & return upon itself,
just as to a 3-dimensional creature, a
plane surface may be curved & return upon
itself, whereas to a 2-dimensional creature
two lines may be curved, a space can't be
curved. ∴ we can visualize curvature
of space, but by the methods of mathematical
analysis we can deal with this curvature
as well as intellectually into the 4th
dimension world, though we can't as a

Germany I am called a German man of science, and in England I am represented as a Swiss Jew. If I come to be regarded as a *Swiss Jew*, the descriptions will be reversed, and I shall become a Swiss Jew for the Germans and a German man of science for the English!

PROFESSOR EDDINGTON ON NEWTON'S

FORESIGHT.

"In an article in the *Contemporary Review* on Einstein's Theory of Space and Time," Professor A. S. Eddington, referring to the recent observations of the eclipse of the sun, says:—

"The direction of the star images means a bending of the ray of light as it passes near the sun, just as though the light had weight which is caused it to drop towards the sun. But it is not the bending of light that throws the downfall of Newton. On the contrary, were Newton alive he would be congratulating himself—query I do not believe act upon light at a distance, and by their action bend its rays, and is not this action (see *terra partibus*) strange to us, because he believed light to consist of minute corpuscles, whereas for us the bending of a continuum of light is a much more difficult conception. This condition of Newton's speculation is in itself a striking example of the foresight which is the mark of a great man, and is not this foresight about gravitation more than 200 years ago?"

**World-short-
age of Leather
increases Dri-peds**

Economy.
There is a world.
leather
amounts in
prices, the
more
Dri-ped'
Leather
SAVES."

Readily obtain
Every advance in leather
on ordinary sole leather
at very moderate cost
Do not leather save you
at least 50 per cent out of
time to come.
not less for some
you more—certainly
footwear may cost
leather; your
shortage of
There is a world.

BOCCHETTI
ASTORIAN—November 3.—Prof. James Ward, President in the Chair.—The President delivered the inaugural address of the session on "In the beginning . . ."

The problem that the universe sets us is an inverse problem. the two most distinguished philosophers amongst us, starting from the Absolute as their criterion, declared the whole world as we know it, including ourselves, to be inferred with contradictions, which are only resolved in the Absolute. Presently how resolved we do not know, and never can know. But at least everything is based centres of experience as such are respected or retained. Is the Absolute then making sport of us, it is asked, since the untrammelled, disparate "appearances," it would seem, must ever remain to perplex us? No, it is replied, for these appearances are the originally disjointed experiences which underlies all human development, and again in the ever-increasing mutual "transparency" of formally distinct individuals—who are thereby ever more and more enabled to think and act as one—we gradually comprehend. But the process that in the Absolute is already accomplished. But it was rejoined: "The progress of knowledge shows a sign of reducing the categories of thought to the mere 'adjective' with which per-haps it began. Not does our advance to a higher unity show any tendency to replace stability and originality of character by mere 'conjunctions of content'."

In conclusion, it was urged that it is hopeless to attempt to begin from the standpoint which only a *completed* philosophy could occupy. To advance continuously and be coherent—that should be our golden rule. The whole procedure would be tentative—that must always be the case with inverse problems. Crises too there would be again, as in the past; but such crises after all would only be cases of "sloughing an outgrown skin," not of radical disease. Philosophy on the whole had progressed; and so long as it followed the method which nature herself observes—to make no leaps—why should it not progress still?

ROYAL INSTITUTION—November 3.—Sir James Crichton-Brown, Treasurer and V.P., in the Chair.

The special thanks of the members were returned to Mr. Richard Pearce for his donation of £100 to the Fund for the Promotion of Experimental Research at Low Temperatures; and to Sir Humphry Davy Rolleston for his gift of a drawing of Sir Humphry Davy's birthplace, and a water-colour of his statue in the Market-Place, Penzance.

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Science

EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF GRAVITATION

ALREADY before the war, Einstein had immense fame among physicists, and among all who are interested in the philosophy of science, because of his principle of relativity. It is necessary to begin with a few words on this principle.

Clerk Maxwell had shown that light is electromagnetic, and had reduced the whole theory of electromagnetism to a small number of equations, which are fundamental in all subsequent work. But these equations were entangled with the hypothesis of the æther, and with the notion of motion relative to the æther. Since the æther was supposed to be at rest, such motion was indistinguishable from absolute motion. The motion of the earth relatively to the æther should have been different at different points of its orbit, and measurable phenomena should have resulted from this difference. But none did, and all attempts to detect effects of motions relative to the æther failed. The theory of relativity succeeded in accounting for this fact. But it was necessary incidentally to throw over the one universal time, and substitute local times attached to moving bodies and varying according to their motion. The equations on which the theory of relativity is based are due to Lorentz, but Einstein connected them with his general principle, namely, that there must be nothing, in observable phenomena, which could be attributed to absolute motion of the observer.

In orthodox Newtonian dynamics the principle of relativity had a simpler form, which did not require the substitution of local time for general time. But it now appeared that Newtonian dynamics is only valid when we confine ourselves to velocities much less than that of light. The whole Galileo-Newton system thus sank to the level of a first approximation, becoming progressively less exact as the velocities concerned approached that of light.

Einstein's extension of his principle so as to account for gravitation was made during the war, and for a considerable period our astronomers were unable to become acquainted with it, owing to the difficulty of obtaining German printed matter. However, a copy of his work did ultimately arrive, and English readers can learn about it in Professor Eddington's admirable Reports on Relativity for the Royal Astronomical Society. Gravitation, ever since Newton, had remained isolated from other forces in nature; various attempts had been made to account for it, but without success. The immense unification effected by electromagnetism apparently left gravitation out of its scope. It seemed that nature had presented a challenge to the physicists which none of them were able to meet.

At this point Einstein intervened with a hypothesis which, apart altogether from subsequent verification, deserves to rank as one of the great monuments of human genius. After correcting Newton, it remained to correct Euclid, and it was in terms of non-Euclidean geometry that he stated his new theory. Non-Euclidean geometry is a study of which the primary motive was logical and philosophical; few of its promoters ever dreamed that it would come to be applied in physics. Some of Euclid's axioms were felt to be not "necessary truths," but mere empirical laws; in order to establish this view, self-consistent geometries were constructed upon assumptions other than those of Euclid. In these geometries the sum of the angles of a triangle is not two right angles, and the departure from two right angles increases as the size of the triangle increases. It is often said that in non-Euclidean geometry space has a curvature, but this way of stating the matter is misleading, since it seems to imply a fourth dimension, which is not implied by these systems.

Einstein supposes that space is Euclidean where it is sufficiently remote from matter, but that the presence of matter causes it to become slightly non-Euclidean—the more matter there is in the neighbourhood, the more space will depart from Euclid. By the help of this hypothesis, together with his previous theory of relativity, he deduces gravitation—very approximately, but not exactly, according to the Newtonian law of the inverse square.

The minute differences between the effects deduced from his theory and those deduced from Newton are measurable in certain cases. There are, so far, three crucial tests of the relative accuracy of the new theory and the old.

(1) The perihelion of Mercury shows a discrepancy which has long puzzled astronomers. This discrepancy is fully accounted for by Einstein. At the time when he published his theory, this was its only experimental verification.

(2) Modern physicists were willing to suppose that light might be subject to gravitation, *i.e.*, that a ray of light passing near a great mass like the sun might be deflected to the extent to which a particle moving with the same velocity would be deflected according to the orthodox theory of gravitation. But Einstein's theory required that the light should be deflected just twice as much as this. The matter could only be tested during an eclipse among a number of bright stars. Fortunately a peculiarly favourable eclipse occurred this year. The results of the observations have now been published, and are found to verify Einstein's prediction. The verification is not, of course, quite exact; with such delicate observations that was not to be expected. In some cases the departure is considerable. But taking the average of the best series of observations, the deflection at the sun's limb is found to be $1.98''$, with a probable error of about 6 per cent., whereas the deflection calculated by Einstein's theory should be $1.75''$. It will be noticed that Einstein's theory gave a deflection twice as large as that predicted by the orthodox theory, and that the observed deflection is slightly larger than Einstein predicted. The discrepancy is well within what might be expected in view of the minuteness of the measurements. It is therefore generally acknowledged by astronomers that the outcome is a triumph for Einstein.

(3) In the excitement of this sensational verification, there has been a tendency to overlook the third experimental test to which Einstein's theory was to be subjected. If his theory is correct as it stands, there ought, in a gravitational field, to be a displacement of the lines of the spectrum towards the red. No such effect has been discovered. Spectroscopists maintain that, so far as can be seen at present, there is no way of accounting for this failure if Einstein's theory in its present form is assumed. They admit that some compensating cause *may* be discovered to explain the discrepancy, but they think it far more probable that Einstein's theory requires some essential modification. Meanwhile, a certain suspense of judgment is called for. The new law has been so amazingly successful in two of the three tests that there must be some thing valid about it, even if it is not exactly right as yet.

Einstein's theory, has the very highest degree of æsthetic merit: every lover of the beautiful must wish it to be true. It gives a vast unified survey of the operations of nature, with a technical simplicity in the critical assumptions which makes the wealth of deductions astonishing. It is a case of an advance arrived at by pure theory: the whole effect of Einstein's work is to make physics more philosophical (in a good sense), and to restore some of that intellectual unity which belonged to the great scientific systems of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but which was lost through increasing specialization and the overwhelming mass of detailed knowledge. In some ways our age is not a good one to live in, but for those who are interested in physics there are great compensations. X.

EINSTEIN ON HIS THEORY.

TIME, SPACE, AND GRAVITATION. THE NEWTONIAN SYSTEM.

By Dr. Albert Einstein.

I respond with pleasure to your Correspondent's request that I should write something for *The Times* on the Theory of Relativity.

After the lamentable breach in the former international relations existing among men of science, it is with joy and gratefulness that I accept this opportunity of communication with English astronomers and physicists. It was in accordance with the high and proud tradition of English science that English scientific men should have given their time and labour, and that English institutions should have provided the material means, to test a theory that had been completed and published in the country of their enemies in the midst of war. Although investigation of the influence of the solar gravitational field on rays of light is a purely objective matter, I am none the less very glad to express my personal thanks to my English colleagues in this branch of science; for without their aid I should not have obtained proof of the most vital deduction from my theory.

There are several kinds of theory in Physics. Most of them are constructive. These attempt to build a picture of complex phenomena out of some relatively simple proposition. The kinetic theory of gases, for instance, attempts to refer to molecular movement the mechanical, thermal and diffusional properties of gases. When we say that we understand a group of natural phenomena, we mean that we have found a constructive theory which embraces them.

THEORIES OF PRINCIPLE.

But in addition to this most weighty group of theories, there is another group consisting of what I call theories of principle. These employ the analytic, not the synthetic method. Their starting-point and foundation are not hypothetical constituents, but empirically observed general properties of phenomena, principles from which mathematical formulæ are deduced of such a kind that they apply to every case which presents itself. Thermodynamics, for instance, starting from the fact that perpetual motion never occurs in ordinary experience, attempts to deduce from this, by analytic processes, a theory which will apply in every case. The merit of constructive theories is their comprehensiveness, adaptability, and clarity, that of the theories of principle, their logical perfection, and the security of their foundation.

The theory of relativity is a theory of principle. To understand it, the principles on which it rests must be grasped. But before stating these it is necessary to point out that the theory of relativity is like a house with two separate stories, the special relativity theory and the general theory of relativity.

Since the time of the ancient Greeks it has been well known that in describing the motion of a body we must refer to another body. The motion of a railway train is described with reference to the ground, of a planet with reference to the total assemblage of visible fixed stars. In physics the bodies to which motions are spatially referred are termed systems of co-ordinates. The laws of mechanics of Galileo and Newton can be formulated only by using a system of co-ordinates.

The state of motion of a system of co-ordinates cannot be chosen arbitrarily if the laws of mechanics are to hold good (it must be free from twisting and from acceleration). The system of co-ordinates employed in mechanics is called an inertia-system. The state of motion of an inertia-system, so far as mechanics are concerned, is not restricted by nature to one condition. The condition in the following proposition suffices: a system of co-ordinates moving in the same direction and at the same rate as a system of inertia is itself

is therefore the application of the following proposition to any natural process:—"Every law of nature which holds good with respect to a co-ordinate system K must also hold good for any other system K' , provided that K and K' are in uniform movement of translation.

The second principle on which the special relativity theory rests is that of the constancy of the velocity of light in a vacuum. Light in a vacuum has a definite and constant velocity, independent of the velocity of its source. Physicists owe their confidence in this proposition to the Maxwell-Lorentz theory of electro-dynamics.

The two principles which I have mentioned have received strong experimental confirmation, but do not seem to be logically compatible. The special relativity theory achieved their logical reconciliation by making a change in kinematics, that is to say, in the doctrine of the physical laws of space and time. It became evident that a statement of the coincidence of two events could have a meaning only in connexion with a system of co-ordinates, that the mass of bodies and the rate of movement of clocks must depend on their state of motion with regard to the co-ordinates.

THE OLDER PHYSICS.

But the older physics, including the laws of motion of Galileo and Newton, clashed with the relativistic kinematics that I have indicated. The latter gave origin to certain generalized mathematical conditions with which the laws of nature would have to conform if the two fundamental principles were compatible. Physics had to be modified. The most notable change was a new law of motion for (very rapidly) moving mass-points, and this soon came to be verified in the case of electrically-laden particles. The most important result of the special relativity system concerned the inert mass of a material system. It became evident that the inertia of such a system must depend on its energy-content, so that we were driven to the conception that inert mass was nothing else than latent energy. The doctrine of the conservation of mass lost its independence and became merged in the doctrine of conservation of energy.

The special relativity theory, which was simply a systematic extension of the electro-dynamics of Maxwell and Lorentz, had consequences which reached beyond itself. Must the independence of physical laws with regard to a system of co-ordinates be limited to systems of co-ordinates in uniform movement of translation with regard to one another? What has nature to do with the co-ordinate systems that we propose and with their motions? Although it may be necessary for our descriptions of nature to employ systems of co-ordinates that we have selected arbitrarily, the choice should not be limited in any way so far as their state of motion is concerned. (General theory of relativity.) The application of this general theory of relativity was found to be in conflict with a well-known experiment, according to which it appeared that the weight and the inertia of a body depended on the same constants (identity of inert and heavy masses). Consider the case of a system of co-ordinates which is conceived as being in stable rotation relative to a system of inertia in the Newtonian sense. The forces which, relatively to this system, are centrifugal must, in the Newtonian sense, be attributed to inertia. But these centrifugal forces are, like gravitation, proportional to the mass of the bodies. Is it not, then, possible to regard the system of co-ordinates as at rest, and the centrifugal forces as gravitational? The interpretation seemed obvious, but classical mechanics forbade it.

This slight sketch indicates how a generalized theory of relativity must include the laws of gravitation, and actual pursuit of the conception has justified the hope. But the way was

He also quotes Blanco White's "Night and Death" sonnet as being that author's "one and only poem," apparently unaware that White also wrote the following little-known sonnet:

ON HEARING MYSELF FOR THE FIRST TIME CALLED AN OLD MAN.
(Æt. 50.)

Ages have rolled within my breast, though yet
Not nigh the bourn to fleeting man assigned:
Yes: old—alas! how spent the struggling mind
Which at the noon of life is fain to set!
My dawn and evening have so closely met
That men the shades of Night begin to find
Darkening my brow; and heedless, not unkind,
Let the sad warning drop without regret.
Gone Youth! had I thus missed thee, nor a hope
Were left of thy return beyond the tomb,
I could curse Life:—but glorious is the scope
Of an immortal soul!—O Death! thy gloom,
Short, and already tinged with coming Light,
Is to the Christian but a summer's night.

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Lacked with no mention of equality
anonymous review Athenaeum p. 1185,
Nov 14. 1819

WHOSE SONNET?
To the Editor *Daily Chronicle*.
Sir,—I have come across a sonnet in the Shakespearean style, quoted in an old letter, which seems to me to embody all the Shakespearean excellence, yet I have never been able to trace its authorship in or out of Shakespeare. It is as follows:—
I hide not at the Seasons, for if Spring,
With backward look refuses to be fair,
My love, e'en more than April, makes me sing,
And bears May blossoms on the chill
March air,
Should Summer fall her tryal, or June delay
To wreath my porch with roses red and
pale,
Her breath is sweeter than the new-mown
hay,
Her touch more clinging than the wood-
bine's trail.
If Autumn, like a spendthrift, mask the
year,
And reap no harvest save the fallen
leaves,
My love still ripeneth, tho' she grows not
scarcely
And sits enthroned on my piled-up shoes,
And last, when Mice Winter docks the days,
She warms my heart, and keeps my hopes
ablaze!
Can any of your readers solve me this
"sonnet puzzle"?
GEO. STEVENS.
14, Hanover-street, Peckham, S.E.

1819
Alb

The variety in my work of which you in your generosity made so much depends I expect chiefly on their being tentative efforts in different directions. Were I to write as much as yourself, I should doubtless settle down into one course.

D.S. Rossetti
to Lamburne

Fidelity by R B Cunningham Graham
"Brighton Road"

p 35

"I saw all this, not because I looked at it,
for if you look with the idea of seeing everything,
commonly everything escapes you, but because
the luxury of a mind induced a feeling of small things
& contentment, everything seemed to fall
into its right proportion, so that you saw first
the harmonious whole, & then the salient points
most worth looking at."

LAPWINGS.

By Eden Phillpotts.

When white ice unlikes on the rutted
roads
And icicles are hearding from the
thatch;
When fens are froze, the plovers make
dispatch
And all smewing come from their frost-
bound abodes.
With rush of wings upon the northern
wind
Across the wintry blue, like sparks of
gold
They dash into the valleys, hunger
bold
And seek their comforting with doubtful
human aid.
They love the low, where yellow ears
stacks stand,
And puff their feathers in the pallid
sun,
Go daintily about and peep and run,
Like pixe pilgrim folk from some far
fairy-land.
And near to bud-break, when young
grey-eyed Spring
Clad in the silver of an April rain
Calls from the hill-tops, home they
go again
And lift their kitten cries to give her
welcoming.

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be men who will hold to the motto "Other things for money; books for love."

PUNCH.



that marvellous road that leads to Amalfi and Ravello ("the day of judgment, when they go to Paradise, will be just like any other day to the Amalfitani," says our author).

FAIRIES.

THERE are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
It's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardener's shed and you just keep straight ahead;
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
There's a little wood, with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merrymaking there—
Well, they do.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,

And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams
And pick a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden!
You can't think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King
Come gently floating down upon their car.
The King is very proud and very handsome;
The Queen—now can you guess who that could be
(She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away)?—
Well—it's ME!

IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the
sky

The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we
lie

In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to 'hold it
high.

If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies
grow

In Flanders fields.

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

By Agnes Crozier Herberison.

You gave me all things beautiful to keep
Before you fell asleep:
All the precious stones
The rich earth owns;
Each flower that blows
From the cuckoo-flower to the rose;
The breeze, sweet breath within its mouth,
From the meadows of the south;
And the north gale, like a dart
Sped furiously, to cleanse the heart;
And the notes of birds in skies most blue:
All these were gifts from you.

Words, too, you gave me, whispered in my
ear,
Or found within my heart when none was
near.

And beautiful thoughts, thoughts that
Lroke into flame,
And I never guessed how they came.

You gave me all things beautiful to keep
Before you fell asleep:
So — just because you lived, because I knew
And loved, was loved by, you —
Delight and love and beauty are more
mine;

And more divine
Divine things, since you died, and I was
unknown;

You gave me for my own
That which I had not wit nor power to
crave:
Nor all my life can hold the gifts you gave.

Observer Dec 29. 1888

For the classical passage describing the emotions of a writer on ending his book, we must turn to Gibbon, and there are not many people who will object to reading it again:—

It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a serene, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotion of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

O softly, O tenderly, the heart now stirs
With desires faint and formless; and, seeking
not, I find
Quiet thoughts that flash like azure kingfishers
Across the luminous, tranquil mirror of the
mind

J. C. Squire

Daily Chronicle Dec 28. 1888 89

RESTORATION.

To David A. Robison.
I know not if in distant sphere
Thy spirit waits, or lingers here
Beside the brook where yesterday
We dreamed life's sweetest hours away.

But this I know, in inmost heart,
'Tis Time alone holds us apart;
Eternity shall break his pride,
And bid us mock him, side by side.

Obever Dec 8. 1918

Bernard Shaw's definition of gentleman:—

"A man who tries not to take out of life more than he puts into it."

The Hungarian correspondent of the "Morning Post" sends an interesting description of the rite observed at the interment of the Hapsburgs in the Chapel of the Capuchins in Vienna:—

When Francis Joseph was carried there to rest with his ancestors the commanding officer of the Life Guards, clad in black and steel, thundered with his mailed hand at the barred gate asking for the body to be admitted. A monk within, according to the rite, asked in Latin: "Who is it?" Thereupon one of the dignitaries answered: "Franciscus Josephus primus, Austriae Imperator, Rex Hungariae, Bohemiae, Illyriae, Ledomeriae," etc.

The monk answered: "I know him not. Speak again." A short silence ensued, and then the same dignitary said in a low voice: "Franciscus Josephus, a poor erring wanderer, is seeking rest." The monk then threw the gate open with the words: "Bring him in."

It recalls Gibbon's account of the funeral ceremonies of the later Roman Emperors: "Before the procession moved towards the Imperial Sepulchro an herald proclaimed the awful admonition, 'Arise, O king of the world, and obey the summons of the King of Kings!'"

Obever Dec 27. 1918 90

Vanity and Power.

Some years ago, a devil, it befell,
Sought to win favour of the Lord of Hell,
By showing he had served the master well.
"I with my storms a city overthrew;
Behold the unshrived thousands that I
slew!"

He pleaded boldly,
"Shall not such work some recognition
earn?"

And Satan, answering "You have much
to learn,"

Dismissed him coldly.

Then for a while that devil wrought
to remain,
Famine and pestilence his helpmeets
twain,

Till he could show his lord a nation slain,
And Satan, saying, "Can you hope to
please

The Lord of Craft with such crude works
as these?"

Again dismissed him.

The devil ere another year had flown
Brought back the fruit of subtlety alone.
"In Patsdam," quoth he, in mysterious
tone,

"I've set a vain man on a despot's
throne,"

Then Satan kissed him.

Barry PAIX.

The Bells.

The armies of the north are rent;
The war-cloud blows away;
And all the bells of Christendom
Ring in the wondrous day.

Sunk is the world of force and fraud,
Quelled the last tyranny,
And all the bells of Christendom
Ring in the world to be.

But my dear friend is lying still,
On Sir's's roused shore,
And all the bells of Christendom
Will ring him home no more.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

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I know a man of industry
Who made big bombs for the R.F.C.,
And pocketed lots of L.S.D.,
And he (thank God) is an O.B.E.

I know a woman of pedigree
Who asked some soldiers out to tea,
And said "Dear me!" and "Yes, I
see,"
And she (thank God) is an O.B.E.

I know a fellow of twenty-three
Who got a job with a fat M.P.,
Not caring much for infantry,
And he (thank God) is an O.B.E.

I had a friend, a friend and he
Just held the line for you and me,
And kept the Germans from the sea,
And died—without the O.B.E.
(thank God)
He died without the O.B.E.

Fitzgerald's wise aphorism, "There is no competition among great artists; none is first in the kingdom of Heaven." This is a book to read and re-read. H. J.

THE THRUSH.

By Robert Nichols.

A thrush sings in the rustling wood
Just as in times gone by,
When underneath those boughs there stood
A vastly different I.

In other woods where no leaf grows,
Where never thrush sings clear,
The Song of Iron rang loud for those
Who heard or could not hear.

To-day because of some who would
But cannot hear the call,
A man stands where a boy once stood,
And lates to hear at all.

Joybells.

(By Emile Cammaerts.)

Comme un homme tourmenté par la
maladie,
Qui se retourne et gémit et délire,
Nous avions veillé quatre longues nuits
Parmi les deuils et les blessures et les
martyres. . . .
Nous étions si las d'espérer
Et d'invoquer en vain Dieu et Sa Justice
Que nous ne pouvions plus prier.
Nous étions si las d'ensevelir nos morts
Et de planter partout les croix du sacrifice
Que nous nous soumettions, aveugles, à
notre sort.
Nous étions si las d'attendre la victoire
Que nous restions inclinés vers la terre,
Sans plus tenter de comprendre ou de
prévoir,
Luttant simplement parce qu'il n'y avait
rien d'autre à faire. . . .

C'est alois, à l'heure fatale où tout
croulait,
Où le dernier clerc consumé s'éteignait,
Qu'une cloche sonna! (Rheims!)
Si lointaine, si frêle et si tenue
Que nous ne l'aurions peut-être pas
entendue
Si les arbres n'avaient chuchoté tout bas,
Si claire pourtant, si pure et si limpide
Qu'elle résonna par les bois et les champs,
Comme l'eau d'un étang frissonne et se
ride
Sous l'haleine légère du vent.

Une autre cloche, plus près, lui répondit
(Amiens!)
Et l'aube enfin blanchit la fenêtre.
Le jour vagit comme un enfant qui vient
de naître
Et la nuit lentement s'effaça devant lui.
Le malade en nous se dressa sur son lit,
Écoutant, écoutant s'éveiller la terre
Au rythme bienheureux du sang dans ses
artères,
Écoutant l'appel matinal des citiens
Et le claxon des chars dans les parades.
Mais un troisième clocher s'ébranla (St.
Mihiel!)
Et puis un autre, un autre encore,
Ici tout près, plus loin, là-bas,
Roulers, Cambrai, Ouskoub, Darnas,
Sonnant plus faible, tonnant plus fort,
A toute volée, à tour de bras,
Cassant la nuit, chassant la mort,
Dix cloches, vingt cloches, à grand fracas,
Comme si toutes les tours allaient s'envoler
Comme si le ciel riait aux éclats!
Et tandis que l'homme, les bras levés,
Bénissait le ciel et la terre,
Le soleil victorieux, déchirant les nuées,
Criblait de ses flèches d'or les voiles de
la lumière.

Octobre, 1918.

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