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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.

PHYSICS BOOK

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Commonplace Book IV

Agnes Arber  
52 Huntingdon R  
Cambridge

Jan. 14. 1920  
— Feb. 12. 1922

Very James. Rodenb. Hudson	—	1.
Feldg. Tom Jones	—	2
The Duchess of Wrex. Hugh Walpole	—	3
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Boswell's life of Johnson	—	6

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Rodents Hudson. Henry James.

p 110<sup>1</sup>

"There were women, he said to himself, whom it was every one's business to fall in love with a little — women beautiful, brilliant, artful, early fascinating. Mrs Lytton, for instance, was one of these; every man who spoke to her did so, if not in the language, at least with something of the agitation, the divine tremor, of a lover. There were other women — they might have great beauty, they might have small; perhaps they were generally so clumsy as plain — how triumphs — true love was rare, but momentary permanent. Such a one, conceivably, was May Jerald. Upon the doctrine of probabilities was unlikely that she should have had an equal chance for each of them, was it not possible to confer to her a general chain of justice, sympathy, kindness — x x x. The chain in the case for Rowland was — the chain! — the mysterious, individual, essential woman."

x x x

p 250

"Her head has great character, great natural style. If a woman is not to be a brilliant beauty in the regular way, she will choose if she's wise to look like a star. She will not be forgiven pretty by people in general, & deserted, as she passes, by the stare of every one who catches her choice to turn — his nose under his bonnet; but a certain number of unbelly-ache people will find some of the delightful things of life to look at her."

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Tom Jones - Fielding

ps 17

By genius I would understand true power or rather  
 these powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating  
 into all things within our reach & knowledge, & of  
 distinguishing their essential differences. These are no  
 other than invention & judgment; & they are both called  
 by the collective name of genius, as they are of those gifts  
 of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning  
 each of which many seem to have fallen into very great  
 errors; for by invention, I believe, is generally  
 understood a creative faculty, which would indeed prove  
 most valuable and so to have the highest of geniuses; but  
 whereas by invention is really meant - no more (& is the  
 word signifies) than discovery, or finding out; or to  
 explain it in large, a quick & sagacious penetration into  
 the true essence of all the objects of our contemplation.  
 This, I think, can rarely exist without the concomitancy  
 of judgment; for how can we be said to have discovered  
 the true essence of two things without discerning their  
 difference, seems to me hard to conceive. Now this last is  
 the understood province of judgment, & yet some few men  
 of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world in  
 representing these two to have been seldom a never the  
 property of one & the same person.

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Christophere "Wait—"

"That's so easy to say— Roddy answered, shaking his head. "It is so easy to say, but I don't see just what's gone wrong things different from what they are —"

"No-one never sees," said Christophere. "And then Destiny comes along & does something to us we call coincidence & just settles it all. Your trouble will be settled, Roddy, if you're patient."

p 335 Breton. "We've got our things together that nobody can take from us. We've seen each other as little to most people <sup>could say a word</sup> <sup>much to each other.</sup> But when we're together when you're together...

p 360 "We'll always be joined, won't we? (Breton)  
He held her hand

"Always," she said, smiling at him. (Lizzie)  
But, perhaps, & being there there came, just then, sighing through the dark still hall, a breath, a whisper, a warm hour when life had been as so interested, that hour when Breton had held Rachel in his arms, that hour when Lizzie had danced, with her hand held for the theatre...

For Breton his place once again in the world, of Lizzie's wake & peace of heart, but once in a day he had found before both of them & they would never forget—

"Well, goodnight - Mr. Doctor."  
 - Goodnight, Miss Bond"

When he had gone, she stood in the hall a moment.

Her little dialogue had closed, with the sound of a closing door, a stage - her life. It would never be the same as she had been before that episode. It had shown her that she was as romantic as the rest of the world. It had made her kinder, tenderer, wiser. And now once again she was independent - one gave her soul was her own. She could be, once more, his friend, seeing him with all his faults, his impetuosity, his weak impulses.

Her place was taken for him to fill. It was not the place that she would once have chosen. But she had regained her soul, had once more control of her own. It was free.

p 366 "Alway, Rachel would not be so adorable if  
 even wain - a lot of her that no one man could master."

p 370

"It's gone - it's all gone - Dr. Chris. I'm the happiest  
 woman in England!"

But even as she spoke her eyes were watery; half-remembered, eloquent with a glow, a flame that was too fierce for her present world, they began her the memory of a moment - when, in a darkened room, she had caught a letter to her lips, had sunk upon her knees before a passing whose face she had never seen, but whose voice she had heard



& still now, - her new life, remembered. She had had her moment... the last strains of that dying music were still in her ears. She caught her breath, then, turning, dismissed it.

Jalsoworthy. 'The Man of Property'

"The situation which at this stage might seem, & especially to Forsyte eyes, strange - not to say 'impossible' - was, in view of certain facts, not so strange after all.

Some things had been lost sight of.

And first, in the security bred of money hampered and smothered, it had been forgotten that seeds are not like flowers, but a wild plant, born of covert night, born of an hour of sunshine; sprung from wild seed, blown along the road by a wild wind. A wild plant - that, when it blooms by chance within the beds of our gardens, we call a flower; - when it blooms outside we call a weed; but, flower or weed, whose scent & colour are always wild!

And further - the facts & figures of their own lives being gained the perception of this truth - was not generally recognised by Forsytes that, when this wild plant springs, men & women are but motes around the pale, flame-like blossom.

...he had experienced the sudden experience of all - forgetfulness of name was like a kiss in love.

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Boswell's life of Samuel Johnson

6

p. 68. Letter of S.J.

[Since the loss of his wife] I have ever since seemed to myself  
broken off from mankind; a kind of solitary wanderer  
in the world of life, without any direction, or fixed point of  
view: a gloomy gazer on a world to which I have little  
relation.

p. 183

Says a la femme Reynolds "If a man does not make  
new acquaintance or he advances through life, he will  
soon find himself left alone. A man, Sir, should  
keep his friendships in constant repair."

p. 209

Remark of Turkish lady to Boswell, "Ma foi, Monsieur,  
notre bonheur depend du facon que nous voyons circuler."

p. 215

Letter to a lady who had asked him to obtain the  
Archbishop of Canterbury's patronage for her son  
"When you made your request to me, you should have  
considered, Madam, that you were asking, you ask me  
to solicit a great man to whom I never spoke, for a young  
person whom I had never seen, upon a supposition which  
had no means of proving the true."

P. 226

He went to his native town

"My playfellows were ground-doll, & forced me to suffer them. I was no longer young."

p 266

I describe him an ingenious fellow from Scotland, who affects to be a savage & rails at all established systems. Johnson.  
"There is nothing surprising in this, Sir. He wants to make himself conspicuous. He would tumble in a hog-stye, as long as you looked at him & called to him to come out. But let him alone, never mind him, he'll be soon gone over."

p 267

"There is nothing Sir, to be little for a little & constant in man."

p 265

"Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surpris'd to find it done at all."

p 269

"This was a good dinner enough, Sir, here; but it was not a dinner to ask a man to."

p 310

"People have now a-days, (said he,) got a strange opinion that everything should be taught by lectures. Now, I cannot see

that lectures can do is make you ready the books from  
which the lectures are taken. I know nothing that can be  
best taught by lectures, except where experiments are the  
means. You may teach chemistry by lectures. — You  
might teach making of shoes by lectures!

p 322

"We all live upon the hope of pleasing somebody."

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Marcel Prévost. Nouvelles Féminités

P. 235. Voyages

236. "Partir, en effet, c'est renaître un peu. Partir, c'est commencer une ère nouvelle de la vie, et l'indéfectible espoir de joie qui est en nous, endormi sous la fadeur des jours ordinaires, présage qui les lieux étant chargés, notre fortune changera.

x x x x  
Il est implicitement convenu avec soi-même qu'on apportera au séjour nouveau une autre ~~sa~~ santé, une autre sensibilité, une autre volonté, et en mot une nouvelle aptitude à la vie.

"L'attrait mystérieux du voyage, comme celui de l'amour, ne souffre guère des déceptions passés."

"nous gagnons d'abord, au voyage, de rentrer chez nous avec enivrement."

P. 255

La caractéristique de s'aimer — amitié ou amour — c'est le bonheur donné par la présence.

Rachel Ray by Anthony Trollope p283

"English country gentlemen are not to be classed among that section of mankind which speaks easily in public, but Jews, I think, may be so classed. The men who speak thus easily with natural fluency, are also they who learn languages easily. They are men who observe rather than think, who remember rather than create, who may not have great mental powers, but are ever ready with what they have, whose best word is at their command at a moment, & is then serviceable though perhaps unequal to more enduring service."

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Howard's End E.M. Forster

"Was Mr. Wilcox one of the unscrupulous people - there are many of them - who dangle intimacy & then withdraw it? They evoke our interests & affections, sleep the life of the heart dawdling round them. Then they withdraw. When physical passion is involved, there is a definite name for such behaviour - flirting - & if carried far enough it is punishable by law. But no law - not public opinion even - punishes those who coquette into friendship, though the dull ache that they inflict, the sense of misdirected effort & exhaustion, may be as unendurable. Was she one of these?"

Margaret found it as just, for, with a Londoner's impatience, she could not see anything so settled up in the distance. The method of the people & the time was an essential & true growth. Desiring to look Mr. Wilcox as a friend, she pressed on the ceremony, penitential, as were, - hand, passing - ... But the elder woman could not be hurried ... She took her time, a perhaps but time to take her, when the crisis did come, all was ready."

Sometimes R. F. Punnett

Some days are fairy days. The minute that you wake  
You have a magic feeling that you never could mistake;  
You may not see the fairies, but you know they're all about,  
And any single minute they might all come popping out;  
You want to laugh, you want to sing, & you want to dance &  
run,  
Everything is different, everything is fun;  
The sky is full of fairy clouds, the trees are fairy ways—  
Anything might happen on truly fairy days.

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The Three Sisters by May Sinclair

Jwenda "Have you seen the thorn trees on Jeffrey's Edge?"

Jim "I know what you mean about those thorn trees. There's no earthly beauty about you see in them."

Jwenda "Jim" she said, "shall I always see it?"

Jim "I don't know. It comes - it goes - it's such a life."

Jwenda "What makes it come?" x x x "The grand old song."

Jim "I can tell you this for your comfort. If you suffer enough maybe it'll come again. If you're snug & happy, sure as death it'll go x x x It hasn't come to ~~me~~ me since I married Ally."

Jwenda "It's gone" she said "you gave your soul for Ally when you married her."

1314

- Emy's wife scolding her little son, averging on him the cruelty of life."

## The Past

The Present yield us foot hold - space so slight -  
Twist boundless Future Past infinite  
That jagged in it seems naught; we raise our head  
To find the Future dark - to guess, hope, dread

The Past alone is ours, o'er this sole dweller  
No life, nor Death, nor gods to ourselves have power,  
What has been has been, though to be forgot -  
For mists that a veil may rise, they cannot blot  
though

What of the Past were you sad enough  
To look back over there as others do,  
Death did his worst; we have been Deathless things?  
Joy in that love our weeps is not the pain?

From "The Lady Paramount" Henry Harlow  
"I have lived long enough to have outgrown my  
delusions."

The Home & the World. Jayne

Bumala

"It is the moon who has worn for stains, not the stars."

"I knew exactly the time that he could come to me, & therefore our meeting had all the care of long preparation. It was like the rhyming of a poem; I had to come through the path of the metre."

After finishing the day's work and taking my afternoon bath, I would do up my hair & renew my vesmala mark & pin on my sari, carefully crumpled; and then, braving back my body and mind from all distractions of household duties, I would dedicate it in this special hour, with special ceremonies to one individual, for time, each day, and his was short, but was infinite.

"My heart said that devotion never stands in the way of true equality; it only raises the level of the ground of meeting. Therefore the joy of the higher equality remains permanent; it never slides down to the vulgar level of rivalry."

"To surrender one's pride in devotion is woman's only salvation."

Jubhil

"Everything is rippling & waving in the flood of August. The young shoots of rice have the green of an infant's cheeks. The water has x x x. Why cannot I sing? The water of the Deban river is shimmering in light; the leaves are glistening; the rice-fields,

with their fitful showers, break into gleams of gold; & in  
this symphony of autumn, only I remain voiceless. The sunshine  
of the world strikes my heart, but is not reflected back

"Look here, Bernola," he objects at length "your brass pot  
is as unconscious of itself as these blossoms are; but the thing  
[a European glass vase] pretends its purpose so loudly, as if it  
were a flower."

"We women shall never understand men. When they are bent on  
making a way for some achievement, they think nothing of beating  
the heart of the world into pieces to pave it for the progress of their  
chariot. When they are mad with the intoxication of creating,  
they ignore the beating of the heart of the world. They  
have no feeling of life itself - all their eagerness is for their  
object."

"That is why I have gathered together all this weight of baggage.  
You carry it," she said "because it is made up of many small  
things. Whenever one you think of rejecting pleads that it is so  
light. And with so much lightness we weigh you down..."

### Nihilist

"It had become an absolute necessity for me, this day, to feel  
that this life of mine had been able to strike some real, some  
responsive chord in some other harp of life

Rickhi

There was a desperation in my desire to mould my relations  
with Bimala in a hard, clear-cut, perfect form. Her  
man's life was not meant to cast in a mould. And if we  
try to shape the food, as so much more material, it takes a  
terrible revenge by losing its life. x x x Bimala's life, not finding  
its true level by reason of my pressure from above, has had  
to find an outlet by undermining its banks at the bottom.

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Colts' Foot.

When the four Horses of the Sun  
Were little leggy things,  
When they could only jump and run  
And hadn't grown their wings,  
The Sun-God sent them out to play  
In a field one July day.

Oh, the four Horses of the Sun  
They galloped & they rolled &  
They leapt into the air for fun  
And felt so brave & bold;  
~~They were strong & sure & very fast & bold~~  
They'd grown four splendid pairs of wings.

The Sun-God fetched them in again &  
To draw his car of gold;  
Now you can still see very plain  
Where each one leapt & rolled;  
For four each hoof-mark, every one,  
Mark a ring a little golden sun,  
And in a same little golden flower.  
People call Colts' Foot this hour.

Punch. July 26. 1920

Sonnet by Michael Drayton

" Since there's no help, come let us kiss our part, —  
Nay I have done, you see no more of me;  
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,  
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,  
And when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows  
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,  
When his false faith has his own wreckless lies,  
When <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>kindness</sup> ~~kindness~~ <sup>in the</sup> ~~in the~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>death</sup> ~~death~~,  
And innocence is closing up his eyes,

— Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,  
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!"

"True Love" by Allan Marchmont

"he had no use for minor distinctions"

"When you want a thing the best plan is to take the simplest means of getting it, & obvious as this is, it is not realized by those who conduct their lives on a complicated system of denials."

"Mind dwells with the indulgence of a dunder."

"Don't mind you, it's a condition of loyalty that you're not  
attached; loyalty implies a ~~state~~ <sup>state</sup> of mind."

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Come for Old Fields Elvina M. Brigham

George Chapman 1559-1634  
The Master Spirit

"Give me a spirit to an on life's rough sea  
Loves to have his sails filled with a Westy wind,  
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,  
And his rapt ship run on her side so low  
That she dumps water, & her keel plays by air.  
There's no danger to a man that knows  
What life & death is; there's not any law  
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful  
That he should trust to any other law;  
He goes before them, commands them all,  
And stands on a low ridge."

Anonymous

None is Lord - All

The rarer pleasure is, or more sweet,  
And friends are kinder when they seldom meet,  
Who would not bear the injury of the eye,  
Or also grow even weary of the spring?  
The day may have her injury, the spring her fall,  
All is divided, none is Lord - all  
It were a more delightful thing  
To live in a perpetual spring.

Robert Southwell 1595-6

"The Sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;  
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;  
Her tides have equal times to come & go;  
Her loom doth weave the fine & coarse web;  
No joy is great but sunneth to an end,  
No hope is hard but may in fire amend."

Of the Token which His Love sent Him.

The golden apple than the Trojan boy  
<sup>gave to Venus the goddess of the throne,</sup>  
Which was the cause of all the woe of Troy,

Was not received with a greater joy  
Than was the cause (my love) to mine own time;  
It healed my sore, it made my sorrows free,

It gave me hope, it banished my annoy.  
Thy happy hand full of me was blest,  
That can give such a salve when 'tis thus lost.

"Little's Miscellany 1557"

Of Beauty by Sir Richard Fanshawe (1600-1665)

Let us use it while we may  
Snatch these joys that haste away!  
Earth her winter coat may cast  
And renew her beauty past:  
But our winter come, is vain  
V. which springs of air

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Rupert Brooke.

The One Before the Last

I dreamt I was in love again  
With the One Before the Last  
And smil'd of yea the pleasurable pair  
Of that innocent young pair.

Now I jangled to feel how they had been  
The pair when it did live,  
How the faded dreams of Nineteen-ton  
Were Hell in Nineteen-five.

It was a love as a love,  
The boys love just as true,  
And the One Before the Last, my dear,  
Have put as much as you  
x x x x x x x x

Surely I pondered how the lover  
Went the unwary Court,  
And sentimentologies were  
That earned a better doom.

Gently he tobs the poor dear last time,  
Stares pinkish but above,  
And sighs, "The dear dead beyond parture!  
But this — ah fool! — 's love"

- Better between hide than true loves  
Better the night unfold  
Than none, to see the praise of new loves,  
Should be done the old!

x x x x x x x  
Oh! better to say I had a plenty  
But here, the worst of it  
I shall forget, in Nineteen-twenty  
You ever hurt a bit!

Summer

I said I splendidly loves you; it's not true.

Such long swift tides stir not a hair-looked sea.

On gods or fools the day's end falls to you.

The dear dear better-wear that's not for me.

Love wars from earth to ecstasies unwearied.

Love's flung Lucifer - the fun Heaven & Hell.

But - there are wanderers in the middle mist,

Who cry for shadows, clutch, & cannot tell

Whether they love at all, or, loving, whom:

In old songs' lads, a fool in fancy dress,

Or plant-oms, a tear on face in the gloom;

For love of love, or from hearts' loneliness.

Pleasures not tears, nor pain. They doubt "lyl",

And do not love at all. Of these am I.

The Hell

Breathless, we flung us on the sandy hell,  
 Laughed - the same, - kissed the lovely grass.  
 You said, "Through joy & ecstasy we pass;  
 Wind, sun, & earth remain, the budding stalk,  
 When we are dead, are dead . . ." "And when we die  
 It's over that is ours; life burns on  
 Through other lovers, other lips", said I,  
 - "Heart of my heart; our heaven's nest, is won!"

"We are earth's best, to learn her lesson here.  
 Life is our joy. We have hope the faith!" we said;  
 Rose-crowned with the darkness! . . . Proud we were,  
 And laughed, as at bad milk brave true things to say.  
 - And then you suddenly ailed, & turned away.

See "Sonnets of this Century"

Wilfred Scawen Blunt

Why do we fret at the inconstancy  
Of our frail hearts, which cannot always love?  
Time rushes onward, our mortals move  
Like rafts upon a river, neither free  
To halt nor turn. Sweet, if destiny  
Throws us together for an hour, a day,  
In the backwater of this queer bay,  
Let us rejoice. Before us lies the sea,  
Where we must all be lost in spite of love.  
We dare not stop or question. Happiness  
Is but a wind which whistles by, & makes no noise.  
Time has no patience for man's vain distress;  
And fate grows angry at too long delay;  
And floods rise fast, & we are swept away.

Joseph Knight

Sweet - we will hold to Love for Love's sake sake,  
Seeing, Love to us must be his own reward;  
Happily we shall not find our hearts too hard,  
Nor suffer from intellectual ache.  
Yes, though hereofath our lives asunder break,  
From every comfort - joy hope debarr'd,  
Love may support his martyrs, & the scorn'd  
And wounded heart - may triumph at the stake.

Sweet - not of us Love's quibblers: not for us  
No more of our own name. Love's own reward,  
No sufferer of low voices tremulous,  
Rise or careen; no breath of Love's delight:  
If we will hold our joyless both, this  
Achieve Love's act in Fate's despite.



Phily, Bourke Warston

A Dream

Here - here low night the came, even she, for whom  
I will so gladly live or lie low dead,  
Came in the likeness of a dream said  
Some words that thrilled the dead-like ghost-thraged rooms -  
I lie down now in the absolute gloom.  
A kindly on her brow was leaning head,  
Oh! surely on my mouth her kiss was shed,  
While all my life had he into scene & bloom.  
Give thanks, heart, for thy rotten flower of bliss,  
No words the gods severe though thus they seem,  
Thou hast a heart much given - much & mine,  
One thing, that I may vent all this -  
The impossible memory of a dream.

She may well

Renouveau

I must not think of thee; or, tired & strong,  
I share the love that lark in all delight—  
The love of thee — & in the blue Heavens' height,  
And — the dearest passage of a song.  
Oh, join beyond the sunset to night to at things,  
This heart, the thought of thee waits hidden yet by thee;  
But a moment never, never come — light;  
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
When night gives place to the long watch there's,  
I must sleep — I must sleep — I must sleep —  
I must sleep with as reinvigorated away —  
With the fine dream that comes with the fine sleep  
I am, I am, I am gathered to thy heart.

Stambourne  
address à Marie Stuart

Queen, for whose cause my fathers fought  
Whose hopes to us were fell,  
Red Star of boyhood's fiery thought,  
Farewell.

x x x x x

The strife that lightened round three years  
Long time fell still: so long  
Hardly may hope & love in years

My song

But surely, to suppose I'd a live  
Your fate was worth  
All that a man may think to give  
On earth.

x x x x x

Love hangs like bygone about your name  
As music round a shell:  
No heart can take of you a name  
Farewell.

x x x x x

Our Sunday you were something better  
than unknown!

Queen once of Sets - ever of ours  
Whose eyes brought forth for you  
Their lives to show you way the flowers  
Adieu.

x v x v

→  
No mail that stays with steps unwary  
Thence snow unseen,  
But one to live - die for; Mary's  
The Queen.

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Hélène . Alphonse Karr

"un pauvre cœur sans ouvrage."

The Masters Art. Reginald Bloomfield

"The à peu près, the deadly half success that is worse than failure"

a remark in the 12<sup>th</sup> Discourse of his for me Reginald

"The habit of contemplating a body with the ideas of great geniuses will, you find yourself warmed by the contact, is the sure method of an artist-like mind"

p. 41  
"the necessity of analyzing the buildings you study, of trying to run up with their abstract elements, & of searching for the principles of their design & construction,

p. 45

The function of artists "to watch for & realize the finer & rarer qualities of life, to see the unobvious, to give the part to the interpreter & those who for circumstances of life or character would have to see matters by: x x x"

do not neglect the permanent interest - ... and to endeavour to understand for all kindred spirits x x the individual passion, the rare or common of illustrations - - -

Tues. Sept 11. 1922

"Some day, perhaps we may see the track of a sun-burnt  
South Coast cottage blue with the flowers of *T. tectorum*.  
Keep alive the legend of the Shinto priest who, begged  
by a woman to give a charm of blue to her black hair,  
advised her to take the colour from the flowers that  
grew neither on earth nor in heaven. The woman  
with the took the # vis."

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La Croiséc des Chemins

Henry Bordeaux

Les raisons me viennent après, mais d'abord la chose m'agite ou me choque sans en savoir la raison. Roannez

p310

"Cet impérieux génie qu'un hôte aîné de notre société a appelé le démon de la quarantaine, qui saut vers cet âge les hommes de trop de discipline et les pousse tout à coup à préférer à toutes les occupations de carrière, de métier, de famille, les servantes de leur jeunesse en état de l'absence de recommandations"

La passion peut, chez un jeune homme, abolir le reste du monde, concentrer toutes les pensées sur un objet unique. Plus tard, elle n'a plus à son service un tel pouvoir de suppression. Elle exalte au contraire toutes les facultés à la fois, échauffe tous les voisins du cœur, même ceux qu'elle ne parvient pas à occuper.

"Nos sentiments essentiels peuvent dormir en nous; ils ne meurent pas. On les reconnaît bien lorsqu'ils se réveillent."

151

L'aveugle se souvient de la rapidité de vivre que la prison de Pascal lui communiquait.

p 33b

"Tu vois bien qu'il faut quitter Paris. C'est très dur: j'ai passé par là. On se console, les peines. généralement, toutes les peines, sauf celles qui empoisonnent une vie."

Pierre de Coulevain. Au Coeur de la Vie

"J'ai concourt et tout consent" (Plato)

p 41

"autour de ses yeux, je remarquai pour la première fois, une meurtrissure, la meurtrissure qui révèle l'usage d'une arme."

40

"En amour, il faut tâcher de prendre la note juste... celle, surtout, que l'on pourra tenir jusqu'au bout."

p 41°

En voyant le merveilleux usage des événements, le groupement des individus, l'éclat enchaîné des choses, l'ironie, l'humour dans l'événement certaines coïncidences — coïncidences que l'homme s'attribue sottement au hasard — je me suis dit de nouveau que la Providence était le plus mauvais des auteurs... et il m'est arrivé de la plaindre comme si elle était un confrère... beaucoup plus malade que je crois.



Linn. Intern. to B.C. Jones.

"the stillness, the warm, fire-framed  
stability of his countenance imposed itself - gradually  
but not hazy the steady strong flame & pulse of  
life."

→ (Nov 24 comes in the interval  
1920 - nothing further - until after  
falls apart - the day, last one)

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### AMBER BEADS.

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS. By Havelock Ellis.  
(Constable. 12s. net.)

When he was in Athens Mr. Havelock Ellis noticed one trait of the Athenians which, as he says, really amused him. His pleasure at, or amusement in, the trait, his uncondescending attitude towards it, is symbolic of his whole approach to life. The Athenians, it seems, carry in their hands "a string of amber beads, real or imitation, after the fashion of a rosary."

One may see a distinguished and well-dressed old gentleman with his hand held in front of him and from it a string of yellow beads quietly pendent. More often the beads are in constant motion, especially when carried by men of the lowest middle class, whom one sees in a class meet up for this talk. All the time as they walk these men are nervously and quite monotonously counting the beads backwards and forwards on the string. Sometimes a man will join his hands behind his back and wobble the beads at the place where some of our better-endowed fellow-creatures carry a tail, so that I am reminded of my own ancient desire to possess such an organ of expression for the emotions that are too subtle or not subtle enough for words.

### Nobel Prize for Wireless.

Prof. Edouard Branly, who is to receive this year's Nobel Physics Prize, has for years made wireless telegraphy his special study, and the award of the prize is a recognition of his many inventions for the development of wireless communication. His sensitive coherer made it possible for Mr. Marconi to utilize the Hertzian waves for commercial purposes.

Just before the war the Marconi Company offered M. Branly the post of technical adviser to the French Marconi Company, a post to which a handsome salary was attached, but the professor preferred to continue his laboratory researches. "One does not live long enough," he said, in declining the appointment, "thoroughly to exhaust one single scientific idea. Why ask me to turn aside from my investigations to gather in useless gold pieces?"

MAY, 1883.

"RETURN," we dare not as we fain  
Would cry from hearts that yearn:  
Love dares not bid our dead again  
Return.

O hearts that strain and burn  
As fires fast fettered burn and strain!  
Bow down, lie still, and learn.

The heart that healed all hearts of pain  
No funeral rites inurn:  
Its echoes, while the stars remain,  
Return.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

months in watching earthworms behaving naturally; most of us would soon tire of a worm unless it had been taught to do tricks. That is, finally, the difference between the man of genius and the rest of us; we are less easily amused than he is; for, while the universe amuses him, we must make a silly arbitrary little world of our own and then pay to see it. If all animals did tricks by nature we should never notice them; but he would watch and watch to discover why they did their tricks; and he would get all his pleasure for nothing and win fame by it, while at the same time he would exercise no tyranny upon the objects of his curiosity. The worms were not incommoded by DARWIN; but we must humiliate even the king of beasts and our own national emblem before we can be interested in him.

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## Performing Animals.

Performing animals are not yet to be forbidden by law, but why do they amuse us? Psychology has not yet explained the secret of that pleasure, or of others. There are many things that we pay to see yet cannot tell why we should wish to see them, even without paying. Dr. JOHNSON compared a woman preaching with a dog walking on its hind legs, and said of both that they were better not done at all. Certainly a dog walks better on four legs than on two; but we have a taste for the unnatural if it is also difficult; we tempt even musicians to be like performing dogs and to do difficult things with their instruments that were better not done at all. HAZLITT, and JOHNSON himself, would argue that men get a pure delight from overcoming difficulties and from seeing them overcome; they like, in trifles at least, to make an obstacle-race of life, to beset it with little bunkers, perhaps so that they may for a time forget the great bunkers which often are not to be surmounted by any skill or courage or luck. In all games we make our own difficulties and feel happy that we need not make them too difficult. We obey a law that is our own, and, even if it defeats us, nothing dreadful happens. So games make us feel, while we play them, that we are living in a world of our own ordering; and all these other artificial difficulties and problems are of the nature of games. The man who makes animals perform is himself like the acrobat or the acrobatic violinist or the conjuror; he has set himself a task difficult but still one that he can accomplish, though we could not; and we pay to see him accomplish it. But there is something heartless, and even a little ill-bred, in our pleasure in performing animals. For, unlike the balls of the juggler, they are living creatures which are forced to amuse us without being amused themselves. We laugh at an elephant in a bonnet, rocking a cradle, but the elephant does not laugh; she does it because she must. We do not know what her thoughts and feelings are, what kind of intelligence she gives to her meaningless task. She is a captive, a SAMSON making sport for the Philistines, who exult a little vulgarly in their triumph over her strength. We talk of the superiority of mind over matter, but mind might be better employed and would never have triumphed at all if its main occupation were with such frivolities. Man is a wasteful creature and, having developed a mind, he often does not know what to do with it. His days are few and there is all infinity for him to conquer, yet he is at a loss how to pass the time. Or we may put it another way and say that he has a great stock of ingenuity but does not know how to employ it, just as he has a great stock of emotion and does not know what to spend it on. He must make difficulties for himself as he must make thrills; but the wise man is he who finds real difficulties; and the artist is he who experiences real thrills. The rest of us live much on pretexts and cannot be amused except by those who make a business of amusing us. DARWIN could spend days and months in watching earthworms behaving naturally; most of us would soon tire of a worm unless it had been taught to do tricks. That is, finally, the difference between the man of genius and the rest of us; we are less easily amused than he is; for, while the universe amuses him, we must make a silly arbitrary little world of our own and then pay to see it. If all animals did tricks by nature we should never notice them; but he would watch and watch to discover why they did their tricks; and he would get all his pleasure for nothing and win fame by it, while at the same time he would exercise no tyranny upon the objects of his curiosity. The worms were not incommoded by DARWIN; but we must humiliate even the king of beasts and our own national emblem before we can be interested in him.

I have had a great deal of trouble in my life, and the only comforter on this deathbed, "and the only one of it is that most of it never happened."

to Z. Grayson  
p 233  
nothing

and yet, so long as there was beauty, why should a man feel lonely? The answer — as to some ability noble — was: "Because he does the better the beauty, the greater the loneliness, for at the back of beauty is harmony, — at the back of harmony is union. Beauty could not exist if the soul were one of it. The night, maddeningly lonely — we could not enjoy, while she strives to win the life of beauty!"  
US embassment — Y escape, was in it from him.

to construct a first-class naval base. When this base is provided and rendered impregnable, and a fleet is established there, Mr. Dwyer thinks not only that the Philippines can be protected, but that even if captured they would be recovered. At this point it cannot be said that Mr. Dwyer is correct. Admitting that the lack of recovery of an island held by a well-equipped and trained force would be attended with great difficulty and danger, the then proceeds to show that neither the difficulties nor the dangers are so great as they appear. There is little evidence that he has made a deep study of the history of such an expedition, and upon the basis of the results of the expedition of 1898, he has made a heavy estimate of the force required to capture the Philippines. If, as he supposes, 100,000 men were to be put into the Philippines, what force will be required to expel them? Our experience in opposed landings upon our coast, and hence our calculations upon the question of relative fighting value, and hence our calculations upon the question of relative fighting value, are not too much to say that the number required to capture the Philippines would be not too far from 100,000. These forces would be required to capture the Philippines, and to maintain a base capable of supplying the fleet in the Pacific. First, the Philippines are not so well situated as to be able to act as a base for a fleet. Second, the Philippines are not so well situated as to be able to act as a base for a fleet. Third, the Philippines are not so well situated as to be able to act as a base for a fleet. Fourth, the Philippines are not so well situated as to be able to act as a base for a fleet. Fifth, the Philippines are not so well situated as to be able to act as a base for a fleet. Sixth, the Philippines are not so well situated as to be able to act as a base for a fleet. 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Dwyer 1920  
Dwyer  
1920

LONDON, THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1921.

[Registered as a Newspaper.] PRICE 6d.

### PURE LITERATURE.

In the greatest plays there are moments when the play ceases and something else happens; they arise out of the action of the play, but when they come, it is forgotten—

Then remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.

The actor, saying that, should cease to be an actor, should cease to be Oberon even; he, Oberon, and the play, should lose themselves in that music as the singer and Cherubino and the opera are lost when "Voilà le sapete" begins. Mozart and Shakespeare are subject to fits of a divine absence of mind in which they are called into another state of being and carry us with them. They too are listening to a music which supercedes even their delightful business; with a wave of the hand they stop it so that the whole world may listen too.

Any pretext, any turn of events, may bring these moments; they happen even at the height of tragedy when we are absorbed in the issue. Lear and Cordelia enter prisoners and then Lear ceases to be Lear and the play to be a play—

We two alone will sing like birds 't the cage;  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,  
And ask of thee forgiveness; so we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell of tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too—  
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out,  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sets of great ones  
That ebb and flow by the moon.

There is eternity in the sound of the words as well as in the sense; circumstances fall away like scenery and a universal voice is heard speaking the language of the absolute. This may happen in prose as well as in verse, it happens in the Sermons of Donne; and it is the consummation of all art. Shakespeare would not be one of the greatest poets, nor Mozart one of the greatest musicians, if it did not happen to them; but it cannot be willed or contrived. The poets who write plays as pretexts for such moments seem too poetical and not dramatic; that passage we have quoted from Lear rises naturally out of the plot; when it begins it is what Lear would say, expressing exactly his return to sanity and joy and the beautiful conversion by adversity of a stubborn mind; but, never losing its propriety, it becomes the speech of more than Lear and to more than Cordelia. And this largeness and universal application are in the sound no less than the sense; it is a tone which, when we hear it, we recognize as made by the spirit of man.

Every good thing is known and defined by its best, and it is from moments such as those, which happen in all the arts, that we may know what art is and why it is valued. All excellence is rare and hard and the greatest artists seldom achieve that which, finally, art exists to achieve. Poets are always writing, painters painting, musicians composing, in the hope that this, which they cannot will, may happen to them. They spend a vast deal of energy on their work, much of which seems wasted in sentiment or pedantry or the solution of some technical problem; but men choose art for the business of their lives, and labour at it alone and without puffing or praise, for the sake of these moments which have happened to other artists and may happen to them. And the world with all its indifference to art yet does value these moments and preserves with a religious awe the works in which they occur. The value is half unconscious, the awe seldom expressed; but all human beings think better of humanity because Shakespeare and Beethoven and Michelangelo were men and had the power of saying more than mortal things.

In fact, art sets us a standard, not only of making or doing things, but of being. For these great moments express, and actually bring about in us, a state of being different from our ordinary life, so different that we may call it transcendent. While we are in it, we know that our ordinary life has purpose or value only in so far as it prepares for and leads up to these rare moments of transcendent being. But most of us quickly forget this knowledge in the routine of life,

we lose our standard, grow content with ourselves and even with each other, and talk as if the routine, the preparation, were all, as if plumbers and politicians were not subsidiary but final. We find something unpractical or effeminate in the passion for the absolute and talk with a sneer of art for art's sake. But the passion for the absolute does not mean art for art's sake nor does it mean the worship of the artist; the greatest art is always about something not itself and the greatest artist does not desire to be worshipped but worshipped. Not is he a peculiar person with a trick of his own; rather, unlike all those engaged in subsidiary activities, he is representative of all men, a priest without sacerdotal tricks, because of his passion for the absolute.

It may go with many defects; and we cannot understand why disreputable persons like Villon and Verlaine and Poe, persons who could do hardly anything decently except what they did transcendently, should possess, however rarely, the power of speaking so that the speech of good men of talent sounds like the creaking of cart-wheels compared with theirs.

Helen, thy beauty is to me

Like those Nemean barks of yore,

That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,

The weary, wayworn wanderer bore

To his own native shore.

Poe is said to have written that in boyhood, when he can have experienced little and learned little; but many wise and good men have written all their lives without ever achieving anything equal to the first two lines. They are like music rising at the wave of a great conductor's wand; you must listen to them and think of the special space of nothing in which you are interested, though you do not know what those Nemean barks may be, or whether Helen be Helen of Troy or a friend of Poe's, though at the end of it you cannot answer, nor do you wish to answer, any of these questions, that matters nothing. For the poem is not about any Helen in particular; it is an expression of the passion for the absolute which itself arouses that passion by its music; and its beauty is like those Nemean barks of yore, and carries us gently o'er a perfumed sea to our own native shore, which we had forgotten in the routine of our exile.

Lo, in yon distant window-niche,

How statue-like I see thine stand,

The agate lamp within thy hand.

Ah Psyche, from the regions which

Are Holy Land.

Any one here can point out words and phrases which would be commonplace, or even common, anywhere else. If we said, "Ah Psyche from the regions which are Holy Land," it would be absurd; we could not make the context for that evidence. But in Poe's poem the context is made, and the cadence expresses finally and directly the desire for an absolute which is not an abstraction, and which manifests itself to those who desire it passionately, in a face, an attitude, a symbol, some moment of experience which to the poet speaks as clearly as his poem speaks to us. "Therefore thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee," because thou hast loved much." That is true of Poe and other writers who seem unjustly gifted; their gift is the love of the absolute, and when they express it, we know from the very curve and harmony and momentum of their words that this passion has been sleeping in us too, and we are grateful to have it awakened, if only for a moment.

Why do so many able and learned and rational writers fail finally to satisfy us? Why are we impatient of Macaulay, for instance, after reading much of him, and especially when he speaks of literature or the mind and the passions of man? Because he seems to lack the sense of the absolute and the passion for it, to be content with a provisional and conditional universe, in which you may be comfortable if you exercise your common-sense and in which politics are as final as anything can be. So in all his writings there are no magic ceremonies opening on the foam of perilous seas; they imprison us in a well-furnished but never beautiful room with no views through the shut windows. They are consistent, reasonable, well informed, but they imply that he gives us all there is to give; and we rebel. We protest that it is not

all, and that any writer, no matter what his theme or his limitations, ought to be aware, and to make us aware, of something else. Indeed all art without the passion for the absolute, just because it is art and all the more if it is well done, irks and dispirits us. It is like a joke without a point, for the point of art is the passion for the absolute, the problem of art is to express it in concrete, not in abstract terms; and if a man lacks this passion, or has lost his faith in it, he should occupy himself with something else.

So the criticism of art, and in particular of literature, should always finally be concerned with this passion and should judge all works of art, both matter and manner, by their concern with it. The critic may talk of many subsidiary things, but he must know that they are subsidiary and must see them always in relation to the main task of art. Macaulay's criticism, for all its knowledge and energy, disappoints us because the knowledge is of subsidiary things and the energy is absorbed in them. When he seems to be talking of literature he is talking of something else; and he has no real standard. Like so many critics of Shakespeare, he does not know why Shakespeare is greater than Anthony Trollope. He may pay compliments to the great and find reasons for admiring them, but they are irrelevant reasons. People call Shakespeare a master of the human heart; but he is a master of it, if at all, because he sees it in relation to an unimaginable beauty and perfection, because for him the basis for that beauty and perfection is the most human of all things, and his profoundest knowledge, together with his most inexplicable beauty of words, comes when he makes one of his characters utter that truth. *Hamlet* owes its beauty, its superior depth, and profundity to the fact that Hamlet himself, while tied even by his sense of duty to the narrow and ugly business of revenge, is his larger to the passion for the absolute, whose crises are not committed for so full a thing as ambition, and where men are not dragged away from their dreams by the irrational duty of revenge. "O God," he says, in one of those sentences which escape from their immediate application into the universal—"O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space were it not that I have had dreams." The opposition between him and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, felt not only in what they say but in their very manner of saying it, is the opposition between those who have the passion for the absolute and those who have not, between the artist and the man of the world. To Guildenstern Hamlet says, in another passage which escapes from its immediate application: "Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would sound me to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me you cannot play upon me."

The heart of no mystery is to be plucked out by narrow arts and no music can be made by them; where men try to make use of each other, they do not understand each other. Because Hamlet lived in a world where men were all trying to make use of each other for some little purpose, and where he felt himself subordinated to what he worked in, Denmark was to him a prison; the world, he says, is a godly prison in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst. It is because the play, beyond all its sentiments and intricacies and dimaxes, expresses the energy of Hamlet's desire for another world, that it is inexhaustible both in interest and beauty, always rising out of the story into music, and full of strange, universal, values like *The Island of The Tempes*.

And "Paradise Lost," hampered by a primitive story which the obstinate mind of the poet refused to find obsolete, triumphs even over that story and to make use of each other for some little purpose, and where he felt himself subordinated to what he worked in, Denmark was to him a prison; the world, he says, is a godly prison in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst. It is because the play, beyond all its sentiments and intricacies and dimaxes, expresses the energy of Hamlet's desire for another world, that it is inexhaustible both in interest and beauty, always rising out of the story into music, and full of strange, universal, values like *The Island of The Tempes*. And "Paradise Lost," hampered by a primitive story which the obstinate mind of the poet refused to find obsolete, triumphs even over that story and to make use of each other for some little purpose, and where he felt himself subordinated to what he worked in, Denmark was to him a prison; the world, he says, is a godly prison in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst. It is because the play, beyond all its sentiments and intricacies and dimaxes, expresses the energy of Hamlet's desire for another world, that it is inexhaustible both in interest and beauty, always rising out of the story into music, and full of strange, universal, values like *The Island of The Tempes*.

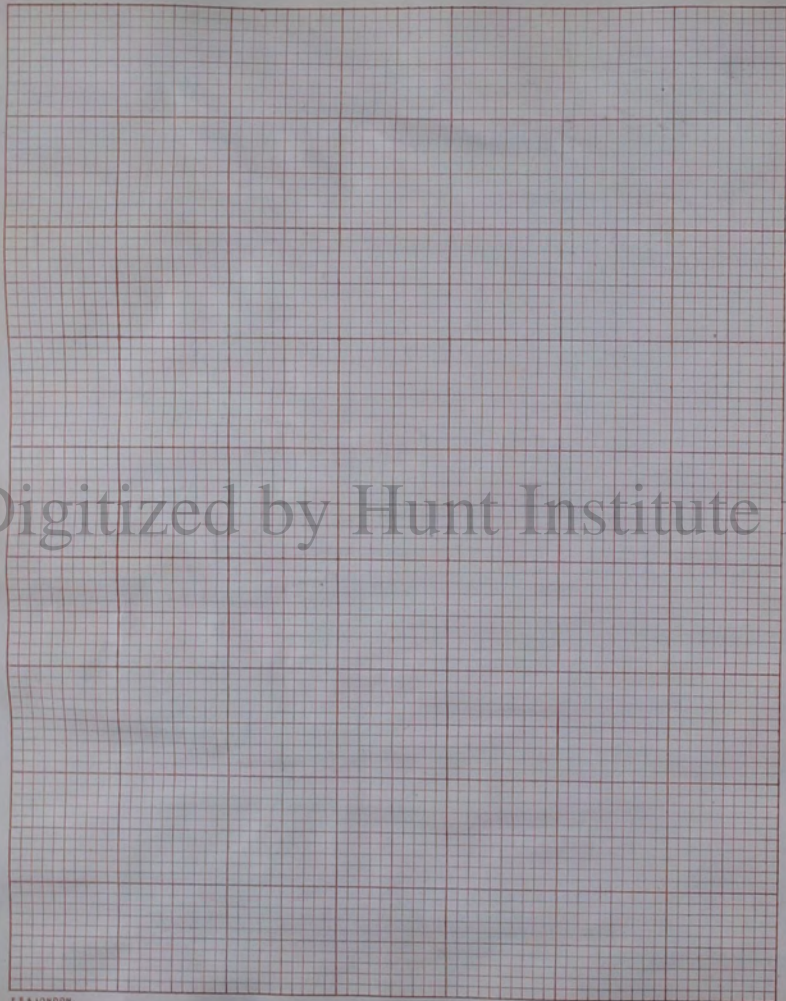
Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

All the following books which in 'as far as I  
include Margaret Velez's "Centurion Land" are  
all quantities I found among W.H.'s papers  
after his death.

When will it please you to know religion in the head  
and substitute charity for the same.  
} bear

Basin

Life, that always runs  
A challenge to heaven,  
And when it comes, say "Welcome, Paris."  
Cassidy



All the following bits stuck in, as far as I  
include, Magasin Velez's "L'Annuaire sans" are  
all quaternions found among Hb's papers  
after his death.

Site Hb's dans Paris

Non, jamais nul autre ne s'explique l'histoire  
de la propagation de la maladie, mais un des  
est. Le plus grand de l'Asie, qui pourment  
dans le temps on fait la vie humaine pendant  
d'abord dans la position d'un temple restée à  
jamais répété.

Paris

On ne fait pas un grand du lieu avec l'homme  
Paris

All the following bits stuck in, as far as I can  
include, Margaret Velez's "Lentiginosus" are  
all quotations I found among H.H.'s papers  
after his death.

the head

"So things consolidated as we are the  
momentary of mixing poisons would be  
as great an effect as the pains of  
hell, and might even be pleasurable  
interrupted by them."

Intellect. Intro. to the Phaedo

155

Latin

When will  
I substitute



Fragment - Mrs. Keble

"The last peaks of the world, beyond all seas,  
Well-shrined of night and gleams of opened heaven,  
The old garden of the Sun"

frag 870

Aschylos

"So, me god cares no pity, that shall not bend him  
By much drink. Giving as good sacrifice.  
He hath no altar, hearer with to no way,  
And fair Pausanias standeth far from death."

from the "Isis"

an indistinctness veiling while it reveals, in itself a true poetic quality—is an innate particularity of the author's style and a concomitant cause of much of its attractiveness. Another particularity is that she has so happy a knack of putting things that she keeps her readers sympathizing with her even while she is saying what in itself is outside their sympathy. For a strong instance of this take her

A WORD WITH A SEVERAL.

If this be all, for which I've listened long,  
Oh, spirit of the dew!  
You did not sing to Shelley such a song  
As Shelley sang to you.

Yet, with this ruined Old World for a nest,  
Worm-eaten through and through,—  
This waste of grave-stone stamped with crown and crest,—  
What better could you do?

Ah me! but when the world and I were young,  
There was an apple-tree,  
There was a voice came in the dawn and sung  
The birds awake—ah me!

Oh, look of Europe, downward fluttering near,  
Like some spent leaf at best,  
You'd never sing again if you could hear  
My Blue Bird of the West!

Mrs Keble

I fell asleep in the full and certain hope  
That my slumber shall not be broken;  
And that though I be all-forgotten,  
Yet shall I not be all-forgotten,  
But continue that life in the thoughts and deeds  
Of those I loved,  
Into which, while the power to strive was yet unchafed me,  
I fondly strove to enter.

p. 120 Graham revisited

The mither speaks -  
The Scotch Inayd,  
Me & my morn had been in Durhugh the  
day, walkin' about the streets at the day, & we  
were terrible tired - it's an awfu' place you see,  
& we saw jist havin' our tay, & we had  
havin' to our tay, <sup>we</sup> we dinna verra  
after hae hahn to our tay, & in cam  
Jeanie (that's our eldest daughter ye see)  
& she said "the bairnie's burmin!"  
& we were verra verra tired & we  
were walkin' thro' the streets at the  
day, & we had hahn to our tay, & we  
dinna verra after hae hahn to our tay,  
& Jeanie (that's the eldest of the weans)  
she cam in & cried out "the bairnie's  
burmin!" & we were awfu' tired & we  
were havin' our tay, & we had hahn to  
our tay, & we dinna verra after hae  
hahn to our tay, & Jeanie burst  
in screamin' "the bairnie's burat!"

Give me your hand  
Yours to command  
Till the day of judgment come on the land.

Then your face  
With angelic grace  
Shall be lit:  
Mine a little bit  
But I shall sit  
And horribly grin at the mouth of the Pit.

From the fly leaf of book for Maudie

The continual dropping of — wears  
away the stones —

The night has a thousand eyes  
And the day has but one  
Yet the light of the night was dim  
With the days gone  
The mind has a thousand eyes  
And the world but one  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When love is gone

Brotherly

...ent. Miss Finney writes in re-  
ference to some very handsome presents or presents  
which Lord Carmichael had made, or proposed to make,  
to her. It begins, "Dear old sweetheart," and it pro-  
ceeds, "I was your pageant at dinner after you left,  
but I do want you to remember what I say when I beg  
you not to give me anything else for a long time.  
Sweetheart, you see that besides being a loving lad and  
lady, we are a sensible man and woman, who caring  
for each other more than for anything else in the world  
have settled to pass our lives together. If this is to be  
successful the man must not get into the habit of  
thinking the woman a pretty plying on whom jewels  
and toys are to be lavished, and that these things make  
her happiness. Dear old boy, you must face the fact  
that you have heavy expenses, and that you cannot put  
your income round my neck and arms without getting  
your affairs into a muddle. All the pretty things you  
give me are I know in some way a kind of public wit-  
ness of your affec- as for me, but now you must  
give me what I do ask, your compliance with my wish  
in this particular. You see I am not a sense-  
less doll, whose spurious love needs to be kept  
alive by all sorts of appeals to her vanity, think-  
ing of the pleasure of the moment, but I wish to see  
the future clearly on the same lines. Do not think I do  
not appreciate the sweet thoughts which prompt you to  
give the prettiest things. I would not have it otherwise;  
but I want you to look at this from my point of view,  
and to agree with me. You and I owe something to  
other people. What I mean is that we have done some-  
thing a little out of the way. We are bound to make it  
a great success for each, so that every man and woman  
in perhaps somewhat similar positions may say, "Those  
two took their lives into their own keeping, and gave up  
many things for the sake of each other. They have made  
it a success, and so we will try also;" and it seems to  
me that it is rather a good thing in life to have been able  
to help other people to be strong, brave, and happy,  
doing what is right. Remember what you told me, that  
I am the only woman who ever told you to do that."  
Lord Carmichael answered, it is a letter every way worth

What the greatest thinkers think  
to-day, the mass of thinkers will  
think to-morrow, and the great army  
of non-thinkers will assume to be  
self-evident the day after.

Samuel Barry

I fall asleep in the full and certain hope  
That my slumber shall not be broken;  
And that though I be all-forgotten,  
Yet shall I not be all forgotten,  
But continue that life in the thoughts and deeds  
Of those I loved,  
Into which, while the power to strive was yet vouchsafed me,  
I proudly strove to enter.

Sheba revisited p. 120

? Subject for Poem —

One day when I was going over the convict lunatic asylum I was struck by the appearance of a very quiet looking young woman whose history I asked, and which proved a very sad one. I was told that her husband to whom she was devotedly attached, had been transported, and that she, in order to be in the same country with him, and having no money to pay for a passage, had committed a theft with the deliberate object of being transported also, but when she arrived at Hobart Town, and asked eagerly about her husband, she learnt that he had died that very day, the convictly Adelaide, and from that time she had never spoken again, but remained perfectly quiet and impassive, saying without intermission, and only uttering now and then a plaintive moan.

Australia 50 years ago. — Sir Henry Elliot  
Ninth Century Nov 1889

A Servant's Man's Epitaph —  
A slave — oh yes a slave  
But in a free man's grave,  
By thee when work was done,  
Familiar, foster son,  
By thee when I obeyed,  
My master, I was loved,  
Like long from trouble free,  
Blest if thou come to me,  
Pardon to ease thy debt,  
Thine am I, master, get.

Allegory is a kind of story-telling, and in so far as it is akin to myth; but in order of genres, the fabrication of allegory is the very reverse of myth-making.

Allegory is an artificial business from the first and is foredoomed to failure. P. 230

The supernatural must fade and recede. The gods must surrender again to man the life with which, as he slowly learns, himself at his own cost he so lavishly endowed them. P. 236

The cyclical Mythos. Compd.

FROM SWINBURNE'S POEMS & BALLADS<sup>S</sup>

Nothing is better, I well think,  
Than love

The Sepu.

How time dies and is not slain

Stays here

Poeseo

Grief a fixed star, and joy a comet that occurs,  
These many years provided

Forget that I remember,  
And dream that I forget.

Poeseo

Two gifts profuse he has given us yet,  
Though sad things stay and glad things fly;  
Two gifts he has given us, to forget  
All glad and sad things that go by,  
And then to die.

Felise

The weary water-head (Blood) soon.

M. Dumas said he had too much respect for your pride to  
invite you to listen to everything he had to say, and the usual  
expect for him not to confine it to what was fit for the ear to hear.  
Jones Feb. 12/75

The last perfection of our faculties is that  
their activity, without ceasing to be sure and  
earnest, become apart -

Arthur

(Calyce; Richter p. 14)

"If a man has two loaves of bread,  
let him exchange one for some flowers  
of the narcissus; for ~~bread~~ bread  
alone nourishes the body, but to look at  
the narcissus feeds the soul." NAHOMMED

Ess. Japon XVII Carl Medicin p. 125

This Right Honourable House, as Keeper of the Great  
Seal, of ~~England~~ as Guardian of His Majesty's  
Conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England; they  
even in that character alone in which the world dub  
would think it an affront to be considered - as  
a man - Saw at this moment as respectable -  
I beg leave to add as much respected - as the  
predecessor peer show both down upon"

S. BUTLER. 1880.  
Inconscious Memory

The distinction between the organic  
and inorganic is arbitrary; it is more  
coherent with our other ideas to start  
with any molecule as a living thing, and  
then disceid with as the building up of  
an affection a corporation, then to start  
with ~~molecules~~ inanimate molecules and  
smuggle life into them; the inorganic world  
must be regarded as up to a certain point living  
and material, within certain limits, with con-  
sciousness, volition, and power of created action  
Inconscious Memory p. 23

It should not be doubted that wherever  
there is vibration a motion there is life  
and memory, and that there is vibration  
and motion at all times in all things.

Life eternal is an inevitable conclusion  
as matter eternal p. 277

Strictly speaking there is only one thing  
and one action: the universe, a God, and the  
action of the universe as a whole p. 280

(A little  
dot)

Not the cause

of all the centuries yet to come  
and not the infinite resource  
of nature, with her countless men  
of figures, with her fulfurling vast  
of new creation evermore  
Can ever quite repeal the past,  
Or just his little self restore

James Barr Clarke, Nov 17-94  
author

from Matthew Lewis: Geist

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back part

Have high flight of imagination to be able to reduce  
how much imagination is

Wm. John Hunter

## A HIGHLAND RENAISSANCE.

### "HIGHLANDERS SHOULDER TO SHOULDER."

The vitality of Scottish clan sentiment is wonderful. The severe measures that were taken by the authorities after the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745 with the object of destroying it only served to make it stronger, and even in these prosaic end-of-the-nineteenth-century-days, when romance and sentiment have almost become things of the past, this feeling of kinship among Scotsmen of the same cognomen and descent still continues to exist. The mere Sassenach can hardly appreciate this feeling of tribal fellowship. Fortunately for all concerned it now manifests itself in a way very different, and much more peaceable, not to say honest, from that in which it did in those days when Bailie Nicol Jarvie complained to Francis Osbaldistone with regard to the Highland Chiefs that, "every one o' them will maintain as many o' his ain name (or his clan, as we say), as he can rap and rend means for; or, whilk's the same there they are, wi' gun and pistol, dirk and douglach, ready to disturb the peace o' the country, wae-ever th' laird likes." The result being according to the worthy Bailie that the Highlanders were then and had been for a thousand year, "a bite o' the mist lawless unchristian linniers that ever disturbed a douce, quiet, God-fearing neighbourhood."

#### THE CLAN ROBERTSON.

But although it shows itself in other ways, the old sentiment remains, and is still strong. During recent years there has been a revival of it, and quite a number of clan societies have been formed in Scotland. Prominent among these is the Society of the Clan Donnachaidh or Robertson, of which Struan Robertson for several years past has been the president, and is by his clansmen his hereditary chief. The Lord of the Court of Session, Lord Robertson, being President. The objects of the Clan Donnachaidh Society, like those of other clan societies which have been started, are the fostering of clan sentiment; the cultivation of social intercourse among the members; the rendering of assistance to deserving members of the clan; the encouragement of education; the collecting and preserving of records and traditions bearing on the history of the clan; and the publication of the same among all the members. "who, in many instances, are unable to obtain information concerning their clan history or access to records already in existence." North of the Tweed the society is in a highly flourishing state, numerically and financially, but it is not content. It yearns to unite in one fold the vast army of Robertsons all over the world. As a beginning a branch is being formed in London.

#### THE ORIGIN OF A NAME.

There is a difference of opinion among historians as to the origin of the Clan Donnachaidh (pronounced Lomachie), but it is generally conceded, even by the members of the clan, that it is not so old as the Clan Macnab, whose progenitor had a boat of his own at the time of the flood. It is sufficient to say that its early history is "lost in the mists" (or myths) "of antiquity." According to tradition, the clan rendered services of such an important character at the battle of Bannockburn, that after the battle King Robert Bruce rode up to it and addressing it said, "Hitherto ye have been called the sons of Duncau, but henceforth ye shall be called my children. And thus, says tradition, Clan Donnachaidh became Robertsons. The clan served the Stuarts well. It fought at Inverloch and Kilsyth under the Marquis of Montrose, was implicated in the "Queensberry Plot" of 1703, was deeply involved in the Jacobite rising of 1715, and was also implicated in the rising of 1745. Struan, the chief, who was then about seventy-five years of age, is believed to be the prototype of the Baron of Bradwardine in "Waverley." He had the distinction of being probably the only man in the United Kingdom who was "out" in the risings of 1689, 1715, and 1745 who had never sworn allegiance to the Revolution Government, and who continued to reside on his estates till his death, which took place in 1783. After the last Jacobite rising the fortunes of the Clan Donnachaidh declined, but at the present time it is believed to be probably the largest of all the Highland clans. It is understood that branches of the society have been or are being formed in South Africa, Australia, Canada, the West Indies, and other places.

When slumber first unclouds my braine  
And thought is free  
And sense refreshed reviews her reign  
I think of thee  
— " —

When next in prayer to God above  
I bend my knee  
Then when I pray for those I love  
I pray for thee  
— " —

And when the duties of the day  
Demand of mee

To rise and journey on life's way  
I work for thee  
— " —

As if perchance I ainge some laye  
Whate'er it bee  
All that the ydle verses say  
They say of thee  
— " —

And if a wearie mood or sadde  
Possesses me  
Passages one gladder  
One thought can allimes make me  
The thought of thee  
— " —

- the total imprefin is one of simplicity so  
perfect that it must needs be the product of  
consummate art.

S. H. Butcher  
Harvard lect. p. 153

Definition of a Gentleman.  
The best extant definition of a gentleman is "A  
man who never gives offence unintentionally."  
"Saturday Review."

L'art est la Nature concentrée  
Belgian (See the post)

Nature is God's, Art is Man's domain.  
In the Crumbie  
"His wife"



Jupiter to the Poets.

The strong and the cunning have seized upon the inheritance of the world whilst thou wast stargazing and rhyming; not one single acre remains where with I can address thee; but, in revenge, if thou art disposed to visit me in my abode on heaven, come when thou wilt it is always open to thee

We prefer those most who are not as we are ourselves, persons affectionate to the instructor - Dr. J.

Individuality

Who is it that says most? which can say more than this rich praise - that you alone are you?

Sestet - LXXXIV

the wise world - LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead

For I live yet, for I live yet, that I in your sweet thoughts will be forgot if thinking on me then should make you weep

LXXI

the news caused him any grief, except by her death

wife of Rikku in sea

life of Albrecht Dürer

After all this, we owe it both to Mr. Crawley and our readers to give one example of him, as we think, at his best: we object on principle to extracting, where it can be helped, fragments of long pieces, so we quote one of his shorter poems entire:—

They tell me that thou art not such  
As I have always thought;  
That I have worshipped thee too much,  
Not judged thee as I ought;

That love is blind, and cannot see  
Specks in the sun or faults in thee.

They said that many bend the knee  
To idols falsely bright,  
And so I might adore in thee  
A spirit not of light;

That none could else have known  
What all my love could never know,  
That I must nothing hold as true,  
Until its truth was proved,

And give examination due  
And doubt before I loved,  
And after that continue still  
To think that good might yet be ill.

But doubt expires [syn. "expireth"] in the birth  
Where faith hath once been given,  
Whether of thee I love on earth,  
Or Him who reigns in heaven;

'Tis not a lover who can dare  
To question where he offers prayer.

No! I will look on thee alone,  
Although it make me blind,  
Not on the shadow that is thrown  
Upon a baser mind;

For earthly waters troubled are,  
And break in pieces every star.

We think this book will see a second edition: with a view to it, we will ask Mr. Crawley if, in Note 42, he has not confused the title of Gibbon's work with that of Prof. Bryce!

so unlike the home life of our dear land  
the supreme talent is to express  
complicated things very simply -

God gives us nuts but does not  
crack them for us.

Art consists in arrangement and  
indeed it consists in nothing but that.

The good Kobelars made his chef d'oeuvre  
without knowing it which is precisely  
the manner in which chefs d'oeuvre  
are made.

Art is like  
God gives us nuts but he does not  
crack them for us

Art is like

God gives us nuts but he does not  
crack them for us

3/3819

## "The Unknown Land."

F. WALKER. FEB. 12. 1876.

The unknown land  
Lies, in very truth, before their eyes -

A land to which long has been  
Desired, although unseen,  
Unseen, unknown, and yet a strong desire!

An unknown land  
Whereof dim visions floated through their sleep,  
An unknown land beyond an unknown deep -

Not within reach it lies  
And drawn, and over-mattered by their prize,  
With eager faces, and with souls on fire,  
They look on their desire.

It is so near  
That, as the boat glides landward, they can hear  
The sweet lip-greeting of the sea,

The

Burst into starry flower  
Growning a day from other days apart —  
What shall be theirs within their new domain? 40  
What valleys, cloven in the fertile earth —  
What wondrous birth  
Of blossom, garlanding the unknown ways —  
What snow-fed torrents, leaping to the plain —  
What rocky hills that hold  
Great veins of virgin gold,  
As hearts hold memories of golden days  
Come by  
What unimagined glories in the sky —  
What music of strange words — 50  
What melody of birds  
That pipe and sing,  
A-quake, mid the green leaves quivering —  
What joy of liberty is there —  
What wide and unpolluted air,  
In this new land where everything  
Is full of hope, and wonderful, and fair!  
Yet even while they lean, with lips apart,  
And yearning eyes,

In stillness, 'neath the beating of each heart,  
Lie hidden memories,  
That make no sign, but as a sleeper lies  
Alive, through death-like slumber, so they rest  
In every breast -  
Thoughts of a far-off home, 'neath other skies,  
Memories of a land of memories.

A land where plain and hill  
Bear record still

Of triumph or defeat, in days gone by,  
A land that lies amid encircling waves,  
Where multitudes of men are born and die;  
A land of many cities, great and proud,  
A land of many groves.

The busy craftsmen crowd  
Its hallowed ways, the plough with yearly toil  
Makes furrows in the often furrowed soil;  
And many an orchard clove  
Blooms in white and rose,  
When joyous May comes round  
Again, and yet again,  
And little children play upon the ground

Bombay

Beneath a snowy rain  
Of drifting petals, by the breezes strewn.  
The summer sunlight falls  
On red and massive walls  
Built long ago -

The happy birds take up the summer's tune,  
And tottering folk, whose work in life is done,

Sit in the sun

Where trees blossom,

And watch the scythe that sweeps to and fro,

Lay low

The ripened grass of June.

Even the flowers in that historic land  
To dreaming fancy seem to stand

In order ranged;

Waiting the seasons' call to take their part  
In sweetest making, year by year unchanged,  
And known by heart.

Glad in their festival array,

These pretty players lift the head,

Titter

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Utter the words of poets, long since dead,  
And pass away.

Birds, woods, and water, known and loved, have each  
Their human speech  
Of golden cadence, and transfigured rise  
In featured grace, that we may recognize  
The loveliness supreme

Revealed to saintly eyes,  
And one who dwelt within this land 110  
And found new beauty in its blossoms white,  
New joy in field and stream,  
And added, by the labour of his hand,  
Unto its hoarded treasure of delight —  
Passing beyond our sight  
Has left a sketch like this, to bid us muse and dream.

But even as we stand  
Before his work, and with a lingering gaze,  
Give him our grief for Grief,

We wonder - Can these memories to him 120  
- Far in his unknown land -

Seem aught but shadow, colourless and dim?

Does he look back, as one who knows  
The joy of June, the reddening of the rose,  
Looks back to March with all its bitter days -  
As one who, breathing summer air,  
Beneath the woven shade of leafy sprays

With crimson buds aglow,  
Thinks for a moment of the storm-lashed snow  
Of black-thorn blossom, on the branches bare? 10

Does he think thus  
Of all his work that is so fair to us?

Would we have kept him here?  
Kept him to labour in this narrow spot,  
Between the four walls of our garden plot -  
To make the dull earth bloom with scanty flowers  
From year to year?

Would we have kept him? Would we call him back

For any joy of ours  
When Death and Life undid his prison bars  
And pointed to the track  
Which he should follow - high amid the stars -  
Would we have held him back?

Margaret Keley



*[Faint, mostly illegible handwriting on a piece of paper pasted onto a grid background. The text is mirrored across a vertical fold.]*

*Mrs. Mayall*  
*Mt. Ley.*  
*Braintree*  
*— Essex —*

To thank with brief thanks, ~~poor~~  
Whatever god may be,  
That no life lives for ever,  
That dead men rise up never,  
That e'en the wisest never  
Wings somewhere take to sea —

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Wells. August 1921

Fiddley "Amelia"

"I added, that nothing was more foolish than for friends to take leave of each other. 'It is true, indeed,' says he, 'in the common acquaintance & friendships of the world, this is a very hairless ceremony; but between two persons who really love each other the Church of Rome never invented a penance half so severe as this, which we absurdly impose on ourselves."

p. 360 "Belong to truth, I have, for this & some other relations which I have seen, been almost inclined to think that the courage as well as the cowardice of fools proceeds from not knowing what is or what is not the proper object of fear; indeed, we may account for the extreme hardness of some men in the same manner as for the terrors of children at a big bear: the child knows not but that the big bear is the proper object of fear; the blockhead knows not that a cannon-ball is so."

7. 360 "I am inclined to think, that the same passion cannot much energise on two different objects at once & the same time; an observation, which, I believe, will hold as true with regard to the mad passions of jealousy & envy, as to the gentle passion of love in which one great & might, object is sure to engage the whole passion."

(at. Wells cont. Aug 1921)

Amst de France. Le jardin d'Épave

p43 "Le théâtre" fait tout voir en dépense de  
rien imaginer. C'est pourquoi il contient le plus  
grand nombre. C'est aussi pourquoi il plaît  
médiodrement aux esprits rêveurs et méditatifs. Ceux-  
-là n'aiment les ~~idées~~ idées que pour le prolongement  
qu'ils leur donnent et pour l'écho mélodieux  
qu'elles éveillent en eux-mêmes. Ils n'ont que  
faire dans un théâtre et préfèrent au plaisir paillard  
du spectacle la joie active de la lecture.

p74

Les hommes qui ont fait des revues ne s'imposent pas  
qu'on en veuille faire après eux. Semblablement,  
les vieux poètes qui ont marqué dans quelque changement  
poétique ne veulent plus qu'on change avec. En  
cela, ils sont hommes. Il est pénible, quand on  
n'est point un grand sage, de voir la vie continuer  
après ~~soi~~ soi et de se sentir noyé dans  
l'~~écoulement~~ écoulement des choses. Poète, sénateur ou  
cardonnet, on se réveille mal à n'être pas la  
fin définitive des mondes et la raison supérieure  
de l'univers."

"Malheureusement, l'esprit spéculatif rend l'homme  
 impuissant à l'action. L'empire n'est pas à ceux qui  
 veulent tout comprendre. C'est une fumée que  
 de voir au delà du bu prochain. Il n'y a pas que  
 les chevaux et les mulet à qui il faille des aides  
 pour marcher sans écart. Les philosophes s'arrêtent  
 en route et chargent la course en promenade.  
 L'histoire du petit Chopin - Rouge est une  
 grande leçon aux hommes d'État qui portent le  
 petit pa de beure et ne doivent pas savoir s'il  
 est des noisettes dans les sentiers du bois."

"Plus je songe à la vie humaine, plus je crois  
 qu'il faut qui donne pour la terminer. Les  
 juges d'Ironie et la Pitié, comme les Égyptiens  
 appelaient sur leurs morts la déesse Isis et la  
 déesse Nephthys. L'Ironie et la Pitié sont  
 deux bonnes conseillères; l'une, en souriant,  
 nous rend le vie amable; l'autre, qui pleure,  
 nous le rend sacré. L'Ironie que j'invoque  
 n'est point cruelle. Elle ne raille ni l'amour,  
 ni la beauté. Elle est douce et bienveillante.  
 Son rire calme la colère, et c'est elle qui nous  
 enseigne à nous moquer des méchants et des  
 sotts, que nous pourrions, sans elle, avoir la  
 faiblesse de haïr."

Leur parc [les freres] en ce monde est tant de porter  
toutes choses à la perfection.

p 185

mais une femme qui sait d'eux aucun tort de  
ne point le faire, si cela n'embarasse pas sa vie,  
sans compter que l'ancien pourra lui devenir  
un ami quand il lui faudra franchir le pas  
douloureux pour entrer dans l'âge des souvenirs.

Il est certain que, si les femmes n'écrivent  
pas mieux que les hommes, elles écrivent  
autrement et laissent traîner sur le papier  
un peu de leur pièce divine.

Wells, Auger (1921. cont)

Anatole France - Sur la Pierre Blanche

p 84

"De quel droit les dieux immortels abaissent-ils  
-ils un homme vertueux jusqu'à le récompenser?  
Le véritable salaire du bien est de l'avoir fait et  
il n'y a pas, hors de la vertu aucun prix digne  
d'elle. Laissons aux âmes vulgaires, pour  
soutenir leurs vils courages, la crainte du  
châtiment et l'espoir de la récompense. N'aimons  
dans la vertu que la vertu elle-même."

190

"Le châtiment du crime est de l'avoir commis."

Pericles & Aspasia . . . . . With Savage Landor

Read as Wells, but these bits copied Nov. 20. 1921

(p26) Aspasia [Poetry] "is the only art of which the  
subliments are incommunicable."

(p28) Cleone & Aspasia "There is a gloom in deep love, as in deep  
water: there is a silence in it when suspended the foot, &  
the folded arms & the dejected head are the image & reflect."

(p56) "Anaxagoras ~~is~~ rightly remarked that Love always  
makes us better, Religion sometimes, Power never."

1. 15  
"Who piously (in doing ill) believe  
That every god sees every man ... but one"

1. 17  
"The things which are most  
are difficult when there is a noise in the brain; but  
begin, & the noise ceases. The mind, slow in its ascent  
at first, accelerates every moment, as soon above the  
hearing of frogs & the sight of brambles."

"The man to be the wife of Pericles; it is more  
to be Aspasia."

p270

Stand close around, yet Stygian sea,  
With Duce in one boat conveyed,  
Or Charon, sung, may forget  
"For he is old, & the shade"

Nov  
1/24

The Life of Charlotte Brontë by M<sup>r</sup>. Gaskell  
1900 etc

Letter from C Brontë to Lewis

p 351

"When authors write best, or, at least, when they write most fluently, an influence seems to wake in them, which becomes their master — which will have its own way — putting me (I view all beasts but its own, dictating certain words, & insisting on their being used, rather vehemently & measured in their nature; new-moulding characters, giving untrump of turns & incidents, rejecting carefully elaborated old ideas, & suddenly creating & adopting new ones."

Letter from C Brontë

"My own conscience I satisfy first; & having done that, if I further content & delight a Forcade, a Montague, & a Thackeray, my ambition has had its ration; it is fed; it lies down for the present satisfied; my faculties have wrought a day's task & earned a day's wages. I am not a teacher; to look on me in that light is to mistake me. To teach is not my vocation. What I am is useless to say. Those whom a conscience feels & finds are. To all others I work my own obscure, steady-going, private character"



p 609

Mr. Jashel says "Emily must have been a remnant  
of the Titans, great-granddaughter of the giants  
who used to build the earth."

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Dec 1. 1921.

Mainsail Haul (By C.F.S. Punch Nov 23, 1921)

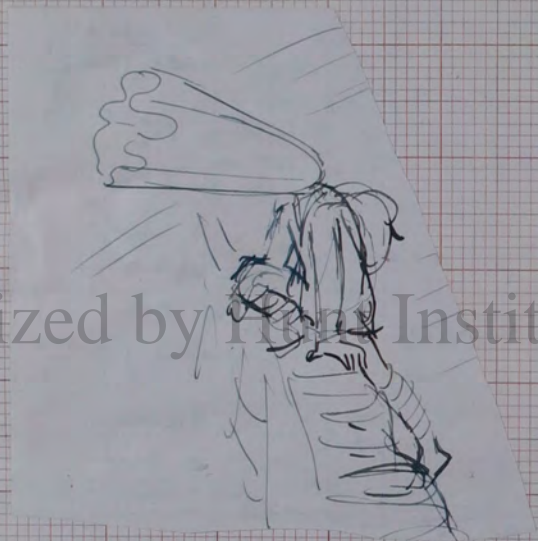
"I don't want none of 'is stuff," said Bill, "nor I don't want none  
of 'is gear,  
I don't want things as I've knowed 'em use, nor things as  
I've seen 'em wear;  
It aint such things as them," he said, "as that's the  
truth, my son,  
'Ud make me think o' Mike my pal nor Mike 'e's  
dead an' gone."

x x x x x x x x x

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It's things you see an' things you 'ear an' things you  
feel an' do,  
They bring the dead alive again, they make the dead  
years new -,  
An' it aint Mike's bit o' things I'll want, an' that's  
God's truth, my son,  
To make me think o' Mike my pal nor Mike 'e's  
dead and gone."

DSR getting over stone wall in crowd. Sketch by JR. Jan 1922



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The Way of All Flesh . Samuel Butler

p. 207

"He did not understand that if he waited and listened and observed, another idea of worse kind would probably occur to him some day, or that the development of this would in its turn suggest still further ones. He did not yet know that the very worst way of getting hold of ideas is to go hunting expressly after them. The way to get them is to study something of which one is fond, or to note down whatever comes one's mind in reference to it, either during study or relaxation, in a little note-book kept always on the work-table. I know how to do it all about this now, but it took him a long time to find it out, for this is not the kind of thing to which teachers at schools inculcate.

For yet did he know that ideas, no less than the long beams in these minds they arise, must be forgotten by parents not very unlike themselves, the more original still differing the slightly from the parents that have given rise to them. Life is like a fugue, everything must grow out of the subject and there must be nothing near."

Epitaph on a Mercenary Army (Jan 7 1922)  
 A.E. Houseman (from J.R.)

These, in the day when heaven was falling,  
 The hour when Earth's foundations fled,  
 Followed their mercenary calling,  
 And took their wages, & are dead.

Then shudders held the sky suspended:  
 They stood, & Earth's foundations stay.  
 What God abandoned there defended,  
 And saved the sum of things for pay."

Renewal by Isabel Houseman  
 Answer Feb 12 1922

To empty arms there come  
 All babes that have no home;  
 Upon a lonely breast  
 The weariest heads may rest;  
 And to a broken heart  
 All sorrows creep apart

So, we are not alone,  
 Though Love, the god, be gone,  
 But from our feared pain  
 Love will be born again  
 and in his quivering  
 Restore our wasted Spring.

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**Conversations with the  
late Sir Robert Ball.**

BY W. VALENTINE BALL, O.B.E.

210  
38

But the colossal labour of Hamilton's life was his invention of the Quaternion Calculus. The moment when this invention seized him on 16th October, 1843, he thus describes to his son: "I was walking into Dublin and your mother was walking with me along the Royal Canal, to which she had perhaps driven; and although she talked with me now and then, yet an undercurrent of thought was going on in my mind which gave at last a result, whereof it is not too much to say that I felt at once the importance. An electric circuit seemed to close and a spark flashed forth, the herald (as I foresaw immediately) of many long years to come of definitely directed thought and work by myself, if spared, and, at all

events, on the part of others if I should even be allowed to live long enough distinctly to communicate the discovery. Nor could I resist the impulse—unphilosophical as it may have been—to cut with a knife on a stone of Brougham Bridge, as we passed it, the fundamental formula."

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