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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.

I sit in this mild twilight,
When birds in wild, swift flight,
Light winds in sighing sink, and, rising bring
Night's virgin pilgrim swims in vivid light.

A GARTER CHARM.

There is a garter charm, which is but little known, so I give it here. Three knots must be tied on the left garter, and for every knot the maiden must repeat:—

This knot, this knot, this knot I knit,
To see the thing I ne'er saw yet—
To see my love in his array,
And what he walks in every day;
And what his occupation be,
This night I in my dreams may see,
And if my love be clad in green,
His love for me it is well seen;
And if my love be clad in grey,
His love for me is far away;
But if my love be clad in blue,
His love for me is very true.

—Sent by MABEL HODDER, Chillington.

on
wit
Ba
the
ocra

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J. Davis
1842
1872

Agnes Arber
52 Huntingdon Road
Cambridge

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Mar 22. 1922

Times Lit. Sup. Mar 16. 22 . p. 162

"The medievalism of Rossetti & Morris x x x was an elaborate reconstruction; & it has gone the way of all attempts to make art or letters grow from grafts instead of from seeds."

"That union of intensely clear vision with perfectly adequate means of expression which belongs to rare blooming - seasons of the race"

The Third Window . . . Ann Douglas Sedgwick

"it was an impersonal work . . . rather
than a long-remembered presence, making
beauty forgotten in significance."

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Times Lit. Sup May 18. 1922

(Hafiz)

"O Love, in scant of thee whoever goes
To Reason's school, goes farther & fares worse.
For him no face-to-face or hand-in-hand."

Via Triumphales by E J Thompson

(from *King's Road*)

"See how the struggling fire
From the damp heap in a white
sun, deep with in, the red heart
Till with a leap the ghost becomes a god,
And shouts & dances in his shrewdly
cage."

T.L.S. June 1. 1922

"a labour of love. Its incitement comes from within; its source is in the hidden uplands of the heart. Not that it can be a labour without effort. The cost of it may be extreme. For it is nothing but a fallacy to suppose that what men do of their own choice & affection is less exhausting than a task against the grain. Self-imposed burdens are burdens none the less; but we carry them with a serene spirit, with an unwaned happiness about them, still in a grace & permanency, otherwise all but unattainable. * * * How the mere state of mind & mood reveals itself in a look, in a smile, in a sigh, in a frown, in the penicil. The expression of a passion in the dream in happy eyes, a flaky rainbow on the sea. But nothing by comparison, no motion, no zeal, no skill, is so effective, as so healthy."

Article on Walter Raleigh (obituary)
by C.S.G. T.L.S. June 3. 1922

life "a losing match nobly played."

"He is primarily known as a literary critic; but his study was life, his profession was living."

"Of cleverness he was no great admirer, even in the young: preferring, sometimes, a puzzled sincerity. The wits of the last age, the dynasty of scepticisms, who fell in love with cleverness, he found "not helpful." As for style, he came to believe that the secret of it is only frankness & sincerity: to tell the truth of one can.

"No one who is not capable of great happiness ... could, he supposed, be a highly moral being. That profanity which is called disillusionment - never touched him. He believed that it could touch no one who had ever been truly happy."

"Though his heart was drawn into the
dear & companionable beauty of the
world, he knew that the mind in
which the graces must build is the
beauty of the rocks; that flowers,
& laughter, & fragrance are "the
spring of the same unalterable
law which disciplines the stars."

"He was quick to recognize & to
disown the writer who had no claim
upon his facts, a no more ownership
in them than is conferred by a
five minutes' passage from the
notebook to the printed page

"What is failure, in a world where
men are mortal?"

"An open playground for exuberant
activity he believed to be of the first
importance for a writer. The human mind
is playful, & will not be denied its sport."

"We must protect ourselves against our
great men."

"When he wrote ... the task was performed
at speed & in a mood of high excitement. It
believed that no enduring literary work
can be otherwise produced."

"If any young man could find a
society where people speak only what
they think & tell only what they know -
in the first word. Then come to know -
that would be, at last, a school of
literature"

practised the art of criticism as "aspirant
to the second prizes."

(This is F. Bacon
A. A.)

A saying of Cyrano de Bergerac (T.L.S.
Mus. June 29. 1922, p. 925)

combating the old idea of a diurnal
revolution of the sun, he was still the
official & standard. He says:-

"... il serait aussi ridicule de croire
que ce grand corps lumineux tourne
autour d'un point dont il n'a que
faire, que de s'imaginer quand
nous voyons une allumette recuie qu'on a,
pour la cuire, tournée le doigt
à l'entour."

(August 1922. Aspley Grove)

I Part King Henry IV

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as ^{work} work;
But when they seldom come, they
work'd for come,
And nothing please us but rare accidents.

King Henry V

"though patience be c. tried more, yet
she will plod."

A larger compass ^{like the sun}
His liberal eye doth give to every part

"There's some soul of goodness in things evil,
Which men strangely distil out."

Chapter headings from "A Love ^{Aug}
Conference" by Mr. Arthur Haufer 1922

"Pour un cœur passionné la pire
doleur est de ne pas suffire au
cœur qu'il aime."

"L'absence est à l'amour ce qui est
au feu le vent,
Il étouffait le petit et il allume le grand."
Bussy-Robinson

"Canst thou be true across so many
miles.
So many days that keep us still apart?
Ah! Canst thou love upon a broken
And ask no warmer comfort for thy heart?"
R. le Gallienne

Sep 30.22

"Greatest with the facts of
life (called the Angel of the Lord)"

Letters of George Meredith
Vol I p 57

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Le monde est aux inquiets

(Quoted in the memoir of Anne J. (Cush)

Oct 1. 1922

"Broken Toys"

by Lilian Isabel Jones

p. 63

"The woman who kept her school
was the nut with no kernel. If
you had taken the crackers to her she
would have offered great resistance,
having put all the strength she had
into her shell, then finally she would
have collapsed & you would have
found nothing inside but a little
woolly failure."

p74

"You think pessimism goes with
imagination?" he asked.
"Yes", she replied. "Look at the case of
the wise virgins: it was the foolish
virgins who had optimistic temperaments
were not imaginative, though they
had absurd fancies as to how oil
could be obtained. Don't you think
the ~~wiser~~ ones showed to air

imagination by being prepared for
emergencies? Don't you think they
keep near diaries, to as to help
them to prove an alibi if necessary?
Yes, & they keep accounts & they
dained their stockings, if they had
any, & saw lions in every path -
Oh! persecutions, certainly, I see
them worried with anxiety."

p 115

"Yes, Mrs Crawford has the kindness
of people who are always contented."

p 211

"He would throw himself to the
lions for Emile, but he won't
do anything he wants."

Dec 1922

The Voyage Inheritance
Franklin Barker

Edward my father said mine
was a weak nature. He knew

Alice you have a religious nature

Edward (purpose) Oh no!

Alice Therefore you're not fond of
rites & ceremonies. Therefore ... as
the good things of this worldly world
will seduce you, you think contain
nothing at all. I understand
the temptation of the devil & his
produced things. But if we yield
to it our character narrows &
cheapens. That's pity ... but
it is

Edward ... in my office a week,
to be ... one is out of reach of all
the music of the world. But then one
goes for back to Nature, unless it
bring all cures to her wounded, one
"all corners."

She --- You've power to be slaves
lovely... delighting letting yourself
be untidy.

--- to (you), you shouldn't neglect
your happiness any more than
you neglect to wash your face

--- Oh dear you see how a blessing
this cursed work was meant to be to you?
Why must you stand stiff against it?

Waste

Wedgwood

Surely an artist is a man
who understands.

Tiebell Everything is his life, but
not life itself. That's where
art fails a man.

T.L.S. Nov 30.22

"New literature is stern; it is no more
very charming & voluptuous, it even
learned & brilliant, she seems to
reiterate, unless you fulfill her
first condition - to know how
to write."

"The comparison makes us suspect
that the art of writing consists
in some form of attachment to
an idea. ~~It is~~ It is on the back of
an idea, ~~some~~ ^{some} belief or wish
conviction or seen with precision, &
then compelling words to it, that
the diverse company, that includes
Lamb & Bacon
reaches the farther shore."

The tradition that wedding rings should be of plain gold is likely to survive the

present craze for jewelled ones,

for it has come down to us from

Saxon times and defied many previous attempts at change. At

the marriage of Queen Mary with Philip of

Spain the Council debated the question of the

ring and wished to have it jewelled, but Mary

herself intervened by declaring that she "would

not have it set with gems, for she chose to be

wedded with a plain hoop of gold like other maidens."

Sir Charles Francis
Richardson
Feb. 1923.

VI II. p 16.

Sir C. F. "The word & thing called
glory, when mischief has not occurred!"

p 113

quoted as "his song"

"When Phoebus does his beams display,
To tell men gravely, that 'tis day,
Is to suppose them blind."

Thoughts at a June garden-party 1914

Prof W. Raleigh

(quoted by E.M.S.)

"I wish I loved the human race;
I wish I loved its silly face;
I wish I liked the way it talks;
I wish I liked the way it walks;
And when I'm entertained so
I wish I thought "What Jolly Fun!"

Boswell's Johnson

VI II p 189

"Incidents upon a journey are recollected with peculiar pleasure; they are preserved in brisk spirits, & come up again in our minds, tinged with that gaiety, or at least that animation with which we first perceived them."

p 191

"Life admits not of delays; when pleasure can be had it is fit to catch it: Every hour takes away part of the things that please, & perhaps part of our disposition to be pleased."

p 194

"Do not fancy that an increase of writing is decay of humour. No man is always in a disposition to write; nor has any man at all times something to say."

p 194

(about an earthquake shock)
"Sir, it will be much exaggerated in popular talk: for, in the first place, the common people do not accurately adapt their thoughts to the objects; nor, secondly, do they accurately adapt their words to their thoughts: they do not mean to lie; but, being no pains to be exact, they give you very false accounts. A great part of their language is proverbial. If anything works
(2 pages on)

About his cat Hodge whom he was reviewing
 Johnson said (when B. saw he was a fine cat)
 "why, yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I
 liked better than this; " then as if perceiving
 Hodge to be one of circumstance, adding, "but
 he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat
 indeed."

p 21 (about reviewing)

To one of Johnson's wonderful fertility of
 mind, I believe writing was really
 easier to him reading & extracting; but
 with ordinary men the case is very different.
 A great deal, indeed, will depend upon the
 care & judgment with which the extracts
 are made. I can suppose the operation
 to be tedious & difficult: but in many
 instances we must draw crude morsels
 out of books as if at random; & when a
 large extract is made for one place, it surely may
 be done with very little trouble. One, however,
 I must acknowledge, may be led, from the
 practice of Reviewers, to suppose that they
 take a pleasure in ingud writing; for we
 often find that, instead of giving an
 accurate account of what has been done by

the author these works they are
 reviewing, such is surely the proper
 business of a literary journal, they produce
 some plausible & ingenious conceits of
 their own, upon the topics which have
 been discussed."

p 24.

5. "Language scanty, & inadequate
 to express the nice gradations & mixtures
 of our feelings. No man reads a book
 of science from pure inclination."

p 25

5. My dear friend, hear your mind if
 I can't. You may talk as other people
 do. You may say to a man, "Sir,"
 and you must humbly servant. You
~~may say to a man, "Sir,"~~ and you must
 humbly servant. You are not his most
 humble servant. You may say, "to be
 sad times," it is melancholy they the times.
 reserved our times. You don't mind not but
 you tell a man, "I am sorry you had
 weather the last day of your journey, whether
 much wet." You don't care six-pence whether
 was wet a day. You may talk in this manner; it is
 a mark of talking in society. But don't think foolishly."

(continued fr 2 pages back)
at all, they say it works like a cradle; &
in the way they go on."

p. 219-20. (on question of "superfluous"
words, Johnson considers a sentence of his
own, "We were now treading that illustrious
region". He says "the word illustrious
contributes nothing to the mere narration...
but it is not, therefore, superfluous; for it
wakes the mind to peculiar attention, & gives
something of more than usual importance
to be presented. And, Sir, as to
metaphorical expression, that is: pre-
excellence in style, when it is used with
propriety, for a few of two ideas, for one:
conveys the meaning more luminously &
generally with a perception of delight."

p. 223
"No, Sir, when a man is tired of London,
he is tired of life: for there is in London all
that life can afford."

p. 225
"Getting money is not all a man's
business; to cultivate kindness is a
valuable part of the business of life."

p 234

Boswell mentioned that the expense of
certain games would come to much more
than he had computed, Johnson said,
why, Sir, if the expense were to be an
inconvenience, you would have reason to
regret it: but, if you have had the
money to spend, I know not that you
could have purchased as much
pleasure with it in any other way.

p. 235

Johnson opposed the use of the word "idea"
as equivalent to notion: he wished it
confined to something of which an image
can be formed in the mind.

"Transpiring"
V H Tweedlander

"This was what was to be artistically
alive, artistically in health — the everlasting
outstripping of oneself, the perpetual
failure to find any comfort in achievement.
Always it had to be the race, not the
goal, that ran free in the veins."

... that's no proof, is it, that you'll ever
succeed?"

... "It isn't my business to succeed or
fail. My business is to paint."

...
Pure ecstasy now, because it was no
longer effort that was required of her; it
was surrender; surrender to the
enormous power that a law — or law —
stopped to use her. ... The strain of a
human effort was the key to it had
unlocked the paradise of effortlessness.

April 12. 23

Boswell's Johnson

p 307

Edwards "You are a philosopher, J:
Johnson. I have tried too in my
time to be a philosopher; but, I don't
know how, cheerfulness was always
breaking in."

p 315

F. Percy said of J., "The conversation of
Johnson is strong & clear, & may be
compared to an antique statue, where
every vein & muscle is distinct & bold.
His conversation resembles an
inferior cast."

p 296

J. "I am willing to love all mankind,
except an American."

p 316

J. "Nobody has a right to put another
under such a difficulty, than he must
extract from him the pearl by telling the
truth, or him himself by telling what is
not true."

p 329

A says, Addison's distinction between his
pages of conversation & writing:
"I have my nine-pence - my pocket; but I can
draw for a thousand pounds."

p 364
J. "Mallet, I believe, never wrote
a single line of his projected life of the
Duke of Marlborough. He papered for
materials; bought gun, till he had
exhausted his mind. Thus, a sometimes
happens to men entangle themselves
in their own schemes."

p 372
An expt by D. Johnson "Aug 15. 1783.
I cut from the oven 41 leaves, which weighed
5 ounces oz. + a half, & eight scruples:-
I lay them upon my book-case, to see
what weight they will lose by drying.
This is an entry in one of his MS diaries.
Boswell writes, with the epithet
"trite" "How do my smile, which
evident to a true an moment
then admit of being only soothed
by trifles."

p 377
"purpose of the Dictionary
Boswell: "You did not know what you was
undertaking."
J. "Yes, Sir, I knew very well what I was
undertaking - & very well how to do it -
& have done very well."

p 391

"Nothing is more common than mutual dislike where mutual approbation is particularly expected."

p 400

Johnson's advice to a young clergyman about sermons etc.

"For an hour of folly into some inopportunities in the daily service, by ready to an audience that requires no exactness. Your fear, I hope, secures you from danger."

in the labor of composition, do not burden your mind with too much at once; do not exact from yourself, at one effort, of cogitation, propriety of thought & elegance of expression. Inverse first, & then embellish. The production of smelting, when nothing was before, is an act of greater energy than the expansion & decoration of the thing produced. See how diligently your thoughts as they rise, in the first words that occur; & when you have matters you will easily give a form: no, perhaps, while this method be always necessary; for by habit, your thoughts & diction will

flow together.

The divisions ... derive the judgement
of the writer; they supply sources of
invention, & keep every part in its
proper place.

p 407

J. to Mr. Langton, "Men of harder mind
than ours will do many things for which
you & I would shrink; yet, Sir, they
will, perhaps, do more good in life than
we."

p 409
Johnson of the *Albion*.
"Clare, Sir, is a good thing to eat, & the
always understood what you say."

p 411

An messenger very pointed me to J.
in one of his writings he asserted, says:-
"Sir, this is owing to an alteration of
part of the sentence, from the form in
which I had first written it; & I believe,
Sir, you may have remarked, again
a very frequent cause of error in
Composition, when one has made a partial
change, without due regard to the
general structure of the sentence."

J. Talking of Court-martied, "expressed much doubt of an enlightened desism; said, that perhaps there was not a member of it, who in the whole course of his life, had ever spent an hour by himself in balancing probabilities."

J. used to quote with great warmth, the saying of Aristotle; that there was the same difference between one learned & unlearned, as between the living & the dead.

"In Drayton's character, Johnson has given, though I suppose unintentionally, some touches of his own. Thus, "the power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather strong reason than quick sensibility; upon all occasions that were presented, he studied rather than felt; & produced sentiments not such as Nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the struggle of elemental passions as they spring separate in the mind, he seems not much acquainted."

p 441
remarks by an unnamed writer about
an imitator of Johnson:-
"It has all his pomp without his force;
it has all the nobilities of the oak
without its strength; it has all the
contortions of the Sybil, without the
inspiration."

p 507
J. "Poverty, my dear friend, is so great an
evil, & pregnant with so much temptation,
& so much misery, that I cannot but
earnestly enjoy you to avoid it." (His wife
Boswell says she
had not so much
ambition)

p 493
To Bennet Langton
J. "We have been now long enough
acquainted to have many images in
common; & therefore, I have a source of
conversation which neither the learning
nor the wit of a new companion can supply."

Vol II p 45
J. to Boswell
"Of the exaltations & depressions of your
mind you delight to talk, & I hate
to hear. Drive all such fancies from you."

"It having been mentioned to Dr. Johnson that a gentleman who had a son whom he imagined to have an extreme degree of timidity, wished to send him to public school, that he might acquire confidence. 'Sir, (said Johnson), this is a preposterous expedient for removing his infirmity; such a disposition should be cultivated in the shade. Placing him in a public school is fancy an owl upon day."

"Johnson having argued for some time with a pertinacious gentleman; his opponent, (as he had talked in a very puzzling manner, he presented a paper, & said, 'I have understood you, Sir: upon this Johnson observed, 'Sir, I have found you an arguer; but I am not obliged to find you an understanding."

J. "Who's not wise enough to keep it sweet than corrected himself to:-

"It has not utility enough to preserve in pure profanation."

J. doubts generalization "Don't attend to that."

In his Latin lesson, J. — "I will be conquered; I will not capitulate."

J. "I... would advise every young man beginning to compose, to do it as far as he can, to get habit of having his mind to start promptly; it is to mind more difficult to acquire - speed than accuracy." Watson: "I am I am for much attention to accuracy in composing, however should get bad habits of doing it in a slovenly manner." J. "Why, Sir, you are comparing doing inaccurately with the necessity of doing inaccurately. A man knows when his composition is inaccurate, when he thinks fit he'll correct it. But, if a man is accustomed to compose slowly, & with difficulty, upon all occasions, there is danger that he may not compose at all, or will do it like a dog that is not done easily; & an easy rate, may be an advantage in a small matter than ought to be."

p 385

J. "a mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cress."

p 402
 J. (in the Heludes) "I want to be on the main land, go on with exultation. This is waste of life."

p 418
 J. "If one was to think constantly of death, the business of life would stand still."

p. 482

J. asked Boswell if he could have the
recollection of the tour to the Heludes for
£500. "I answered I could not; she
exclaimed my setting such a value on an
recusation of new images in my mind."

p. 484

Mr. Crone said of J.'s book on his Highland
journey "There are in this book thoughts,
which, by long revolution in the great
mind of Johnson, have been formed &
polished, - like pebbles rolled in the ocean."

p. 259

"Depend upon it, no woman is the
for sense & knowledge."

LONDON, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1923.

HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY.

As for the rest, though they are many and vigorous and in the full flood of creative activity, there is none whose influence can seriously affect his contemporaries, or penetrate beyond our day to that not very distant future which it pleases us to call immortality. If we make a century our test, and ask how much of the work produced in these days in England will be in existence then, we shall have to answer not merely that we cannot agree upon the same book, but that we are more than doubtful whether such a book there is. It is an age of fragments. A few stanzas, a few pages, a chapter here and there, the beginning of this novel, the end of that, are equal to the best of any age or author. But can we go to posterity with a sheaf of loose pages, or ask the readers of those days, with the whole of literature before them, to sift our enormous rubbish heaps for our tiny pearls?

MARK PATTISON ON MILTON.

Sir,—“An appreciation of Milton is the last reward of a consummated scholarship.” Mark Pattison's sentence is well known; but has the model on which he seems to have based it been recorded? The author (whom Pope knew as Longinus) of the treatise on “The Sublime” has (ch. vi.) :—*ἡ γὰρ πᾶν λόγων κρίσις πολλὰς ἐστὶ κλίμας τελευταίας ἐπερίσσημα.* This is rendered by Sir Clifford Allbutt, who quotes it in his “Notes on the Composition of Scientific Papers” as follows: “For the discernment of words is the last fruit of a long discipline.”

Yours faithfully,

G. W. B.

GEMS OF CHINESE LITERATURE. By HERBERT A. GILES. Revised and greatly enlarged. (Shanghai: Kelly and Walsh, \$10.)

And here is some art criticism, first from Li Chih, a writer in the eleventh and twelfth centuries A.D., on “Pictures” :—

No more than three or four pictures by eminent artists should ever be hung in one room. After these have been enjoyed for four or five days, others should be substituted. . . . If the personages in a picture, when you look at them, seem to speak; if flowers and fruit are swayed by the wind and sparkle with dew; if birds and beasts seem as if they were alive; if hills and streams and forests and fountains are limpid, reposeful, dark, and distant; if buildings have depth; if bridges have movement to and fro; if the base of a hill can be seen below the surface of the clear water at its foot; and if the sources of the water are made obvious and distinct;—then, though his name may not be known, the man who paints such pictures is a great artist.

IMAGES AND MEDITATIONS. By MARY
DUCLAUX (A. Mary F. Robinson). (Fisher
Urwin. 5s. net.)

Yet is it mine
To fill the cup with water or with wine?
My humbler part
Is but to burnish and to set apart.
I grave thy metal in a lovely line:
See, round the rim
The radiant letters of Thy Name I trace—
Then wait on Him
Who yet may brim
The void and brilliant chalice with His grace.
"Confessio Amantis,"

The Awakening

Here, in the blue of the dawn, with the first pale
glint in the curtains,
Sudden, I started awake, sitting bemused on my
bed,
Thought I was back (how strange!) a maid in my
maiden-chamber,
Back in the London house, a slip of a girl, unwed.
Forty years of endeavour, love, and lonely bereave-
ment
Slipped from my shoulders, then; fresh in the
morning gleam
I was a girl of twenty, alert, with a life before her.
All my days and my doings nothing more than a
dream.
Well, do you think I was glad?
Bitter, acute disappointment
Struck at the strings of my heart, jangled me out
of my sleep:
Glad to be old, half-blind, a foreigner here and a
widow,
Since I have known (thank God) all I remember
and keep.

THE CLAIM OF ANTIQUITY.

These are the substance: the "claim of antiquity" is surely ironic camouflage. But good wine needs neither bush nor bushel. Why cry "Old clothes!" when you are offering the water of life? Some day learned councils will shed the fetters of the antiquary, as they have already shed those of the grammarian, and commend the study of Greek and Roman classics, not because they are ancient, but because they are ever young. The men of the Renaissance knew better. They preached, not the claim of antiquity, but the new learning; and the world believed them. Renaissance did not become men like to look back, but because they want to move on.

J. D. Hoskey. Homology Journals
VA I p 326
Macartney's "Embroidery China" etc
partum c Veeping Cypress when J.D.H.
says the foundation of Willow Pattern.
22-7-60

**THE STORY OF THE WILLOW PATTERN
PLATE.** 8 x 5 1/2, 34 pp. Alexander Moring.
2s. 6d. n.

This belongs to a tasteful little series of booklets called the Saint George Series, containing reprints or original work of some special literary interest. What Mr. Moring here offers us is the love story which the Willow Pattern design is supposed to embody, adapted from a version to be found in the *Family Friend*, 1849.

The origin of the design and the exact date are rather obscure; though Mr. Moring quotes a statement of the Department of Ceramics at the Victoria and Albert Museum that it originated at the Caughion porcelain factory, in Shropshire, about 1780. It was, says the Department, an adaptation of the conventional river scene common on Chinese export porcelain of the eighteenth century; but of these there are so many that it is impossible to point to one as the true "prototype." This latter statement does not satisfy Mr. Moring.

The border of the design has varied considerably, but two main forms have been in use—(1) the Spode, named after Josiah Spode (1754-1827), the famous china manufacturer, of Stoke-on-Trent, whose business eventually passed into the hands of Messrs. W. T. Copeland and Sons. This consists of irregular geometrical ornament of a conventional type, sometimes designated the "wall" or "wheel" border. (2) The "mosquito" border, which consists of a combination of flowers with a few conventional insects.

IT ISN'T DONE!

By Collum.

Sir Berkeley Moynihan, the distinguished Irish surgeon from Leeds, who has just had a baronetcy conferred on him by the King, made a new definition of prejudice when he was replying to the toast of the Federation of Medical and Allied Services (of which he is president) at their annual dinner a few evenings ago.

"Prejudice," says Sir Berkeley, "is the emotional reaction of ignorance to truth."

FANCY DRESS.

The shepherd said, "I was merry a bit
(Along o' the Fair befall?)
Or I'd never a' tried or attempted it—
Two hundred o' ewes an' all;
Or I'd never ha' wagered to drive a flock
With devil a dog to the Knowes o'
Knock.

But where was a readier lad, you'd hold,
Than me at twenty-four?
My cheek was brown and my eye was
bold,

And I stood as high as the door;
I've picked a ewe under either arm
And carried 'em in from fold to farm;

And every lass, when the sheep came
down,
"Ed turn at Oliver Rigg;
In the web-grey streets o' the market
town,

So bonny an' clean-built big,
And tell 'emselves, "Yon 's the gradely
chap

From the sole o' his brogues to the
crown o' his cap!"

Well, 'twas Fair-time, same as I've said
 afore,

And I took Ben Mogg's half-quad
That I'd drive two hundred o' ewes,
an' more

(And I tried, by all, I did),
With never a wave or wag of a dog—
But he won his money, did Benjamin
Mogg."

Eight miles to go to the Knowes o'
Knock,

But the moon was nigh at full,
And me as bold as a fighting-cock
And strong as a yearling bull;
Eight miles to walk 'em, the Roman's
Way,

And deliver 'em sound by break o' day.

• THE HANDLING OF WORDS, and other Studies
in Literary Psychology. By VERNON LEE.
(John Lane, 8s. 6d. net.)

Vernon Lee, as a practical writer, surprises us with an account of her business which may be true of it in a certain aspect, but only in an aspect that has little interest or meaning, we should say, for a practical writer. She will have it that the art of the writer consists in "the manipulation of the mind of the reader," and she is so much in earnest on this point that everything else she has to say comes round to it sooner or later; till for the listener the phrase begins to assume a terrible literalness, and it will be long before he forgets the vision of the writer kneading and moulding the more or less ductile contents of another's skull. It is a lively image, and it may have its value in some discussions; but it surely affects a writer as entirely alien to any thought that has ever entered his own skull on the subject of his familiar occupation. What writer—and Vernon Lee is, of course, talking only of "pure" writing, not of the arts of oratory or instruction—what writer thinks for a moment, while he composes his book, of that unknown and unknowable being, his reader that is to be? It is a curious and a perverse idea for a writer, of all people, to propound.

A writer has no concern with any reader but one—himself; and he tries to satisfy that reader with all the nicety of his skill in words; and when he has finished he has less than no concern with the fresh work of art which another reader, with greater or less nicety of skill in reading, may make of his book. To allow his mind to stray to the thought of the unknown reader's mind, to think of himself as "manipulating" the entirely problematic contents of that mind—this, to any writer worth his salt, would appear both dishonour and vanity: dishonourable because it means admitting a thought that is *not* the single thought of the image to be rendered, vain because he cannot handle what he cannot know. Ver-

Review
T. G. S.

30p
1913

I slipped the rails and I walked 'em
through,

As the summer dusk spilt o'er,
They were fell-land bred and they kind
o' knew

They were due for the fells once more;
And they powdered on in a pattering
mob;

For the first two miles 't was a baby's job.

But when we'd gotten to Garcross Ring
And the unfenced grass again,

They broke like beads from a broken
string,

While I sweated and swore like Cain;
For some broke this way and some broke
that,

Some took the fell side and some the flat.

Thinks I, we'll never make out to
Knock,

When white as a moonbeam came
A fine tall maid in a moon-white frock;
She moved like a wind-blown flame

In her queer strapped shoes; she was
bare o' head;

"A visitor up to the Grange," I said.

And a duchess, too, you'd imagine, Sir,
And finely bred as few;

And she'd two long dogs at the side o'
her,

And she carried a long bow too;
And a shimmery moon in her hair, no
less—

Well, the gentry's potty on fancy dress.

"Will I lend you a hand?" she says
to me,

"For I've known a shepherd of old,
And I've turned the buck and the roe,"
says she,

"So sheep 'll be light to fold;
"Yes, I knew a shepherd," she kind of
sung;

"He looked like a god when the gods
were young."

Letter to Carlyle June 1848

p 37

" Besides our very conceited men
not taken up with the view of being
delineated in writing or drawn—
sure to become vague & disagreeable;
a glimpse of the truth will often
satisfy mere curiosity equally
with a full view of it."

JULY 25, 1923.]

PUNCH,

THE CITY OF DREADFUL PLIGHT.

is blocked? Nothing, nothing. What
matters is that we shall never see again
the wise man with the beautiful fore-
head who said the best things that fell
on London's and Oxford's ears; the hu-
mourist and humanist of Gower Street,
where he lived among a million books,
which he read by the light of two candles,
yet never missed anything good or ever
forgot it, and where when one bottle of
Burgundy was finished another was
ready on the hearth; the appreciator
of everything that was best in learning,
erudition, art and nature,
the
being
matter
L.

She spoke a word and her greyhounds
sped

With a wrench and a racing sweep,
And they packed the ewes where the
grass-track led

As though they were bred to sheep;
Then, a bit too fast, though, to take a
flock.

They worked 'em over the dale to Knock.

And she talked the while, so kind, so
grand,

And her voice was like woods in
Spring,

And she told of a hill in a mountain land
Till her eyes were the stars that sing;
So deep were her eyes, with their fire
and ken,

That I've never looked much at a lass
since then.

She bade me go at the carse o' Knock;

But I says, "Your grace," says I,
"You've helped a shepherd lad drive
a flock

Through half of a night—now why?"
She spoke a riddle, she laughed, "O
dunce,

For the love o' your brother on Lat
Moss once!"

* * * * *

I paid Ben's money come market day,

And he stood me a quart—Ben Moggs;

I told him I'd had a hand on the way

From a mate with a likely dog;

But I never said how 'twas a queen, to
Ben,

And I've never spoke much with a lass
since then.

=====

August holiday at Aspley 1923
But - not necessarily liked (or un-liked),
from the English Poets - T. H. Vau.
Address to Make,

p 29.

Lady Winchilsea

To the Nightingale.

"Thus we poets to all have speech, —

x x x x x x x x
If a fluent vein be thine
That's transcendent to our own,

Confess reform or preach,
Censuring what we cannot reach."

An Ode to the Spleen

"We faint beneath the armetie pain"
(effluvia bagged by Repe)

p 70

Pope. Essay on Criticism.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd;
What fit was to explain, her wit so well express'd.

p 85
Essay on Man
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.

Essay - man
1786 to the Poor Indian
To be, content, his modest desire,
He asks no angels wing, no seraph's fire;
Bee-trunks, admitted to the equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

p100 Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind;
Perhaps suspicious becom'd his heart;
Perhaps the wind, just shifted from the east:

p106 Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot
Why did I write? 'Twas not to me unknown
Deposits in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I shou'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

p107
And he, who said to serve, ^{not} ~~the~~ ^{non-sensical} learning,
Means not, but blunders used chance & meaning.

p108
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without-meery, read the rest to cheer."

p111
"Who breaks a bulk only upon a wheel?"

The two Epistles to the Second Book
Horace imitated

To the
"And thus - Shakespear's sea aff'd a line,
For a copious Dryden wavered, or forgot,
The last & greater art, the art to blot."

John Byrom (1691-1763)
"God bless the King - I mean the
faith's defender!
God bless (no harm or blessing!) the
pretender!
He who pretender is, or who is King -
God bless us all! - that's quite another
thing."

Edward Young. p 216
"It is great to know before we're told
the melancholy news that we grow old."

p 130
The name "Ramby - Pamby" was coined by
Henry Carey for Ambrose Phelps 1871-1848
his wife poems on children for which his
contemporaries laughed at him.

p 144
Thomas Parnell. (a perfectly
delectable poem called "The Hermit")
"Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the hard furnace the metal learns to glow,
And loses form & dress, the silver runs below!"

p 214
John Dyer
Very charming descriptive poem "Georgar Hill"
The Pleace

"the new-born Lamb,
Tattling with weakness by his mother's side,
Feds the best world about him."

p 217
Edward Young
Night Thoughts
"Perseus' metamorphosis is the thief of time"

p 219
"In the same brook none ever bathed him twice."

(Ward's - Address to Blake -
continued further on)

Mémoires et - Souvenirs de
Argentin - Pyramus de Candolle.
Geneve - Paris 1862.

p 57. Très gai et méduse.

" Il m'est resté de cet essai
de la méduse ... un sentiment
byzantin, mais qui a eu sa douceur.
Chaque fois qu'il m'est arrivé de
faire une faute sur le nom ou la
classification d'une plante, je me
suspensais me disant à moi-même :
"Près du ciel, ce n'est qu'une plante
mal nommée, et j'aurais pu être malade
j'aurais peut-être tué un enfant
ou un père de famille !"

p 98 (Duméril) " c'est un homme
pratique, dans les ouvrages éternitaires
ont eu du succès, mais qui après
avoir entrepris quelques-unes des lois
relatives à la symétrie organique,
telle que l'analogie de crâne avec les
vertèbres, semble avoir reculé devant
leur immensité."

His son discovered that the plant he had
described as "Clavaria tremula"
was a juvenile form of a known agaric.
"J'éprouai une sorte de joie en
pensant que son premier pas dans
la carrière fut de relever une
erreur de ma jeunesse."

p. 123 M^{me} Lag. avait dans le
son de la voix un charme particulier,
aussi, indépendamment de l'intérêt
de sa conversation, je l'écoutais, comme
m'écouté un concert de flûte ou
de harpe. Dès lors je me suis souvent
aperçu que ce genre d'agrément
en celui qui me séduit et
m'entraîne le plus dans les
petites affections de société."

p 142
Référé par son ex-cusson to Fontainebleau :-
"J'étais si préoccupé de l'étude
de [lichens] que je ne voyais qu'elle.
Il me semblait que la végétation

était réduite aux lichens. ... Celui-ci
[this excursion] se fit avec toute notre
société du Bulletin, femmes et hommes,
mais il fut moins gai que celui que
j'avais fait six ans auparavant
avec la même Société. Nous étions
moins jeunes! les dames y avaient
introduit plus de cérémonie et de
recherche; nous mêmes étions peut-être
plus préoccupés.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

^{travaux} de langue ^{halcine}
"d me restait encore bien des heures
d'oisiveté; et je pris l'habitude
de les employer à méditer sur
toutes les théories de la philosophie
générale de la botanique."

"Depuis longtemps, je dirai presque depuis le commencement de ma carrière, j'avais conçu les traits généraux de cette théorie, et les idées de soudure, d'avertement et de dégénérescence des organes considérés comme moyen d'expliquer les aberrations d'une symétrie normale, me semblaient les bases de la philosophie botanique; mais plus je sentais l'importance de ces idées, moins je voulais m'aventurer à les publier avant de les avoir bien méditées et avant d'être mieux connu pour les présenter avec un certain poids et une certaine confiance.

p 215
 "Lorsque j'eusse depuis longtemps médité ce sujet, je fus surpris du nombre des idées nouvelles qui se présentaient à moi au moment où je me mis à coordonner mes pensées et à rédiger. C'est un

service que la rédaction rend ~~aux~~
assez généralement, et c'est ce qui
explique pourquoi les amateurs, qui
ne sont jamais appelés à ranger
leurs idées, font si rarement des
découvertes, quoique plusieurs d'entre
eux soient très-capables d'en
faire.

L'ordre général du livre appelle
pour ainsi dire mon esprit à passer
en revue tous les faits que j'avais
écrits et à les classer sous un
point de vue nouveau. Aussi il
y a eu des moments où,
effrayé moi-même de la multitude
que prenait mon travail et du
nombre d'idées nouvelles qui
décollaient de mes principes,
effrayé, dis-je, de la multitude
de ces aperçus, je m'imaginai que
j'étais peut-être tombé sur ce
point dans une espèce de démence.
De temps en temps je quittais mon
travail pour aller confier mes
inquiétudes à ma femme et la

puir de m'abreger avec soin pour
démêler si, dans ma conversation,
je ne donnais pas quelque indice
de la folie. Elle m'assurait au contraire
que non, et cependant j'étais toujours
dans l'inquiétude, sinon d'être
vraiment fou, du moins que quelque
erreur grave de logique me se fût
glissée à mon insu parmi les
bases de mon travail.

p 339.

note by Alphonse de Caudelle

Alphonse de Caudelle, period :-
"Peut-être les efforts extrêmes qu'il faisait
à cette époque, dans le but de plaire
aux jeunes gens, avaient-ils l'effet
d'en attirer qui recherchaient le
professeur plus que la science? Du
reste, pour chaque élève formé par
l'influence personnelle de mon père,
je pourrais en citer huit ou dix, et
des plus forts, qui ont pris goût à la
botanique par ses ouvrages, sans
l'avoir connu. J'en suis certain,
grâce au témoignage même de plusieurs

* Another note by Alphonse de Candolle (p 412)

"Les disciples de mon père, formés par ses ouvrages, sont plus nombreux et ont été peut-être en moyenne plus actifs, plus spécialement botanistes, que ceux formés par ses cours."

botanistes. La Flore française en a créé un très-grand nombre dans les pays de langue française; les et l'Organographie, dans tous les pays. L'action de l'enseignement du professeur, quelque remarquable qu'il ait été, disparaît en comparaison de celle-ci." *

p 395

La botanique historique a toujours eu pour moi quelque intérêt. x x. Enfin j'ai recueilli, pendant bien des années, des notes sur les botanistes. Je pensais que si ma vue, par suite de l'âge, venait à baisser, au point de ne plus me permettre les observations, je pourrais trouver encore un emploi de mon temps en écrivant une histoire de la botanique."

p 402

"Plusieurs hommes qui exerçaient avec succès l'art de la causerie

p 403

un poète qui ... s'était jeté dans la métaphysique, quoiqu'elle ne cadrât point avec son naturel"

"sa conversation avait ceci de particulier qu'il suivait toujours sa propre idée, sans se mouler sur celle des autres."

On the advantage of the presence of strangers
in a society where the people all know
one another intimately:—

"... tout le monde se connaît. Dès
que l'un d'entre nous ouvre la bouche,
on sait presque d'avance comment il
va parler, car s'il s'agit d'objets
importants, on sait sa manière de
penser, et s'il s'agit de simple
conversation, on connaît assez
sa tournure d'esprit pour deviner
ce qu'il va dire. Chacun sent
cela instinctivement, et il en
résulte qu'il n'en fait peu d'efforts
pour parler de choses intéressantes
ou nouvelles. La participation des
étrangers à la conversation leur
redonne de l'activité; on joint de
ce qu'ils y apportent de nouveau;
on joint quelquefois de ce qu'ils font
jaillir d'imprévu de conversations
qu'on connaît depuis longtemps sans
se douter de ce qu'ils savent."

On croit généralement que le talent
 et le seul élément de succès,
 mais on ~~se~~ ne pense point assez
 que le caractère influe autant
 que lui. Avoisi le caractère
 bêtillieux de Saint-Hilaire a fort
 amoindri ce qu'on devait
 attendre de ses travaux; la
 timidité d'esprit de Desfontaines
 l'a empêché de suivre aux
 conseils ~~de~~ de sa grande découverte
 sur les monostylées; la
 paresse incurante de Correa a
 paralysé ses brillantes facultés,
 etc., etc.

J'ai en effet toujours remarqué
 combien il est utile de connaître
 personnellement ceux dans qui on est
 dans le cas d'employer les ouvrages.
 On apprend ainsi le degré de

de confiance qu'ils méritent sous
divers rapports. Je pourrai sembler
présomptueux, mais je puis dire
avec vérité que toutes les fois
qu'il m'est arrivé de rencontrer un
botaniste dont je connaissais les
lures, ce que j'ai vu de son caractère
moral était d'accord avec l'idée
que ses ouvrages, même descriptifs
et techniques, m'avaient inspirée.
Je ne sais vraiment si cette
révélation de l'homme par son
livre n'en pas toujours aussi bien
donnée par un ouvrage didactique
(pourvu qu'on l'ait bien étudié) que
par un livre de morale ou de
littérature. Le naturaliste qui
décrit techniquement les êtres
ne se doute point qu'on le devinera
par ses descriptions et laisse
souvent percer son caractère
par quelques mots, par la forme
ou le style de son livre, par
le plan qu'il adopte, etc., tandis

que le littérateur ou le moraliste
sait qu'on peut le juger et se tient
sur ses gardes pour ne pas trop
dévoiler lui-même. Ainsi se
vérifie, même pour les livres
techniques, l'adage de Buffon :
Le style est tout l'homme.

^{p 424}
"Madame Olga parlait peu, mais
avec des yeux comme les siens
la parole est une affaire de luxe."

^{p 427}
(voir note de Klustine) "Quelques
années plus tard, ayant été faire
avec son mari une course à l'île
de Caprée, elle adresse à sa mère
et à moi deux relations de cette
excursion. La mienne était
travaillée et destinée à l'impression;
se l'on trouvait très-digne, mais
quand j'eus entendu celle adressée

à Mme de Klustine et écrivit
d'inspiration au retour de la course,
sa mère et moi nous la trouvâmes
tellement supérieure, que, d'un
commun accord, ce fut elle que
nous insérâmes dans la Bibliothèque.
Cette supériorité du premier jet est
assez fréquente chez les femmes
et se lie avec le talent qu'elles
ont naturellement pour le
style épistolaire.

Le produit de mes ouvrages
botaniques, joint à ce que je
retirais des fonctions publiques, a
été le fond sur lequel j'ai
acquis mes collections. J'avais
toujours pensé que je n'avais pas
le droit de subvenir à mes propres
personnels aux dépens de la fortune
héritée de mes parents, qui me
semblait hypothéquée d'avance
à mes enfants, aussi ai-je tenu

un ~~compte~~ ~~assez~~ ~~complet~~ de
ce que les sciences me rapportaient
et de ce que je dépensais pour elles,
afin que cette dernière somme fût
en définitive payée par la première.
Dans le commencement de ma
carrière, ce que j'ai gagné par mes
livres m'a été très-utile pour vivre;
plus tard ce gain m'a été agréable
pour me permettre de suivre plus
loin mes fruits botaniques.

x
"Je n'ai jamais voulu, même
lorsque j'étais dans la gêne, faire
aucun livre dans le but unique
de gagner de l'argent, ni me
mêler d'aucun détail de
fabrication ou de vente, soit
parce qu'ils me répugnaient, soit
parce que je m'y sentais fort
inhabile."

(Alphonse de Candolle) p 5-25

pour le développement des hommes
qui étendent le domaine de l'esprit
humain ... il faut la réunion de
deux conditions: 1° une émancipation
préliminaire des esprits par une
influence libérale, soit religieuse ...
soit philosophique ... ; 2° un
état social qui ne soit ni
l'absolutisme d'un seul maître, ni
l'oppression et l'oppression d'une
multitude. ... le despotisme
n'aime pas les questions abstraites,
ni l'indépendance d'esprit des
savants; la démocratie tient moins
à avancer les sciences qu'à les
répandre. Celle-ci d'ailleurs...
d'une manière générale, en
Olympe ou Colubant fait le
monde à s'occuper de tout,
arrête le développement des hommes
spéciaux. Il est donc naturel
que les grandes illustrations

vent-feuilles se trouvent
principalement dans les époques
de transition entre les régimes
absolutistes et démocratiques.

p 532. Lettre fu A P de Candolle
to his father: 1795 (cyl 18)
bon the farinet, botany:

"Lorsqu'on se promène chaque plante
se ~~personne~~ personifie; chaque brin
d'herbe intérieurement; on marche,
avec une sorte de connaissances et d'amis
qui ne trompent point, qui ne sont
point contredits."

p 493

(Emploi de temps). Jan 1822 (cyl 44)
Le vie de chaque individu se compose
de trois parts: une consacrée à
un travail utile à soi ou à la société;
la seconde, au délassement ou au
plaisir; la troisième n'est consacrée
ni au travail ni au plaisir, mais
à une foule de petites occupations
subalternes qui n'ont pour résultat

ni utilité ni agrément. Tout
l'art de gouverner sa vie consiste
à diminuer cette dernière portion
pour en accroître d'autant les
deux premières. Toute la différence
d'un homme à l'autre consiste
essentiellement dans la proportion
plus ou moins habile que chacun
d'eux sait établir entre ces
trois portions que, pour abréger,
j'appellerai part laborieuse,
plaisissable ou part en dépendance
de la vie.

p. 494
note J. Alphonse de Candolle

"Le procédé auquel mon père
attachait le plus d'importance était
relatif à la manière de prendre des
notes qu'on pourrait appeler notes
mobiles. Voici en quoi cela
consistait. Lorsqu'il avait le
projet, ou vague ou arrêté,
d'écrire une fois sur une question

Il notait sur de petits carrés de papier
tous les renseignements et toutes les
idées qui se présentaient à lui
sur le sujet, en ayant soin que
chaque morceau de papier ne contint
qu'une note et ne fût écrit que
d'un côté. Ces notes étaient jetées
d'abord dans un tiroir, puis une
ou deux fois par an elles étaient
classées selon leur nature... Lorsque
venait ensuite le moment d'étudier
une question, tous les documents se
présentaient prêts, et il ne restait
qu'à classer les actes mobilisés,
tantôt d'une manière, tantôt
d'une autre, suivant l'ordre qu'on
voulait adopter en définitive dans
le travail. ... Le classement
des notes facilite le classement
des idées, et le mobilité des
pièces fait qu'on ne recule pas
devant un changement d'ordre
quand il paraît désirable. ... Aucun
livre, aucun journal n'en entre
dans notre bibliothèque depuis quarante
ans sans avoir été analysé sous cette
forme.

Alphonse de Candolle points out
 that the greater number of the
 professors, botany at - Montpellier
 or Toulouse have been ~~prof~~
 protestants. He gives a list of the
 mother of a botanist, herself
 catholic, - "Son curé regrettaut
 que les botanistes fussent si souvent
 hérétiques: 'Que voyez-vous, Monsieur
 le curé, if faut un peu
 d'indulgence, Flore était païenne."

Ward's "Address to Blake" cont.

William Collins 1721-1759

The Passions

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young."

Ode

"When sprung, with dewy fingers cold"

Ode to Evening

"Now air is hushed, save where the
weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on
leathern wing;

As where the beetle winds
His small but certain horn,
To get he rises, 'midst the twilight
path,
Against the pilgrim bone in heedless
hum."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^ ^
But when chill blasting winds, or drury rain,
Forbid my willing feet, to mine the hut,
That fur the mountain's side,
Views worlds, & swelling floods,
And hamlets, brown, & dim-discovered spires;
And hears their single bell, & mats o'er all
My dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

x x x x x

While fallow autumn falls thy logs with leaves;
Or winter, yelling through the tremulous air,
Affright the shuddering train,
And widely sends thy robes;
To long, sure-faith beneath the ivy branches,
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-tipped
health,
Thy gentler influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!"

Thomas Gray 1716-1771

p 316 said of himself that "the
style he aimed at was extreme
conciseness of expression, yet
pure, perspicuous, & musical."

Thomas Chatterton 1752-1770

p 416

"Stoic more would jade thee than the
rougher day."

p 418

Angels are wrought to be of neither kind;
Angels alone from hot desires are free;
There is a something ever in the mind,
That, without woman, cannot still'd be."

Charles Churchill 1731-1764

"The appallations; artful aid."
"He merits a sentence as curs mouth or
bone."

Burns

p 529

Give me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire."

p 531

Shall thou an' blest, compare wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:

But, oh! backward cast my ee
On prospects dear!

An' forward, tho' I cannot see,
I guess o' fear."

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(The John Jaynes on Robert Burns)

"force o' mind, that force which
clears a way through the show
o' things to the reality behind them
o' beyond them."

William Cowper

p 469

"Knowledge & wisdom, far from being one,
Have of th' one no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a wide unprofitable mass,
The more material with & more wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd & squared & fitted to its place,
Does but encumber them it seems to enrich;
Wisdom is proved that he has least is most;
Books are not seldom talismans & spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wit
Holds an unwholy multitude enthralled.
The ^{most} fascination of a name
Survives judgment not forsaken, some the style
Infatuates, & turns labyrinthine roads
Of error leads to em, by a turn entranced.
While tho' the seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallows therefore without pause or choice,
The lot just unsofted, hushes & all."

* * *
Scenes more beautiful than daily viewed,
Please daily, whose novelty survives
Long remembrance & the receding years.

p 420 Cowper writes in a letter: -
"If I did not publish what I write, I could not
view myself sufficiently in my own success
& make an amusement of it."

Substr 18th century song writers
other than Burns (1759-1796)
Caroline Oliphant - (Baroness Haill)
(1766-1845)
 { The Laird o' Loch fore
 Calle Herri
 Hunting tower
Jean Adams (Schubert's sister) died 1765
Theres nae Loch above the House
Lady Ann Lindsay
Auld Robin Gray

William Blake

To the Muses

Whether in I doas shady bow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun that now
From ancient melody have ceased;
Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the Earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;
Whether in crystal notes ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Or in a cave, or in a wood,
Far hence, ye forsake party;
How have you left your ancient love,
How have you left your ancient care,
How have you left your ancient way,
How have you left your ancient name,
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sounds are forced, the notes are few.

The English Poets
edit. T. H. Warton

VII E.

(Chaucer & Donne)
Clerk Saunders (p 230)

"And fair Marg'et, & rare Marg'et,
And Marg'et's veritee,
For ere ye love another man,
Ne'er love him as ye did me."

Come, I sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting place of wit, the helm of joy,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
 With shield of proof shield me from the press
 Of those false dates Dejaner as we both throw;
 O make me on me these civil wars to cease;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise & blind to light,
 A rosy garland & a weary head:
 And if these things, as being thine in right,
 Make not thy heavy frown, thou shalt in me,
 Lucid to an obscure one, Stella's image see."

The Last of Sirrystyl (1557-1567) p 237

A Complaint by Night of the lover not beloved

Alas! so all things now do hold their peace!
 Heaven & earth disturbed in no thing;
 The heart, the air, the birds then song do cease;
 The night's ear the stars about doth bring;
 Calm is the sea; the waves work less & less;
 So am not I, from love, alas! doth wrong,
 Burying before my face the great increase
 Of my desires, whereas I weep & sing,
 In joy & woe, as in a doubtful case
 For my sweet thought sometime do pleasure bring;
 But by & by, the cause of my disease
 Gives me a pang, than inwardly doth sting,
 When I think I think that I do feel it is again,
 To live & lack the thing should rid my pain.

1. (Aschoppel - Stella sonnets)

"But words came halting forth, wanting
 Invention's stay;
 Nature's dull, fled step-dame
 Study's blaws;
 Fool, said my ~~house~~ to me, look
 in thy heart, & write."

Henry Constable b. c. 1555 d. before 1616

p 348

"I did not know that thou wert dead
 before,
 I did not feel the grief I did sustain;
 The greater stroke astonisheth the more,
 Attachment takes from us sense of
 pain;
 I stood amazed when others' tears began,
 And now begin to weep when they have done."

Marlowe b. 1564 - 1593
(Hens. Leander) (canon 71 as Shakespeare)

"It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stript long e'er the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially ~~one~~ do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let us suffice,
Whome behold is censur'd by our eyes.
The ~~both~~ deliberate, the love is shy;
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not well first sight."

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Charles Best (? Nov-1602)

A Sonnet of the Moon

Look how the pale Queen of the silent night-
 Doth cause the ocean to attend upon her,
 And he as long as she is in his sight,
 With his full tide is ready here to honour:
 But when the silver waggon of the Moon
 Is mounted up so high he cannot follow,
 The sea calls home his crystal waves to moan,
 And with low ebb doth manifest his sorrow;
 & you, that are the sovereign of my heart,
 Have all my joys attending on your will;
 My joys low ebbing when you do depart,
 When you return, then tide my heart doth fill;
 As you come, as you do depart,
 Joys ebb & flow within my tender heart.

p 547
John Marston. Told his work at end of
16th. begins 17th. cent.

To Detraction

^ x x x x x x x x
A partial praise shall never elevate
My settled censure of my own esteem;
A canker'd venom of malignant hate
Shall ne'er provoke me, was myself & deam.
Spite of despite, & rancour's villany,
I am myself, & so is my poetry.

To Everlasty Oblivion

But as for me, hungry Oblivion
Swear me quick. Accept my vision,
My earnest prayers, which do impature
With gloomy shade of thy still company
To veil both me & my rude poetry.

John Donne 1573-1631

A Valediction forbidding Mourning

"As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
'How his breath goes', some say 'No';

To let us meet & make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempest move,
'Twere profanation of our joys,
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of the Earth by heav'n & fears,
Men reckon what it did & meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love,
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But - we by a love so far refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind
Careless eyes, lips, & hands, to miss;

Our two souls therefore, that are one,
Though I must so, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat."

The Will

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
First give some legacies: here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Arcus, if mine eyes can see
If they be blind, then love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; & Ambassadors mine ears;
To women, on the sea, my tears;

Thou, love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had not
much before

My company to the planet Jove, do live;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine innocency & openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My zeal to any, who abroad hath been;
My money to Capuchin.

Thou, love, taughtest me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to serve to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my prod'wants unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship, to an university;
My modesty I give to shoulders bare;
My patience let jammers share.
Thou, Love, taughtest me, by making me
Love her tear holds my love disparted,
Only give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Whom were my friends; my industry to foes;
Whom were my friends; my industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My lectures of physiology, or excess;
To Nature, all that in rhyme have writ;
And to my country my wit;
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who beget this love in me before,
Taughtest me to make, as though I gave, when
I did but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels, I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them shall live
I want of bread; to them shall pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue,
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks his friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion

Therefore I'll give no more ; but I'll undo
The world by dying . because love dies too .
When all your hearts will be no more worth
Than gold or mines , where none shall draw
a- forth ;
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun . dead in a grave .
Then , Love , tempt me , by making me
Love her , do not neglect both me & thee ,
To invent - & practise the one way & annihilate
All three .

On Disliking People.

Anyone who would deny that we get pleasure out of our dislikes must be either a saint or a self-deceiver. Literature is full of that pleasure, felt by the author and so communicated to his readers. MISS AUSTEN, for instance, is an epicure in dislikes and must have watched her aversions with a loving eye. Even SHELLEY, a professed but not often humorous lover of mankind, betrays some relish, even some humour, in his remark that it was his habit with his stepmother-in-law to look at her and languish into hate. But dislike must be expressed if it is to be enjoyed; and by expressing it, whether in literature or in talk, we soften it into something aesthetic rather than practical. Wit, for those who have it, is the gentlest form of revenge, for it can be practised in the absence of the victim and is sweet without his suffering. If Mrs. Norris had an original, MISS AUSTEN, we may guess, had no itch to read "Mansfield Park" to her. Like a sorcerer, but with white rather than black magic, she made an image of her aversion and was content to stick her delicate pins into that.

Lord, suffer me to catch a fish
So large that *even I*
When talking of it afterwards
May have no need to lie.

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DAILY CHRONICLE, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1928.

If not already Registered Sign the Coupon.

7

"I HAVE DONE HIS WORK."

Dramatic Last Letter of Mr. Hyndman's Widow.

DEATH FROM VERONAL.

"It is nearly a year and a half since Hyndman died. I have finished the work that he specially wanted done, and I simply cannot go on living any longer."

This passage occurred in a dramatic farewell letter written to a friend by Mrs. Rosalind Hyndman, widow of the Socialist leader.

Mr. Hyndman had asked his wife to write a book on his life, and she had finished the task. This was the work mentioned in her letter.

"If there is any kind of temporary personal survival we must meet, I must take the chance," added the letter.

"I cannot go on. If you blame me, remember I have many times beaten off the violent desire to leave everything and follow him at once."

The letter was read at the resumed inquest at Hampstead yesterday on Mrs. Hyndman, who, the jury found, had committed suicide, while of sound mind, by taking veronal.

FUNERAL INSTRUCTIONS.

She was found dead in bed at her house in Well-walk, Hampstead, and when the inquest was opened on April 12 a witness said he found a white powder, believed to be a cyanide, on the ivy outside the bedroom window.

Mr. John Webster, the Home Office analyst, yesterday said he found veronal in the stomach.

"In my opinion a very large dose had been taken. I should say from 50 to 100 grains," he added.

Witness said the white substance submitted to him contained potassium of cyanide. In a cup found in the room were 60 grains of veronal.

Dr. Bronte agreed with Mr. Webster that more than a medicinal dose had been taken, such a dose being 10 grains.

Dr. Norman Evans said he had treated her for an overdose of veronal.

In another letter found on the table of the library, Mrs. Hyndman stated:—

"Except for a small legacy all I leave goes to the S.D.F. and the Hyndman Library Trust. Please insist on my cremation. There ought not to be much difficulty about the inquest. People are very kind and considerate nowadays."

Then followed instructions regarding an inscription and a memorial-stone at Golden Green Cemetery.

Small rectangular label on the spine of the book, containing faint, illegible text.

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