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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.

21 1943

RENE
1843-1926

C. M. Doughty, 1843-1926, from the pastel by Eric Kennington, 1921.

turies late: a man struggling backward, driven by an impulse in revolt against industrial civilization and the overloaded, complex [illegible] his time. It is in his language and in his thoughts. "Arabia Deserta" could not be again, yet there was an enduring, unchanging society in the Bible lands his spirit could accept. Here alone, removed from decadence and pretence, was his world of reality. "Arabia Deserta" lives in exalted greatness by the [illegible] tion. It has the unity of a great poetic composition, where so much of his poetry has the artificiality of deliberate archaistic effort. The language of the travel book has inevitability in its strangeness of beauty; the images are appropriate and vivid because they spring naturally from a predominant passion. Style and unity are imposed by Doughty's inner unity. His story has Homeric actuality by its reflection of a particular, simple and gracious mind which, after much travail, had found what it sought in a world unscathed by our perplexities, antique but living, strong, patient and enduring in its primeval earthiness, in its simple loves and its fierce hates.

PATRIARCHAL CREED

There are readers who accept Doughty entire, who regard "The Dawn in Britain" especially as reaching the pinnacle of poetry as "Arabia Deserta" reached the pinnacle of prose, great because of its creed and style, not in spite of them. Others, agreeing that the substance of the old poet is also the substance of the young traveller in the backward spaces of time, feel that a patriarchal creed and a patriarchal style are things outworn in modern verse. There is actuality for Doughty's simple creed in Arabia, where the world has not passed on; there is unreality in the patriarchal, too, too simple faith in a Europe that, for good or evil, has indeed moved far from the uncompounded and unchastened to a strife of complexities undreamed of by the race when it was young. The style of the poems becomes as abstract, aloof and uncouth as the outlook, for the very same reason that the style of the travel book has pristine splendour and inevitability. The disorder in the heart of primitive people was clear to his vision; the disorder in the heart of modern man was outside a comprehension limited by its own noble, elemental sense of rectitude. The beauty of the verse is rare and sudden, though rewarding search among the crags and bergs. It is significant that it delights our imagination most when it springs from the elements of being. Doughty confessed that if a man live for any long time with nomad Arabs, for all his life after he will have a feeling of the desert. In Arabia part of life's secret was unveiled to him; there he was liberated by a pause in solitude; he never passed onward to fresh revelations. The England of the patriot's dream was an England in its morning freshness, and he urged us to trek back over the years. But a moving message

Agnes Arber
52 Huntingdon Rd
Cambridge

"Look! what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, & thou
Shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy
brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee & much enrich thy book."

Sonnet CXXVII

Hunt Farewell
Vale. George Moore

Sept 16. 1923

p156 "Renoir has said what he had to say, & when a man has done that, the rest had better be silence."

p140

"Every age has its folly, & the folly of the twentieth century is probably the desire to educate. I do not say the desire of education, for that desire there is very little — it is not uncommon to meet men who will admit that they are not educated, & we may meet men who admit that they are incapable of education, but we never meet anyone who will admit that he cannot educate somebody else."

p15

From G. M.'s grandfather's preface to his unpublished history of the French revolution:

".... Amusement & the banishment of ennui are my principal objects. Beautiful as this plan is, & much as I love it, I confess I have not always been able to exclude ennui from its precincts. There are hours in which I have not been able to keep away; general rogue ready, with an army specifically appointed me no protection against it, but since I have sat down to my task I scarcely have known what it is."

Times. Oct 19. 23

Professor E. H. Starling, Foulerton Research Professor of the Royal Society, delivered the Harveian Oration at the Royal College of Physicians yesterday, under the title of "The Wisdom of the Body."

In our childhood most of us learnt that suffering and death came into the world through sin. Now, when, as physicians, they stood on the other side of good and evil, they knew that the sin, for which man was continuously paying the penalty, was not necessarily failure to comply with some one or other of the rough tribal adjustments to the environment, which we called morality, but was always ignorance or disregard of the immutable working of the forces of Nature, which was being continually revealed to us by scientific investigation. In spite of the marvellous increase in knowledge suffering was still widespread. Only by following out the injunction of their great predecessor, to search out and study the secrets of Nature by way of experiment, could they hope to attain to a comprehension of "the wisdom of the body and the understanding of the heart," and thereby to the mastery of disease and pain.

Sidney Colvin.
Dedicatory letter to "Memories & Notes"
1921

p 11

"It is one of the great virtues of Cambridge that its false sentiment, the is an enemy, as is any true partaker of her spirit becomes impatient of professions, even of himself to himself, as of lies in men any taint of unreality or slop."

Sir Thomas Browne. Religio Medici

316

"It was [illegible] many years past, [illegible] the sense [illegible] my conceptions at that time, not an immutable law unto my advancing judgment at all times; so that there may be many things therein plausible unto my passed apprehension, which are not agreeable unto my present self.

316

"However, I am sure there is a common spirit, that plays within us, yea makes us live; that is, the spirit of God; the fire and scintillation that is the life and radical heat of spirits, [illegible] to see and know that not the virtue of the sun; [illegible] gentle heat that brooded on the waters, in six days hatched all the world; that is that irradiation that dispels the mist of hell, the clouds of horror, fear, sorrow, despair; that preserves the region of the mind in serenity. Whosoever feels not the warm gale and gentle ventilation of this spirit, (though I feel his pulse) I dare not say he lives; for truly within this, to me, there is no heat under the tropic; nor any light, though I dwell in the body of the sun."

p 403

"I can hardly think there was ever any scared out heaven: they go the [Heaven?] [Surer] way to heaven that would serve God without a Hell."

p. 426

"No man can justly censure or condemn another; because, indeed, no man truly knows another."

p 431

"And a misery there is in affection; that whom we truly love like our own selves, we forget their looks, nor can [illegible] the idea of their faces: and therefore [illegible] are ourselves, and affection makes them [illegible] works our own."

Garden of Cyrus p 5-14

"The purple pestil of Aaron"... "so peculiarly framed by nature, with an umbrella of shining leaf above them."

And when still I came not
You would rise & go
(Journey never once your eyes
Past Heavenly Paradise)
Neither fast nor slow,
With the smile I know is well,
Head first into hell

Or with head uplifted,
Walking very straight,
You would come where I should sit
In the middling sinners' pit
All disconsolate,
And would swiftly fold me there
In your gentle care.

"But how came I
Lazy,
Carelessly to make
(Were you very lonely, dear,
While you sat & waited here?)
Such a strange mistake?
Tell me that I am forgiven;
This of course is Heaven."

T.O.

The Verdict

Some soon day when you & I
Quiet in the earth shall lie,
All the trembly-sweet delight
Of ungarnered days & nights,
All the joys we did not reap
On our graves shall laugh & weep.
Ivy still will speak of us
And their verdict shall be thus:—

Foolish were they, foolish-wise,
Peering with undaring eyes
Through the gates of Paradise;
Tethered by a gossamer thread
To a rubbish-heap long dead;
Clutching (lest they linger) fast
Like a talisman at last
In their hands a withered flower
Which long since had had its hour
Petals where vain to give
To those dead who dared not live.

T. L. S. Nov. 15. 1923

"Why did Milton write "Lycidas"? Because a number of their Cambridge men united to do honour to a distinguished collegian who had died young, by a sudden death. It is not likely that King occupied any very great place in Milton's heart or mind. But poetry did; & nature, and elegiac, ran. And the result is "Lycidas." The elegy begins, as we were reluctantly, as men do when they set themselves a are set a task. But the "bitter constraint" which produced "Lycidas" like true imitative art provide [illegible] for Keats's music, [illegible] produced Comus, were accidents. We have two works of genius to see language. They were alike & do so because their favored seeds were lucky enough to fall into the rich soil of Milton's genius."

CHANCE OR PURPOSE?

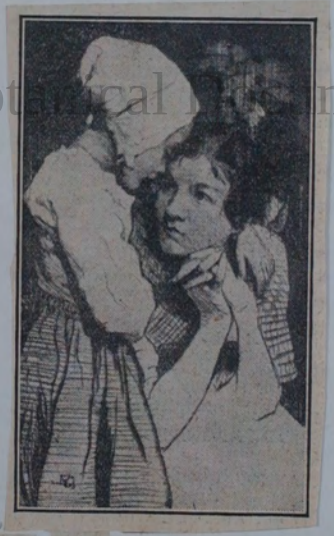
How many gaps there are in the proof of this indispensable groundwork of common sense and science Lord Balfour's subtle probing with the scalpel of "methodological doubt" in the early part of these lectures cruelly demonstrates. On what ground, then, the argument runs, can we justify these "inevitable," these "intuitively probable," beliefs, unless we "abandon naturalism, with all its negations, and substitute for it a theory which teaches that reason and purpose play their part in the whole process of belief-production"? How can we trust our beliefs if all of them, including the theory of naturalism itself, are really the product of "blind matter and undirected energy"? If that be so, by "what freak of fortune, by what gambler's chance, has it come about that these irrational influences have blindly but successfully shepherded mankind into the narrow way that leads to truth?" Theism, on the other hand, supplies a key:—

It does enable us dimly to comprehend how beliefs unreasoned but compelling, how conceptions blurred in outline and confused in context, may be, I had almost said *must* be, among the instruments which minister to intellectual development. It does find a place for forecast for ethical ideals which seem far beyond our reach, for dreams of beauty which no artist can embody; for metaphysical adventures which discover no new continents, nor return with any hidden treasure. In a purely naturalistic universe such entities, seemingly so abortive and useless, are but alien impurities. They come we know not whence and are here we know not why. But in a developing universe, informed by purpose and guided by reason, they suggest the highest values to which we can knowingly aspire, and contain, as we may surely hope, the preparation and the presage of a great fulfilment.

Lord Balfour's position [illegible]

THEISM AND THOUGHT: A Study in Familiar Beliefs. By ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, EARL OF BALFOUR. (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s. net.)

True happiness, we are told, consists in getting out of one's self; but the point is not only to get out, you must stay out; and to stay out, you must have some absorbing errand.—Henry James.



"Confessions," etching by Mr. W. Lee-Hankey.

Times. Dec 15. 23

Halcyon Days.

With her characteristic breadth of sympathy, Nature loves the poet and the legend-maker. She rarely fails them altogether, however wildly they may stray from apparent reason or obvious fact. Let experts say what they will about the "Icelandic depression," which may cause a certain atmospheric liveliness, we have not been denied our "halcyon days." Already the octave before the winter solstice has, for the southern counties at any rate, begun its course beneath hopeful skies in a halo of misty sunshine. Even upon London's Thames we have seen what may, at least, pass for "birds of calm" resting upon "the "charméd wave." Probably no fancies that ever came to the imagination of man have been at once so true and so false as those that cluster round the "blue bird" of a classic age. The kingfisher does not rear its brood at the winter solstice. It does not nest upon the waters. Yet who at an ornithologist's bidding would not rather believe more than less, how Alcyone and Ceyx, for all their pride and truancy, still enjoy the paternal forgiveness of Aeolus, thanks to whom the daughter of the Wind and son of the Morning Star are winning respite for a tired world ?

There are men and women of strenuous dispositions who, in a time of hustle and "jazz," affect to ignore these natural moods. They would go on from day to day straining their activities to the utmost, whether in labour or pleasure. These have yet to learn that the elder wisdom is deeper. To the rhythm of life reaction is as essential as action. Energy can only be gathered in repose, and in its quality does not lose but gains. The swirl of activity imposed by recent political excitements has left most of us but little time, even as it is, to refresh our souls with quiet. Close upon us already are the vigorous festivities of Christmas, to be followed by an immediate plunge into the duties and hazards of the New Year. An earlier generation, accustomed to regard all the time between Yuletide and the "little summer of St. "Martin" as a period of comparative rest, was capable, as has been abundantly proved, of greeting the darkest days with lustier hearts than we. It is possible that for this very reason the celebration of Christmas itself as a festival of good cheer is becoming more circumscribed. Our exchange of the figure of Father Christmas for the less robust Santa Claus is not without its meaning. The rush of holiday-makers to Switzerland and elsewhere signalizes the need for change of scene and far-sought recreation. All this is, doubtless, inevitable. Modern life may not be able to afford the generous leisure of aforetime. Twelve nights of unbroken revel is a rare achievement nowadays. Our actual Christmas feasting is a matter of little more than hours. But the "halcyon days" are a gift with the enjoyment of which no social convenience can interfere. They are with us here and now. It is from the Universal Mind that they bring their message of peace.

The History of Rasselas, Prince of
Abissinia by Samuel Johnson.

Facsimile of 1st edn. V.L. [XXVII. 90. 66)
1864

1st edn. was 1759
Johnson was born 1709

edited by J. Macaulay

Preface :- the book was written to obtain money to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral & some little debts she had left. Johnson told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed the tale in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, & had not afterwards read it over.

p 15

After lamenting his lot & telling the flocks & herds how unenviable is the fate of man.. With observations ~~such as~~ like these the prince amused himself ...uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, & to receive some solace of the miseries of life, from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, & the eloquence with which he bewailed them."

p 16

"the prince, having by conceded [his 3rd motivator] as one whose intellects were so haunted."

Vol II p 3

"The grimness of children & parents, of the young & the old, are naturally opposite, by the contrary effects of hope & despondency, of expectation & penitence, into one crime or folly or extravagance. The colours of life in youth & age appear different, as the face of nature in spring & winter."

p 7

"Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures."

p 25.

"I have been told that late marriages are not eminently happy. This question too important to be neglected, & I have often proposed it to those, whose accuracy of remark, & comprehensiveness of knowledge, I thought suffrages worthy of regard. My friends generally determined, that as dangerous for man & woman to suspend their fate upon each other, as when opinions are fixed, & habits established. When friendships have been contracted as boyhood, when life has been planned into method, & the mind has long enjoyed its contemplation of its own prospects."

p 35

"There is no part of history so generally useful as that which relates the progress of the human mind, the gradual improvement of reason, the successive advances, returns, vicissitudes of learning, ignorance, which are the light + darkness of thinking beings, the extinction + resuscitation of arts, + all the revolutions of the intellectual world.

p 58

"Rekayah, being thus reconciled to herself"

p 65

"Disease has the same effect on the mind as on the eye, [illegible] along the stream of time, that we leave behind us, things lessening, [illegible] approach unmeasurable magnitude."

p 90

"In diversions, the women, as well Pekuah, were only children play, by whom the mind accustomed to stronger operations could not be kept busy."

T.O.

VIII p 116

"Disorder / intellect", answered Imlac, happen much more often than superficial observers will easily believe. Perhaps, if we speak with rigorous exactness, no human mind is in its right state. There is no man whose imagination does not sometimes predominate over his reason, who can regulate his attention solely by his will, & whose ideas will come & go at his command. No man will be found in whose mind some random notions do not sometimes tyrannize, & force him to hope or fear beyond the value of the object probability. All power of fancy over reason is a degree of madness; but while this power is such as we can controll & repress, it is not visible to others, nor considered as any depravation / the mental faculties: it is not pronounced / madness but when it comes ungovernable, & apparently influences speech & action."

.... When we are alone we are not always busy; the labour of meditation is too violent to last long; the attention of ungrateful sometimes give way to idleness or satiety. He who has nothing

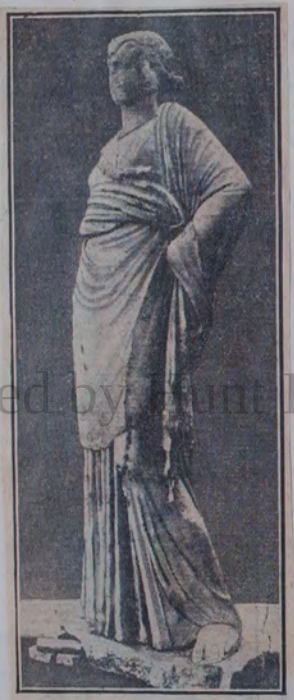
external [illegible] can divert him, must find pleasure in his own thoughts, & must conceive himself what he is not; for who is pleased with what is?

pro4

"Lady, answered he, let the gay & the vigorous & poor please in their excursions, we enough that age can obtain ease. Time the world has lost its novelty: I look round, & see what I remember to have seen in happier days. I rest on a true, [illegible] consider, that in the same shade I once disputed upon the annual overflow of the Nile with a [illegible] who is now silent in the grave. Casting my eyes forward, I see them in the change of moon, with pain in the vicissitudes of life."

. . . . .

"Praise is to an old man an empty sound. I have neither a mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor a wife to partake the honours of her husband.



"PRIEST SS O⁷ VESTA."—The draped fig e of a woman found in the Bay of Baiae is said to be a representation of a priestess of Vesta.

PRIMITIVE PEOPLES AND SIMPLE LANGUAGE.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Surely there is a fallacy in Dr. Stefansson's assumption in his entertaining article in the *Spectator* of September 22nd, that the complexity of primitive languages is an argument against the theory of the evolutionary descent of man.

A language may be extremely complex and yet quite incapable of expressing any but simple and concrete ideas. It is probable that the first beginnings of human speech were far from simple, a modulated cry or grunt was made to convey a whole phrase and so arose holophrastic primitive languages which are rich in words, though poor in the power of expressing any but the most simple ideas. The language of the Tierra del Fuegans has no word for "he" because the Tierra del Fuegans cannot conceive of a "he" disassociated from his surrounding circumstances, so there are a number of holophrastic pronouns meaning "he who comes," "he who goes," "he who sits," and so on, but there is no word for "he." Yet in spite of its complexity and richness in holophrastic words, Tierra del Fuegan is by no means as highly developed an instrument for the expression of thought as the more simple English. Dr. Stefansson says there are several hundred forms of a single noun in Eskimo. Are these merely holophrastic forms which are expressed in more highly developed languages by means of particles and verbs?

The complexity of primitive languages does not seem to militate against the accepted theory of the evolution of man. Language cannot have been simplified before man learnt to think of the various objects which occupied his mind in the abstract, disassociated from any surrounding circumstances, and that power, the power to think of a "he" as opposed to a "he who runs" or a "he who walks" probably came comparatively late in the evolution of man.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ANTHONY SHAW.

Ladysmith, Christchurch, Barbados, B.W.I.

Spenser Faery Queen. Feb 1.24.

the famous stanza from the speech of Despair in the First Book (IX., 40):—

He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave,
Is not short pain well borne that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.

The Times Feb 4. 24
Article on death of Woodrow Wilson
"He was rather a famous professor
of politics, who for a while had the
world as a class-room."

Johnson's Lives of the Poets
Vl. [XXIX. 6.268]

Vol I

p 4. "The true Genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction."

p 55
"A Scholar is fit for every thing can fit nothing well."

p 123
"No man forgets his original trade: the rights of nations, & of kings, link each sentence of grammar, of grammarians discuss them."

p 163
"It has been shewed, that they who most loudly clamour for liberty & do not most liberally grant it.... He [Milton] thought woman made only for obedience, & man only for rebellion."

p. 86 (Denham)

"N has beauty peculiar to itself, & must be numbered among those felicities which cannot be produced at will by art & labour, but must arise unexpectedly in some lucky proportions to poetry."

p. 83 (Denham)

"He appears to have had, in common with almost all mankind, the ambition of being upon proper occasions a merry fellow, & in common with most of them to have been by nature, & by early habits, debarred from it. Nothing is less exhilarating than the uneasiness of exhilaration."

Denham: p. 67. Cowley

"Truth indeed is always truth, & reason is always reason; they have an intrinsick & unalterable value, & constitute that intellectual gold which defies destruction: it will may be so concealed in base matter, that only a chymist can recover it; sense may be so hidden in unrefined & plebeian words, that more intelligent eyes can distinguish it; & both may be so buried in impurities, as not to pay the cost of their extraction."

p. 170
On "L'Allegro" & "Il Penseroso"

p. 170
"No music can, indeed, be found in his melancholy; but I am of an humour I always meet some melancholy in his merth."

p. 173 except fr. Johnson's critique of the sonnet — "More little pieces may be dispatched with so much anxiety; greater work calls for greater care."

p. 174
"How is he your poet till he has distinguished ... all the clans of words"

p. 177
(the falseness of prediction!) Johnson
cites Addison as says in the
notes to subject Paradise Lost
makes it perpetually present &
adds "All mankind will, in all
ages, bear the same relation to Adam
& Eve"

p. 185
"Paradise Lost" is one of the books
that the reader admires, lays down,
& forgets to take up again. None ever
wished it longer than it is."

"We love to expect; and, when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting."

p238

"'Tis ridiculous to oppose judgement to imagination; if it does not appear that men have necessarily less of the one as they have more of the other."

p280

"Pointed axioms & acute replies, fly wide about the world, & are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to celebrate."

(Wallis) p291

"There is however too much Love ... and the Empire of Beauty is represented as extending its influence further than can be allowed by the multiplicity of humble passions, & the variety of human wants."

p286

"To adjust the minute events of literary history, is tedious & troublesome; it requires indeed no great force of understanding; but often depends upon enquiries where there is no pleasure of mind, & is to be fetched from books & pamphlets not always at hand."

p 426

"Of an opinion which is no longer
doubted, the evidence ceases to be
examined."

p 425

(Dryden) "To write con amore,
with fondness for the employment,
with repeated touches & retouches,
with unwillingness to take leave of his
own idea, and an unwearied pursuit
of unattainable perfection, was, I think,
no part of his character."

p 426 Dryden's fine ode for
Cecilia's Day — I. Stanza

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head.
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise ye more than dead.
Then cold & hot, & moist & dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began.
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full-man."

The Lives of the Poets. Vol II

p 25
The death of Savick
"that-stroke of death, which has
eclipsed the gaiety of ~~death~~ nations"

p 55
"Every man willingly gives value to the
praise which he receives, & considers
the sentence passed in his favour as
the sentence of discernment. We admire
in a friend that understanding that
selected us for confidence;"

"Very near to admiration is the
need to admire."

p 59
(Goldsmith) "a man who had the art of
being minute without tediousness, &
general without confusion; whose
language was copious without
exuberance, exact without constraint,
& easy without weakness."

p 131
(Addison) "He did not trust his powers
enough to be negligent."

p151

"It is not uncommon for those who have grown wise by the labour of others, to add a vanity of their own, & overlook their masters. Addison is now despised by some who perhaps would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them."

p199

"Whatever Prior shows above mediocrity seems the effect of struggle & of toil. He has many reasons but few happy. He has every thing by purchase, & nothing by gift."

p230

(By Blackmore, not Johnson, of course an imaginary character)

"His remarks result from the nature & reason of things, & are formed by a judgement free, & unbiassed by the authority of those who have lazily followed each other in the same beaten track of thinking."

p260

Thomas Gray's play "Three hours after marriage"

"The purpose for which I buy into contempt Dr. Woodward the Fossilist, a man not really a just thy contemptible. I had the fate which such outrages deserve: the scene in which Woodward was directly & apparently ridiculed, by the introduction of a mummy & a crocodile, disgusted the audience, & the performance was drawn M. the stage with general condemnation."

p5

(Smith)

"His memory was large & tenacious, yet, by a curious felicity chiefly susceptible of the ~~proper way~~ first impressions, it received from the books it read."

VIII p90

"Accordg to this calculation, the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performance & speculative possibility. It is natural &

suppose that as much as has been done today may be done to-morrow; but on the morrow some difficulty emerges, or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence, interruption, business, pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every day waste is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, or can not be recounted. Perhaps no extensive & multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs against Time, has an antagonist not subject to casualties.

Johnson tempus tem- Pope Lord
fixed 'versification' ever:-
p 194 "to allege any further
improvement". versification will be
dangerous.

p 204
"the poem [illegible] manhood loves
no character at all".

Gray
p 378

Johnson says he contemplates his poetry
with less pleasure than his life
after a good deal of criticism
he fully approves the Elegy in a
Country churchyard, says
"In the character of his Elegy
he may be confident that the common
reader; for by the common sense
readers uncorrupted by literary
prejudices, after all the refinement of
subtility & the dogmatism of learning,
must be finally decided all claim
to poetical honours. ... Had Gray
written nothing else* he had been
safe from blame, & useless to praise him."

* referring to the 4 stanzas beginning
"Yet even these bones" when he
thought them original.

Vol II p. 196
"Tediousness is the most fatal
of all faults."

Selhurst. Sept 15. 1923 (fourteenth year)

p17

"Nous ne sommes jamais chez nous, nous sommes toujours au delà. La crainte, le desir, l'esperance, nous eslancent vers l'advenir : & nous desrobent le sentiment et la consideration de ce qui est, pour nous amuser à ce qui sera, voire quand nous ne serons plus

At Lyme Regis. April 15. 1924

Essais de Michel Seigneur de Montaigne. Edited by Pierre Costa. 1727.

V1 I. "Au lecteur"

"Je n'y ay eu nulle Consideration de ton service, ny de ma gloire".

"c'est moy que je peins"

"si j'eusse esté parmi ces Nations qu'on dict vivre encore soubs la douce liberté des prémières Loix de Nature, je t'asseure que je m'y fusse très-volontiers peint tout entier, et tout nud."

p6

"Certes c'est un subject merveilleux -ment vain, divers, et ondoyant, que l'homme."

p17

"Lui avoir à faire son faict, verroit que sa premiere leçon, c'est cognoistre ce qu'il est, et ce qui luy est propre. Et qui se cognoist, ne prend plus l'estranger faict pour le sien: s'ayme, et se cultive avant toute autre chose: refuse les occupations superfluës, et les pensées et propositions inutiles"

p. 30
"Comme l'Ame descharge ses passions sur des objects faux, quand les vrais luy défaillent."

p 31
Plutarque dit à propos de ceux qui s'affectionnent aux guenons et petits chiens, que la partie amoureuse qui est en nous, à faute de juste légitime, plustost que de demeurer en vain, s'en forge ainsi une fausse et fruicte

p 49
L'ame qui n'a point de but estably, elle se perd. Car comme on dict, c'est n'estre en aucun lieu, que d'estre par tout."

p 50
Il n'est homme à qui il scese si mal de se mesler de parler de memoire. Car je n'en recognoy quasi trace en moy: et ne pense qu'il y en ayt au monde une autre si merveilleuse en défaillance"

"mais ... les memoires excellentes se joignent volontiers aux jugemens debiles"

p 51
"good memory leads to talky too much.
Et c'est chose difficile, de fermer un propos."

p 63

"nous disons d'aucuns ouvrages qu'ils puent à l'huyle et à la lampe"

p 101

"ce mesme bon-heur de nostre vie, qui dépend de la tranquillité et contentement d'un esprit bien né, et de la resolution et asseurance d'une ame reglée ne se doit jamais attribuer à l'homme, qu'on ne luy ayt veu joüer le dernier acte de la comedie: et sans doute le plus difficile. En tout le reste il y peut avoir du masque: mais à ce dernier rolle de la mort et de verité, il n'y a plus que feindre, il faut parler françois; il faut montrer ce qu'il y a de bon et de net dans le fond du pot."

p 95-100 (Interpers. 6 deaths of Mary Queen of Scots (1587): the reference was put in after his first edition was printed 1588.)

p 86

"J'observe en mes voyages cette practique, pour apprendre tousjours quelque chose, par la communication d'autruy, (qui est une des plus belles escholes qui puisse estre) de

ramener toujours ceux avec qui je confere, aux propos des choses qu'ils sçavent le mieux.

x x x x x x

Car il advient le plus souvent au contraire, que chacun choisit plustost à discourir du mestier d'un autre que du sien: estimant que c'est autant de nouvelle reputation acquise: tesmoin le reproche qu'Archedamus fait à Periander, qu'il quittoit la gloire d'un bon medecin, pour acquerir celle de mauvais poëte.

p 78

(Ceremony)

"Pour moy, j'oublie souvent l'un et l'autre de ces vains offices: comme je retranche en ma maison autant que je puis de la ceremonie. Quelqu'un s'en offense: qu'y ferois-je? Il vaut mieux que je l'offense pour une fois, que moy tous les jours: ce seroit une subjection universelle."

p 121

"Je veux qu'on agisse, et qu'on allonge les offices de la vie, tant qu'on peut: et que la mort me trouve plantant mes choux; mais nonchallant d'elle, et encore plus de mon jardin imparfait."

p 125

"Nous ne sentons aucune secousse, quand la jeunesse meurt en nous : qui est en essence et en verité, une mort plus dure, que n'est la mort entiere d'une vie languissante ; et que n'est la mort de la vieillesse : D'autant que le sault n'est pas si lourd du mal estre au non estre, comme il est d'un estre doux et fleurissant, à un estre penible et douloureux."

p 129 (nature speaks)

"Vostre mort est-une des pieces de l'ordre de l'Univers, une peu de la vie du monde. Changeray-je pour vous cette belle contexture des choses ?"

p 130

(nature speaks)

"La vie n'est de soy ny bien ny mal : c'est la place du bien et du mal, selon que vous la leur faictes. Et si vous avez receu un jour, vous avez jours. Il n'y a point d'autre lumiere, ny d'autre nuict. Ce Soleil, cette Lune, ces Estoilles, cette disposition, c'est celle mesme que vos Ayeuls ont jouye, et qui entretiendra vos Enfans-neveux."

"Et au pis aller, la destruction et variété

de tous les actes de ma comedie, se parfournit en un an. Si vous avez pris garde au branle de mes quatre Saisons, elles embrassent l'enfance, (motion) l'adolescence, la virilité, et la vieillesse du monde. Il a joué son jeu: il n'y sçait autre finesse, que de recommencer; ce sera toujours cela mesme.

Je ne suis pas deliberée de vous forger autres nouveaux passe-temps.

p132 Faictes place aux autres, comme d'autres vous l'ont faicte

p135 Imaginez de vray, combien seroit une vie perdurable, moins supportable à l'homme et plus penible, que n'est la vie que je luy ay donnée.

p136 "Le dernier pas ne faict pas la lassitude: il le declare. Tous les jours vont à la mort: le dernier y arrive."

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p155

"homme simple et Soussé, naturel peu vaine et menongiere:

p157

il n'est rien si contraire à mon stile, qu'une narration estendue. Je me recoupe si souvent, à faute d'haleine. ... Pourtant ay-je pris à dire ce que je sçay dire: accommodant la matiere à ma force"

p. 204-5

Or je dy que non en la Medecine seulement, mais en plusieurs arts plus certaines, la fortune y a bonne part. Les saillies Poëtiques, qui enpatent leur autheur, et le ravissent hors de soy, pourquoy ne les attribuerons nous à son bon-heur, puis qu'il confesse luy-mesme qu'elles surpassent sa suffisance et ses forces, et les recognoit venir d'ailleurs que de soy, et ne les avoir aucunement en sa puissance: ~~ce que les Orateurs ne disent~~

....

Il en est de mesmes en la Peinture, qu'il eschappe par fois des traits de la main du Peintre surpassans sa conception et sa science, qui le tirent luy-mesmes en admiration, et qui l'estonnent. Mais la fortune montre bien encore plus evidemment, la part qu'elle a en tous ces ouvrages, par les graces et beautez qui s'y trouvent, non seulement sans l'intention, mais sans la cognoissance mesme de l'ouvrier. Un suffisant lecteur

descouure souuent és Escrits d'autruy
des perfections autres que celles que
l'Autheur y a mises et apperceuës,
et y prestè des sens et des visages
plus riches (experts)

Rien de noble ne se faict sans
hazard. p209

Chap. XXIV. p 216. Du Pedantisme.
(Very good: I want to copy the greater
part of it!)

"La deuxiesme sorte naturelle qu'il y a
entre le vulgaire, et les personnes
rares et excellentes en jugement, et
en sçavoir: d'autant qu'ils vont
un train entierement contraire les
uns des autres." p27

Montaigne is in quite his angry
authoritarian mood as a young scholar,
in age forum "qu'on avoit une
grandissime raison, et que majis magnos
clericos non sunt majis magnos sapientes.
Mais d'où il puisse advenir qu'une
ame riche de la cognoissance de
tant de choses, n'en devienne pas

plus vive, et plus esveillée ; et qu'un
esprit grossier et vulgaire puisse loger
en soy, sans s'amender, les discours
et les jugemens des plus excellens
Esprits que le monde ait porté, j'en
suis encore en doubte. A recevoir
tant de cervelles estrangeres, et
si fortes, et si grandes, il est
necessaire (me disoit une fille, la
premiere de nos Princesses, parlant
de quelqu'un) que la sienne se
froule, se contraigne et rapetisse,
pour faire place aux autres. Je dirois
volontiers que comme les plantes
s'etouffent de trop d'humeur, et
les lampes de trop d'huile, ainsi
font l'action de l'Esprit par
trop d'estude et de matiere. Lequel
occupé et embarrassé d'une grande
diversité de choses, perde le
moyen de se demesler, et que
cette charge le tienne courbé et
craintif. Mais il en va autrement ;
car nostre ame s'estargit dautant
plus qu'elle se remplit.

p 220 – 221

Quant à ces Philosophes, dis-je, comme ils estoient grands en science, ils estoient encore plus grands en toute action. Et tout ainsi qu'on dict de ce Geometrien de Syracuse, lequel ayant esté destourné de sa contemplation, pour en mettre quelque chose en pratique, à la deffence de son païs, qu'il mit soudain en train des engins espouvantables, et des effects surpassans toute creance humaine: dedaignant toutefois luy-mesme toute cette sienne manufacture, et pensant en cela avoir corrompu la dignité de son art, de laquelle ses ouvrages n'estoient que l'apprentissage et le jouet. Ainsi eux, si quelquefois on les a mis à la preuve de l'action, on les a veu voler d'une aisle si haulte, qu'il paroissoit bien, leur cœur et leur ame s'estre merveilleusement grossie et enrichie par l'intelligence des choses.

"à la p 223 mode de quoy nous sommes instruicts, il n'est pas merveille, si ny les escoliers, ny les maistres n'en deviennent pas plus habiles, quoy qu'ils s'y facent plus doctes. De

vray le soin et la despence de
nos pères ne vise qu'à nous meubler
la teste de science : du jugement
et de la vertu, peu de nouvelles."
p 224

"Nous ne travaillons qu'à remplir
la memoire, et laissons l'entende-
-ment et la conscience vuide. Tout
ainsi que les oyseaux vont quelquefois
à la queste du grain, et le portent
au bec sans le taster, pour en
faire becchée à leur petits : ainsi
nos pedants vont pillotans la
Science dans les livres, et ne la
logent que au bout de leurs
lèvres, pour la dégorger seulement,
et mettre au vent. C'est
merveille combien proprement
la sottise se loge sur mon
exemple. Est-ce pas faire de
mesme, ce que je fay en la
plus part de cette compositure?
Je m'en vay escornifflant par-
-cy par-là des livres, les sentences
qui me plaisent, non pour les
garder (car je n'ay point de
gardoire) mais pour les transporter

en cettuy-cy ; où, à vray dire, elles ne sont pas plus mennes, qu'en leur premiere place."

p 226

"ceux, desquels la suffisance loge en leurs somptueuses Librairies

"nous prenons en garde les opinions et le scavoir d'autruy, et puis c'est tout : il les faut faire nostres. Nous semblons proprement celuy, qui ayant besoin de feu, en iroit querir chez son voisin, et y en ayant trouvé un beau et grand, s'arrestoit là à se chauffer, sans plus se souvenir d'en rapporter chez soy.

p 229.

Pedant "De vray le plus souvent ils semblent estre ravalez, mesmes du sens commun. Car le paisan et le cordonnier vous les voyez aller simplement et naïvement leur train, parlans de ce qu'ils scavent : ceux-cy pour se vouloir eslever et gendarmer de ce scavoir qui nage en la

superficie de leur cervelle, vont s'embarrassant, et empestrant sans cesse. .... Qui regardera de bien pres à ce genre de sens, qui s'estend bien loin, il trouvera comme moy, que le plus souvent ils ne s'entendent ny autruy, et qu'ils ont la souvenance assez pleine, mais le jugement entierement creux

p. 231.

He speaks with great admiration of a man [illegible] letter Adrianus Turnebus, who had "rien de pedantesque qui le port de sa robbe en quelque façon exterieure, qui pouvoit n'estre pas civilisée à la courtisane: qui sont choses de neant. Et hay nos gens qui suppatent plus mal aysement une robbe qu'une ame de travers: et regardent à sa reverence, à son maintien et à ses bottes, quel homme il est. Car au dedans c'estoit l'ame la plus polie du monde.

p. 231.

"Il ne faut pas attacher le scavoir à l'ame, il l'y faut incorporer &c:

p234 – 5

He points out to learn: France is very much left to inferior people:—

"Il ne reste plus ordinairement, pour s'engager tout à fait à l'estude, que les gens de basse fortune, qui y querent des moyens à vivre. Et de ces gens là, les ames estans et par nature, et par institution domestique et exemple, du plus bas aloy, rapportent faussement le fruict de la Science. x x x Nature peut tout en tout. Les boiteux sont mal propres aux exercices du corps: et aux exercices de l'esprit les ames boiteuses."

p242

Je n'ay dressé commerce avec aucun livre solide, sinon Plutarque et Seneque, où je puyse comme les Danaïdes, remplissant et versant sans cesse.

x x x
p243

mes conceptions et mon jugement ne marchent qu'à tastons, chancelant, broschant et chopant: et quand je veux allé le plus avant que je puis, si ne me suis-je aucunement satisfait. Je voy

encore du païs au delà : mais d'une
veuë trouble, et en nuage, que je ne
puis démesler : Et entreprenant de parler
indifféremment de tout ce qui se presente
à ma fantaisie, et n'y employant
que mes propres et naturels moyens,
s'il m'advient, comme il fait
souvent, de rencontrer de fortune
dans les bons Autheurs ces mesmes
lieux, que j'ay entrepris de traiter,
comme je viens de faire chez Plutarque
tout presentement, son discours de
la force de l'imagination : à me
reconnoistre au prix de ces gens-là,
si foible et si chetif, si poisant
et endormy, je me fay pitié,
Si me gratifie-je de cecy, que mes
pensées ont cet honneur de
rencontrer souvent aux leurs, et
que je voays au moins de tout
apres, desarmé, que voire : aussi que
j'ay cela, que chacun n'a pas, de
cognoistre l'extreme difference d'entre
eux et moy : Et laisse ce neantmoins
comme mes inventions ainsi foibles et
basses, comme je les ay produictes,
sans en replastrer et recoudre les
patching up
defaut que cette comparaison m'y
a descouverts.

Descartes - Cor - Mon - Jour until a petit-
a long attaten fun something fine: —
" Il m'advint — l'autre jour de tomber
sur un tel passage: j'avois traîné
languissant apres des parolles Françoises,
si exangues, si deschaînées, et si
vuides de nature et de sens, que ce
n'estoient vrayement que parolles
Françoises: au bout d'un long et
ennuyeux chemin, je vins à rencontrer
une porte haute, riche, et eslevée
jusques aux nuës: Si j'eusse trouvé
la pente douce, et le montée un
peu alongée, cela eust esté excusable:
c'estoit un precipice si droit et si
coupé que des six premieres parolles
je cogneus que je m'envoyois en
l'autre monde: de là je descouvris
la fondriere d'où je venois, si
basse et si profonde ---

p 266

Quoy qu'il en soit, veux-je dire, en
quelles que sortent ces ineptes, je n'ay
pas deliberé de les cacher, non plus
qu'un mien pourtraict, chauve
et grisonnant, où le peintre auroit
mis, non un visage parfait, mais
le mien. Car aussi ce sont icy
mes humeurs et opinions: Je les
donne, pour ce qui est en ma
creance, non pour ce qui est à croire.

Je ne vise icy qu'à desconvrir moy-
-mesmes, ie seray par aventure autre
demain, si nouvel apprentissage me
change. Je n'ay point l'autorité
d'estre creu, ny ne le desire, me
sentant trop mal instruict pour instruire
autruy.

p. 252
["Le gain"] ~~du dernier as~~ "une fin
si abjecte) est indigne de la grau
et faveur des Muses

very hen on the cultivat-
independent mind in the person who
-ben educated

p. 253
"Lui" suit un autre, il ne suit rien:
il ne trouve rien: voire il ne cherche
rien."

(48) after mens specus "Il faut qu'il
imbove leur humeurs, non qu'il
apprenne leur preceptes: Et qu'il
oublie hardiment, s'il veut, d'où
il les tient, mais qu'il se les
sache approprier. La verité et la
raison sont communes à un chacun,
et ne sont non plus à qui les a
dites premierement, qu'à qui les
dit apres. ~~Et~~ Ce n'est non plus
selon Platon, que selon moy:

puisque luy et moy l'entendons
et voyons de même. Les abeilles
pillotent deçà ~~de~~ delà les fleurs,
mais elles en font après le miel,
qui est tout leur; ce n'est plus thim,
ny marjolaine: Ainsi les pieces
empruntées d'autruy, il les transformera
et confondra, pour en faire un
ouvrage tout sien."

p 257

"Sçavoir par cœur n'est pas sçavoir:
c'est tenir ce qu'on a donné en
garde à sa memoire. ... Fascheuse
suffisance, qu'une suffisance
pure bresque!"

p 257 travel:-

"pour en rapporter principalement
les humeurs de ces Nations et leurs
façons: et pour frotter et limer
~~nos~~ nostre cervelle contre celle d'autruy."

p 263

"On luy appendra de n'entrer en
discours et contestation, que là
où il verra un champion digne
de sa lutte; et là-mesmes à n'em-
ployer pas tous les tours qui luy
peuvent servir, mais ceux-là
seulement qui luy peuvent le

plus seruer. 2° qu'on le rende delicat au chois et triage de ses raisons, en aymant la pertinence, et par consequent la briefueté. 3° qu'on l'instruise sur tout à se rendre, et à quitter les armes à la verité, tout aussi tost qu'il apparoitra: soit qu'elle naisse és mains de son adversaire, soit qu'elle naisse en luy-mesmes par quelque rauissement.

p26)

"J'ay leu en Tite Liue cent choses que tel n'y a pas leu. Plutarque en a leu cent, outre ce que j'y ay leu: et à l'aduenture y ay ie veu quelque chose outre ce que l'Autheur y auoit mis. A d'aucuns c'est un pur estude grammairien: à d'autres, l'anatomie de la Philosophie, par laquelle les plus abstruses parties de nostre nature se penetrent. Il y a dans Plutarque beaucoup de discours estendus tres-dignes d'estre sceus: car à mon gré c'est le maistre ouurier de tell besoigne: mais il y en a mille qu'il n'a que touché simplement: il guigne seulement du doigt par où nous

inno, s'il nous plaist ; et se contente quelquefois de ne donner qu'une attente dans le fils vif d'un propos.

p. 269

Lui [Socrates] qui avoit l'imagination plus pleine et plus estenduë, embrassoit l'Univers, comme sa ville, jettoit ses cognoissances, sa societé et ses affections à tout le genre humain : non pas comme nous, qui ne regardons qu'à nos pieds. Quand les vignes gelent en mon village, mon prestre en argumente l'ire de Dieu sur la race humaine, et juge que le pepie en tient deja les Cannibales."

p. 270

"Mais qui se presente comme dans un Tableau, cette grande image de notre mere Nature, en son entiere majesté : qui lit en son visage, une si generale et constante varieté : qui se remarque là dedans, et non soy, mais tout un Royaume, comme un traict d'une pointe tres-delicate, celui-là seul estime les choses selon leur juste grandeur."

p 270

Somme, je veux que ce [grand Monde]
soit le livre de mon escolier. Tant
d'humeurs, de sectes, de jugemens,
d'opinions, de loix, et de coustumes,
nous apprennent à juger sainement
des nostres, et apprennent nostre
jugement à reconnoistre son imperfec-
et la naturelle foiblesse : qui n'est
pas un legier apprentissage. Tan-
de remuement d'Estat, et changements
de fortune publique, nous instruisent à
ne faire pas grand miracle de la
nostre. x x x Tant de milliasses d'hommes
entierz avant nous, nous encouragent
à la commune d'aller trouver si bonne
compagnie en l'autre monde : ainsi du
reste.

p 271

Nostre vie, devant Pythagoras, estoit à
la grande et populeuse assemblée des
jeux Olympiques. Les uns exercent les
corps, pour en acquerir la gloire des
jeux : d'autres y portent des marchandises
à vendre, pour le gain. Il en est
(ce qui ne sont pas les pires) lesquels
n'y cherchent autre fruict, que de
regarder comment et pourquoy chasque
chose se faict, et estre spectateurs
de la vie des autres hommes, pour en
juger et reigler la leur.

pp. 77-8

L'ame qui loge la Philosophie, doit par
sa santé rendre sain encore le corps:
elle doit faire luire jusques au dehors,
son repos et son aise: doit former à son
monde le port extérieur, et l'aimer
par consequent d'une gracieuse
fierté, d'un maintien actif, et
allaigre, et d'une contenance contente
et debonnaire. La plus expresse marque
de la sagesse, c'est une esjouissance
confiante: son estat est comme
des choses au dessus de la lune,
tousjours serein.

(Philosophy, Montaigne means wisdom rather than philosophy in the modern sense)

p301

"Le parler que j'ayme, c'est un
parler simple et naif, tel sur le papier
qu'à la bouche: un parler succulent
et nerveux, court et serré, non tant
delicat et peigné, comme vehement
et brusque. Plustost difficile qu'ennuyeux,
estongné d'affectation: desreglé, descousu,
et hardi: chaque lopin y face son
corps: non pedantesque, non fratesque,
non plaideresque, mais plustost soldatesque"
(disjointed) (litigious)

p 301

Comme aux accoustremens, c'est
pusillanimité, de se vouloir marquer
par quelque façon particuliere et inusitée:
de mesme au langage, la recherche des
phrases nouvelles, et des mots peu cogneus,
vient d'une ambition scholastique et
puerile. Pensé-je ne me seruir que de
ceux qui seruent aux halles à Paris!

pp 306-5

Montaigne as a tiny child was put in
charge of a German tutor who could speak
no French, but only Latin, whom his father
had brought from Germany, and who, after
already knowing Latin & talking to him in it, learned
Latin before he knew
any French at all.

p 306-7

Quel vostre opinion as-tu de Jaime -
His father "avoit esté conseillé de me
faire sousler la science et le deuoir,
par une volonté non forcée, et de mon
propre desir; et d'esleuer mon ame
en toute douceur et liberté, sans
rigueur et contrainte. Je des
puspes à telle superstition, que
faire qu'aucuns tiennent, que cela

que cela trouble la cervelle tendre des enfans, de les esveiller le matin en sursaut, et de les arracher du sommeil (auquel ils sont plongez beaucoup plus que nous ne sommes) tout à coup, et par violence, il me faisoit esveiller par le son de quelque instrument, et ne fus jamais sans homme qui m'en servist.

p 314

Si quelcun "il ne faut pas seulement loger chez soy, il la faut espouser."

p 304

C'est un bel et grand agencement sans doute, que le fuec en latin, mais on l'achepte trop cher.

p 315

D'autant que l'ame en plus vuide, et sans contrepoids, elle se baisse plus facilement sous la charge de la premiere persuasion. Voylà pourquoy les enfans, le vulgaire, les femmes, et les malades sont plus sujets à estre menez par les oreilles.

p335

Au demeurant, ce que nous appellons ordinairement amis et amitiés, ce ne sont qu'accointances et familiarités nouées par quelque occasion ou commodité par le moyen de laquelle nos ames s'entretiennent. En l'amitié dequoy je parle, elles se meslent et confondent l'une en l'autre, d'un meslange si universel, qu'elles effacent et ne retrouvent plus la couture qui les a jointes. Si on me presse de dire pourquoy je l'aymois, je sens que cela ne se peut exprimer, qu'en respondant : Parce que c'estoit lui, parce que c'estoit moy.

p336

Montaigne's own friendship with Estienne de la Boëtie

"Nous nous cherchions avant que de nous estre veus, et par des rapports que nous oyions l'un de l'autre : ... Nous nous embrassions par nos noms. Et à nostre premiere ~~rencontre~~ rencontre, qui fut par hazard en une grande feste et compagnie de ville, nous nous trouvasmes si pris, si cognus

si obligez entre nous, que rien dés lors ne nous fut si proche, que l'un à l'autre. Il escrivit une Satyre Latine excellente, qui est publiée: par laquelle il excuse et explique la précipitation de nostre intelligence, si promptement parvenue à sa perfection.

Ayant si peu à durer, et ayant si tard commencé (car nous estions tous deux hommes faicts: et luy plus de quelque année) elle n'avoit point à perdre temps; et n'avoit à se regler au patron des amitez molles et regulieres, ausquelles il faut tant de precautions de longue et preallable conversation.

p 340

Montaigne notes. Many distinctions between "cette souveraine et maistresse amitié" & "ces autres amitiés communes". "Il faut marcher en ces autres amitez, la bride à la main, avec prudence et precaution"

p 345

"la response de ce jeune Soldat, à Cyrus, s'enquerant à luy, pour combien il voudroit donner un cheval, par le moyen duquel il avoit

de gagner le prix de la course : et s'il le voudroit eschanger à un Royaume : Non certes, Sire : mais bien le laisrois-je volontiers, pour en acquerir un amy, si je trouvois homme digne de telle alliance." Il ne disoit pas mal, si je trouvois. Car on trouve facilement des hommes propres à une superficielle accointance : ---

[p 347]

"Car à la verité si je compare tout le reste de ma vie, quoy qu'avec la grace de Dieu je l'aye passée douce, aisée, et exempte d'un tel amy, ex cepte d'un tel pleine de tranquillité d'esprit, ayant pas en payement mes commodités naturelles et argentes, sans en rechercher d'autres : si je le compare, dis-je toute, aux quatre années qu'il m'a esté donné de jouyr de la douce compagnie et societé de ce personnage, ce n'est que fumée, ce n'est qu'une nuict obscure et ennuyeuse." Depuis

p 4 & 5

"Nous sommes, ...
Lt François accoustumez à nous beguayer,
(non pas moy, car je ne m'habille
Guiere que de noir ou de blanc,
A l'imitation de mon pere,)

Work and Pleasure.

In a recently published book, "Woodcuts "and Some Words," Mr. Edward Gordon Craig, a confirmed and incurable artist, speaks of his wood-cutting as his means of keeping from heart-break, as his (inadequate) livelihood, and as his source of enjoyment. Most of us are familiar with the idea of work under the first two of those aspects. Work, we know, is an efficacious drug: a soporific, under the influence of which we forget our domestic worries, our failures in love or on the golf links, all the unhappiness that pounces upon us in spare moments.

Mr. Gordon Craig found his wood-cutting moderately remunerative and a drug so pleasant that he enjoyed taking it. And he goes on to declare that he, the artist, to whom the work was more important than the pay, is the practical man. He enjoyed, as wood-engraver, the finest pleasure that life has to offer: the pleasure of doing what he liked. His work was neither a means of buying pleasure nor an obstacle to the obtaining of pleasure. It was pleasure.

It is long since there has been published in France a book about England so correct in its details and so penetrating in its conclusions as that which M. André Siegfried has just written with the help of the Association France-Grande-Bretagne ("L'Angleterre d'Aujourd'hui: Son évolution économique et politique." Paris: G. Cres et Cie. 7f. 50).

In a final chapter M. Siegfried sketches briefly the psychological differences between the two races, which are too often forgotten by those who talk and write about Anglo-French relations. "Many misunderstandings," he says, "come about from the fact that one too easily forgets that the English are the English." The "selfishness" of the Englishman is due to lack of imagination.

What is external to himself interests him very little. He is, in the main, much more ingenuous than perfidious. To treat him as a Machiavelli is to confer upon him praise or blame which are equally undeserved. Very slow at taking in complicated arguments, he chiefly makes up his mind by instinct, without analysing the mental process, and, above all, without being able to express it. Being bound by no system or logic, he does not persist obstinately in following blind alleys, and turns back without hesitation, with astonishing rapidity. If we Frenchmen, who have the reputation of being changeable, who do not know how to get away from a line when we have once adopted it.

...s, in defect of the growing plant which would explain and harmonize their relations, we are driven to invent a formal arrangement for cut flowers. We have to substitute what may be called a crystalline for an organic relationship, and it was the organic relationship that Rodin felt in his bones. His heart, as M. Bénédite says, was wedded to the spirit of the French cathedrals, but circumstances did not allow him to consummate the marriage in substance between his work and that of the architect. Denied the unity which would have flowed into his group from the lines of the building, he had to put undue emphasis (for sculptural purposes) upon the "moral link" and, because he could not help being a sculptor, make a compromise between that and formal unity. He suffered, in fact, the usual consequences of a frustrated marriage, when too much is made of the sentimental bond and the social grouping becomes artificial. He was, as we say, in a false position; and the uneasy speculations of the Conseil Municipal might be compared to the criticisms of social observers which alternate between "They seem soppily fond of each other" and "Why are they so stiff in company?" Intensity of expression and cubic composition worry nobody in a Gothic portal because the marriage between sculpture and architecture is happily consummated—though it is a fact, as might be observed in the beautiful photographs published some time ago by the Custodian of Reims, that when the sculpture is shown in detail and away from its context the expression becomes glaring and the composition looks awkward. As regards both expression and composition, something is lacking to carry off the weight. To look at such sculpture in such conditions is like looking at a group of trees without the mountain which would explain their growth and gestures, or trying to relate the pinnacles of an iceberg without the submerged bulk.

Nor can it be doubted that it was the lack of an architectural context which drove Rodin into putting too much of the onus of sculpture upon surface modulations with an "impressionistic" aim. In defect of the larger rhythms which flow into sculpture from architecture, of the ground swell, there is a natural tendency to elaborate the surface ripples in order to gain life; as, we might say, with the physical bond of marriage denied, there is a natural tendency to whimsies and conceits. P...

"Quand un gendarme rit,
Tous les gendarmes rient,
Dans la gendarmerie."

Letters of Anne Markeay Ritchie

"This is such a lovely view, almost too lovely for my special taste. I like a cock & hen in a kitchen garden, & some lilies & lavender quite as well as these great dream worlds & colonnaded lands. To me they are like the sonnet, "Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing," - I can never appropriate a bouquet, as one does a bunch of river weeds, or the branches of trees."

Sharp, in "English Folk Song: Some Conclusions," page 30, has a very apt simile:—

There are few things in nature more wonderful and more incomprehensible than the ordered flight of a flock of starlings. Many thousands will fly together in a compact mass and describe orderly evolutions with a precision which argues complete unanimity of purpose. If attention be concentrated upon the bounding lines of the moving mass it will be noticed that instead of being smooth and even they are rough and jagged. These irregularities are seen to be due to aberrations of flight on the part of individual birds who dart out at acute angles to the line of flight and then swiftly return to the flock. Every now and again, however, one of these birds is followed by all the rest, and the course of the whole mass is immediately changed. . . . The erratic movements of the birds on the margin are so many invitations to the flock to change direction. Ordinarily these invitations are ignored; but when one of them happens to coincide with the will of the majority it is accepted, and the course is changed.

RONSARD, the French poet, leader of the Pleiade, the fourth centenary of whose birth is being celebrated this year.

Ronsard
TLS Sept
11.1924

... Most of the poems to Hélène are situated in the Royal palace. How charming is that one in which the poet describes a conversation he had with his lady in the deep recess of a window, looking out towards the empty fields, the deserted summits, the lonely convents of Montmartre. And Hélène wishes she were a nun in that peaceful place, and not a lady at Court with an anxious passion eating at her heart, while he replies that many waters cannot quench love nor any cloister bar him of his access, for he enters as he lists, deaf to prayer.

Vous me dites, maîtresse, étant à la fenêtre,
Regardant vers Montmartre et les champs d'alentour :
" La solitaire vie et le désert séjour
Valent mieux que la Cour : je voudrais bien y être !

" A l'heure, mon esprit de mes sens serait maître,
En jeûne et oraison je passerais le jour,
Je défierais les traits et les flammes d'Amour ;
Ce cruel de mon sang ne pourrait se repaître."

Quand je vous répondis : " Vous trompez de penser
Qu'un feu ne soit pas feu pour se couvrir de cendre :
Sur les cloîtres sacrés la flamme on voit passer ;
Amour dans les déserts comme aux villes s'engendre ;
Contre un Dieu si puissant, qui les Dieux peut forcer,
Jeûnes ni oraisons ne se peuvent défendre."

There is another sonnet to Hélène (which is one of the loveliest in the French language); it is perhaps too well known to quote, yet could there be a happier occasion for re-reading it than this quatercentenary, or a better opportunity for learning it by heart ?

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, dévidant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous émerveillant :
" Ronsard me célébrait du temps que j'étais belle."

Lors vous n'aurez servante oyant telle nouvelle,
Déjà sous le labeur à demi sommeillant,
Qui, au bruit de Ronsard, ne s'aille réveillant,
Bénissant votre nom de louange immortelle.

Je serai sous la terre, et, fantôme sans os,
Par les ombres myrteux je prendrai mon repos ;
Vous serez au foyer, une vieille accroupie,
Regrettant mon amour et votre fier dédain.
Vivez, si m'en croyez, n'attendez à demain ;
Cueillez dès aujourd'hui les roses de la vie.

... he would not have sought to prolong by a failing decade his one and sixty years. He had played his part :—

J'ai vécu, Villeroy, si bien que nulle envie
En partant je ne porte aux plaisirs de la vie,
Je les ai tous goûtés et me les sois permis
Autant que la raison me les rendait amis.—
Sur l'échafaud mondain, jouant mon personnage
D'un habit convenable au temps et à mon âge,
J'ai vu lever le jour, j'ai vu lever le soir . . .
J'ai couru mon flambeau !

S T Coleridge Table Talk &
Omniana. Oxf. Univ Press. 917

Lit. 7.91.203

p 57 "The fondness for dancing = English women & the reaction of their reserved manners."

p 75 - "The man's desire is for the woman; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man."

p 219

"When shall we return to sound principles, the right of property — namely, as being Ipsum, implying commendation in the performance) commensurate & attached."

T. L. S. Oct 23. 29

" the degree to which a man can dispense with white lies while preserving the amenities is not a bad test of manners."

Living Organisms:
Oct 1929
ths.

A Chinese Love-Letter.

[From the Chinese of a present-day poet, who writes under the pen-name of "Born-from-the Falling Flower," referring to *Arachis hypogaea*.]

When pen and ink I seize, in love to bask,
My mind at once of fitting phrase runs dry;
Tears stain the page ere yet the ink can lie. . . .
What profits that I urge this hopeless task?
Surely these stains say all that she need ask.

H. A. G.

Review of J. B. Cabell's
"The River in Grandfather's Neck"
(quotation of book)
"There's always one thing," he said,
"we cannot do for the reason that one's
constituted as one is. Man, I take it, is the
real river in grandfather's neck,
everybody else's."

T.L.S. 1926. p. 66)
by A. Townsend
~~Upstage~~ a duology [illegible] Edward Sackville
17th cent.) he was reputed the "c
and chymist" indeed for
"[illegible] to a bad conscience
scarce half a bed, for the whole house professed
wherein he lived, a den of [illegible],
As if composed of precious Balsamum."

Matthew Arnold's Notebooks
Lec. 7. 90. 624

Quotations:- (no source given)

"Il m'a souvent passé par l'esprit, dit Senancle, que les hommes ont leurs propriétés à peu près comme les herbes, et que leur bonheur consiste d'avoir été destinés ou de s'être destinés eux-mêmes aux choses pour lesquelles ils étaient nés."

p 9

"Je désire des conditions d'excellence assez stables et assez fortes pour me permettre de faire, de mon talent, le résumé de ma valeur intellectuelle et morale."

p 52

Tout grand artiste a pour son partage un aspect des choses; cette passion, cette magicienne que exerce sur lui ne peut tout entreprendre ni tout embrasser; elle ne dispose en souveraine que de ce qu'elle aime, et sa puissance expire dès que s'allanguit son enthousiasme. Le plus grand peintre n'aperçoit dans le monde que ce qu'il aime à y voir, ce que ses yeux désirent; il y a une préférence au fond de chaque talent."

III

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
But Tom Pearse's old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

IV

So Tom Pearse he got up to the top o' the hill,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

V

So Tom Pearse's old mare, her took sick and her died,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Wi' Bill Brewer, &c.

171. *Widdicombe Fair*

I

'TOM PEARSE, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee.
For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk,
Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.'
Chorus. Old Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all.

II

'And when shall I see again my grey mare?'—
All along, down along, out along, lee.
'By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer,' &c.

threap] argue.

175. *The Suffolk Miracle*

I

A WONDER stranger ne'er was known
Than what I now shall treat upon.
In Suffolk there did lately dwell
A farmer rich and known full well.

II

He had a daughter fair and bright,
On whom he placed his chief delight;
Her beauty was beyond compare,
She was both virtuous and fair.

III

A young man there was living by,
Who was so charmed with her eye,
That he could never be at rest;
He was by love so much possest.

IV

He made address to her, and she
Did grant him love immediately;
But when her father came to hear,
He parted her and her poor dear.

V

Forty miles distant was she sent,
Unto his brother's, with intent
That she should there so long remain,
Till she had changed her mind again.

VI

Hereat this young man sadly grieved,
But knew not how to be relieved;
He sigh'd and sobb'd continually
That his true love he could not see.

VII

She by no means could to him send,
Who was her heart's espousèd friend;
He sigh'd, he grieved, but all in vain,
For she confined must still remain.

VIII

He mourn'd so much that doctor's art
Could give no ease unto his heart,
Who was so strangely terrified
That in short time for love he died.

IX

She that from him was sent away
Knew nothing of his dying day;
But constant still she did remain,
And loved the dead, although in vain.

X

After he had in grave been laid
A month or more, unto this maid
He comes in middle of the night,
Who joy'd to see her heart's delight.

XI

Her father's horse which well she knew,
Her mother's hood and safeguard too,
He brought with him to testify
Her parents' order he came by.

safeguard] riding-skirt

175. *The Suffolk*

I

A WONDER strange
Than what I now sh
In Suffolk there did lately
A farmer rich and known

II

He had a daughter fair an
On whom he placed his cl
Her beauty was beyond co
She was both virtuous and

III

A young man there was li
Who was so charmed with
That he could never be at
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IV

He made address to her, a
Did grant him love immed
But when her father came
He parted her and her poo

V

Forty miles distant was sh
Unto his brother's, with ir
That she should there so l
Till she had changed her

XII

Which when her uncle understood,
He hoped it would be for her good,
And gave consent to her straightway
That with him she should come away.

XIII

When she was got her love behind,
They pass'd as swift as any wind,
That in two hours, or little more,
He brought her to her father's door.

XIV

But as they did this great haste make,
He did complain his head did ache;
Her handkerchief she then took out,
And tied the same his head about.

XV

And unto him she thus did say:
'Thou art as cold as any clay,
When we come home a fire we'll have';
But little dream'd he went to grave.

XVI

Soon were they at her father's door,
And after she ne'er saw him more;
'I'll set the horse up,' then he said,
And there he left this harmless maid.

XVII

She knock'd, and straight a man he cried,
'Who's there?' 'Tis I,' she then replied;
Who wonder'd much her voice to hear,
And was possest with dread and fear.

XVIII

Her father he did tell, and then
He stared like an affrighted man:
Down stairs he ran, and when he see her,
Cried out, 'My child, how cam'st thou here?'

XIX

'Pray, sir, did you not send for me
By such a messenger?' said she:
Which made his hair stand on his head,
As knowing well that he was dead.

XX

'Where is he?' then to her he said.—
'He's in the stable,' quoth the maid.—
'Go in,' said he, 'and go to bed;
I'll see the horse well littered.'

XXI

He stared about, and there could he
No shape of any mankind see,
But found his horse all on a sweat;
Which made him in a deadly fret.

XXII

His daughter he said nothing to,
Nor no-one else (though well they knew
That he was dead a month before),
For fear of grieving her full sore.

XXIII

Her father to his father went
Who was deceased, with full intent
To tell him what his daughter said;
So both came back unto this maid.

175. *The Suff*

A WONDER
Than what I
In Suffolk there di
A farmer rich and

He had a daughte
On whom he plac
Her beauty was b
She was both virt

A young man the
Who was so chai
That he could ne
He was by love

He made addres
Did grant him l
But when her fa
He parted her a

Forty miles dis
Unto his broth
That she shoul
Till she had cl

860

THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE

XXIV

They ask'd her, and she still did say
'Twas he that then brought her away;
Which when they heard, they were amazed,
And on each other strangely gazed.

XXV

A handkerchief she said she tied
About his head, and that they tried;
The sexton they did speak unto
That he the grave would then undo.

XXVI

Affrighted then they did behold
His body turning into mould,
And though he had a month been dead
This kerchief was about his head.

XXVII

This thing unto her then they told,
And the whole truth they did unfold.
She was thereat so terrified
And grieved, she quickly after died.

864

164. *The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman*

A Broadside Version of 'Young Beichan'

I

LORD BATEMAN was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
He shipp'd himself all aboard of a ship,
Some foreign country for to see.

II

He sailèd east, he sailèd west,
Until he came to famed Turkey,
Where he was taken and put to prison,
Until his life was quite weary.

III

All in this prison there grew a tree,
O there it grew so stout and strong!
Where he was chain'd all by the middle,
Until his life was almost gone.

IV

This Turk he had one only daughter,
The fairest my two eyes e'er see;
She stole the keys of her father's prison,
And swore Lord Bateman she would let go free.

V

O she took him to her father's cellar,
And gave to him the best of wine;
And every health she drank unto him
Was, 'I wish, Lord Bateman, as you was mine.'

VI

'O have you got houses, have you got land,
And does Northumberland belong to thee?
And what would you give to the fair young lady
As out of prison would let you go free?'—

VII

'O I've got houses and I've got land,
And half Northumberland belongs to me;
And I will give it all to the fair young lady
As out of prison would let me go free.'—

VIII

'O in seven long years, I'll make a vow
For seven long years, and keep it strong,
That if you'll wed no other woman,
O I will wed no other man.'

IX

O she took him to her father's harbour,
And gave to him a ship of fame,
Saying, 'Farewell, farewell to you, Lord Bateman,
I fear I never shall see you again!'

X

Now seven long years is gone and past,
And fourteen days, well known to me;
She packèd up all her gay clothing,
And swore Lord Bateman she would go see.

XI

O when she arrived at Lord Bateman's castle,
How boldly then she rang the bell!
'Who's there? who's there?' cries the proud young porter,
'O come unto me pray quickly tell.'—

XII

'O is this here Lord Bateman's castle,
And is his lordship here within?—
'O yes, O yes,' cries the proud young porter
'He's just now taking his young bride in.'—

XIII

'O bid him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the very best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady
As did release him when close confine.'

XIV

O away and away went this proud young porter,
O away and away and away went he,
Until he come to Lord Bateman's chamber,
When he went down on his bended knee.

XV

'What news, what news, my proud young porter:
What news, what news? Come tell to me.'—
'O there is the fairest young lady
As ever my two eyes did see.

XVI

'She has got rings on every finger,
And on one finger she has got three;
With as much gay gold about her middle
As would buy half Northumberlee.

XVII

'O she bids you to send her a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the very best wine,
And not forgetting the fair young lady
As did release you when close confine.'

XVIII

Lord Bateman then in passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three,
Saying, 'I will give half of my father's land,
If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea.'

XIX

Then up and spoke this young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free;
Saying, 'You'll not forget my only daughter,
If so be as Sophia has crossed the sea.'—

XX

'O it 's true I made a bride of your daughter,
But she 's neither the better nor the worse for me;
She came to me with a horse and saddle,
But she may go home in a coach and three.'

XXI

Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,
With both their hearts so full of glee,
Saying, 'I'll roam no more to foreign countries,
Now that Sophia has crossed the sea.'

IV

And when the Earl he did come home,
Enquiring for his ladie,
One of the servants made this reply,
'She 's awa' with the gypsie laddie.'

V

'Come saddle for me the brown,' he said,
'For the black was ne'er so speedy,
And I will travel night and day
Till I find out my wanton ladie.'

VI

'Will you come home, my dear?' he said,
'Oh will you come home, my honey?
And by the point of my broad sword,
A hand I'll ne'er lay on you.'. . .

The Gypsy Countess

I

RE cam' seven Egyptians on a day,
l wow, but they sang bonny!
y sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
cam' Earl Cassilis' lady.

II

' tripping down the stair,
a' her maids before her;
as they saw her weel-faur'd face
cast the glamourie owre her.

III

ve to her the nutmeg,
they gave to her the ginger;
gave to them a far better thing,
even gold rings off her fingers.

lying sick;
;
m Johnny Faa's lips
his money.'

IV

And when the Earl he did come home,
Enquiring for his ladie,
One of the servants made this reply,
'She 's awa' with the gypsie laddie.'

V

'Come saddle for me the brown,' he said,
'For the black was ne'er so speedy,
And I will travel night and day
Till I find out my wanton ladie.'

VI

'Will you come home, my dear?' he said,
'Oh will you come home, my honey?
And by the point of my broad sword,
A hand I'll ne'er lay on you.'. . .

VII

'Yestreen I rade this water deep,
And my own gude lord beside me;
But this night I maun wet my little pretty feet
With a wheen blackguards to wade me.

VIII

'Yestreen I lay on a good feather-bed,
And my own wedded lord beyond me,
And to-night I'll lie in the ash-corner,
With the gypsies all around me.

IX

'They took off my high-heeled shoes,
That were made of Spanish leather,
And I have put on coarse Lowland brogues,
To trip it o'er the heather.

X

'The Earl of Cassilis is lying sick;
Not one hair I'm sorry;
I'd rather have a kiss from Johnny Faa's lips
Than all his gold and his money.'

Sic vos non vobis

by the

Rev. Gifford H. Johnson, M.A.

Many boys who read their Vergil may not have heard a story in his life by Donatus.

On one occasion the poet composed a distich or couplet, which contained complimentary language about Augustus, and posted it upon the folding doors without putting his name to it.

For a long time the emperor enquired whose verses they were, but could not find out the author. At length a poet, named Bathyllus, of but mediocre and commonplace ability, claimed the authorship; whereupon he was given presents, and honoured by Cæsar.

Vergil, ill pleased at this, thereupon gave the plagiary a sort of riddle or puzzle. He posted upon the same doors, as the beginning of each line of a quatrain, the words "Sic vos non vobis," tacitly challenging Bathyllus to fill the blanks. The emperor demanded that the lines should be completed, but this, of course, the false claimant was quite unable to do.

Then Vergil, having first written his original distich, wrote underneath these words:—

"Hos ego versiculos feci: tulit alter honores:
Sic vos non vobis nidificatis, aves.
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves.
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes.
Sic vos non vobis, fertis aratra, boves."

"I wrote these verses, another took the credit.
Thus ye, not for yourselves, build nests, O birds.
Thus ye, not for yourselves, carry fleeces, O sheep.
Thus ye, not for yourselves, make honey, O bees.
Thus ye, not for yourselves, draw ploughs, O kine."

When this became known, the liar, Bathyllus, for some time became the talk and ridicule of Rome, but Vergil's fame was the more exalted.

"Sic vos non vobis," "So ye (toil) not for yourselves," has many applications.

HOUSE OF LORDS WAR MEMORIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—In reference to Lord Beauchamp's letter of to-day, will you allow a modernist art-critic, whose father took the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria, to offer a view of this question which I think will not be found inconsistent? Criticism has no relevance to such matters. They are in the region of loyalty, history and affection alone. If we bend with the remover to remove, with every decade, in obedience to fluctuations of critical standards, it will be because we forget that the standards of to-day will date as sharply as do those of a past era. WALTER SICKERT, A.R.A.

January 2.

Diary - Letters / Mme d'Arblay
Vol I p117

(D^r Johnson)

"There are three distinct kind of judges upon all new authors - productions; the first are those who know no rules, but pronounce entirely from their natural taste or feeling; the second are those who know & judge by rules; and the third are those who know, but are above the rules. These last are those you should wish to obtain, for they can rate the natural judges, however despise those opinions to which are founded on the rules."

Dates

Frances Burney - born 1752
Evelina 1778 (publ.)
meets D^r Johnson 1778
friendship with " " 1784
Sovereign & Queen 1786 — 1791
Married life 1793 — 1817
Death of husband & son Alex 1795
Death Jan 6. 1840

Donne
"for it is a natural weakness of unwieldy
that such men want locks for themselves
and keys for others."

T.L.S 1925 p 81
"the vast subtle force the French call Ou".

Kalm's Account of his Visit
to England. 1748.
Joseph Lucas. 1892
[MD. 38. 113]

1747. Chelsea
"a multitude of people from London in
fine weather, in the summer come out
here to enjoy themselves .... The principal
livelihood ... seems to be from houses &
wares, which they let to gentlemen, who
in summer now & again,
especially on Sundays, Sundays, & part of
Mondays, come out here from London &
stay, & take the fresh air."

1747. [illegible] Women
"They never take the trouble to bake,
because there is a baker in every parish
or village, from whom they can always
have new bread. Nearly the same can be
said about brewing. Weaving,
spinning, is also a man's business
than care they, because there many
manufactures [illegible] save them the
necessity of such. ... Nearly all the
every occupation that our women in
Sweden perform are neglected by them,
husbands, here they are found to
fine extent attempts in the very lowest
degree than we call Housewifes-Cyder,
household duties

p 235

"here all the warmth goes freely up
the chimney. ... in winter time it is so
cold in a room ... Read [the heart]
the cold in & warm themselves & then
the cold is somewhat more severe, the
women can scarcely sitting near the fire,
without doing the least thing, more than prate."

The Times LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1926. Registered as a Newspaper. Foreign (Inland and Abroad) 1d. PRICE 3d.

CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY.

In a grave and dignified review of Mr. Hogarth's "Arabia," written not many months before his death, Charles Montagu Doughty once more described the grim country whose secret he had sought with so great suffering, wherein like Adam cast forth, of his own poem, he had wandered over desolate basaltic wastes till "the thick warm salt living blood brast forth his nostrils."

The bulk of that huge peninsula [he wrote] lies within the earth's rainless belt. Under a perpetual grey more than blue heaven the immense upland is seen everywhere as a parched and bald treeless landscape, which to unwonted eyes seems to be nearly without herbage. Rain rarely falls, and that is always partial. Her drought and barrenness nourished few wild creatures; on man's pate beats all day a blazing sun, and seldom is there the relief of any overshadowing cloud.

—sentences heavy with reminiscence for minds which have endured the terrible and intoxicating experience of wrestling day after day with the immortal narrative of "Arabia Deserta"; and, for those who know well all Doughty's work, thrilled also with subtler correspondences. Not only is that "overshadowing cloud" the self-same which I AM for moments of brief mercy stretched over the face of the else immitigable sun, when Adam and Adama strove to pass that grisly region,

Which wing not overflies; nor foot of beast
Doth tread; vast Wasteness burned of the Lord's Wrath . . .

but over the austere rhythm of the final sentence hovers the memory of more opulent sonorities:—

Grave is that giddy heat upon the crown of the head; the ears tingle with a flickering shrillness, a subtle crepitation it seems, in the glassiness of this sun-stricken nature: the hot sand-blink is in the eyes, and there is little refreshment to find in the tasteful drink: the world is all dry, as in the fiery rim of range light.

Nearly fifty years lay between those two memories. The Doughty who wrote "Arabia Deserta" was a young man—the book over which he laboured so many years was published before he was forty; the Doughty who returned to literature in 1906 with an epic poem was an old one.

But the difference between those two memories is not at all the difference between prime and decline: there is a change, but not towards decrepitude. The touch is firm, and the hand full of cunning in the later picture as in the earlier; what has intervened is a change, or a sublimation, of temper. The strange immediacy of sensation which makes "Arabia Deserta" so overpowering has given way to a spiritual remoteness. The same things are remembered, yet how differently! Between "Arabia Deserta" and Doughty's subsequent writing there is a division which is almost a gulf. Though there were twenty-five years between "Arabia Deserta" and "The Dawn in Britain," it is not a temporal division; though "Arabia Deserta" is prose and the rest of Doughty's writing poetry, it is not a division of literary kinds; it is a spiritual metamorphosis. In fact it must have been gradual; but in the long silence of twenty-five years there is nothing to prepare us, nothing to mediate by gentle transitions the sudden shock of his uncouth epic.

And, when we have meditated upon it, we begin to see how fortunate was the accident which gave us "Arabia Deserta." In the normal life of the inhospitable desert Doughty had found, by a premonitory instinct, the only human society he could accept. When he went to the Arab peninsula he was driven, scarce consciously, by the impulse to struggle his way backward through time away from the works of modern man; and he all but died in the effort. Why, we ask ourselves again and again, as we read his story, does he stay? Why does not he escape? The inscriptions that were his nominal excuse meant little or nothing to him; there was no thought of profit, none even of "experience." He was there, he knew not why nor how; for the cause lay deeper than his consciousness. If he was to live active in the world of men, it was among such men that he must live, men who believed fiercely and loved and hated simply—men who were truly of one substance with the earth wherein they lived. He stayed among them to the moment when, if he stayed longer, he would have died, because it was a real world to him; in it he *lived*. In it were men and women he understood and who understood him, and his pictures of them have a direct Homeric truth. In the pages of "Arabia Deserta" the society of men among whom he could live lives again. When that book was finished Doughty's work was over: he had done perfectly what no other man could have done at all; he had carved an enduring image of a simple Semitic people whose hate was more real to him than a European's love.

After many years "The Dawn in Britain" appeared. It was an epic on the grand pattern in twenty-four books, telling of men and gods and godlike men. But Doughty had already written his epic. The Arab and Beduwy with whom he had lived were real men; he had had but to describe them as he had known them. Not so with his primitive Britons, who were the work of his imagination. His Arabs live, his Celts do not. "Arabia Deserta" has the actuality of Homer; "The Dawn in Britain" is, after all, wholly artificial. So, one might say, is the Æneid. But, first, the world of Æneas was by no means so remote from Virgil as that of Caractacus from Doughty; second, Virgil used his story as the means by which every tremor of a subtle consciousness might find expression; and, third, he was creating at once a new poetry and a new language. So Doughty himself in "Arabia Deserta" had struck new fires out of the English speech; he is fanatical, but not in his language. In "The Dawn in Britain" his fanaticism has invaded his art.

Whatever the language of "Arabia Deserta" may be, it is not primitive: it has the richness of a fine eclecticism and a sure sense of propriety. To secure his effects Doughty freely chose the finest tools. But by the time he had begun to write poetry he had become possessed by a theory of diction, derived not from any consideration of the language itself, but wholly from moral prepossessions. In Spenser, he held, English had reached its brief perfection, and in him already had begun to decline. Chaucer he could with an effort accept, but he could never mention him without heaving a sigh over the broadness of Geoffrey's humour. But with these two men the English language began and ended for Doughty the poet. Such a phrase as "a subtle crepitation" became impossible to him.

There may seem to have been a certain wisdom in his deliberate archaism. He had determined to write of early Britons: then why not use the English language when it is nearest to their simplicity, yet still an English language? Perhaps it was with some such argument that Doughty first persuaded himself; but it is an argument which forgot that when Spenser himself was writing he was using all the resources of language as freely as Doughty himself had done in his prose. A poet cannot deny himself this freedom if his imaginations are to be made real. But, in Doughty, the distinction between asceticism of spirit and self-denial in the use of language seems to have been obliterated; moreover, he had come to regard himself as a man with a mission, to restore to a degenerate nation the virtues and the speech of olden time.

Doughty's poetry, in conception and in diction, is the poetry of a fanatic; the spirit, which had served him so well by steeling him to endure extreme hardship in the desert at nature's hands and men's, now hardened within him. In Arabia, and in writing of it, he had expanded; now he contracted. There is in all his poetry an intense patriotism, but it is a patriotism which loves an ideal England and abhors the actual; the bitterness in his denunciations of the democratic polity is vitriolic, and it has a defect graver than its mere excess; it is repellent even to those who might share his aversion, because it shows clearly that, if Doughty could have had his way, he would have replaced democracy by something worse—a rigid and tyrannous theocracy. For in his imagination God and England were one, precisely as God and Israel were one to the Jews of old; and in "The Cliffs" (1909) he pushes his idea relentlessly to the point of savagery. In that poem the image of "Saneta Britannia" is precisely as the idol of a savage tribe; with the decay of the warrior spirit it languishes, with the revival under stress of invasion of the berserk mood it regains power; but even at the last the image remains blindfold. The veil can be removed from its eyes only by the hands of the only child of a young widow, and the child must die the moment its fingers touch the veil. And the child is sacrificed accordingly, as Mesha, King of Moab, slew his eldest son. Doughty had come to be unconscious of the distinction between patriotism and Moloch worship; and, more strangely still, he makes the horrible imagination worse by putting forward a chorus of elves who promise to the mother, while she holds the murdered baby in her arms,—

She widow shall not want, whilst elves can work:
We would we might, in honey of wild bees,
Embalm her blossom babe; whose little mound
Will elves each summer night bestrew with flowers . . .

The man who could make fairies condone that inhuman sacrifice had become estranged from the spirit of the country he loved: his zeal had eaten him up.

To the rigour and perversity of his mind inevitably corresponded a rigour and perversity in his use of language: he became not merely archaistic, but insensitive and tyrannous. With a kind of frenzied implacability he would torture English syntax and compel words to do his bidding. Scarcely can a page be found of his poetry without lines of this kind:—

No more I knew: under a flag of truce
Gathered at day the fallen were; and when us
The surgeons had inspected one by one;
I on the dead-cart was 'mongst soldiers dead
Laid; and that driven then to the grave-trench was.
I here on the brink: those shrouded to their stocks
White with night-rime, were in long rows, outlaid.

It is no use mincing words: that is something worse than idiosyncrasy; and it is never far away in Doughty's poetry. Sometimes the effect, if we can regard it in complete detachment, is comic (. . . burst were the water and gas Mains!: but for the most part the manner is too much of a piece with the matter to permit such facile relief. Doughty is terribly himself—he never lays by his mask at a man whom one can never laugh with.

No criticism of his work would be adequate which did not insist that his poetry, in content and form alike, is of a lower order than "Arabia Deserta": from beginning to end, save for one remarkable exception, it is warped. It is the poetry of a sectary, of a man of intense and narrow genius, who had once, and once for all, breathed a full breath among his semblables. The life that he had lived he rendered again: he lavished himself on the one human reality he had loved. The completeness of "Arabia Deserta" is narrow; but it is an absolute completeness; within those amazing pages is a universe, simple, primeval, but one where men are born and have their being and are gathered to their fathers. And Doughty's one great poem sprang directly from his experience of that eternal world. "Adam Cast Forth" is in essence a sublime simplification of all that he lived and learned in the Arabian desert. There he had become as the first man; under that implacable sun he had been as it were dissolved away into an elemental essence of mortality, he had become the I AM of man, the plaything yet the equal of his own ineffable but jealous God. If the pure sublime has ever been achieved in English poetry it is achieved in "Adam Cast Forth"; for in it man and God become almost indistinguishable in majesty, yet not, as in Milton, with a diminution of God. Man the creature is lifted up to his Creator. Again and again Doughty challenges Milton, and comes away, if not victorious, completely without scathe. Milton's glory of language is counterpoised by Doughty's intensity of realization. When Adamin tells the story of the Fall, and says simply: "Then God was weary of us," the effect is overpowering; one feels that in those six words is somehow crammed a vision of the whole of human destiny. And Doughty can meet Milton at the very pinnacle of his own perfection: he dares to rewrite Eve's encounter with her own mirrored image. Here is the Milton:—

I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watry gleam appeared,
Bending to look upon me. I started back;
It started back; but pleased I soon returned;
Pleased it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love; there had I fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire
Had not a voice thus warned me. What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself.

All the resources of Milton's art are in motion

THE EVOLUTION TRIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—The letter of Mr. McCready Price—published in *The Times* of July 16—contains much that requires explanation and qualification. For instance, what is a religionist, extreme or otherwise? What is an evolutionist, and why should Haeckel be called an extreme evolutionist? Should the average American man or woman be considered remarkable (as Mr. Price tells us) for being prepared to say that the evolution "idea" is at best only a "theory"? Is there any one who holds otherwise?

Is it possible, as Mr. Price supposes (and quotes Dr. Bather as holding), to teach the "facts" of the various sciences without any "theory"? For my own part I hold that it is impossible to teach fact without theory, and that the teaching of theory has no value so far as it is separated from immediate reference to fact. I disagree with Dr. Bather's statement that "perhaps it is just as well not to teach any theories." One who really acts on that conviction cannot teach at all. He may enforce on his pupils parrot-like repetition of names and phrases, but he cannot teach. Dr. Bather himself teaches facts by the aid of theories, and does so to the great benefit of his friends and assistants. It seems to me that he cannot be serious when he says "it would do us all good to drop that blessed word evolution for 50 years." Why should we "drop" so useful and well-fathered a word? It is to clear-headed thinkers, Mr. Herbert Spencer, that we owe its present use and signification. It is not possible for men having due respect for the great teachers of the last century to decree the banishment of a word because some people in Tennessee do not like it.

In my judgment it is much to be regretted that in the attempt to arrive at such knowledge and understanding of the world around us as may be possible we should prejudice the result of our inquiries by labelling one another as "scientist" or "religionist," or anti-scientist and anti-religionist. We are all limited in our powers of investigation. The one thing we may rightly demand of each other in pursuing our inquiries is veracity. We must stedfastly refuse to believe anything upon insufficient evidence. We must never stifle a doubt. We must never pretend that what is only probable is a certainty. Our knowledge, far-reaching as it is, is only the balance of probabilities. It is the business of the teacher not only to explain those probabilities, but chiefly and as the greatest of his duties to train the minds of his pupils to collect, produce, and test new evidence concerning nature and concerning man. Only those who are thus trained to distinguish truthful from untruthful statements and to hold fast that which has been tested and found true can be accorded the honourable title of "free men"; they will do that which is right because they know that which is true. That is my belief; it is a religious belief, and is indeed my religion.

Yours faithfully,

E. RAY LANKESTER.

44, Oakley-street, S.W., July 19.

Obituary.

MR. C. M. DOUGHTY.

EXPLORER AND POET.

We announce with much regret that Mr. Charles Montagu Doughty died at Sissinghurst, Kent, on Wednesday night, at the age of 82. His death removes a man who till comparatively late in his life was little known to his contemporaries, but one whose journey in Inner Arabia, begun in 1876, has made an epoch in the history of exploration. The book describing that journey sets him above all modern writers of travel books. Subsequently he became the author of several poems of very high aim and achievement, but his place among great Englishmen of letters was secured by "Travels in Arabia Deserta." Of the man himself, all those who knew him will concur that no more modest or unassuming gentleman ever lived. He was of the heroic type of Englishman, of commanding stature and presence, and one of whom it may be said that he was a very perfect knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Born on August 19, 1843, younger son of a clerical squire of Theberton, in Suffolk, and, on his mother's side, descended from the naval family of Hotham, Charles Doughty came of a stock which has produced many distinguished sailors and soldiers, among them the late Colonel Doughty-Wylie, V.C., the hero of the Helles landing. His mother died when he was a few weeks old, and his father died before he was seven. He was educated first at Portsmouth, and subsequently, when, owing to an impediment of speech, he failed to enter the Navy, at King's College, London. There he passed to Caius College, Cambridge, but took his B.A. degree from Downing, to which, with some other Caius men he *had* migrated after a difference with the head of his original college. He returned, however, to Caius to take his M.A. Of retiring and dreamy disposition, he seems to have been distinguished from other undergraduates chiefly by a taste for antiquarian exploration. In 1865 he took a second-class in Natural Science (Geology), his knowledge being fully up to first-class standard, but his mind being incapable of its expression in the manner that appeals to examiners.

Adopting no permanent profession, he led a roving life, for some years studying scholarly literature and archæology widely and deeply, and also dabbling in the art of printing. He had already spent nearly a year in Norway before taking his degree, and in 1866 he published a short pamphlet on the Jostedal-Brae glaciers. This first essay in letters shows no sign of his later literary manner. After some wanderings nearer home and a year's study in the Bodleian Library (1870), he crossed to Holland in order to live where Erasmus and Scaliger had lived. There he acquired Dutch and Danish, and said, as he said himself, the philological foundations of his learned literary style. Some months at Louvain followed, and thence he went south to the Riviera, Italy, and Spain, and passed on to Greece, where he spent nearly a year before reaching his bourne, the Bible lands.

IN WILD ARABIA.

Once there, Doughty began to wander among Arabs, and after riding down to Egypt, abode in the Sinaitic peninsula for three months. His way out towards Petra led him past Maan, the chief post on the Pilgrim Road south of the Dead Sea, and accounted then the gate of wild Arabia. Here he heard talk of Nabathæan and Himyaritic monuments at el-Hejr (near Medain Salih), famous in Arab legend and Moslem tradition as the home of the impious Beni Thamud. He determined to see what no Western European, except two or three renegades and forced converts in the 16th and 17th centuries, had seen; and accordingly, taking the name Haji [illegible] however, inspired but little by the motives which ordinarily prompt travellers to write. He had no wish to instruct the world, had little pride in his scientific discoveries, and no idea of posing as the hero of an adventure out of the common. His travel notes served him simply as material wherewith a fantastic purpose might be realized. He would write a serious literary composition which should "redeem English from the slough into which it had fallen since the time of Elizabeth," to use his own words; and write it he did—over a thousand very full pages—in a diction part archaic Saxon, part archaistic Victorian, part Arabo-English, but wholly dignified and sincere. The narrative is broken by sudden parentheses, and punctuated on a system all its author's own; but it is never redundant, and its admirably descriptive style is so curiously appropriate to the subject that the reader loses consciousness of its peculiarities in a conviction that it is inevitable.

The manuscript frightened publishers. More than one declined it, and it was the Cambridge University Press, advised by Robertson Smith and Aldis Wright, which accepted it and brought out at last, in 1888, "Travels in Arabia Deserta," in two volumes. A few critics realized that something had been born which would not be let die by either lovers of great style or those who appreciate the sincerest presentment of close observation which a master of verbal description has ever put forth. Abroad the small band of those who knew Arabia hailed the book as a masterpiece. It won its way to fame very slowly. When it had been out nearly 20 years, the public suddenly awoke to its neglect of a classic. An abridged edition called "Wanderings in Arabia," and arranged by Mr. Edward Garnett, was issued in 1908 with the author's sanction and sold largely. Doughty, living then in retirement at Eastbourne, found himself famous for a journey made a quarter of a century before, and a book in a department of [illegible] had long abandoned.

"THE DAWN IN BRITAIN."

In the meantime, while working upon his narrative at Alassio, he met Miss Caroline McMurdo, daughter of the late General Sir Montagu McMurdo, of Indian fame, and granddaughter of Sir Charles Napier. After their marriage, in which two daughters were born, he took her to Palestine and lived for [illegible] more near Laurence Oliphant's at Haifa. On their return to Lament Doughty, who was essentially a [illegible] began the composition of a national epic. Before it appeared, after 15 years' labour, he issued, in 1900, a little volume of unrhymed verse called "Under Arms," which was designed to support volunteering for the South African War. His epic, "The Dawn in Britain," in six volumes (the last two were issued in January, 1907, when he had moved to Easthourne), is, like his Travels, not addressed to the general reader. It is always archaistic and never simple, but from the first it was recognized as great poetry. "Adam Cast Forth" followed in 1908, "The Cliffs" a year later, "The Clouds" in 1912, "The Titans" in 1916, and "Mansoul" in 1920. He published in Paris, in 1884, under the title "Documents Epigraphiques Recueillis dans le Nord de l'Arabie," the monuments he had copied at Medain Salih. Early in 1920 he contributed a letter to *The Times* in which he urged a general dissemination of the rudiments of political economy, and the teaching in all schools of the elementary duties of citizenship.

All Doughty's poetry was that of a strong man, and, since he took to poetical composition comparatively late in life, the fruit of a long moral and intellectual preparation. If he used strange words and indulged in oddities of syntax, the words and the oddities were those of a scholar and a philologer; he had an extraordinary power of divining what may be called archæological truth. He consciously took the old poets for his masters, especially Chaucer and "Edmund my Lodestar"; but he was not out of sympathy with his [illegible] out from Damascus in 1876 with the Pilgrim Caravan. Despite his lack of effective disguise and his constant refusal to profess Islam, Doughty arrived with little difficulty at Medain Salih, where, leaving the *Haj* to proceed into the forbidden Hejaz, he was put by the Pasha into the block-house to stay with the Moorish garrison, occupying one miserable room, till the Caravan should return.

Having obtained, at some risk, drawings of most of the Hejr monuments and copies of some of the inscriptions (which he sent to Renan and de Vogüé), Doughty would have been ready to return with the *Haj*, had he not been fired with desire to see Kheibar, an oasis some days inland from Medina, which was reputed still to contain descendants of the early Jewish Colony which the Prophet subdued. Therefore, begging himself off to the Pasha, he let the Caravan pass and joined a sheikh of the Fukara, in hope of finding conveyance sooner or later to Kheibar. But the great Shammar Emir, Mohammed ibn Rashid, who was then reigning in Hail, had him headed back from Teima (where he was the first to hear of the famous Aramaic stone, now in the Louvre), and he spent the winter in the western volcanic hills with another tribe, the Moahib, passing for an English *hakim*, or doctor.

In the summer of 1877 he returned to Teima and thence made for Hail itself, where he induced the reluctant Emir to allow him to go across the Steppe and lava tracts to Kheibar. Arrived there after great difficulties, he was arrested by the negro who acted for the Ottoman Pasha of Medina, and, had he not found Arab friends, would have fared very ill. As it turned out, he was able to examine the oasis, and after some weeks was sent, not forwards into Ottoman territory, but back again to Hail, where, in the absence of the Emir, he was badly received, and ordered away. Barely escaping with his life from treacherous guides and fanatics on the Shammar Steppe, Doughty reached Kasim in the winter of 1877. He was driven out of Boreida, but was protected for some months at the rival town, Aneiza, and at last permitted to go down towards Mecca with a butter caravan. One stage before the Holy City he was attacked and half killed by a man with whom he was sharing a camel; but he managed to reach Taif and the protection of the Grand Sherif, who finally sent him under escort to Jidda.

A GREAT TRAVEL-BOOK.

Two and a half years he had spent alone among free Arabs, living their life both on the desert and in the oases. From Doughty's notes the first chart of the superficial geology of the Arabian peninsula was compiled, and in communications to *Globus* he first described correctly the main hydrography of the northern half of the peninsula. Little by little his interest was diverted from science to the wild tenting folk, and the scenic features of their land. He committed to paper his impressions, night by night, and hid the manuscript by day in the folds of his robe.

Doughty left Arabia, therefore, with unusually ample material, and he worked during the next six or seven years on the composition of a narrative. He set himself to write down just what he had seen, done, heard, and thought from day to day, as a poor Nazarene dependent on the bounty and mercy of wild men. He was, [illegible] as known of "Mansoul" proves. In that comprehensive morality, perhaps his poetic masterpiece, history, science, phantasy, and art, the traveller's Arabian experiences, and the Englishman's love of the English countryside and its Shakespearean faerie all meet, and afford the initiated—for initiation is necessary—a rare pleasure.

Doughty's secluded life led to his achievements in science and literature being long ignored by those who award public honours. In 1908, however, Oxford conferred on him its Doctorate of Letters, *honoris causa*, and a little later his old college, Caius, elected him honorary Fellow. In 1920 his own University, on the occasion of the installation of Mr. Balfour as Chancellor, gave him an honorary degree. The Royal Geographical Society made amends, with its Founder's Medal, in 1912, for having rejected the MS. of his "Arabia Deserta" a quarter of a century before. Finally, in 1922, he was elected an Honorary Fellow of the British Academy.

When the Sherif of Mecca joined our cause in 1916, and British officers began to penetrate Arabia, Doughty's book became the chief guide and reference of such men as Colonel Lawrence, and the foundation of all intelligence handbooks about the peninsula. After the war the general interest attracted by Arabia created a new demand for the book; and two editions, reproducing the original in facsimile and containing new prefaces by the author, were issued in rapid succession. Though his own interest somewhat passed away from Arabs in later life, "Halil" is still remembered both in the desert and at Damascus. By the rest of the world the name of Charles Doughty is likely to be associated with Arabia wherever and whenever any Arabian question shall arise.

CAPTAIN [illegible]

Doughty C.M.
Travels in Arabia Deserta VOL II

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"We found a child herding lambs, who had no clothes, but a girdle of leathern thongs. The child wept when he this lamb saw snatched by so great a company of strangers: but stoutly fattening his little flock, he drave aside & turned his blubbered cheeks from us."

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Hamed ... came well clad, as when these two men rode abroad; his head-kerchief was girded with the head-band & perfumed with attar of roses, from Mecca. The young cavalier led a foal with him, that he had found (ran) in a stable at Bokhe: Hamed hugged the colt home; & said, exulting himself, "Otherwise perished!" The colt now ran playing after the dry mare, as if she were his ready dam. The mare had adopted the strange foal! & wearing her neck the fawn to him, & mated softly with affection."

THE WANDERING NAZA

CHARLES MONTAGU DOUGHTY

BACKWARD JOURNEY IN TIME

LEISURELY fame would have come in time, no doubt. A book so real, austere, singular, rugged and wild as the world it depicts, as though hewn from the basalt rock, such monumental sculpture as "Travels in Arabia Deserta," cannot for ever be ignored. Yet it needed a world war to awaken the English people to their possession of a treasure which may stand an age and beyond, like Stonehenge—a fitting comparison for that severe mysterious masterpiece "Arabia Deserta"; both impress more as works of nature than works of men's hands. The book has had but a quarter of a century of justice, and that began when Doughty was in his eighth decade and few years were left to him, for it was one hundred years ago on August 19 that Charles Montagu Doughty was born at Theberton Hall, Suffolk. Irony marks even its general recognition, for when we went to war in the desert it was discovered that a work of art may have a dynamitic pragmatism. T. E. Lawrence has told us that "the great picture-book of nomad life became a military text-book and helped to guide us to military victory in the East"—adding to destiny's discords, for the poetical, gentle Nasrâny never could have contemplated this. It was primarily as an inquirer in search of ancient remains and geographical exactitude, and not as a poet, at least so he thought in early days, that he journeyed with the Haj. Not all English criticism was blind: the discerning Edward Garnett made Doughty one of his many campaigns, Robert Bridges quickly expressed gratitude, and William Morris kept the book by his bed to refresh his mind with the spring-time of vivid words, as Doughty for the same reason carried the "Canterbury Tales" on a far different pilgrim[illegible]

THE OLD TRADITION

"I am a private man and an account of the passage of my brief existence through the wood of this world can have but little importance for my fellow-men," Doughty wrote to D. G. Hogarth, who asked for autobiographical information. The outstanding, for us the most significant, period of his passage through life is contained in his record of two and a half years' wandering. The record reveals a whole world and a history linking to-day with the Biblical story. If the adventure seem to a newcomer at first strange in the telling as well as in itself that may be because what is a native English growth is become enfeebled by alien adoptions and an indigenous tradition lost. Doughty belonged by nature to the society of which Chaucer left the completist portrait. He could make no compromise with the English he called "Victorian and costermongery." Forty years ago he wrote to Dr. Hogarth:—

> My main intention was not so much the setting forth of personal wanderings among a people of Biblical interest, as the ideal endeavour to continue the older tradition of Chaucer and Spenser, resisting to my power the decadence of the English language; so that while my work should be the mere verity for Orientalists, it should be also my life's contribution, so far, to literature. That done, like the ant which has laid down her burden intended for the good of the rest, I go back, with a good hope, into the patriotic swarm, taking as it were no personal regard for my own labour.

SENSATION SOLIDIFIED

Before considering the personal document of his wanderings, the mere verity for Orientalists, geologists, travellers and military men, a quotation (no oasis, for one could be taken from every page) suffices to establish this verity of the English tongue. It is a triumph of concrete nouns, active verbs and sustained, impassioned rhythm—and it is the whole spirit of the book:—

> Now longwhile our black booths had been built upon the sandy stretches, lying before the swelling white Nefûd side: the lofty coast of Irnân in front, whose cragged breaches, where is any footing for small herbs nourishes of thin, barren atmosphere, are the harbour of wild goats, which [illegible] The summer's night at end, the sun stands up as a crown of hostile flames from that huge covert of inhospitable sandstone bergs; the desert day dawns not little and little, but it is noontide in an hour. The sun, entering as a tyrant upon the waste landscape, darts upon us a torment of fiery beams, not to be remitted till the far-off evening.—No matins here of birds; not a rock partridge-cock, calling with bluthesome chuckle over the extreme waterless desolation. Grave is that giddy heat upon the crown of the head; the ears tingle with a flickering shrillness, a subtle crepitation it seems, in the glassiness of this sun-stricken nature: the hot sand-blink is in the eyes, and there is little refreshment to find in the tents' shelter; the worsted booths leak to this fiery rain of sunny light. . . . This silent air burning about us, we endure breathless till the assr [mid-afternoon]: when the dazing Arabs in the tents revive after their heavy hours. The lingering day draws down to the sun-setting: the herdsmen, weary of the sun, come again with the cattle, to taste in their menzils the first sweetness of mirth and repose.—The day is done, and there rises the nightly freshness of this purest mountain air: and then to the cheerful song and the cup at the common fire. The moon rises ruddy from that solemn obscurity of jebel like a mighty beacon:—and the morrow will be as this day, days deadly drowned in the sun of the summer wilderness.

Every word is a sensation solidified: and the answer to objections about inversion and alliteration is: Try an experiment in reconstruction, and then observe the tissue perish. Here is Arabia and Doughty too, great human pictures, a picture of a man and a picture of ways of life as old as history, ways of life little changed in the changing centuries.

TRIUMPH OF GOODNESS

Word and subject are so closely woven that long stretches of reading are not possible at all times. The tension demands release, as Doughty and his wild companions longed for the cool of night to free them from the sword of the sun. The strength of epithet, the genius for so bringing to our physical senses the heat of the waterless desert that we, too, are deadly drowned in the burning air, and feel our loneliness fearfully beset by bergs of basaltic traps and granite, will sometimes overbear us. Intensity of realization is seldom mated with verbal immediacy of this quality. We confess to a human weakness, a sense of oppression after some hours of reading, so unaccustomed have we become to such majestic opulence, such wizard reality of creation. Lawrence, for whom Doughty stood as Nestor, himself admitted that it demanded a "hard reader." The tyrant sun, the lawless land of thirst and famine, the ever-present threat of death by fanatic tribesmen, make the book an unforgettable experience: we feel the agony of Doughty's triumph. "Eothen" compels belief in Kinglake's combat with the sun—[illegible]—and face to face; the mighty [illegible] this more safe,

narrow if intense outlook, that is part of the secret of this story's supremacy among travel books—as it is part of the secret of the comparative failure (not every one will agree) of his poems. "Arabia Deserta" is a personal document of a sensitive observer whose eyes nothing escaped. He saw and endured, and he rendered what he saw and endured; in the poems he thought and dreamed, and he could render but incompletely what he thought and dreamed—there is immediacy in the prose, abstraction and remoteness in the poems, except when memories of Arabia and the sweetness of things seen in the English countryside colour the epics of "Adam Cast Forth," "Mansoul," and "The Dawn in Britain."

In the Arabian adventure Doughty's simple faith was in conflict with an alien faith equally simple. He suffered for righteousness sake where unsimple, less single-minded men at the cost of little compromise would have passed in security. He dwelt and journeyed with men for whom the name of Nasrâny was wont to be used only as an epithet of evil. He had no wish to proselytize, but he proclaimed his religion like a challenge though in peril of his life among people fanatical to frenzy point. He "never could find better than a [illegible] in the farrago of the Koran," and no secret of it. "Only become a Mo[illegible]

[illegible] ready to slit his throat as alternative him. "It is wisdom," urged another travelled and learned the ways of the world, "to fall in with the manners man may be." His languishing finished in captivity at Kheybar, that town, he was brought for judgment chieftain, followed by a rout of villa[illegible]

> In what land, I thought, am I now arr[illegible] who are these that take me (because sweet name I) for an enemy of mankie[illegible] cried, in his bellowing voice, to him o[illegible] bench. "I have detected him—a Nasr[illegible] said, "What is this? I am an Englesv[illegible] of a friendly nation, why am I dealt w[illegible] "By Ullah, he answered, I was afraid[illegible] thou indeed an Engles, art thou not a N[illegible] —"I have said it already!"—"But[illegible] not, and how may I trust thee?"—"[illegible] answered, here at Kheybar, *I am a Nas*[illegible] I not be true in the rest?"—"He s[illegible] back, Abd el-Hâdy, and fetch his bag[illegible] that there be nothing left behind."

The quotation exemplifies the Bib[illegible] of language and incident; it [illegible] Doughty's many escapes when d[illegible] the door. The wandering Nasrâni[illegible] from camping-place to camping-[illegible] village to town, given over to fait[illegible] abandoned in forlorn deserts, his [illegible] by camel sticks, the assassin's [illegible] throat, eludes death always as by [illegible] intervention. He does not expla[illegible] ing miracle of deliverance; but [illegible] as his own simple, strong chan[illegible] indeed, his character that saves [illegible] madness aroused by "Christ's [illegible] He was protected by his own [illegible] truth-speaking, his gentle bearin[illegible] nature. Even some who deman[illegible] really longed to befriend him, a[illegible] would yield, though in exasper[illegible] better feeling and spare his life[illegible] friend knew the Nasrâny never [illegible] on" was their final sentence. [illegible] souls as well as hammer-he[illegible] mad devout whose religion [illegible] blood passion. Talks and intim[illegible] and take of kindly mirth wit[illegible] who sheltered him, are like kin[illegible] long, dusky wayside.

THE HEART'S [illegible]

What actually drove Dough[illegible] Geological fossils and the reli[illegible] people? Was it not rather [illegible] a way of life nearer to his [illegible] society far removed from [illegible] modernity, of "Victoriani[illegible] mongery"? If they would [illegible] would accept the nomads in[illegible] plicity, as his mind accepted [illegible] the Chaucerian world. Th[illegible] the earth and in touch wit[illegible] There laid hands upon him,

PLANS FOR THE JOURNEY.

The second letter gives more explicit information as to his plans and intentions.

Hejr, Medain Salih, 5 Feb., 1867 [sic]

Sir,—The jurdy arrived here yesterday. I have received the book from Mr. Reichardt, besides nothing nor any letters. Then Mohammed Tahir has paid me over the money, fourteen soleons eighty piastres.

The fruit of my fatigues, a large round parcel in cloth containing impressions of inscriptions, and packet of drawings and other papers, I send by opportunity and pray you to preserve them well and take care to take them into your own friendly keeping. Inscriptions so long desired of a country so obscure as this there I obtained at the daily adventure of my life.

Or my friend Mr. Reichardt in the cause of kind as to take charge of them. That which spoil and ruin them is *pressure* and the damp.

I have bought now a camel and Turkish liras and hence with Zaid, Sheykh of the Fukara of this district (Annezy), to stay sometime him near Teyma, vaccinating and with medicines, to Teyma. Then returned he will consign me Sheykh of the Ibn Shamer, Bely, Arabs, who forward me to Wejh on the coast; then returning again for to Motlog, of the Welad Aly with whom I may visit Kheybar. From bar to Ibn Rashid and to Bagdad or Bosra which since if I am able to descend South to Damascus and second thence to Ibn Saoud of E. Nejd and to Bagdad.

My compliments to Mr. Jago. My compliments Reicharit and thanks. My kind remembrances to friends which enquire of me. My compliments and thanks to Mikhail Effendy Towfeh.

I am, Dear Sir, with kind acknowledgements,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

script, 12 Feb.—The clerk of the jurdy de- ne your letter and the vaccination quills ays ago. They had been mis- The Haj only arrived this morning a week layed by heavy rains. My best thanks for kindness. I hope to be again in Damascus ar.

hteen long months elapsed before a wanderings ended. After resting while with the friendly Conaul at Jidda, barked for Aden, where he rested again, hence for India. He reached Bombay tober, 1878, in such a feeble state that down in the waiting-room of the station dead than alive. A Good Samaritan, him there, took him to his own house room could be found for him in the l. Writing thence to the Bombay Branch Royal Asiatic Society, he begged for st of books, including Chaucer ("except anterbury Tales,'" which, removed from o of 1687, he had had with him through- travels), and offered to address the on Arabia; "but I will look to you," ships of £150 ea- on results to the spreludes, "on your part for some little

historian, and evidently made for him, a historical relic of manifestly great importance to Florence, and the only specimen of the service known to exist. In spite of the expressed desire of the Bargello authorities to possess the dish, they felt that they dared not withdraw anything from the Carrand bequest, having regard to the stringent conditions set out in Carrand's will. Thus, with good will on both sides, and a practical admission that each would greatly benefit by the exchange, nothing could be done, though the Bargello authorities kindly furnished a plaster cast of the portion in their possession, which has taken its place on the original in the British Museum.

Your obedient servant,

C. HERCULES READ.

Sidmouth, April 6.

MODERN YOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—May I, in reply to Mr. W. Wilding, of Norwich, be allowed to take up my parable in defence of the modern girl and young man? Having lived well over the proverbial three-score years and ten, I can compare the manners of the past and present, and in my view they are infinitely better now than they were in the 19th century. Young men and women, it is true, are more frank and outspoken now than then; but this is perfectly compatible with good manners. A hundred years earlier still manners were even more formal. Do we not remember how Godwin's mother reproached her son for invariably addressing her as "Madam" or "Honoured Madam," and observed that "Honoured Mother would be full as agreeable"? We have, thank Heaven, got rid of this formality and the tender plant of affection and respect flourishes the more from the greater freedom it enjoys.

When I am out and about among London Bank Holiday crowds I see what I never saw before the war, *i.e.*, the father, and not the mother, carrying the baby or wheeling the perambulator in order probably to give the overworked mother her share of the holiday outing. This is only one instance out of many I could quote. With regard to girls and young women they insist on giving up their places in overcrowded omnibuses to elderly women like myself.

Holding these views of the admirable manners of the young of the present day, I need not say with how much joy I read in Mr. C. L. Graves's recently-published "Life of Sir Hubert Parry" what he thought of the "blessed young," as he characteristically called them, see pp. 365-376 of Vol. I. Independence and sincerity the young now have perhaps in a greater measure than ever before, and these lead to better manners and a more charming demeanour than formality and repression.

Your obedient servant,

April 7. MILLICENT FAWCETT.

adventurous journey.

My love to such as love me that enquire of me.

Your affect. Nephew,

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY.

PLANS FOR THE JOURNEY.

The second letter gives more explicit information as to his plans and intentions.

To M. Selim Meshaka, British Consulate, Damascus.

Hejr, Medain Salih, 5 Feb., 1867 [sic]

Dear Sir,—The jurdy arrived here yesterday. By it I have received the book from Mr. Reichardt, and besides nothing nor any letters. Then Mohammed Effendy Tahir has paid me over the money, fourteen Napoleons eighty piastres.

The fruit of my fatigues, a large round parcel in oil-cloth containing impressions of inscriptions, and a packet of drawings and other papers, I send by this opportunity and pray you to preserve them well in the Consulate. And if you think they may be neglected there, do not disdain for the honour of science to take them into your own friendly keeping. Inscriptions so long desired of a country so obscure—which I obtained at the daily adventure of my life. Or my friend Mr. Reichardt in the cause of science and any other case may, I do not doubt, be so kind as to take charge of them. That which will spoil and ruin them is *pressure* and the damp.

I have bought now a camel and Turkish liras and go from hence with Zaid, Sheykh of the Fukara Arabs of this district (Annezy), to stay sometime with him near Teyma, vaccinating and with medicines. Then to Teyma. Then returned he will consign me to the Sheykh of the Ibn Shamer, Bely, Arabs, who will forward me to Wejh on the coast; then returning consign me to Motlog Sheykh of the Welad Aly Arabs, with whom I may visit Khaybar. From Khaybar to Hail and to Bagdad or Bours, and much more if I am able to descend South to Wady Dawasir and ascend thence to Ibn Saoud Sultan of E. Nejd and to Bagdad.

My compliments to Mr. Jago. My compliments to Mr. Reichardt and thanks. My kind remembrances to friends which enquire of me. My compliments and thanks to Mikhail Effendy Toweel. And I am, Dear Sir, with kind acknowledgements,

Yours very truly,

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Postscript, 12 Feb.—The clerk of the jurdy delivered me your letter and the vaccination quills two days after their arrival. They had been misplaced. The Haj only arrived this morning a week late, delayed by heavy rains. My best thanks for all your kindness. I hope to be again in Damascus this year.

Eighteen long months elapsed before Doughty's wanderings ended. After resting for a while with the friendly Consul at Jidda, he embarked for Aden, where he rested again, and thence for India. He reached Bombay in October, 1878, in such a feeble state that he lay down in the waiting-room of the station more dead than alive. A Good Samaritan, finding him there, took him to his own house until room could be found for him in the hospital. Writing thence to the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, he begged for the loan of books, including Chaucer ("except the 'Canterbury Tales,'" which, removed from the folio of 1687, he had had with him throughout his travels), and offered to address the Society on Arabia; "but I will look to you," he concludes, "on your part for some little

S FOR COAL.

VER IN HEAVY NSPORT.

TED LINE OF EARCH.

OR OF THE TIMES.

nnexion with the present oal trade draw attention ay in the future be a more a that which now confronts

erience in the late war. most difficulty in finding r food and for the other f the nation. If, unfortuoke out, we should find that o sea transport, not only also for the supply of fuel our mercantile marine, for air transport, for internal for many of our industrial

ation of the Army has been the internal combustion internal combustion engine il. The mercantile marine e oil in internal combustion now an alternative to coal fuel was used to raise the gines. With the internal we have at present no t we are increasingly detwo vital services, the ercantile marine, upon oil ay to determine how much his use of oil is due to the uel and how much to intenanced largely by foreign

Royal Commission urges t the duty of aiding in should like to suggest to it would be wise to offer ital amount for the pro- and producer using coal and engines propelling s under ordinary working conditions. If it were practicable to substitute coal for oil or petrol in our heavy internal transport services the consumption of coal would markedly increase; and considerable economies would be effected since, in heat value, coal costs only one-seventh of the price of petrol.

May I suggest that if coal be washed, and certain of the volatile constituents be removed by partial carbonization, and the carbonized residue formed into small cubes by briquetting, we have a fuel superior in many respects to oil or petrol. It can be transported with greater safety, it can be stored safely and without loss, and it could be sold without restriction by any one. Used in a suction producer such fuel would give a gas capable of almost the same output from an engine of given size as petrol, since it would be able to work under much higher compression.

In conclusion I would point out that I ran during the war a motor lorry with reasonable success on suction gas burning Welsh anthracite, and, I believe, given the necessary encouragement, a system can be developed capable of utilizing our own resources of fuel to the advantage not only of the coal industry, but the community at large.

Yours faithfully,

H. MENSFORTH.

April 6.

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGES IN ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—The suggestion made by Mr. Scott Moncrieff, that important works of art now in the wrong places should, by means of an international exchange, be restored where they belong, has a pleasant sound and much to recommend it; but I fear it is hardly likely to be reduced to practice, owing to difficulties and dangers of many kinds. I speak with knowledge, and, I believe, given the necessary encouragement, a system can be developed capable of utilizing our own resources of fuel to the advantage not only of the coal industry, but the community at large.

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When this remarkable and unique monument of early English art was acquired by the late Sir Wollaston Franks, about 70 years ago, it was in fragments, and in reconstructing the casket it was seen that one end was wanting. This portion was later traced in the collection of M. Carrand, of Lyons, who at his death bequeathed his works of art to the Bargello in Florence.

About 35 years ago Sir Wollaston took steps to ascertain whether the authorities of the Bargello would be willing to cede it to the British Museum, where the [illegible] of the casket had been for years, and still [illegible]. As an inducement to part with [illegible] of very trifling interest in Italy, the Bargello a Fresco

DOUGHTY IN ARABIA.

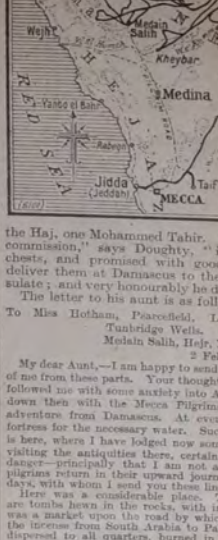
TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

A GREAT ADVENTURE.

Among the papers of the late Mr. Charles M. Doughty, some letters have been found which throw light on his movements after the sick and weary traveller had reached the port of Jidda and "the open hospitality of the British Consulate," as recorded in the final sentence of "Arabia Deserta." With these letters are two others written in February, 1877, towards the end of his sojourn at Medain Salih, half-way between Damascus and Mecca.

He had just taken the fateful resolve not to return with the Pilgrims then on the upward journey, but to encounter fresh perils for an uncertain period in the illimitable desert. On the first page of his book Doughty tells us that the British Consul at Damascus, Mr. Thomas S. Jago, had let it be known that "he had as much regard of me, would I take such dangerous ways, as of his old hat." Unprovided with the official backing, or even "the informal benevolent word," of his own Consulate, he knew that his life would be in constant danger, and when he wrote these letters he must have reflected that they might prove to be his final communications with the outside world.

The first was addressed to his mother's sister, Miss Amelia Hotham, the second to a friendly subordinate of Mr. Jago's. They were entrusted, together with the rubbings and drawings made at Medain Salih, to the care of the Chief



the Haj, one Mohammed Tahir. "He laid my commission," says Doughty, "in his camel-chests, and promised with good humour to deliver them at Damascus to the British Consulate; and very honourably he did so indeed."

The letter to his aunt is as follows:—

To Miss Hotham, Pearcefield, Lansdowne-road, Tunbridge Wells.
Medain Salih, Hejr, N.W. Arabia.
2 Feb., 1877.

My dear Aunt,—I am happy to send you some news of me from these parts. Your thoughts have perhaps followed me with some anxiety into Arabia. I came down then with the Mecca Pilgrims without misadventure from Damascus. At every station is a fortress for the necessary water. Such an one there is here, where I have lodged now some two months, visiting the antiquities there, certainly not without danger—principally that I am not a muslim. The pilgrims return in their upward journey in two more days, with whom I send you these lines.

Here was a considerable place. The antiquities are tombs hewn in the rocks, with inscriptions. It was a market upon the road by which they fetched the incense from South Arabia to Palestine; thence dispersed to all quarters, burned in the temples at Jerusalem and in the heathen temples of the Western World,—and is only obscurely mentioned in ancient authors. I have transcribed the inscriptions.

From hence I go probably to visit the neighbouring Arabs now in a few days—making various excursions as I may be able. I hope at length to arrive at the Persian Gulf. I do not speak more particularly. Without some special acquaintance with Arabia and an excellent map in your hand you would not follow the routes. I am some 130 miles N. of Medina. I have not even the smallest intention to visit either Medina or Mecca.

My thoughts return to you out of this obscure corner of the world. Though I cannot see you, I wish you all the health and happiness that can be. This small paper will show you at least that I am alive. I am in health, thanks to the warm climate, without other food than corn and rice in this province.

My hands are busy and my head also. The Arabs revive at every moment new and press in upon me clamour and shouting, gossips, questioners, beggars,

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY

THE LIFE OF CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. By D. G. HOGARTH. (Oxford University Press. London: Milford. 18s. net.)

The subject of this biography, when above seventy, wrote to the late Dr. Hogarth, who had asked for autobiographical information: "I am a private man and an account of the passage of my brief existence through the wood of this world can have but little importance for my fellow-men." Dr. Hogarth, though he had corresponded for more than twenty years with Doughty, tells us that "my personal intercourse with him had been very little and brief."

Doughty, from November, 1876, to July, 1878, was away undergoing the travail that resulted in his great prose work, which "he conceived and executed . . . as a poem." He returned to us broken in health from a wilderness little known, with much new evidence for science; and not a learned British society or institution showed anything but a perfunctory interest. Then, in 1884, the narrative of his wanderings, six hundred thousand words, being ready for us, a well-known London publishing house to which it was sent decided that the style of the "Arabia Deserta" was "so peculiar as to be at times hardly intelligible." That house would have consented to publish only "if the book is put into shape by some competent man who can amend the style in accordance with English idiom." A year went by, wasted in negotiations with various publishers, for it ended in the decision that "the manuscript ought to be taken in hand, recast, and practically rewritten by a practised literary man."

This, evidently, is a salutary biography for us, though it is to be feared that nothing may be learned from it by which we may do better next time when we are unentertaining to an angel unaware. Luckily for us, though our hospitality for such an unusual visitor appears to make him unhappy, for he is abandoned to the rigours of a puzzling lower sphere, yet he bears us no ill-will, but even times his benefits, as far as poverty will allow him; though if in our casual way one of us should happen to compare one of his lengthy but unwanted poems ("The Dawn in Britain") when it is published with "The Dynasts," then he may testily reply: "Not moving in the Literary World or reading the Literary Periodicals, I have never heard either of the book or the Author and remain in my ignorance till now; and shall remain in it, for that is as far as an angelic mood ever carries him. The less angel he, of course; for if we are unaware of him, he is unaware, it seems, of the only presence in the land which can compare with his own, and the only other poem with which his epic may be placed.

We see, therefore, that Dr. Hogarth had a task, when he undertook this biography, which needed measures of knowledge, sagacity and sympathy beyond those usually vouchsafed to one who attempts to explain the nature of another man and how things befell him. And we may be thankful it was to Dr. Hogarth that the task of this interpretation was given. Something much cleverer and more jejune would have been quite easy, with hosts of readers among those who have attempted and failed to traverse "Arabia Deserta," tumbling hilariously on its very frontier and giving it up with rueful amusement; they will not read this book, though had it been done in the new biographical style they would have welcomed it. Doughty was the very subject for such fun, a fair and large mark. A light-hearted biographer could hardly fail to pose him so that our worldly wisdom could be flattered; for it is clear that in numerous little things even a youthful vendor of afternoon newspapers could have taught Doughty much with Cockney flippancy, to our great enjoyment. The innocence which caused laughter when Connie Gilchrist was mentioned was nothing to Doughty's. But Dr. Hogarth knew that dedicated genius, blind and wayward to us because it will follow a star not in our sky and so traverses obliquely our accustomed ways, is not really amusing, except to the multitude which will never understand that its own confidence in the world it knows is not without a sad though comic aspect. This biography, compared with some we have seen of late, is brief and simple, for its writer assumed that all we should want from him would be the relevant facts arranged in significant order; and here they are, making a life-story which increases one's respect for the dignity of the human figure questing alone in the midst of powers for which black crags of ancient lava are symbolic, in their thirsty desert, where there is no fellowship but that of desperate barbarians.

If ever there were a path through life stumbled on by seeming chance and pursued with puzzling pertinacity—for it appeared to lead nowhere but to failure—it was Doughty's. Yet oddly enough a reader gets the impression that, however Doughty may have viewed it at the time, things throughout his life's journey were failing cruelly right, and that they seemed to have done so from the start. What he was destined for had to be got out of him in the only way possible. And Doughty was one man throughout. He never at any time made more than trifling concessions to circumstances. The man who in his maturity wrote the book which has been called the greatest travel book in English, though in fact it is the confession of faith of a poet, was the Cambridge graduate who reported twenty-two years before "On the Jostedal-brae Glaciers in Norway." The Nigaard glacier, for instance,

> seems to flow down in elegant curves; though in reality this it due to the tossing up of the surface by some submerged knees of the mountains, as it passes through nearly a straight channel. No stones or earth soil its glittering surface, but ice-blocks are discharged upon it from the general ice-crust which appears capping the cliffs and creep-

ing down every depression and pouring out its water in picturesque threads down the rocks.

It is ignorance of a kind not to be answered without a difficulty over one's patience which overshoot describes Doughty's style as forced and artificial. It was the man. His origin was aristocratic. His youthful interests were geology and archæology. He worked alone with a microscope. Perhaps he never looked at Milton, but he carried Chaucer and Spenser about with him. He belonged to a tradition of which it is hard for most of us to-day to get so much as an inkling. He was more English than most of us, yet still alien; for he was by birth and nurture so much of an earlier stratum of our society that we have overbuilded on it and forgotten it. No wonder we found him difficult; and no wonder, when he returned from the East, he found us showing him a countenance not altogether unlike the inexility of his stony deserts. There are, however, several really happy things in the record of his intercourse with us, and for them we are indebted to the Cambridge University Press, which is honoured by its behaviour over the publication of the "Arabia Deserta"; to Dr. Robertson for his delightful letter, addressed in Bridges for his delightful letter, addressed in Bridges for his delightful letter, addressed in gratitude to Doughty as long ago as August, 1888; and to Messrs. Duckworth and to Mr. Edward Garnett for drawing general attention to that book and for issuing the poems. The War and Colonel Lawrence brought about the final amend.

And to-day, after reading this biography, we are forced to wonder why a common acceptance was so long in coming about. We ought never to have been in much doubt about a book which so clearly concerned not only a feat in exploration which very few Englishmen have equalled, but which was a personal testament that had to be placed with the noblest expressions of character and imagination. But we shall always be perfunctory with genius which will not meet us on our own terms. Doughty would not do that. Doughty or nothing! He would never compromise with what he called English "Victorian and costermongery." He wrote to Dr. Hogarth in 1902:—

> In writing the volumes "Arabia Deserta" my main intention was not so much the setting forth of personal wanderings among a people of Biblical interest, as the ideal endeavour to continue the older tradition of Chaucer and Spenser, resisting to my power the decadence of the English language; so that while my work should be the mere vanity for Orientalists, it should be also my life's contribution, so far, to literature. That done, like the hat which has laid down her burden intended for the good of the rest, I go back, with a good hope, into the patriotic swarm, taking as it were no personal regard of my own labours.

Why had we to be told? What sign and wonder was necessary beyond the opening chapters of the book? It is true that, more or less, we must have grown immune to "costermongery," and so are rarely aware of it except its severer forms; yet that better thing when it appears ought not to look so strange that it is infallibly mistaken for affectation. We cannot claim quite so early a knowledge of Doughty's prose as Dr. Bridges's letter betrays, yet it does antedate the popular version by some years; and we remember well enough that after the initial shock of surprise just over the threshold of the desert—beyond which Victorian assurance had taken us headlong—puzzled in the first pages under an original sun amid bare rocks and a bitter pasturage, we then went on, compelled by the magic of another Arabian tale, through a new and spacious country in which the stuff we were made of was to be tested. We emerged from the scenes and smells of Arabia, more than a month later, changed by a spiritual adventure. Now we have read Doughty's biography we see that the book which once seemed so remarkable was, by its ancestry and the mettle of its soil, quite a native English growth.