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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.

JANE AUSTEN'S LETTERS.

Sir,—A letter from Jane Austen to Anne Sharp, dated May 22, 1817, was published for the first time in *The Times* of February 1. By the courtesy of the owner I have been able to procure a photograph of the original, and can correct *The Times* version in several particulars.

In the second paragraph (of *The Times* print—the original has no paragraphs) "Even my dear Brother" should be "Every dear Brother." In the second: "Our nearest *very good*, is at Winchester." I do not think we need suppose "doctor" (or rather, "surgeon" or "physician"; J. A. does not use "doctor" in this way) to be omitted; "advice" is to be supplied from the previous sentence: "better advice was called in." "Mrs. J. A." should be "Mrs. F. A." Mrs. James Austen's younger child Caroline was born in 1805. Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Austen, was born at Alton April 15, 1817. Just before the signature, add "ever" before "y^r attached friend." In the postscript, "finished off . . . into Switzerland" should be "frisked off."

But the phrase which has puzzled us most is correctly printed. Jane Austen writes:—

> But how you are worried! Wherever Distress falls, you are expected to supply Comfort. Ly P— writing to you even from Paris for advice! It is the Influence of Strength over Weakness indeed—Galigai de Concini for ever and ever.

Mr. L. F. Powell tells me, on the authority of Voltaire, that Eléonore Galigaï was a maid of honour to Marie de Médicis, and married Concino Concini, a Florentine and maréchal de France. She was burned as a sorceress in 1617. When one of her judges asked her what charm she had put on her mistress, she replied "Mon sortilège a été le pouvoir que les âmes fortes doivent avoir sur les esprits faibles." (Essai sur les Mœurs, ch. 175.)

Yours faithfully,

R. W. CHAPMAN.

JANE AUSTEN'S LAST DAYS.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

DEVOTED FRIENDS.

By the courtesy of the owner, a lady who has passed her threescore years and ten, and to whom it came through her aunt, we are permitted to publish a complete transcript of what is believed to be an unpublished and extremely interesting letter of Jane Austen.

The letter is particularly important because it was written within a few weeks of her early death, and only two days before she moved from Chawton to Winchester, where she died on July 18, 1817. The details of Jane Austen's brief but brilliant career are so familiar to those who have read the many lives and biographies that even the main facts need not be repeated here. It is probably one of the last letters, if not the last, which she wrote before leaving Chawton for ever, and, in spite of the conditions under which it was written, the original writing shows very little signs of feeble health. It is as follows:—

Chawton, May 22nd [1817].

Your kind Letter, my dearest Anne, found me in bed, for in spite of my hopes and promises when I wrote to you I have since been very ill indeed. An attack of my sad complaint seized me within a few days afterwards—the most severe I ever had—and, coming upon me after weeks of indisposition, it reduced me very low. I have kept my bed since the 13th of April, with only removals to a sopha. *Now*, I am getting well again, and indeed have been gradually tho' slowly recovering my strength for the last three weeks. I can sit up in my bed, and employ myself, as I am proving to you at this present moment, and really am equal to being out of bed, but that the posture is thought good for me. How to do justice to the kindness of all my family during this illness is quite beyond me! Even my dear Brother, so affectionate and so anxious! And as for my sister!—words must fail me in any attempt to describe what a Nurse she has been to me. Thank God! she does not seem the worse for it yet, and as there was never any sitting up necessary, I am willing to hope she has no after-fatigue to suffer from.

I have so many alleviations and comforts to bless the Almighty for! My head was always clear, and I had scarcely any pain, my chief sufferings were from feverish nights, weakness and languor. This Discharge was on me for above a week, and as our Alton Apothy did not pretend to be able to cope with it, better advice was called in. Our nearest *very good* [? doctor] is at Winchester, where there is a Hospital and Capital Surgeons, and one of them attended me, and his applications gradually removed the Evil. The consequence is, that instead of going to Town to put myself into the hands of some Physician, as I should otherwise have done, I am going to Winchester instead for some weeks to see what Mr. Lyford can do farther towards re-establishing me in tolerable health. On Saty next I am actually going thither—my dearest Cassandra with me I need hardly say—and as this is only two days off you will be convinced that I am now really a very genteel, portable sort of an Invalid. The Journey is only 16 miles, we have comfortable Lodgings engaged for us by our kind friend, Mrs. Heathcote, who resides in W., and are to have the accomodation of my elder Brother's Carriage which will be sent over from Steventon on purpose. Now, that's a sort of thing which Mrs. J. Austen does in the kindest manner! But still, she is in the main *not* a liberal-minded Woman, and as to this reversionary Property's amending that part of her Character, expect it not my dear Anne; too late, too late in the day—and besides, the Property may not be theirs these ten years. My Aunt is very stout. Mrs. J. A. has had a much shorter confinement than I have—with a Baby to produce into the bargain. We were put to bed nearly at the same time, and she has quite recovered this great while. I hope you have not been visited with more illness, my dear Anne, either in your own person or your Eliza's. I must not attempt the pleasure of addressing her again till my hand is stronger, but I prize her invitation to do so. Believe me, I was interested in all you wrote, though with all the Egotism of an Invalid I write only of myself. Your Charity to the poor Woman I trust fails no more in effect than I am sure it does in exertion. What an [illegible] be to you all! and how gladly shd I contribute more than my good wishes were it possible! But how you are worried! Wherever Distress falls, you are expected to supply Comfort. Ly. P.—writing to you even from Paris for advice. It is the Influence of Strength over weakness indeed—Galigai de Concini for ever and ever. Adieu. Continue to direct to Chawton, the communication between the two places will be frequent. I have not mentioned my dear Mother; she suffered much for me when I was at the worst; but is tolerably well. Miss Lloyd too has been all kindness. In short, if I live to be an old woman I must expect to wish I had died now, blessed in the tenderness of such a Family, and before I had survived either them or their affection. You would have held the memory of your friend Jane, too in tender regret I am sure. But the Providence of God has restored me—and may I be more fit to appear before Him when I *am* summoned than I shd have been now! Sick or well, believe me yr attached friend,

J. AUSTEN.

Mrs. Heathcote will be a great comfort, but we shall not have Miss Bigg, she being finished off, like half England, into Switzerland.

This letter is addressed to:—Miss Sharp, South Parade, Doncaster.

AN UNCLE'S WILL.

The only passage in the letter which needs explanation, so far as the general reader is concerned, is that in which reference is made to the "reversionary property." This clearly alludes to the disappointment caused in the Austen family by the conditions of the will of her uncle, Leigh-Perrot (who died on March 28, 1817)—"the sh[illegible]of my uncle's will," she wrote, "brought on a relapse, and I was so ill on Friday and thought myself so likely to be worse, that I could not but press for Cassandra's returning with Frank after the funeral last night."

With this letter there is also another, written to the same lady by Jane Austen's devoted sister, Cassandra. It is dated Chawton, July 28, ten days after Jane's death. It tells its own story, and is well worth printing in full also. It reads:—

My dear Miss Sharp,—I have great pleasure in sending you the lock of hair you wish for, and I add a pair of clasps which she sometimes wore, and a small bodkin which she had in constant use for more than 20 years. I know how these articles, trifling as they are, will be valued by you, and I am very sure that if she is now conscious of what is passing on earth it gives her pleasure that they should be so disposed of. I am quite well in health, and my mother is very tolerably so, and I am much more tranquil than with your ardent feelings you could suppose possible. What I have lost no one but myself can know; you are not ignorant of her merits, but who can judge how *I* estimated them? God's will be done, I have been able to say so all along. I thank God that I have. If anything should ever bring you into attainable distance from me we must meet, my dear Miss Sharp.

Believe me very truly
Your affectionate friend.
CASS. ELIZABETH AUSTEN.

MISS SHARP.

The Miss Sharp to whom these letters are addressed, and for whom Jane Austen had no ordinary affection, is a somewhat shadowy figure among the novelist's friends. Reading between the lines it would seem that she was an educated lady whom circumstances compelled to play the thankless and anomalous part of governess, a kind of shuttlecock between servants and mistresses, and the butt of both. Apparently her letters to Jane Austen have not been preserved, or at least printed. They must have been acquainted with one another for a good many years. On January 30, 1809, Jane Austen writes to her sister Cassandra:—"What you tell me of Miss Sharp is quite new, and surprises me a little; I feel, however, as you do. She is born, poor thing, to struggle with evil, and her continuing with Miss B. is, I hope, a proof that matters are not always so bad between them as her letters sometimes represent." In May, 1811, there was a proposal for Miss Sharp to visit Chawton. In June of the same year the visit was again discussed, but "Cassandra having knocked off a week from the end of her visit, and Martha rather more from the beginning, the thing is out of the question. I have written to say after the middle of July we shall be happy to receive her." In 1813 Jane writes:—"Oh! I have more of such sweet flattery from Miss Sharp. Poor thing! She has

THE LITERATURE OF CONSOLATION.

JANE AUSTEN'S PLACE IN LETTERS.

The second of the series of lectures arranged by the Joint Parliamentary Advisory Council took place last night at 40, Upper Grosvenor-street, when Mr. A. B. Walkley lectured on "Jane Austen." Mr. Birrell presided.

Mr. WALKLEY said all art was a means of escape and deliverance. The world of art delivered us from the world of to-day, from which we were always seeking refuge. Yet some "works of art" not only ignored that function but aggravated the turmoil of life. Here was the supreme value of Jane Austen. Her novels were more than mere novels or yarn-spinning; they belonged to the literature of consolation. That house of rest built and endowed by Jane Austen became, for those who had once felt the peace of it, a settled home. He had once recommended one of her books to a French authoress who was curious about English literature, and she described Jane Austen as *un peu grise*.

The romantics looked in vain for passion, for Jane was a realist. She never wondered, and gave her Mrs. Jennings a passing slap as a "great wonderer." She preferred men and women, not only to pictures, but to music and books, and even nature. With her domestic, cheerful, balanced temperament what could she be but a realist? She was certainly not a copyist. Many people had been exercised as to who were the originals of her characters. This was an amazing parlour game. Yet Jane did copy herself. Emma's great joy in life was matchmaking; so was Jane's. There were things in the life of Ann Elliott that could not have been imagined.

Having referred to the restricted interests of women in Jane Austen's day and the effect of this in her theme, Mr. Walkley compared her thorough knowledge of women with her relative ignorance of men. Her good young men, usually intended for the Church, had been called "sticks," but they were really girls. It had lately been pointed out that she never left two of her younger men together. There was no passion in her novels in the sense in which the word was used to-day. Was not this just the reason why these novels offered the peace to which he had referred? To-day no door was marked "private"; all veils were lifted; love was free, and its young beauty smirched with Freudian horrors.

Novels dealing with the physical love had only succeeded in showing how poor that passion was. To speak paradoxically, there was no body in it. That isolation of passion proved too thin for art to be made out of it. It resulted in repetition and monotony. Jane Austen was no prude, but she was a bit of a precisian in the matter of vocabulary, as shown by her objection to the misuse of the word "nice," to "faithful promise" and "a vortex of dissipation." In all her novels she shirked the declaration scene which was the critical point of every love story. She either presented it in narrative or expressly declared herself unequal to the occasion. There was not a single lovers' kiss in the novels. On the other hand, there were plenty of shrubberies. He had counted 25 references to shrubberies, but not one kiss. These were notable statistics.

Mr. BIRRELL, offering the thanks of the audience to the lecturer, mentioned references which had been made to Jane Austen's love affair. He was certain that if Tom Lefroy, the young Irishman, had proposed to Jane Austen she would have accepted him. Tom did not propose, but went to Ireland, where he became Lord Chief Justice, and died, in 1866, at the age of 93. If she had married him and gone to live in Ireland he (Mr. Birrell) was positive the novels could not have been written. There were some people who could not read her. It had been suggested that the reason was that they detected a certain harshness of temperament and hardness of heart. In her correspondence, too, there was the same healthy, happy harshness. Those who knew her books were sure that it did not represent a hard and unloving nature.

Cuckoo's Second Thoughts.

The rapture passes: but a month ago
You, like a spendthrift, flung your notes away,
Scattering them to all who stood below
(Like the laburnum with its mintless gold
Not to be bought or sold,)
So that the world was very rich in May.

To-day there is a change: after one note,
You're sometimes smitten with a sudden doubt:
"I fear that I have got the thing by rote,"
You seem to say, "I've said all this before,
And do I grow a bore?"—
And so decide to leave the other out.
It is not for a single auditor
(And him your most obedient) to complain
That thus you stint your stinted repertoire:
The prima donna, once her contract o'er,
Rejoices us no more,
Till the new season brings her back again.

F. H.

From The Times of 1826.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1826. Price 7d.

EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

Lament, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,
Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,
For here lies one who ne'er preferr'd
A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit,
Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,
Apollo for a *star* he'd quit,
And Love's own sister for an Earl's. . . .

Ev'n Irish names, could be but tag 'em
With "Lord" and "Duke," were sweet to call;
And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggum
Was better than no Lord at all.

Heav'n grant him now some noble nook,
For, rest his soul, he'd rather be
Genteelly damn'd beside a Duke
Than sav'd in vulgar company.

* * * *

A LADY OF ATHENS.—The beautiful classical statue of an Athenian lady found during the demolition of the Royal stables in Athens. Standing 6ft. 6ins. high, it is in an excellent state of preservation and was photographed before its removal from the site of its discovery.

"Setting the Thames on Fire."

Sir,—In old days and in rural districts, it was the custom to winnow corn by means of a sieve over an empty barrel or cask. A rim, known as a "tense," was fixed near the top of the barrel, upon which the sieve could be easily turned. It is obvious that by a rapid and constant twisting of the sieve the rim would be made hot, or conceivably set on fire. This would certainly not happen if an idle man slowly worked a half-filled sieve. He would assuredly not "set the tense on fire."

Chelsea, S.W. H. A. STANHOPE.

Sir,—The popular explanation is that the word "Thames" is a pun on the word "tense," a corn sieve: and that the parallel French saying, "He will never set the Seine on fire," is a pun on seine, a drag-net. There is a Latin saw, "Tiberim accendere nequaquam potest," in which probably originated similar sayings in different countries. The Germans had "Den Rhein anzünden" ("to set the Rhine on fire") as early as 1630.

LOUIS E. STEVENSON.

Temple Sowerby.

The English Poets. T H Ward Vol II aug 10 1924

Ben Jonson

p11 "Error, clad in mists"

14 ("Drink to me only" is translated from the prose love letters of Philostratus the younger about 250 A.D.)

16 Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy

"Weep with me, all you that read
This little story;
And know, for whom a tear you shed
Death's self is sorry."

Shakspeare "He was not of an age, but for all time!"

"For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses anvil, turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet's made as well as born."

In his well-turned and true-filed lines"

October 15, 1926] THE CAMBRIDG

IN MEM

DR J. G. ADAMI

With the passing of John George Adami one may pause and consider with profit his association with three Universities.

Adami had a much wider education than a medical student has now-a-days. The pressure of modern examinations is such that few now can afford the time to take an honours degree, but Adami read Zoology under Frank Balfour, Botany under Professor Vines (perhaps the ablest lecturer in the University at that time), Physiology under Professor Foster, and Chemistry and Physics under Glazebrook, Shaw, Coutts-Trotter and Dr. Garnett. He was placed in the first class in both parts of the Natural Sciences Tripos. He was intended for a medical degree and took Physiology for Part II of his Tripos, attending the lectures of Dr Gaskell, Langley [illegible]. The most interesting lecturer of [illegible] dealing with the

During all this time he was working on his System of Pathology, a task which engaged him for nearly ten years. The book was all but finished when a fire destroyed the entire manuscript. With high courage he set out to re-write it. In three years he was able to complete a book which stands by itself in the English language. No other presents so reasoned a survey of the facts and theories of pathological science.

His return to England to become the working head of the University of Liverpool is recent, but he has left his mark on that Institution. With the great administrative demands that were made upon him, he still found time to take a very active interest in the medical school and to give loyal help and support to significant investigations which are coming out from the laboratories of the university. The loss of his counsels will be deeply felt there by those who depended so much upon him.

William Drummond of Hawthornden
1585 – 1649

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my sprights with self-strife,
If sorrow's death is but new sorrow's birth;
If this vain world be but a sable stage
Where slave-born men plays to the scoffing stars;
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serve to hold our thoughts in wars;

– – – – – –

William de Morgan

John has a soul upon the slate
The tombstone lies when says "He jests"
But if John really has a soul,
What in the world is John who rests?

There is a slight suggestion of warning to be found in the note that precedes Mr. E. M. Forster's little volume, The Eternal Moment and Other Stories (Sidgwick and Jackson, 5s. net). They were written, we are told, "

. . . Ere silence was completed their hearts were opened, and they knew what had been important on the earth. Man, the flower of all flesh, the noblest of all creatures visible . . . beautiful naked man was dying, strangled in the garments that he had woven. . . . Truly the garment had seemed heavenly at first, shot with the colours of culture, sewn with the threads of self-denial. And heavenly it had been so long as it was a garment and no more, so long as man could shed it at will and live by the essence that is his soul, and the essence, equally divine, that is his body.

SIR WILLIAM RIDGEWAY

William Ridgeway was the last survivor of the five extraordinary men who competed for Jebb's chair twenty years ago, and we look round at a shrunken world. Though not the finest scholar, Ridgeway had perhaps the widest interests, the liveliest vision, and the most masterful personality of the five; and no man can ever have been a more delightful companion or a stauncher friend. In a Cambridge crowd he looked like a stranger from some older and mightier race, one whose sword not ten men of modern breed could lift; and in the last year or two, when his health was visibly failing, and especially since his life was shattered by his wife's death, he moved through the streets like an old lion. But his high courage and fiery spirit were unquenchable, and rash disputants quickly learnt that "'tis better playing with a lion's whelp than with an old one dying." He never forgot that he came of a conquering race, and his vision of this coloured all his life and all his work. He was "of the Pale," "not a drop of Gaelic blood in his veins," and as he scanned history he saw everywhere invader and invaded—Norman and Sicilian, Sabine and Ligurian, Achaean and Pelasgian. Deeply as he loved Greek literature, his heart was in the North, and Burnt Njal moved him more even than the Iliad. To him the conviction of separable Northern and Southern strains in the Greek race was almost a psychological necessity, for there was much in classical Greece that repelled him, and he was implacable against "the old Southern vices." But though in the last resort he never relaxed his ethical code, his interest and sympathy, always alert and vivid as a child's, extended to every age and every rate of mankind, as well as to birds, beasts, plants and stones. His amazing memory was stored with a world of knowledge, drawn no less from men than from books, that few can ever have rivalled: and at Ditton one might often watch a visitor whose one interest was Indian sculpture, perhaps, or English race-horses, gradually discovering that on his own subject Ridgeway knew far more than he, and knew it without a hint of bookishness or pedantry.

In strict logic he was weak, and for this reason he was at his worst in controversy; but in his great constructive books this weakness hardly seemed to matter. His mind's eye surveyed so vast a range of facts that he saw in a flash the great lines of their connexion, and his wide and lively knowledge of human nature kept him always within the limits of reasonableness and good sense. In literature and art a superficial critic might have said that he admired only the obvious, and in a sense this would have been true. He did not love the bizarre or the exotic, and some delicate beauty escaped his mind and eye, but his enjoyment of masterpieces was suffused with a burning glow of enthusiasm. Njal in his blazing house, Hector before the walls of Troy, Heracles standing amazed in the forests of the North—he saw these great things with an intensity of appreciation that many subtler critics might have envied. Nor was it only poetry, art, or history that stirred him to eloquence. In a lecture on ancient gems, for instance, he would suddenly break into a paean on the extraordinary beauty of jewels: how they alone catch and preserve unchangeably and for ever a loveliness that in all else is brief and evanescent, the glow of sunsets and the brilliance of flowers; and his words had a rough splendour that stamped them imperishably on his listeners' minds.

As a teacher of small classes he was, indeed, unrivalled. He did not like formal lecturing, and in a big room those unfamiliar with his voice found him difficult to follow, but round a table, with half a dozen archaeological students, he was incomparable. His vivid imagination, his width of view, his unbroken contact with reality kept the class spellbound, as gems, coins, axeheads, totem-spoons tumbled on to the table from his inexhaustible pockets. He must always have had sensitive fingers, and as his sight failed he depended more and more upon touch. He would ascribe his survival in a severe illness, late in life, to the pleasure which he got from handling, as he lay, his favourite bronze celt, the same which he clasps in his portrait in Caius hall. And he knew at once, more by instinct, perhaps, than by sight, from the way in which new pupils handled the stuff which he passed round the table, whether or no they had the makings of real archaeologists. He could not bear the surface of plaster casts, and from the cast gallery he would sometimes wander to the Fitzwilliam to remind himself of the feel of marble.

In judging men and women the qualities which he cared for were courage, strength, independence and sense; for the cowardly, the vacillating, the imitative and the silly he had a deep contempt, though he could use them for his own ends; but he had nothing but admiration and sympathy for honest work, however modest and unassuming. He liked opposition. He was dissatisfied with his Caius portrait because it lacked animation, and he knew the reason. The painter had all the right views: he wished the man had been "a damned radical." In scholarship and science, except when controversy had inflamed him, his instinct for the men that really mattered was unfailing, and his appreciation infinitely generous, however little their aims or methods might resemble his own; he liked them none the worse, perhaps, if they had rapped one of his less respected friends and colleagues over the knuckles. But in judging the second-rate, his approval and condemnation were too often coloured by his quarrels and prejudices. He was always deep in politics, national, ecclesiastical, local and academic, restlessly fitting every new problem into his large framework of loves and hates, but he knew when he was beaten, and had no patience with those who refused to recognize or to exploit defeat. Here as always he loved the masterful characters, though they might be in other camps, Parnell, for example, denouncing the priests in Cork, or pouring contempt on his own followers in the Commons.

But to those who knew and loved him, all other memories are eclipsed by the thought of his personal charm, and how shall that be communicated? The secret lay, perhaps, in the simplicity and directness of his character, and in the boyish freshness of his interest in past, present and future. At the very end of his life he could talk of his student days at Dublin with a fun and a vividness that brought the whole scene before his listeners' eyes. One could see him as "a young fellow from the King's County or otherwise" dancing on a forbidden table and flinging a fat freshman on to a protesting Professor, dragging a stupid young policeman into Trinity, and terrifying him with the threat of the dissecting-table, or laughing afterwards at the police sergeant's bitter lamentations that they had ever let their victim out alive: "I'll never speak to you again, Mr Ridgeway: I was just saying to Mr Murphy, 'Glory be to God, we shall never see that damned fool again!'"

In Ireland he had seen broken heads, and worse, and there were touches of primitive ruthlessness about these reminiscences that sometimes sent a shiver down an English spine. But one could see him later, too, in the quieter air of Cambridge, rowing for a bet from Grantchester to Newnham without turning his head, so well did he know every bend and twist of the river. And then he might speak of a Norfolk holiday a few weeks before, explaining the exact working of a duck decoy, or delighting in the seven deadly sins carved in some village church, with *one* alas! missing, about which he had tactfully questioned the elderly pew-opener: all with the same joy of discovery that never grew dull or stale.

In talking of academic reform, Ridgeway would sometimes sigh for "a proscription followed by a massacre." There are those who could endure to see most of his survivors sent to the block, if they might see and hear him for one hour again.

D. S. R.

WANG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—At a time when your dispatches from China are necessarily filled with so much grave and anxious news, your readers may welcome the following authentic and entirely non-political letter which was lately received by one of the principal financial houses in this city.

I am, &c.,
A RESIDENT IN PEKING.

Dear Sir,—I am Wang. It is for my personal benefit that I write for a position in your honorable Bank.

I have a flexible brain that will adapt itself to your business and in consequence bring good efforts to your goodselves. My education was impressed upon me in the Peking University in which place I graduated Number One.

I can drive a typewriter with good noise and my English is great.

My references are of good and should you hope to see me they will be read by you with great pleasure.

My last job has left itself from me for the good reason that the large man has dead. It was on account of no fault of mine. So, honorable Sir, what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess.

Faithfully yours,

WANG.

Sometimes thou seem'st not as thyself alone,
But as the meaning of all things that are:

Rossetti

p91

George Wither 1588–1667

From The Shepherds Hunting

"Never did the Nine conspire
The sweet secrets of their art
Unto any that did scorn
To admire their favours worn.
Therefore unto those that say,
Were they pleas'd to sing a lay,
They could do't, and will not tho';
This I speak for this I know:
How th'ey drunke the Thespian spring,
And what hayre, her he did sing.
For a Poet undefiled
Makes him chuse it, as his child."

p 94

(Poesy)

"From former days of bliss,
Her Divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest objects sight,

T. L. S. Aug 7. 1924

Mr Jeremias have a phrase "Das stimmt"
"That tallies"

March 1925

Letters to & from the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D. ... from the original MSS. in her possession by Hester Lynch Piozzi

1788 [Nr. 46.16.17]

(Quotations I have copied all for Johnson unless otherwise stated AA)

p4.
"I suppose it is the condition of humanity to design what never will be done, & to hope what never will be obtained."

p14
"Yet when any man finds himself despised & complained with how little care he regarded, or how seldom how little he contributes to the happiness of others, & how little, for the most part, he suffers from their pains."

p21
"Hesiod, who was very wise in his time, thought nothing of such dear people as we"

p84
"The parent's moral right can arise only from his kindness, & his civil right only from his money."

p23)
"Let me have a kind letter full of yourself."

p 327

"I live here by my own self, & have had a late very bad night; but then I have had a fine dinner, since Mr. Perkins gave me. Thus life is chequered."

Vol II p 33]
[Mr. Mrale]

"who can help smiling at the expressions used by Derham, Ray, others, who write on these subjects, [astronomy etc] & fancy they are exalting the glory of God when they tell us, in what a workman-like manner he has made the world, etc.?"

"Dès que nous sommes seuls, nous sommes des fous."

Whitwell. August 1925

Essais de Montaigne (72)

VIII p 63 A demain les affaires

Je donne avec raison, ce me semble, la palme à Jacques Amiot, sur tous nos Escrivains François, non seulement pour la naïsveté et pureté du langage, en quoy il surpasse tout autre, ny pour la constance d'un si long travail, ny pour la profondeur de son sçavoir, ayant peu developper si heureusement un Autheur si espineux et ferré ... mais sur tout, je luy sçay bon gré, d'avoir sceu bien choisir un livre si digne et si à propos, pour en faire present à son païs.

p 64

"son stile est plus chez soy, quand il n'est pas pressé, et qu'il roulle à son aise."

p 65

"La vice contraire à la curiosité, c'est la nonchalance."

p 90

"Ce qui me sert, peut aussi par accident servir à un autre"

je lui en sais bon gré = I take it kindly of him

p 90

"C'est une espineuse entreprinse, et plus qu'il ne semble, de suivre une alleure si vagabonde, que celle de nostre esprit : de penetrer les profondeurs opaques et ses replis internes ....

p 93

"Ce ne sont mes gestes que j'escris ; c'est moy, c'est mon essence."

p 125

"Car comme je essay par une trop certaine experience, il n'est aucune si dure constitution en la perte de nos amis, que celle que nous apporte la science de n'avoir rien oublié à leur dire, et d'avoir eu avec eux une parfaite et entiere communication

August 1925

Bates, H. W. The Naturalist on the Amazons

[p 355]

During his 4½ years on Ega

"I suffered most inconvenience from the difficulty of getting news from the civilized world down here, from the irregularity of receipt of letters, parcels of books & periodicals, & towards the latter part of my residence from ill health arising from bad & insufficient food. The want of intellectual society, & of the varied excitement of European life, was also felt more acutely, others, instead of becoming deadened by time, increased, until it became almost insupportable. I was obliged, at last, to come to the conclusion that the contemplation of Nature alone is not sufficient to fill the human heart & mind. I got on pretty well when I received a parcel from England by the steamer once in two or four months. I used to be very economical with my stock of reading lest it should be finished before the next arrived & leave me utterly destitute. I went over the periodicals, The Athenaeum, for instance, with great deliberation, going through every number three times; the first time devouring the most interesting articles, the second, the whole, the remainder; & the third, reading all the advertisements from beginning to end."

Aug 1925

Essays de Montaigne VI II cont.

p134 Of his baby children:-

"Car ce que nous engendrons par l'âme, les enfantemens de nostre esprit, de nostre courage et suffisance, sont produicts par une plus noble partie que la corporelle, et sont plus nostres. Nous sommes pere et mere ensemble en cette generation: ceux cy nous coustent bien plus cher, et nous apportent plus d'honneur, s'ils ont quelque chose de bon. Car la valeur de nos autres enfans, et beaucoup plus leur, que nostre: la part que nous y avons est bien legere: mais de ceux-cy, toute la beauté, toute la grace et prix est nostre. Par ainsi ils nous representent et nous rapportent bien plus vivement que les autres.

p153

Mon dessein est de passer doucement et non laborieusement ce qui me reste de vie. Il n'est rien pourquoy je me vueille rompre la teste: non pas pour la science, de quelque grand prix qu'elle soit."

"Les difficultez, si j'en rencontre en lisant, je n'en ronge pas mes ongles: je les laisse là, après leur avoir fait

une charge ou deux. Si je m'y plantois, je m'y perdrois, et le temps! car j'ay un Esprit prum sautier. Ce que je ne voy de la premiere charge, je le voy moins en m'y obstinant. Je ne fay rien sans gayeté: a la contribuction et contention trop forte esblouit mon jugement, l'attriste, et le lasse.

p 160
vestus en leur à tous les jours

p 174
pour subvenir un peu à la trahison de ma memoire, et à son defaut, si extreme, qu'il m'est advenu plus d'une fois, de reprendre en main des livres, comme recents, et à moy inconnus, que j'avoy leu soigneusement quelques années auparavant, et barbouillé de mes notes; j'ay pris en coustume depuis quelque temps, d'ajouster au bout de chasque livre (je dis de ceux desquels je ne me veux servir qu'une fois) le temps auquel j'ay achevé de le ~~tout~~ lire, et le jugement que j'en ay retiré en gros: afin

The Letter Travels first. Ann Douglas Sedgwick

"To follow a school adequately is often to find treason one's founded a new one"

(Montaigne cont:——)

que cela me represente au moins l'air et idée generale que j'avois conceu de l'Auteur en le lisant."

p 189

Un Seigneur Italien tenoit une fois ce propos en ma presence, au des-avantage de sa ~~Nation~~ Nation: Que la subtilité des Italiens et la vivacité de leurs conceptions estoit si grande, qu'ils prevoyoient les dangers et accidens qui leur pouvoyent advenir, de si loing, qu'il ne falloit pas trouver estrange, si on les voyoit souvent à la guerre prouvoir à leur seureté, voire avant que d'avoir occasion de peril: Que nous et les Espagnols, qui n'estions pas si fins, allions plus outre; et qu'il nous falloit faire voir à l'oeil et toucher à la main, le danger avant que de nous en effrayer; et que lors aussi nous n'avions plus de teste: Mais que les

Allemans et les Souysses, plus grossiers et plus lourds, n'avayent le sens de se raviser, à peine lors mesmes qu'ils estayent accablez soubs les coups.

× × ^

p 190 "quand on juge d'une action particuliere, il faut considerer plusieurs circonstances, et l'homme tout entier qui l'a produicte, avant la baptizer."

p 197

Je n'ay pour [illegible] Venus la impetueuse Deesse, que plusieurs en plus reformez que moy, la tesmoignent."

Times Sept 16.25

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—I venture to suggest to Sir Joseph Larmor that even if we were able to put together in the laboratory a functioning green leaf we should be no nearer to a materialistic philosophy than we are now, when able to put together a motor-car, wireless apparatus, or intricate telephone system. Natural philosophers have given us an inspiring conception of the structure of the atom, and resolved the whole play of the universe into one of energy. Sir Oliver Lodge, in a recent article, says:—

> The greatest scientific event during the present century is the establishment of the electrical theory of matter and the recognition of matter as one of the forms of energy . . . an ethereal phenomenon, and of the, perhaps, remote possibility that by the clashing together of positive and negative charges the atom of matter as such might disappear and result in the production of some other form of ethereal energy, primarily in the form of radiation.

He says, too, that:—

> Astronomers, by analysing the radiated energy of the stars, are beginning to disentangle or unravel the great problems of the nature of matter, the nature of energy, and incidentally the general structure of the material universe. Only life and mind still remain outside their ken.

But why make this distinction? The evolution of the play of energy which forms the stars and the dead material of the earth can equally form and evolve living material and shape the workings of the human mind. The intricacies of atomic structure and play of energy suffice no less for the quick than for the dead. The play of energy in dead matter is neither less nor more mysterious than in that of living things. As far as we can unravel them the phenomena show no sign of discontinuity. We are mistaken in thinking that we know the nature of matter with which we are familiar, of common things, and things held in contempt. We really know no more of the ultimate nature of a drop of water than of a speck of living protoplasm. The changes going on in one are ceaseless as in the other. That play of energy which evolves into the constellations of the stars, and into the dead and living matter of the world, can evolve no less into the spirit of man. We know nothing of the ultimate nature of energy, and in place of this term we may with equal justice put the religious conception of an all-pervading infinite and eternal Spirit out of which the spirit of man comes and whither it returns.

I am, Sir, &c.,

Loughton. LEONARD HILL.

Lord Grey of Fallodon

"When men see how things are understood
they are themselves predisposed to
understand"

Review in TLS

"sometimes he expresses himself with
more confidence than he inspires".

Keats as Medical Student.
Sir William Hale-White

Guy's Hospital Reports. July 1925

p 260

Entered St Thomas's St almost certainly until he graduated in July 1816

p 262 There is a story that he was early in the morning first to dissecting room (where he shared with 3 other students) on every day. Stephens was studying, & told me on the announcement that he had composed a new line. "A thing of beauty is a constant joy" "How true of you, Stephens." "It has the true ring, but is wanting in some way," said Stephens, [illegible] reading. He retired & solved other Keats,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"

Keats was born in St Thomas's Street one of the unremarkable lanes of English poets.

(see Mr A Clapham. Vol 1. p 149. 1884)
Memorial tablet to be put up. A A

His boyhood notes examined by Hale-White in my consultation room — he graduated early well.

Walton's Lives

"secret unutterable joys" Sandeson

(Walton.) "I have in my passage to my grave met with many of those joys which a discursive soul is capable of; & been entertained with more inferior pleasures than the sons of men are usually made partakers of." [ ] that is Walton speaking (74)

The Tale of Genji by Lady Murasaki
Transl by Arthur Waley
[841.c.92.3]

(Murasaki's life AD c 978 — AD c 1031 i.e. was alive 30 years after Genji was written & came to age about 1000 AD)

VOL I

p50 Ordinary hills & rivers, just as they are, houses such as you may see anywhere, ... — surely to draw such scenes as these, & show what lies behind some intimate hedge that is folded away far from the world, & think of trees upon some unbeaten hill, call them with befitting care for companion, preparation, & the like, — such works demand the highest masters whose skill & mind needs draw the common craftsman into the most grievous blunders.

p135

As he approached the open country, the mists began to assume strange & lovely forms, which pleased him the more because, being one of those movements which is watched by many prospectors, he had seldom seen such signs before.

p64

"Sometimes indeed a woman should even pretend to know less than she knows, & say as part of what she would like to say ..."

The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds
The World's Classics
p. 13

"A student unacquainted with the attempts of former adventurers is always apt to overrate his own abilities; to mistake the most trifling excursions for discoveries of moment, & every coast new to him for a new-found country. If by chance he passes beyond his usual limits, he congratulates his own arrival at those regions which they who have steered a better course have long left behind them."

p. 14

"I consider general copying as a delusive kind of industry: the student satisfies himself with the appearance of doing something; he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, & of labouring without any determinate object; as it requires no effort of the mind, he sleeps over his work: & those powers of invention & composition which ought particularly to be called out, & put in action, lie torpid, & lose their energy for want of exercise."

p 174

"The great business of study is, to form a mind, adapted & adequate to all times & all occasions; to think all nature is to be laid open, & that we may be said to possess the key of her inexhaustible riches".

p 176

"Our studies will be for ever, in a very great degree, under the direction of chance; like travellers, we must take that we can get, when we can get it; ....

Treatises on education, & method of study, have always appeared to me to have one general fault. They proceed upon a false supposition of life; as if we possessed not only a power over events & circumstances, but had a greater power over ourselves than I believe any of us will be found to possess. Instead of supposing ourselves to be perfect patterns of wisdom & virtue, it seems to me more reasonable to treat ourselves (as I am sure we must treat our fellow creatures) like humoursome children, whose fancies are often to be indulged, in order to keep them in good humour with themselves & their pursuits."

p 178

"Whatever advantage method may have in dispatch of business (& there is certainly a good many), I have but little confidence of its efficacy in acquiring or attaining, in any art whatever. Indeed, I have always strongly suspected, that this love of method, or rather some persons appear to place so great dependence, is, in

ready, at the bottom, a love of idleness, a want of sufficient energy to turn to ourselves and immediate action: it is a love of apology to ourselves for doing nothing."

"In the practice of art, as well as in morals, it is necessary to keep a watchful & jealous eye over ourselves; idleness, assuming the specious disguise of industry, will lull & sleep all suspicion of our want of an active exertion of strength. A profusion of endless expedients, a bustle of infinite enquiry & research, or even the more mechanical labour of copying, may be employed to evade & shuffle off real labour — the real labour of thinking."

1790

And here I cannot avoid mentioning a circumstance in placing the model, strange to some it may appear trifling. It is better to place the model into the attitude you require, than to place him with your own hands: by this means it happens often that the model puts himself in an action superior to your own imagination. It is a great matter to be on the way of accident, & be watchful & ready to take advantage of it: .... Academic in the hands of an artist who knows

how to take advantage of hints, will often produce bold & capricious beauties of handling & facility such as he would not have to regret, if venture into his pencil, under the regular restraint of his hand."

[Ver. 7.92.2]

Marsaud by C M Doughty

(The Philosophers. p 173)

"Some, clambered on ladders, could rake Stars to Earth;
In tiny frail butterfly nets. Some even devised
Watches thumb-nail, to span, the Universe."

[456.c.90.137]

The Life of Sir Walter Scott. John Gibson Lockhart

Vol V p 296

"In proportion as a man is witty & humorous, there will always be about him & his ordering maze & wilderness of cues & catchwords, which the uninitiated will, if they are bold enough to try interpretation, construe, over and anon, egregiously amiss — not seldom into arrant falsity. For this one reason, to say nothing of many others, I consider no man justified in journalizing who he sees & hears in domestic circle where he is not to be ready at home; & I think there are still higher & better reasons why he should not do so where he is.

[297]

The best-both-bits of Edinburgh was, & probably still is, in a very great measure made up of brilliant disquisition — such as might be transferred into an Attestation to a Professor's note-book .... It was the talk of a Society of clever lawyers & Lecturers had, for at least a hundred years, given the tone."

p 300

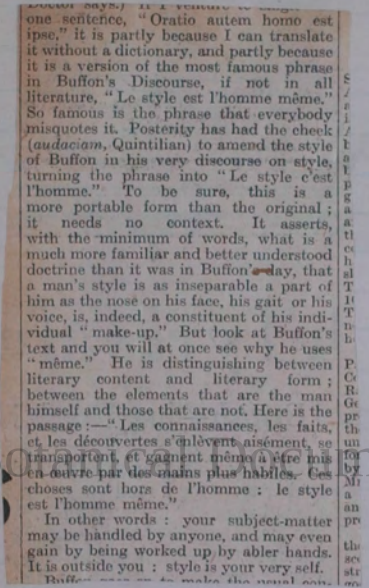
"In passing from a gas-lit hall into a room with wax-candles, the guest sometimes

complain that they have lost splendour for gloom; but let them try by what fancy light is more satisfactory to read, write, or embroider, or consider an pleasure under dark of the two either men or women look their best.

The Hungarian, Jewish, Heart observed of all lights, is, however, daylight; this talk was commonplace, just as sunshine is, that fills the man and fears Agents, said Bellamy & the hypnotist. ... May, those gentlemen hold Scott's conversation for commonplace exactly for the same reason that a child thinks a perfectly unfathomable, to be perhaps deep enough & drown in three times over, must needs be shallow."

p. 303 "~~He doubted~~ Shakespeare & the banished Duke could have found him 'full of matter'. He doubted more disguisitions in Edinburgh, & prayed impromptus in London

ABW in Times Mch 17.26



Doctor says.) If I venture to [illegible] one sentence, "Oratio autem homo est ipse," it is partly because I can translate it without a dictionary, and partly because it is a version of the most famous phrase in Buffon's Discourse, if not in all literature, "Le style est l'homme même." So famous is the phrase that everybody misquotes it. Posterity has had the cheek (*audaciam*, Quintilian) to amend the style of Buffon in his very discourse on style, turning the phrase into "Le style c'est l'homme." To be sure, this is a more portable form than the original; it needs no context. It asserts, with the minimum of words, what is a much more familiar and better understood doctrine than it was in Buffon's day, that a man's style is as inseparable a part of him as the nose on his face, his gait or his voice, is, indeed, a constituent of his individual "make-up." But look at Buffon's text and you will at once see why he uses "même." He is distinguishing between literary content and literary form; between the elements that are the man himself and those that are not. Here is the passage:—"Les connaissances, les faits, et les découvertes s'enlèvent aisément, se transportent, et gagnent même à être mis en œuvre par des mains plus habiles. Ces choses sont hors de l'homme: le style est l'homme même."

In other words: your subject-matter may be handled by anyone, and may even gain by being worked up by abler hands. It is outside you: style is your very self.

Buffon goes on to make the usual coin-

puted at about two miles and a half. A resolution was taken on setting out not to delay the walk *by simpling*, so we only snatched at any curious grass or flower in our way, and stuffed in our black apron pockets to observe upon at our return round the tea table."

It was the Duchess of Portland's passion for botany which encouraged Mrs. Delany to carry through the remarkable "paper Mosaick work," which she began when she was well past seventy and continued until she was over eighty. She produced representations of plants and flowers in which each part was cut out of coloured paper and pasted on a dark background. One would suppose that such a process could have nothing but distressing results, but the examples of her work preserved at the British Museum show that the effect produced often had a surprising charm. At the beginning of her first volume, Mrs. Delany speaks of the inspiration she has received from the "most generous, steady, and delicate friendship" of the Duchess, which she has enjoyed "for above forty years."

Begin in School vol I p 3

9 These Botanical Illustrations

[456.c.86.2]

Mrs Autobiography & Corr. of Mary Granville, Mrs Delany. ed. by Lady Llanover 1861,

Vol III p440-41 1756. 15 Sept. Letter to Mrs Welbeck

"Last Wednesday we took a walk to a place called Cromwell Craggs, with the Duchess, her four flocks, D.D., Mr Smallwell, Lord Titchfield's tutor, & one of the Dukes stewards to shew us the way, & two pioneers to level all before us. At least a dozen rills were laid flat, paths cut through thickets of brambles & briars, & bridges made in swampy places; the length of the way computed at about two miles & half. A resolution was taken on setting out not to delay the walk by simpling so we only snatched at any curious grass or flower in our way, & stuffed it in our black apron pockets to observe upon at our return round the tea table."

p474 29 Dec. 1757. Bulstrode

"The plant you call Runnet or Rundle grass [the Duchess of Portland] cannot find under that name, but the knits with the jagged spearwort, which you will find in Gerard, ranunculus & any particular of the specimen you send her; it is in page 962, the 13th Spearwort."

"YE VASE AND YE DSS."

THE present widespread interest in ... of fame of the Portland vase brings into sharp contrast the quiet, informal, almost casual way in which it changed hands in the eighteenth century. Fortunately we know something of the circumstances of that transaction, from entries in a diary kept by the Hon. Mary Hamilton, Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, and niece of Sir William Hamilton, owner of the Vase. These entries were printed in 1862 in connexion with the autobiography and letters of Mrs. Delany, which one of her sister's descendants published in six solid volumes—but they are further too many for too solid, for they are shot through with sparkling sidelights upon the life of the eighteenth century. For Mrs. Delany was born in 1700, and, in the course of a long life, her friends included people as remote from one another in date as Dean Swift and Fanny Burney; Swift, indeed, had lost his health and spirits by the time they corresponded, and he laments, "Why did you not come sooner into the world or let me come later?" One of Mrs. Delaney's longest and most intimate friendships was with the Dowager Duchess of Portland, and the diary-entries with which we are concerned relate to a period immediately after a visit which Miss Hamilton paid to the Duchess's country house, where Mrs. Delany was also staying there; here the Duchess showed her young visitor such treasures from her collection as a miniature of Sir Walter Raleigh and his son—"it had belong'd to Lady Raleigh, ye cyphers of W. R. and E. are still remaining." On Jan. 3, 1784, Miss Hamilton writes:

> Mrs. Delany came and told me she must contrive to speak to me after dinner, for she had a secret message to me from ye Dss Dr Portland . . . Mrs. D. came to us, and then under ye color of getting me to look for a book took me to her bed-room and told me what ye Dss wanted me to do, viz., to purchase ye V. of my uncle Wm, etc.

The same day Sir William Hamilton came to tea, and the diary continues:

> I took him down to ye parlour under pretence of showing him ye pictures, and then told wt ye Dss wish'd abt ye vase . . . he told me he wd think upon wt ye Dss had said.

After one or two further meetings between Sir William and his niece the matter was brought to a successful conclusion, and on Thursday, Jan. 15, the diary records: "went to ye Dss of Portland's. My uncle Wm came at ye same time . . . He staid till ½ past three; they talk'd over and *settled* ye affair of ye vase. He left her ye Augustus, Mosaick ring, ye Hercules." The same day we find Fanny Burney, through Mrs. Delany, petitioning for a sight of the Vase:

> She hopes Mrs. Delany will have the indulgence to admit her some day in next week, though she *dare* not hint at such a wish for *the Vase*, lest it should be impracticable.

The Duchess of Portland was an indefatigable collector with a catholic taste; she was as much attracted by shells, "fungus's" and flowers as she was by works of art. Mrs. Delany describes a botanical excursion from Welbeck to Creswell Craggs which she enjoyed in company with the Duchess and "her fair flock." The party included "two pioneers to level all before us. At least a dozen stiles were laid flat, paths cut through thickets of brambles and briars, and bridges made in swampy plc—; the length of the way computed at about two miles and a half. A resolution was taken on setting out not to delay the walk by *stopping*, so we only snatched at any curious grass or flower in our way, and stuffed in our black apron pockets to observe upon at our return round the tea table."

It was the Duchess of Portland's passion for botany which encouraged Mrs. Delany to carry through the remarkable "paper Mosaick work," which she began when she was well past seventy and continued until she was over eighty. She produced *réconvenations* of plans and flowers in which each part was cut out of coloured paper and pasted on a dark background. One would suppose that such a process could have nothing but distressing results, but the examples of her work preserved at the British Museum show that the effect produced often had a surprising charm. At the beginning of her first volume, Mrs. Delany speaks of the inspiration she has received from the "most generous, steady, and delicate friendship" of the Duchess, which she has enjoyed "for above forty years." This friendship was also immortalised in an ivory box, upon whose white satin lid two old trees overarching above a little lamb, were represented in wonderful hair-work. The lamb symbolised Mrs. Delany's little great-niece, to whom the box was given, while the protecting trees, with their branches inter-mingling, were emblematic of Mrs. Delany and the Duchess. This "conceit" may not be to the taste of the twentieth century, but the thing which called it into being—the friendship of these two great ladies—was an affair of the heart, and so deathless.

AGNES ARBER.

1855

Poem about Dekville (Dr. Delany's place)
attributed to Swift; but can I have been written
by Sheridan. Dorothy to copy all — this
is a bet:—

"And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a tailor's chalk;
Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One letter makes a thistle grow
Up to the top you call your trees;
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps for the wind, but never blows;
In vain then you expect a bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room."

Munro p 3
"its deep-set boundary mark"

H.A.J.
* Copy of stands on Munro's
translation in Bohn's Classical Library.
George Bell. 1908 edition
Inscribed by J.D. Duff.
V.L. [9700.d.140]

Aug - Sept. 1926

Lucretius. Of the Nature of Things
trans. by W. E. Leonard. *
(Everyman series)

p 5

"Fear Law to each its scope prescribed,
Its boundary stone fear clings so deep in Time."

p 11

"But now
Because the fastenings of primordial parts
Are put together divisely + stuff
So everlasting, things abide the same
Inviolate - while, until some power comes on
Strong to destroy the warp + woof of each;
Nothing returns to naught; but all return
At their collapse to primal forms of stuff.
Lo, the rains perish when Ether-father throws
Down to the bosom of Earth-mother; but then
Upsprings the shining grain, + boughs are green
Amid the trees, trees themselves wax big
And lade themselves with fruits; thence in turn
The race of men + all the wild are fed;
Hence joyful cities teem with boys + girls;
And leafy woodlands echo with new birds;
Hence cattle, fat + drowsy, lay them down

Along the joyous pastures whilst the drops
Of white ooze trickle from distended bags;
Hence the young scamper on the sweet herbage
Along the tender herbs, fresh hearts of fisk
With warm new milk. Thus nought of what is seems
Perishes utterly, since Nature ever
Upbuilds one thing from other, suffers nought
To come to birth but through some other's death.

p23
"Since nature hath invariably decreed
What each can do, what each can never do;
Since nought is changed, but all things so
That every variegated birds wood
The spots or stripes peculiar to their kind,
Spring after spring; these surely all these are
Must be composed of matter immutable.
For if the primal germs in any wise
Were open to conquest + to change, 'twould be
Uncertain also what could come to birth
And what could not, by what law to each
Its scope prescribed, its boundary stone that clings
So deep in Time. Nor could the generations
Renew after kind so often reproduce
The nature, habits, motions, ways of life,
Of their progenitors."

p. 66

(See next page)

In these affairs
We crave that thou wilt passionate flee
The one offence, & anxiously withstand
The error of presuming the clear lynx
Of eyes created were to see we might see;
. . . . . or seeing hands
On either side were given, that we might do
Life's own demands. All such interpretation
Is after-fore-fore unto inverse reasoning,
Since nought is born in body as that we
May use the same, but birth engenders use:
- - - - - - - - -
And all the members, so meseems, were there
Before they got their use:

p293
And purple dye
Of shell-fish so unite with the wool's
Body dyed that it cannot be ta'en
Away forever —
Nay, might all the ocean willed to wash it out
With all its waves."

cf Munro p 259
"Again the purple dye of the shell fish so unites with the body of wool above, that it cannot in any case be severed, not were you to take pains to undo that dye with Neptune's wave, not if the whole sea were willed to wash it out with all its waters."

Bruno p 15-1 Vol IV line 820

"And herein you should desire with all your might to shun the weariness, with a lively apprehension to avoid the mistake of supposing that the bright lights of the eyes were made in order that we might see; + that the tapering ends of the phantasms were attached to the fancy as a base in order that we might step on into lofty studies; ... Other explanations of the sort should men give, one call pre-eminently to be rejected by the wary reader, reasoning, since nothing was born in the body that we might use it, but that which is born begets for itself a use; thus seeing did not exist before the eyes were born, nor the employment of speech ere the tongue was made;

Lettres de Madame de Sévigné de sa famille et de ses amis

Tome I, 1862

[· I. 33. 3]

p 535

à Bussy

"Depuis que vous êtes parti de ce pays-ci, je ne trouve plus d'esprit qui me contente pleinement, et mille fois redis en moi-même : "Bon Dieu, quelle différence"

p 543

To Bussy (Mon Rocher 43)

"N'allez pas sur cela vous mettre à m'aimer éperduement comme vous m'en menacez : que voudriez-vous que je fisse de votre éperduement, sur le point d'être grand'mère?

Vol III p 522

"Une de nos folies a été de souhaiter de découvrir tous les dessous de cartes de toutes les choses que nous croyons voir et que nous ne voyons point, tout ce qui se passe dans les familles, où nous trouverions de la haine, de la jalousie, de la rage, du mépris, au lieu

de toutes les belles choses qu'on met au-dessus du panier, et qui passent pour les vérités. Je souhaitai un cabinet tout tapissé de dessous de cartes au lieu de tableaux; cette folie nous mena bien loin, et nous divertit fort. ... Vous pensez donc que cela est ainsi dans une maison; vous pensez que l'on s'adore en cet endroit-là; tenez, voyez: on s'y hait jusqu'à la fureur, et ainsi de tout le reste; vous pensez que la cause d'un tel événement est une belle chose? c'est le contraire; en un mot le petit démon qui nous tiendroit ce discours nous divertiroit extrêmement. Vous voyez bien, ma très-chère, qu'il faut avoir bien du loisir pour s'amuser à vous dire de telles bagatelles. Voilà ce que c'est de s'éveiller matin." [Mr. Lord Jersey a-5 au or a boy her July marry 3 wife 5 Mme de Jugnac]

Vol III p 3

"M. le chevalier de Lorraine alla voir l'autre jour la Fiennes. Elle voulut jouer la délaissée, elle parut embarrassée. Le chevalier, avec cette belle physionomie ouverte que j'aime, et que vous n'aimez point, la

voulut tirer de toutes sortes d'embarras, et lui dit : "Mademoiselle, qu'avez vous ? pourquoi êtes-vous triste ? qu'y a-t-il d'extraordinaire à tout ce qui nous arrive ? Nous nous sommes aimés, nous ne nous aimons pas ; la ~~ftor~~ fidelité n'est pas une vertu des gens de notre âge ; il vaut bien mieux que nous oublions le passé, et que nous reprenions le ton et les manières ordinaires. Voilà un joli petit chien ; qui vous l'a donné ? " Et voilà le dénouement de cette belle passion."

(p 7)

"On est de tout pays :" Ceci est de Montaigne ; mais en disant cela, il était bien à son aise dans sa maison."

VI TV p 477

A Vichy

"Mme de Pequigny ... cherche à se guérir de soixante et seize ans, dont elle est fort incommodée"

Vol IV p 352-3

Jean Charles de Lévigné to Mme de Sévigné, entreating her admiration for the "Essais de la Morale"

"Et moi je vous dis que le premier tome des Essais de Morale vous paroîtroit tout comme à moi, si la Maran et l'Abbé Tête ne vous avoient accoutumée aux choses fines et distillées. Ce n'est pas d'aujourd'hui que les galimatias vous paroissent clairs et aisés: de toutes ce qui a porté de l'homme et de l'intérieur de l'homme, je n'ai rien vu de moins agréable; ce ne sont point là ces portraits où tout le monde se reconnoît. Pascal, la Logique de Port-Royal et Plutarque, et Montaigne, parlent bien autrement: celui-ci j'aime parce qu'il veut parler, et sauvent il n'a pas grand'chose à dire."

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS ON ENGLAND.

ADVICE TO THE FRENCH VISITOR.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, APRIL 5.

M. André Maurois, the author of "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" and other studies of the British character, contributes a charming article to the *Figaro*, in which he offers to the young Frenchman about to visit England the benefit of his experiences of "that difficult and mysterious country."

It is always salutary for Englishmen to hear what other nations think of them. M. Maurois's advice is on the whole similar to that which others of his countrymen have given before him. It is to persevere in seeking the Englishman's friendship, for, once gained, it lasts; to dress like the Englishman, but not like the Englishman travelling on the Continent; to be modest in one's conduct and opinions.

"When you have held your tongue for three years," he says, "they will say of you that you are 'a nice quiet chap.' If you have crossed the Atlantic single-handed in an open boat, you may admit that you row a bit, but if you have written books, say nothing about them."

M. Maurois, like other Frenchmen, insists that intellectual attainments go for nothing in England, and warns his countrymen to beware of trusting to logic in order to convince an Englishman. "They rather distrust sound arguments; what they like is a policy which has stood the test of time, old maxims, ancient customs. If you want them to do something new convince them that they have been doing it for years."

VII IV p 511
(dans mesure où les réalités fin au Moyen
Age)
"ces sortes de mieux sont-quasi toujours
traîtres"

Poems. Princess Elizabeth Bibesco

..... The first impulse is well expressed in these stanzas from a poem entitled "Banishment":—

Could you but walk, but always you must fly;
I am so weary of your tireless wings.
Why must you make me perfect with a lie?
I am so hungry for imperfect things. . . .
You do not know the turmoil and the tangles
The tugging mysteries that loving brings;
Your pure perfection stretches till it strangles
The stumbling loveliness of little things.

The second is exemplified in the following lines from a poem in which she wishes that "there were another name for love":—

I want a name without a history,
A name that dies away before it rings
In mocking echoes through the caves of Time,
That falls asleep under my whisperings.
The name I want is nothing but a breath
That voiceless fades upon the dusky air,
A name that never sought to catch delight,
And never held the music of despair.

J. Donne to Sir Henry Wotton

"For me! — if there be such a thing as I —
Future — if there be such a thing as he —
Finds that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me."

Gustave Flaubert
Correspondance
1ère Sér.
1830-1850

p 30
Mais je me récrée à lire le cœur de Montaigne dont ~~th~~ je suis plein, c'est là mon homme."

For the memoir p XXXVIII
"Deux genres d'hommes lui déplaisaient particulièrement, et d'être dur à leur égard : le critique, celui qui n'a rien produit et juge tout, et le préféraient un marchand de chandelles, et le monsieur instruit qui se croit artiste, qui a des désillusions, qui s'est figuré Venise autrement qu'elle n'est."

p 104
"Travaille, travaille, écris, écris, écris, tant que tu pourras, tant que la mère t'emplatera ... La constante de l'existence ne nous plaît pas aux épaules quand nous composons. ... mieux vaut deux verres de vinaigre et un verre de vin qu'un verre d'eau rougie." p 105 "enfin je crois avoir compris une chose, une grande chose, c'est

que le bonheur pour les gens de notre race est dans l'idée et pas ailleurs. Cherche quelle est bien ta nature, et sois en harmonie avec elle "Felix qui potuit", dit Horace. Tout est là.

"Pour qu'une chose soit intéressante il suffit de la regarder longtemps."

To Mme X
p 134

"Oui, toi aussi tu veux tailler l'arbre et de ses rameaux sauvages mais touffus, qui s'élancent en tous sens pour aspirer l'air et le soleil, faire un mur droit et doux espalier que l'on collerait contre un mur et qui alors, il est vrai, rapporterait d'excellents fruits qu'un enfant pourrait venir cueillir sans échelle. — Veux-tu que j'y fasse ? — J'aime à ma manière, plus ou moins que toi ? Deux le sait."

LA VIE AMOUREUSE DE LA GRANDE CATHERINE. By PRINCESSE LUCIEN MURAT. (Paris : Flammarion. 9f.)

French by birth, but by marriage the Princess of Mingrelia, the Princess Lucien Murat knows Russia well. Some years before the war, at a picnic near St. Petersburg, she heard an anecdote that stirred her fancy. The lunch was laid in a wood, the dishes (stamped with the Imperial Eagle) a-tilt among the buttercups and daisies, the company was elegant and gay as in a *fête champêtre* of Watteau's, and the Princess remarked how little life had changed at Court in Russia since the days of the *ancien régime* ; whereupon her hostess, the Grand Duchess Marie, gave an instance which had astonished Bismarck when he arrived as Ambassador to to Petersburg. Noticing a sentry perpetually erected in the middle of a quiet lawn in the Summer Garden, the Prussian asked : Why ? No one at Court knew why. On investigation it was found that one day, a hundred years before, the great Catherine, admiring some snowdrops in the grass, had bid a soldier stand on guard until she should return to pluck them. The Empress never came—and still the sentry stood at arms.

Thanks to this immobility of custom, the

Flaubert's Letters Vol I (1926 edition) p 37)

"La vie est si pesante que ceux-mêmes pour qui le fardeau doit être le moins lourd en sont souvent accablés !"

1911

Castilian proverb "Qui ne l'a pas vu est aveugle ; qui l'a vu est ébloui."

p 426

"Il n'est pas aisé de trouver sa voie. Il y a bien des chemins sans voyageur ; il y a encore plus de voyageurs qui n'ont pas leur sentier."

O God! what are we? Lords of Nature? Why, a tile drops from a housetop, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship. Or something of inconceivably minute origin —the pressure of a bone or the inflammation of a particle of the brain—takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or some one else. We hold our health and our reason on terms slighter than one would deserve, were it in their choice, to hold an Irish cabin.

This is not the Scott we know, or that he allowed the world to know ; but there is a Hamlet, apparently, in us all.

Wishes for the Supposed Mistress

Whoe'er She be
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart & me;
Where'er She lie
Lock'd up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny:
Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to tread our earth;
Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:
— Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blushes,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.
I wish her beauty
That owes not all to duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie:
Something more than
Taffata or tissue can
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.
A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest:
A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white and red did ope.

Sidnean showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

What e'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright
Or give down to the wings of night.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow:

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of the clear mind are day all night.

Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say 'Welcome, friend!'

I sum the store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish — no more

— Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her truer Dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis she, & here
Lo! I unclothe & clear
My wishes' cloudy character.
Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to prize.
Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye;
Be ye my fictions: — but her story.

R. Crashaw

Montaigne Vol II p 258

Car je prisecray bien autant des
graces naïves et naïfves, que
celles que j'aurois esté mendier et quester
de l'apprentissage."

Montaigne Vol III p 216
Livre II chap XXX

use for motto

"Nous appelons contre Nature, ce qui
advient contre la coustume. Rien
n'est que selon elle, quel qu'il soit.
Que celuy cette raison universelle et
naturelle, chasse de nous l'erreur et
l'estonnement que la nouvelleté nous
apporte.

Flaubert Letters. Vol III
p 25

" J'ai plus de livres en tête que je n'aurai le temps d'en écrire d'ici à ma mort ... L'occupation ne me manquera pas (c'est l'important). Parce que la Bêtise me laisse toujours du feu en de l'huile."

p 31

Ce qui distingue les grands génies, c'est la généralisation de la création. Ils résument en un type des personnalités éparses et appartiennent à la conscience du genre humain. Des personnages nouveaux. L'Etre qu'on ne croit pas à l'existence de Don Quichotte comme à celle de César ? Shakespeare est quelque chose de formidable sous ce rapport. Ce n'était pas un homme, mais un continent ; il y avait des grands hommes en lui, des foules entières, des paysages. Ils n'ont pas besoin de faire du style, ceux-là ; ils sont forts en dépit de toutes les fautes et à cause d'elles. Mais nous, les petits, nous ne valons que par l'exécution achevée. * ... Je hasarde ici une proposition que je n'oserais dire nulle part : c'est que les très grands hommes

écrivains savent fort mal, et tant mieux pour eux. Ce n'est pas là qu'il faut chercher l'art de la forme, mais chez les grands (Horace, La Bruyère). Il faut savoir les maîtres par cœur, les idolâtrer, tâcher de penser comme eux, et puis s'en séparer pour toujours. Comme instrument technique on trouve plus de profit à lire des génies savants et habiles."

p103

"J'y ai vu que tu étais emportée dans l'air et que tu roulais dans la nuée intellectuelle ballottée à tous les grands vents ~~apo~~ apolloniques. C'est bien, c'est bien, c'est bon. Nous ne valons quelque chose que parce que Dieu souffle en nous. C'est là ce qui fait même les médiocres forts,... Garde-moi toujours cette rage-là. Tout cède et tout plie à la fin devant les obstinations suivies. J'en reviens toujours à mon vieil exemple de Boileau: ce prédicateur-là vivra autant que Molière, autant que la langue française, et c'était pourtant un des moins poètes des poètes. Qu'a-t-il fait? N'a suivi la ligne

The Nest.

A straw, a thread of moss, a wisp of hay,
A withered leaf, a twig of last year's date—
These are his prizes, these his precious freight—
All things outworn, and lost, and cast away:
Yet, challenging the universal Nay,
He finds in each a brick predestinate,
And, from his innocent plunder of the State,
He makes a home out of the world's decay.

And I, too, pick and choose with curious eye,
From out the multiplicity of things,
To build a niche against Immensity,
A shelter from the beating of Time's wings:
A thing of naught for others, but for me
A base, a refuge, a security.

F. H.

jusqu'au Bout et donné à son sentiment si restreint du Beau toute la perfection plastique qu'il comportait."

1145

"Il faut, pour bien faire une chose, que cette chose-là rentre dans votre constitution. Un botaniste ne doit avoir ni les mains, ni les yeux, ni la tête faits comme un astronome, et ne voir les astres que par rapport aux herbes. De cette combinaison de l'innéité et de l'éducation résulte le tact, le tact le goût, le génie, l'illumination. Une de fois au-je entendu dire à mon père qu'il devrait des maladies sans savoir à quoi ni en vertu de quelles raisons! Ainsi le même sentiment qui lui faisait d'instinct conclure le remède devait nous faire tomber sur le mot. On n'arrive à ce degré-là que quand on est né pour le métier d'abord, et ensuite qu'on l'a exercé avec acharnement pendant longtemps."

vol III p 237

Tu t'étonnes d'être en butte à tant de calomnies, d'attaques, d'indifférence, de mauvais vouloir. Plus tu feras bien, plus tu en auras. C'est là la récompense du bon et du beau. ... On donne des éloges à tout le monde, mais le blâme, non. Lui est-ce qui a jamais fait la parodie du médiocre ?"

p 24/

"Quand un vers est bon, il peut sonner faux."

"La perfection a partout le même caractère qui est le précision, la justesse."

p 256

"A force de nous enjoindre de nous méfier, il y a danger de le devenir soi-même."

p 25-6

"Je trouve l'observation de Musset sur Hamlet celle d'un profond bourgeois, en voici en quoi. Il reproche cette inconséquence, Hamlet sceptique, lorsqu'il a vu par ses yeux l'âme de son père. Mais d'abord, ce n'est pas l'âme qu'il a vue. Il a vu un fantôme, une ombre, une chose, une chose matérielle vivante, auquel n'a aucun lien dans les idées populaires et prétendues ... à l'époque avec l'idée abstraite de l'âme. ... Et puis Hamlet ne doute pas du tout au sens philosophique; il rêve. ... Hamlet ne réfléchit pas sur des subtilités de

l'école, mais sur des penseurs humains. C'est au contraire ce perpétuel état de fluctuation de Hamlet, ce vague où il se tient, ce manque de décision dans la volonté et de solution dans la pensée qui en font tout le sublime. Mais les gens d'esprit veulent des caractères tout d'une pièce et conséquents (comme il y en a seulement dans les livres) Il n'y a pas au contraire un bout de l'âme humaine qui ne se retrouve dans cette conception.

"C'est si facile de bavarder sur le Beau, mais pour être en style propre" fermez la porte où il y avait encore de dehors, et faites plus de génie que pour faire tous les cours de Littérature du monde."

p. 63

"Le lieu commun n'est racheté que par les imbéciles ou par les très grands. Les natures médiocres l'évitent; elles recherchent l'originalité, l'accidenté

p. 63

"Vous tarderez bien de voir ta Levantée! Tu vois dis que tu dois aller à la Salpêtrière pour cela. Prends garde que cette visite n'influe trop. Ce n'est pas une bonne méthode que de voir ainsi tout de suite, pour écrire immédiatement après. On se

préoccupe trop des détails, de la couleur, et pas assez de son esprit, car la couleur dans la nature a un esprit, une sorte de vapeur subtile ~~de~~ qui se dégage d'elle, et c'est cela qui doit animer en dessous le style. Une de fois, préoccupé ainsi de ce que j'avais sous les yeux, ne me suis-je dépêché de l'interroger de suite dans une oeuvre et de m'apercevoir enfin qu'il ~~fit~~ fallait l'ôter! La couleur, comme les aliments, doit être digérée et mêlée au sang des pensées."

p 2 5 6

"J'aime mieux une jachère complète qu'un demi-labour."

p 2 5 5

"J'ai peur, pauvre chère Louise, de te blesser. (mais notre système en beau, de ne nous rien cacher) eh bien! ne m'envoie pas ton portrait photographié. Je déteste les photographies à proportion que j'aime les originaux. Jamais je ne trouve ~~des~~ cela vrai."

p 2 5 6

"J'erre en mon élément naturel."

pp 2 5 1-3 0

(le bourgeois) "Comme tout est flottant, incertain, faillible dans ces cervelles! O hommes

pratiques, hommes d'action, hommes sensés que je vous trouve malhabiles, endormis, bornés !"

p301

" J'ai cédé à la ligne droite, vous en sûre, comme je suivons.

p312

"Je relis beaucoup de Rabelais ; je fume considérablement. Seul homme que ce Rabelais ! Chaque jour on y découvre du neuf. Prends donc, toi, pauvre muse, l'habitude de lire tous les jours un classique. Rien de tel pour assez. Si je le prêche cela sans cesse, chère amie, c'est que je crois cette hygiène salutaire."

p318

Le passé nous mange trop. Nous ne sommes jamais au présent, qui seul est important dans la vie."

p315

Après trois mois à Trouville :—
"Voilà seulement huit jours, tout au plus, que je commence à être tranquille et à savourer avec simplicité les spectacles que je vois. Au commencement j'étais ahuri ; ----."

p367

Je crois que l'éducation des jésuites a fait un mal immense aux lettres. Ils ont enlevé de l'Art le naturel. Depuis la fin du XVI^e siècle jusqu'à Hugo, tous les livres, quelque beaux qu'ils soient, sentent la poussière des collège. ... Il faut faire de la critique comme on fait de l'histoire naturelle, avec chasse d'idée morale. ~~Il ne faut pas~~ ... (l'esthétique attend son Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, ce grand homme qui a montré la légèreté des monstres). Lucas a aimé pendant quelque temps (malgré l'âme humaine avec l'impartialité que l'on met dans les sciences physiques à étudier la matière, a une fois un pas immense."

p. 370

La simplicité est si voisine de la platitude

p372

"remarque que plus tu as vidé en toi l'élément sensible, plus l'intellectuel a grandi. A mesure que le passion a tenu moins de place dans ta vie, l'Art s'est développé."

p 374

l'encre porte une odeur pour qui a du nez. Il y a tant de pensée entre une ligne et l'autre ! et ce que l'on sent le mieux reste flottant sur le blanc du papier.)

p 375

Je relis du Montaigne. C'est singulier comme je me sens proche de ce bonhomme-là. Est-ce une coïncidence, ou bien est-ce parce que je m'en suis bourré toute une année à dix-huit ans, où je ne lisais que lui ? mais je suis ébahi souvent de trouver l'analyse très délicate de mes moindres sentiments ! Nous avons mêmes goûts, mêmes pensées, même manière de vivre, mêmes manies. Il y a des gens que j'admire plus que lui, mais il n'y en a pas que j'évoquerais plus volontiers et avec qui je causerais mieux".

p 388

"Quant aux corrections, avant d'en faire une seule, remédiez à l'ensemble et tâchez surtout d'améliorer, non par des coupures, mais par une création nouvelle. Toute correction doit être faite en ce sens."

p 208

"Tu pleures grand tu es seule, pauvre amie ! Non, ne pleure pas, évoque la compagnie des oeuvres à faire ; appelle des figures éternelles. Au-dessus de la vie, au-dessus du bonheur, il y a quelque chose de bleu et d'incandescent, un grand ciel immuable et subtil dont les rayonnements qui nous arrivent suffisent à animer des mondes. La splendeur du génie n'est que le reflet pâle de ce Verbe caché."

pp 402-3

Quand à parler ---. C'est cela. Que savons-nous s'il n'y a pas à cette heure, dans quelque coin des Pyrénées ou de la Basse-Bretagne, un pauvre être qui nous comprenne ? Or publie pour les amis inconnus. L'imprimerie n'a que cela de beau. C'est un déversoir plus large, un instrument de propagation qui va frapper à distance.

p 405

Mais je redoute le réveil, les désillusions des pages recopiées ! N'importe, bien ou mal, c'est une délicieuse chose que d'écrire, que de ne plus être soi, mais de circuler dans toute la création dont on parle."

part and parcel of the thing he has made. As Coleridge wrote,

> The vividness of the descriptions or declamations in Donne or Dryden is as much and as often derived from the force and fervour of the describer, as from the reflections, forms or incidents, which constitute their subject and materials. The wheels take fire from the mere rapidity of their motion.

And Dryden, perhaps more than Donne, had control of the motion; not always, indeed; since, in the phraseology of his day, he sometimes allowed his fancy, that "high-ranging spaniel," to outrun his judgment, especially in his earlier heroic plays; but his prose is nearly inpeccable. Landor, after speaking of his "vigour, vivacity, and animation," goes on: "He is always shrewd and penetrating, explicit and perspicuous, concise where conciseness is desirable, and copious where copiousness can yield delight." The reference

p 414

"Et puis, ce qui plaît-il jamais du mal ? La vocation suivie patiemment et naïvement devient une fonction presque physique, une manière d'exister qui embrasse tout l'individu."

p 420
dans son assiette.

VI IV p 147
"ma pauvre vie, si plate et tranquille, où les phrases sont des aventures."

J'écrirai comme par le passé, pour le seul plaisir d'écrire, pour moi seul, ...

Apollon, sans doute, m'en tiendra compte, et j'aurai peut-être un jour à produire une belle chose ! Car tout cède, n'est-ce pas, à la continuité d'un sentiment énergique. Chaque être finit par trouver sa forme

p 147
Car je trouve stupide de vivre
Constamment loin de ceux qui nous
plaisent."

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JOHN DRYDEN

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Dryden had the great good luck to be born into an age which did not try to fit art, or literature, into some imagined scheme of values. In his day, unless you were savagely Puritan, you accepted the fact that literature had its proper place in life. There was no question of its being a substitute for religion, which was admitted to be a higher activity; nor did it need to be based on some profound philosophy or psychological theory, because these things were distinct. Naturally, letters were not to be used for evil purposes: "supposing verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain anything which shocks religion, or good manners, they are at best what Horace says of good numbers without sense, *versus inopes rerum, nugaque canorae*." Dryden wrote in the Preface to the "Fables." On the other hand, poetry might possibly do good in an indirect way:

> By the harmony of words [the Preface to *Tyrannick Love* tells us] we elevate the mind to a sense of devotion, as our solemn music, which is inarticulate poesy, does in churches; and by the lively images of piety, adorned by action, through the senses allure the soul: which, while it is charmed in a silent joy of what it sees and hears, is struck at the same time with a secret veneration of things celestial, and is wound up insensibly into the practice of that which it admires.

We need not, perhaps, take all this too seriously; the little concern which Dryden showed for these politic points is evidence enough that he did not need to give them great attention. There was a realm of literature which existed on its own merits, and might be allowed to continue unhampered so long as a keen critism overran large limits. Not if the limits were large, they were definite; they marked off literature as a special province in which its own laws operated.

It was indeed admitted on all sides that poetry must instruct as well as delight, though what themes exactly it was to instruct in was left conveniently vague; and Dryden, with a grasp of implication denied to most of his contemporaries, was inclined to argue that the only way literature could instruct was by presenting existence in a manner more "lively" than was to be met with in everyday experience: it could enlarge the bounds of the passions. Shadwell, Rymer, Blackmore and such like did, it is true, declare that art must depict the triumph of virtue, and that pleasure was a mere "subordinate, subaltern end"; but Dryden was wiser. In his "Defence of an Essay of Dramatick Poesy" he remarked of it: "I am satisfied if it cause delight: for delight is the chief, if not the only end of poesy; instruction can be admitted but in the second place, for poesy only instructs as it delights." He is on the verge of saying that delight is itself instruction. However, what was important for him, for the work which he wanted to do, was that an atmosphere prevailed in which he could give himself wholly to the discussion of literary problems without being clogged with irrelevant issues: his mind could wander freely over the questions he loved to discuss and ponder; his steps were not trammelled with deeply mysterious consideration: in short, he could consider literature as a body of objects which, separately and as a whole, had certain definite characteristics.

The main problem, of course, was to discover what it was which gave delight; how it might best be produced; and sometimes, more rarely, trenching on the borders of psychology, to discover why pleasure was either born or blighted. It is on this last ground, for instance, that in the "Essay of Dramatick Poesy" Dryden defends the use of comic relief:

> Why should he [Lucideius] imagine the soul of man more heavy than his senses? Does not the eye pass from an unpleasant object to a pleasant in a much shorter time than is needed to do this? . . . A continued gravity keeps the spirit too much bent; we must refresh it sometimes, as we bait in a journey, that we may go on with greater ease.

But he rarely touches on that aspect, for such things are taught by common sense; as far as general principles go, he is anxious to stress the difference between art and life, and in his controversy with Howard was careful to guard against the intrusion of realism. What was "natural" in life was not "natural" in plays. Howard accused him of mistaking the sense of the word natural, "for 'tis not the question," he wrote, "whether rhyme or not rhyme be the best and most natural for a grave and serious subject, but what is the nearest the nature of that which it presents"; to which Dryden answered: "I wonder he should think me so ridiculous to dispute whether prose or verse be nearest to ordinary conversation." The point was one of art, not of life—namely, whether verse "be natural or not in plays." And when Howard submitted that a play was "supposed to be the composition of several persons speaking *ex tempore*," Dryden retorted that on the contrary, a play was "supposed to be the work of a poet." What was the point of art if it was the same as life? Thus in "An Essay on Heroick Plays" he declared roundly:

> if any man object the improbabilities of a spirit appearing, or of a palace raised by magic, I boldly answer him, that an heroic poet is not tied to a bare representation of what is true, or exceeding probable; but that he may let himself loose to visionary objects, and to the representation of such things as depending not on sense, and therefore not to be comprehended by knowledge, may give him a freer scope for imagination.

The ground being thus cleared, he was at liberty to turn to the consideration of such really interested him; and he made with beautiful freedom in the realm of technicalities. He is enchanting on the vexed question of rhyme or blank verse in plays, on the roughness or smoothness of verse, and even on what is apt to be, to the layman, so tedious a subject as prosody. Thus in the "Dedication to Examen Poeticum":

> Sure there never was more sharpness, subtlety, or quickness of wit, more judgment, better sense, than I will give an example of it from "Chapman's Homer," which lies before me; for the benefit of those that understand not the *Latine Prosodia*. 'Tis in the first line of the "Argument to the first Iliad."
>
> Apollo's *Priest to th'Argive Fleet doth bring, &c.* There we see he makes it not the *Argive*, but *th'Argive*, to shun the shock of the two vowels, immediately following each other; but in his second Argument, on the same page, he gives a bad example of the quite contrary kind:
>
> Alpha *the Peop'r of Chryses sings . . .*
> *The Army's Plague, The Stride of Kings.*
>
> In those words *the Army's*, the ending with a vowel, and *Army's* beginning with another vowel, without cutting off the first, by which it had been *th'Army's*, there remains a most horrible ill-sounding gap betwixt those words.

He is never pedantic, because he does not have to be. There is no mystery; because poetry is as much a part of everyday experience as anything else. He talks of literature as naturally and as interestingly as a mechanic will talk about an engine; if you do certain things, other things will happen; this portion works in this way because of that arrangement. There is no more need perpetually to discuss the ethics of literature than there is to argue the morality of engineering. Such considerations belong to a different department. Thus Dryden remains the purest and most inspiring example of the literary critic; and it is largely to that that he owes his outstanding position as the supreme English man of letters.

Not that Dryden as a critic stops short at the discussion of the purely mechanical side of verse—as though there could be a purely mechanical side; the way a man writes depends upon what a man is; not merely words alone, or thought applied to words, are his material, but his motive force as well: part of it, just as it is not the machine alone, but the fuel, which determines how the motor will run. And Dryden, bringing his highest critical powers to bear upon the author he was to translate, under the sway (and indeed part author) of the theory that a translation should be what the Greek or Roman would write were he a living Englishman, held himself bound to appraise the character of his original poet before putting him into English. He is at his surest when discussing Lucretius in the Preface to "Sylvae"; not the thoughts of Lucretius, for with these as a literary critic he is not concerned, except to note what they were. Thus he lets fall in passing: "As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them." What the poet might believe was not the point; what mattered was the nature of the man:

> If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius. . . .

And so the analysis goes on, an analysis which will at once describe the style, and give the reason for its being thus and not otherwise: he dedices the masculinity of the writing, the warmth of the argument, the "scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph, before he entered into the lists." Lucretius, he declares, might have been everywhere as poetic as in his descriptions, had he not been too eager to instruct; "in short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet." That, surely, is as far as criticism need go, or indeed can go. Pursue it further, and we enter other realms, more important, no doubt, to those who habitually dwell in them, but in which the criteria of literary criticism cease to apply.

Not that the poet was debarred from being didactic: that suggestion could not come from the man who wrote the best instructive verse in the language. He might have said of himself that he was sometimes so much of a Christian that he could not afford to be a poet: he did indeed say, at the end of "Religio Laici":—

> And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
> As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose;

but all that he meant was that he had denied himself certain poetical fashions of the day. Heroic poetry was not to be expected, he warned the reader in the Preface; the poet might be majestic, but it was his business to be plain and natural:—

> The florid, elevated and figurative way is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul by showing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life or less; but instruction is to be given by showing them what they naturally are. A man is to be elevated into passion, but to a natural and true height.

The desire to teach, then, was no hindrance to the poet, provided that he adapted his instrument; and Dryden, in writing "Religio Laici," must have been well aware that he was making poetry. Majesty at least is not lacking:—

> Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
> To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers
> Is Reason to the soul: and as on high
> Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
> Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
> Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
> But guide us upward to a better day.
> And as those nightly tapers disappear
> When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
> So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
> So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

Indeed, more than majesty is there, not in the simile alone, which, no doubt, is commonplace enough though brilliantly handled, but in the extraordinary beauty of the versification, more especially in those qualities which Miss Sitwell has taught us to call texture. It demands no exquisite ear to detect the magical vowel-modulations of the second line, its achievement of what, to venture a barbarism, we might call an "emotional onomatopoeia," the very line seeming to lag and falter with the fatigue of the traveller. Read Dryden for the meaning alone and you may well find him full of sturdy common sense rather than of poetry; but to love him you must not only listen to him but palate him on the tongue. Not to do so would be to miss the amazingly deep caesura after "dissolves" in the last line quoted, a caesura which gives the word which comes before it its full emotional as well as intellectual meaning. Can we, indeed, if we accept the argument of the poem, be sure that we have not been cheated into truth rather than reasoned into it? The manner, it is true, drops a little, so that we may perhaps believe that it is reason which guides us; but was it reason that wrote, or is it reason that accepts and delights in the fine descriptive of God which follows so soon,

> Unrash, unmoved; yet making, moving all?

If that is the verse nearest prose, let us have more prosaic verse from our poets.

It is a famous, or at least a notorious, phrase of Pater's that Dryden's fondness for distinguishing prose from poetry came somewhat oddly from a man whose own verse was as prosaic. But if Pater, himself so well able to make distinctions, had been less blinded by the poetic fashions of his day, he might have seen that this very "prosaic" quality of Dryden's verse was precisely that which enabled him to distinguish poetry from prose. Both, for him, were instruments for the communication of thought and feeling—not, Heaven forbid! for the expression of a

The elder writers see man essentially as set against that blind, indifferent background; for the younger writers it is man who becomes increasingly indifferent to his background—there is a growing sense that the personality shapes the background.

Review T.L.S. Aug 15. 29

the gulf between the attitudes of Hardy and Mr. Kipling: one a profound acceptance of the tragic reality, the other, as we have suggested, less a facing of facts than a busying

to forget them.

D.S.P.'s architecture book.

"Man will not wear inherited chains for ever"

"the clarion life whose spring for these ~~wretched~~ ~~wretched~~ wretches."

Hardy

I look into my glass
And view the wasting skin ...

. . . . . .

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With the ague-fits of mortal ride."

Review in T.L.S. Mar 21. 29

"unhappily in every walk of life & in any subject of this world as the near as the habit of the layman to demand at all costs a crisp & clear-cut yea or nay for the profound man, & he is ~~never~~ seldom considered indecision & its alternative explanations.

alteration in meaning of words

Hamlet. Act I Sc. I.

Hor. "Be extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine."

(From derivation)

A cocker spaniel
Is known as the merry
And is frequently mistaken
For a common woolly my

For a common woolly my
Just as we equally tell
For my breed's not a dog at all
But a cocker spaniel

A cat will come if it's called
A dog will come if you call
But a Pekingese is ~~different~~ Not like
— It never will come at all

Lord Darwin can
Tommy's hand

1590

"hereupon ... Clarenceux & King of Armes
considering ... in all universities publicke professors
& Readers be the cheefe members chosen as the
worthiest fytt for their professions; In consideracion
of the premisses ... untoo Mr Agas annexed ... under
the great Seale of England have assigned & granted
& by these ffyve Readers & their Successors in Lyke
place & office for ever: their Armes & Creast
followeth;

"the ffeelde Reader the feelde Silver &
Sables parte per cheveron, in the base & there the
ffeelde letter A Alpha & Ω Omega sable, &
in the dexter a Cicade or grashopp Silver, on
a cheefe Sables a Lyon passant gardant
marked on his side with this letter C sable,
& for the Creast upon the healme on the wreathe
Silver & sable an Owle Silver, legs
eares feete, mantled sables doubled Silver, &
vnto playnelye appendit depicted in the
margent.

To have & holde the sayde Armes & Creast
... the sayde ffyve Kinge's Readers & Lecturers
... & their Successors for ever ... without impeachment
lett or interruption of any person or persons.

... in the yeere of our Lord God 1590 &
in the XXXII yeere of the Reigne of our
most gratious Soveraigne Lady Queene
Elyzabeth.

Court of Armes / Regius
Professor / Feeld