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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.

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Subject: — *mid-ago*

From Paragraph No. *mid*

To Paragraph No. _____

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A. Aiba
52 Huntington Road
Cambridge

Autumn 1929

X = imperium
in fine ingulpho, book.

Yet one of the finest things about art was said by a lawyer. Bacon said—"A painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of ely (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music) and not by rule."

Chinese proverb:—
If you have two leavers sell one and buy a pig.

THE SHERLOCKS

William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, appointed Master of the Temple in 1684, was an active and inconsistent controversialist. He was reckoned by Macaulay as the foremost man of the Nonjurors. But he took the oaths in August, 1690. Popular satire ascribed his compliance to the influence of his wife, and a bookseller, "seeing him handing her along St. Paul's Churchyard," remarked, "There goes Dr. Sherlock, with his reasons for taking the oaths at his fingers' ends." South said of him, "There is hardly any one subject that he has wrote upon (that of popery only excepted) but he has wrote for and against it too." When in 1687 Sherlock declined to read King James II.'s declaration for liberty of conscience he feared for his Mastership.

Times Jan 6. 1930.

ENGLISH RAILWAY GAUGE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—The writer of the very interesting article in your issue of January 3 describing the Roman fort in Hadrian's Wall states that:—

Here, as at Pompeii, the Roman chariots have left their marks behind them. . . . The grooves are about 4ft. 8½in. apart. It is

ENGLISH RAILWAY GAUGE

Samuel Smiles in his "Lives of the Engineers," published in 1879, describes the many important points which had to be decided in the construction of the Stockton and Darlington railway, of which the question of the gauge was one. He says:—"What width was this to be? The gauge of the first tramroad laid down had virtually settled the point. The gauge of wheels of the common carts of the country—which were first used on the tramroads—was about 4ft. 8½in. And so the first tramroads were laid down of this gauge. The Wylam wagonway, the Killingworth railroad, and the Hetton railroad were as nearly as possible on the same gauge. Some of the earth wagons used to form the Stockton and Darlington road were brought from the Hetton railway; and others which were specially constructed were formed of the same dimensions." So the Roman influence may have had its effect.—CAPTAIN F. SHELFORD, Brackens, Windlesham, Surrey.

... my accepted our suggestion, and the width between the wheels of the wagon measured was found to be 4ft. 8½in. If this account is accurate, the identity of our present railway gauge with the gauge of Roman chariots is not a mere coincidence, but the result of the unbroken maintenance of ancient practice.

Yours, &c.,

HAROLD COX.

Times
Jan 11
1930

Digitized by Hunt Institute

You remember how the blind and aged Milton would sit alone for hours in his darkness, holding olives in his hand to remind him of his golden year in Italy.

Take so simple a thing, and one so easily overlooked, as the perfect courtesy of his controversial method in the "Defence of Ryme." Campion had been dogmatic and opinionated. Imagine the counter-attack conducted by anyone save Daniel — by Nash, for instance, or by Chapman: the jaunty impertinence of the one or the venomous obscenity of the other, both overflowing with personal abuse, Daniel — wonder of wonders! — is a faultless defendant.

Not yet now, upon the great discovery of these new measures, threatening to overthrow the whole state of rhyme in this Kingdom, I must either stand out to defend, or else be forced to forsake myselfe, and give over all. And though irresolution and a selfe distrust be the most apparent faults of my nature, and that the least check of reprehension, if it savour of reason, will as easily shake my resolution as any man's living; yet in this case I know not how I am grown more resolved, and before I ment any, that must bear me down, and bent me off from the station of my profession, which by the law of nature I am set to defend.

And the rather for that this detractor (whose commendable rhymes, albeit now himself an enemy to rhyme, have given heretofore to the world the best notice of his worth) is a man of fair parts, and good reputation.

The tone is unique in Elizabethan controversy. Ben Jonson, with the like brief, would have browbeaten the miserable defendant into nullity. Daniel could have met the late Lord Balfour without having to yield a point in the pure courtesy of debate.

Paradise Lost.

Read on Kettlewell between Aug 22
Sept 1. 1929

David Masson. The Poetical Works

of John Milton Vol I

p. 40

In 1639 at the age of 30 Milton
fell between you himself securing of
undertaking some great literary work.

He was moved in part by the reception
of his early work among the
Italians during his travels —

"I began thus far to assent to them,
and wishes of my friends here at home
& not less to an inward prompting
which now grew daily upon me,
tear by labour & intense study (which I
take to be my portion in this life), joined
with the strong propensity of nature, I
myself perhaps leave something so
written to after times as they should not

willingly let it die."

From "The Reason of Church
Government" (1641.) Book II
Introduction.

p44-45

A line extant of nearly 100 subjects
jettied down / his great work,
Pardons ^{Don} heads the law, &
4 draughts of possible schemes of it give.

p48

In "The Reason of Church Government" he

is ^{Digitized by} "a work not to be released from the heat
of youth, a ----- nor to be
blamed by the imprecation of Dame
Memory & her seven daughters, but
by devout prayer to that Blessed
Spirit who can enrich with all
utterance & knowledge, send out his
Seraphim with the hallowed fire of
his altar to touch - purify the lips of
whom he pleases. To this must be
added industrious & select reading,

steady observation, insight into all
seemly & generous arts & affairs ..."

p49

It was not of nearly 20 years that
Butler did not have been 5 or 6
years totally blind, really began
Paradise Lost; the condition of England
had made him feel it not upon, even if
what was possible, to write poetry.

p134. Book I

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, be my
Before all temples the ^{prefer} upright heart & pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: that in me is dark
Illumine, that - low raise & support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men."

Book II line 144

And that man end us; that man be an cure—
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Thyself full of pain, this intellectual being
More things than wonder things eternally,
To perish rather, and laid up & lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of sense + motion?"

p163

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p167

"un grave

Appear to see, & on his way seemed
A pillar of state."

p175

"Others again set on a hill retired,
In thoughts more devout, & reared high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, & Fate—
Fixed Fate, firm Will, foreknowledge absolute—
And find no end, in wandering mazes lost."

Adam p 398

"Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? / As my will
Concurred not to my being, were he might
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desires to resign & render back
All I received, unwilling to perform
My tasks too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I never meant."

p415

Eve

for see! the Morn,

All unconcerned with our unrest, begins
Her way progress smiling."

p456

"The world was all before them, there to choose
Their place of rest,"

... space, then the scheme of the
universe might have been left as Descartes
and Newton conceived it. But the wave
theory of light required it. But the wave
the aether was imagined a vehicle, and so
necessary theoretical qualities. But
gravitation was left out, and had to be
accepted as an unexplained phenomenon.
Later came trouble with electro-magnetic
fields; if the aether were given qualities,
so to speak, to fit the theory of these,
then it ceased to fit the theory of these
of mechanics.

Meantime mathematicians had been
developing a logic in which there were not
the same assumptions as in Euclid's and
the same axioms as in Aristotle's.

the successful bid for Mr. W. Sandbrook's
second prize, and other prizes for
articles in the same class included 50 guineas
for the best paper, and 25 guineas for the
second best. The winner was Mr. S. B. B. B.

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Oct 2. 1929

Correspondance. Jantzen & Lambert.

Vd 4.

p225

"tme dépend de l'exécution.
L'histoire d'un poil peut être
plus belle que celle d'Alexandre."

p245

"Lancez-vous dans ce travail à
corps perdu, laissez et arrotez le
corps de vos idées jusqu'à ce que
vous en trouvez mieux, moralement
parlant. Votre âme est une
bête féroce; toujours affamée,
et fait la gazer jusqu'à la
grande peur qu'elle ne se jette par
sur nous. Rien n'apaise plus
qu'un long travail."

p264

Je... "tant de la nature des diaboliques
qu'on ne peut ni mettre en route,
ni arrêter."

No Ophe epuente
Zavis, mirage,
Arben

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THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE

SPACE AS THE ONLY REALITY

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN'S LATEST THEORY

(FROM OUR SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENT)

Professor Albert Einstein is human as well as mathematical, and it is possible to suspect him of concealing a grin when he protests himself to be merely a mathematician and not a metaphysician. Certainly he has set our metaphysicians dancing to very exciting tunes, and in the summary he gave of his great address to the World Peace Conference in Berlin a fortnight ago it is likely to increase the speed of their gyrations. Calling it indeed a metaphorical summary, he declared space to be sole representative of reality; it had eaten up light and gravitation, electro-magnetic fields, corpuscles and their movements. By space, dualism, he meant the four-dimensional space-time continuum, and by eating up he meant that all we know of the universe, gravity, electricity, light, matter, can be included or deduced from a space-time continuum of such a kind that it is satisfied by certain (mathematically speaking) mathematical conditions.

Now mathematics, we may readily agree, are products, or states, or whatever one may choose to call them, and used it will be an inference very agreeable to many philosophers that here is a leading man of science, possibly the leading man of the day, proclaiming axioms as the message of modern science, assuming that in the last resort there really is a mind. The inference is worth examining. The conception of limitless space seems to most of us to be necessary, and many philosophers have declared it to be intuitive, a natural endowment of the human mind. Einstein says to both the intuitive and the conception that we can get the idea of a special continuum directly from our senses.

HISTORY OF SPACE

According to Einstein, people must have begun with the notion we all have, that the external world is real and is full of material things. Some of these external objects are in contact and all have, or seem to have, relative positions. Measuring for practical purposes, such as building and marking plots of land, led to primitive mathematics. The Greeks, of whom our old friend Euclid is the type, made an abstraction from reality by imagining each ideal thing as the point, the straight line, the plane and linear extension, defining these by the well-known axioms—a point has position without magnitude, a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and so forth. On this basis they were able to construct a rational system of deductive geometry, in which the conception of continuous space did not appear.

Descartes introduced a spatial geometry, but he was not able to give it a basis which other bodies could be measured, instead of comparing bodies only the one with respect to the other. His "space" was a pure abstraction, and except that it was empty, it was like a solid, extending infinitely in every direction. By the mathematical system of coordinates which he invented, it was possible to describe by a formula the position of any point, the path of any kind of line, straight or curved, and the configuration of any kind of shape with reference to axes of length, breadth, and depth.

It was to such a mathematically conceived universe, occupied by material bodies, that Newton fitted his laws of mechanics and his conception of gravitation and acceleration. If light could have been regarded, as Newton hoped to be able to regard it, as an emission of particles travelling from body to body through empty space, then the scheme of the universe might have been left as Descartes and Newton conceived it. But the wave theory of light required a vehicle, and so the aether was imagined and assigned the necessary theoretical qualities. But gravitation was left out, and had to be accepted as an unexplained phenomenon. Later came trouble with electro-magnetic fields; if the aether were given qualities, so to speak, to fit the theory of these, then it seemed to fit the Newtonian laws of mechanics.

Modern mathematicians had been developing a logic in which there were not three but four dimensions of space, and exploring the theoretical properties of such a continuum. Then, as is now well known, by taking time as one of these four dimensions, Einstein was able to devise formulas which brought gravitation into his fold, and now, he tells us, has also brought in electro-magnetic fields and possibly also particles. Not several different systems but a single mathematical conception of space-time fits all we know of the universe.

BACK TO "REALITY"

But there is a reservation to be made, and probably Einstein had that in his mind when he said that he was a mathematician and not a metaphysician. You cannot take out of a mathematical mill more than you put into it, although the flour may be very different in its usefulness from the raw corn. And the grit brought to the mill at every stage of the long and magnificent history of physical science has been abstractions from what we call reality in the crude every-day sense of the word. The point, the straight line, the plane, Descartes' space, Newtonian mechanics, fields of gravity and of electro-magnetism, the quantum, molecule, atom, electron and so forth, are all theoretical conceptions, observations stripped of the crudeness of reality, and taken as pure symbols. They were mental conceptions from the beginning, and nothing but a mental conception can be deduced from them. It is to be noticed, moreover, that Einstein himself still relies on external reality. The standard of truth which he adopted for relativity was not the correctness of its mathematical deduction, but the circumstance that observations made on the light of a planet observed during an eclipse, and shifting of the lines of a spectrum under certain conditions confirmed his mathematics. And now he tells us that inferences from his new Entailty Field Law are standing the test of confrontation with the empirical, that is to say observational, laws of gravity and electricity.

Dec 2. 1929
Correspondance. Justice Flaubert.
Vol 4.
p 245
"tout depend de l'execution.
L'histoire d'un poete peut etre
plus belle que celle d'Alexandre."

p 245
"La ney-voudan ce travail a
cette fin, laissez ce amonoye le
plus qu'il vous sera possible. Vous
vous en trouverez mieux, mesdemoiselle
parlant. Notre ame est une
belle fleur; toujours effarante,
il faut la garder jusqu'à la
premiere pluie qu'elle se se jette pas
sur nous. Rien n'a apaise plus
qu'un long travail."

p 264
Je... l'etat de la nature des domadans,
qu'on ne peut ni mettre en suite,
ni arreter.

But the effects of the surprise or shock, for the surprise at its best produces an almost physical reaction in the reader, are neatly summed up by Mr. Williamson in the coined phrase: The Metaphysical Shudder, which is the most valuable contribution of "The Tradition" to English literature. The finest examples have become familiar quotations, though it has been too frequently overlooked that they are indeed of the very substance of metaphysical poetry:—

A bracelet of bright haire about the bone.
Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young.
But at my back I alwaies heare
Times winged Chariot hurrying near:—
And yonder all before us lye
Deserts of vast Eternity.
I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
As calm, as it was bright.

In a sense, Donne's life, his death certainly, was the most fearful of metaphysical shudders; he experienced in the flesh what most of his disciples could only ingeniously imagine. So that, unlike them, he was rarely wanton with his use of conceits; they lay at hand, and he built them into place in his poems, where they appear as part of the main structure, no idle efflorescence of wit. This was the example he set to his contemporaries and successors, this tightening up of thought with feeling so that in the end they become one. To understand this is to understand better the irregularity of his rhythms; what to Dr. Johnson seemed to be iron pokers, and to Coleridge love-knots twisted out of iron pokers, to us are true love-knots. For we know now, and M. Pierre Legouis has confirmed it, that Donne was not careless of the form his poems took; that they took a curious form is another matter; no poet before, none since, has packed the agonies of such an intense and brooding intellect into his verse.

p 295

"Je ne pense plus qu'à Carthage
et c'est en ce qu'il faut. Un livre
n'a jamais été pour moi que'une
manière de vivre dans un milieu
quelconque."

p 313

"Cela vous paraît cynique. Mais
ce n'est pas moi qui ai inventé
la nature humaine."

Le sens historique est tout
nouveau dans ce monde. On
va se mettre à étudier les
idées comme des faits, et à
disséquer les croyances comme
des agorismes."

p 316

"Le surcis, le temps, l'argent,
et l'imprimerie sont
relégués au fond de ma pensée

Spinoza.

p 358 (letter to Oratio)

"As regards the Turks & other peoples
not included in the fold of Christianity,
I am free to confess that I believe if they
worship God in love & truth & do
justly by their neighbours they have
within them more than what is equivalent
to the Spirit of Christ, than their
religion demands, & that these

notions they in their ignorance may
entertain of Mahomet & his revelations."

p 206 (letter to Von Blyenberg (1665))

"And though I were a- times to find the
fair unreal what I gather by my
natural understanding, yet would
not this make me otherwise than
Content, because in the fact I am
enjoying, & pass my days out in sighing &
-sorrow, but in peace, serenity & joy &
so much! a sleep higher & nobler."

The letter translated
quite differently & makes
a much less free passage
in Pollock's p 58

p. 250
"Ascribe to Nature neither order
nor disorder, beauty nor deformity;
for things, I hold, are neither a disorder,
beautiful or ugly, in relation to our
imagination only, not in themselves."
Letter to Leibniz ? 1665.

p. xviii

Descartes says

"Par la nature considérée en
général, je entends manifestement
cette chose que Dieu même, au
bien l'ordre et la disposition que
Dieu a établie dans les choses
Cielles." 6^e méditation.

Judsono Bruno who is
followed by Spinoza conceived of
as the Immanent Cause
or Essence of all things, externally
manifested in Nature + acting
personally in the universe
above all in Man.

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From an unpurged Cooper letter
The Times April 25. 1930

If I had strength of mind I have not strength
of body for the task which you say, some would
impose upon me. I cannot bear much think-
ing. The meshes of that fine net-work the
Brain, are composed of such mere Spinner's
threads in me, that when a long thought once
finds its way into them, it buzzes and twangs
and bustles about at such a rate, as seems
to threaten the whole contexture.

p^{wo} / Friday Oct 20 1815

"Five leagues & Brussels. On the way
Edith May's quick eye discovered
the small or dilipus cabbages growing like
warts upon the stalks of your second
common cabbages; and as I doubt
they are an artificial product."

Journal 1. Tour in the
Netherlands in the Autumn of
1815 by Robert Southey.

With Heinrich
1909

(If quoted, look up in the
p. edition. This is a bad
one with many misprints)

Journal 1. Horticultural
Tour. Gc Deputaten &
the Coloman Hort.
loc. 1023 p 293

Ref given to history of Brussels
upland - Dawson A & P
under Domestication.

The Desert

Wandering in the desert all your days
you keep yourself alive by shifts and tricks,
lovingly chase your shadow on the sand,
you feed upon the mirage, and at night
under the mirage you lie down to rest.
It is not wise to think, or strain your eyes,
or grip too hard on your familiar life,
satisfy half your thirst and your desire,
enough to keep them weak, you may be safe;
it is not wise to think, but lest you do,
lest you remember and foresee too much,
two guardian devils do not leave you long;
hope and oblivion are your constant friends,
how tenderly they plaster up your wounds,
cover the spikes and chasms with mist that curls
so near, and takes so nearly human forms;
Oh, they are kind; you can not bear the truth.

AUSTIN DUNCAN-JONES

Jan 3. 1929
The Testament Beauty
Robert Bruders

p2

"resting on some hill-top
to view the plain he has left, & see 't' it is
out-spread
mop'd in his feet, a land so by beauty
estranged
because we've been familiar haunts, n' a his
our home,
maybe, there far is he, small as a
foiled tongue"

p3

and yet was nothing new to me, only all was
irish
and significant to me had been dormant or dead:
as for a museum the fossils on their shelves
shook some life suddenly, or a winter ice had
been into crowded holiday of scent & bloom."

(He does not really believe in Reason)
"Man's Reason is in ear deep in shadow
& sense"

p5

the magnificent
as awareness of his art as of his brooding mate."

(I think he is quite wrong about joy -
sorrow)

p 10

our joy

livelier & more abiding than our sorrows are,
which leak away until no taint remains.

(Ways of our man's mind)

p 31

"man's faculties

were joined once for all, & stand, 't would seem
as they."

p 96

"How was November's melancholy entered
Five

in the spray of plume-tears falling & reversing
just only the clearest land-sea for distance
as the slow-creeping ripple of fair single
submerged the wooden letter of summer's
fevered!"

p 117

his more impulsive sex, - for animal mating
to the union of Dante - tho' strong in all degrees,
is not the bond of marriage. Nay, if breeding
all matter is it, why fair & true of it, -
women & men would mate; & so we must
man's life be found more of congenial mate,

and marriage of time must have lessingadement.

The happiness - marriage depends for - sex
not on the animal function, but on qualities
of spirit - & mind - are - correlated theories?

The Cambridge Review

May 29, 1931]

But the true loves of an author are discovered by his Index, which is no less than a frequency distribution of his interests.

F. W. LAWE

Chu Hsi, his Master

J. Percy Bruce - 1923

p251 Probatum 41 St-Ransall St

Chang Tsai says "When the mind

is enlarged it can enter into everything in the universe. When there is anything in the universe that the mind does not enter it is egoistic. The mind of the man of the world will not enter the narrow limits of the senses, therefore cannot enter into everything in the universe. It is only the sage who develops his nature to its utmost, and does not draw his mind. One fettered by what he sees hears - those mind is large enough to embrace all things, as man under the whole heaven, then is not a single thing which he does not look upon as he looks upon himself."

Plaubert Cur. Vd 4

p 38^L
"Quand on voit les choses
dans un but, on ne voit
qu'un côté des choses."

like GIBBON, but with
better reason: "hills began to rise on hills,
"Alps on Alps, and I found my journey far
"more tedious and toilsome than I had
"imagined," so he may now be recalling what
GIBBON told about that summer night when he
wrote the last lines of the last page:—

After laying down my pen I took several turns
in a *berceau*, or covered walk of Arcadius, which
commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and
the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky
was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected
from the waters, and all Nature was silent. I will
not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the re-
covery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment
of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and
a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by
the idea that I had taken my everlasting leave of
an old and agreeable companion.

It is possible, indeed, that the author of the
History of the British Army may share GIBBON'S
other mood, in which he felt "as if a mountain
"was removed from my breast."

J'ajoute de vos Cranponne à la
science, à la science pure; aimez
 les faits par eux-mêmes. Étudiez
 les idées comme la nature des
 études les machines. La contemplation
 peut-être pleine de tendresse. Les
 mains ont la poitrine pleine de lait.
 Ce langage - là est la base des
 faits.

p 432

Je ne me parais pas te
 réjouir infiniment, mais
 mieux Fey deau. et je le concors.
 l'existence n'étant tolérable que
 dans le délice littéraire. Mais
 le délice a des int^{er}mittences; et
 c'est alors que l'on s'embête.

Que te dirais-je ? Il n'y a pas de
 Crispetours pour de telles douleurs,
 pas un mot à dire devant une
 pareille. Si j'étais près de toi,
 je t'embrasserais en pleurant, car,
 moi aussi j'ai passé par là. Je
 sais ce que c'est que ces arrachements
 de l'âme où il semble que l'on
 va mourir soi-même. Et si le
 temps, si l'habitude, émusse
 le souffrance, il ne l'entère plus,
 au contraire !

Plus tu vas et plus tu y
 réfléchiras. Dans mille circonstances
 de ta vie tu te rappelleras ton
 père, tu évoqueras son souvenir,
 et tu lui demanderas mentalement
 des conseils et des approbations.
 On finit même par sentir à
 côté une certaine douceur
 grave ; c'est en quelque chose
 de religieux qui vous ~~sert~~
 suit partout.

p. 415-416

Il y a des génies que l'on admire
et que cependant on n'aime pas,
et d'autres qui plaisent sans qu'on
les considère; mais on chérie ceux
qui nous pressent à la fois
par tous les bouts, et qui nous
semblent créés pour notre tempér-
-ament. On les hait, ceux-là!
on s'en nourrit, ils nous servent
à vice.

p. 456

Des que j'ai fini un livre,
il me devient complètement
étranger, et sans sortir de la
sphère d'idées qui me l'a
fait entreprendre. Donc,
quand Salahambô sera
reçue - et corrigée, je
la fumerai dans un bos
d'armoise et n'y penserai
plus, fort heureux de me
livrer immédiatement à
d'autres exercices. Adieu
que pourra! Le succès n'est
pas mon affaire. C'est celle du
hasard et des vents qui soufflent.

A Room, Mrs's Own
Virginia Woolf

plod [9230. d. 48]

"On held every phrase, every scene
to the light & one read - for Nature
seems, very oddly, to have provided us
with an inner light of such guide &
the novelist's integrity & disintegrity.
Or perhaps it's rather than Nature, in her
more natural mood has traced in
irresistible art. on the walls of the
mind & the pen with the same
art into Confusion; a sketch that we
need on held to the face, senses
to become visible. When one too expresses
it & sees it come to life one
exclaims in rapture. But this is
what I have always felt & know
- desired!"

plod

The business of the writer is "to find
[reality] & call it & communicate
it to the rest of us. To as hear
enough for ready dear a Emma

... In the ready, these books seem
to perform a curious coaching operation
on the senses; one sees more and comes
afterward; the world seems bared
of its covering & given an intense life.

Type borrowed for Lady Vindobona
was wrote

Now the jungle o'ercomes the
feeble brain;

We faint beneath the aromatic
part.

She also wrote

No will in fading silks
Composed

Faintly the inimitable rose

"p 85"

the mind } the artist, in order
to achieve the prodigious effort of
feeling whole & entire the work
in art, in him, much more ardent
... [Shakespeare] "All desire to

publish, to preach, to proclaim
an injury, to pay off the score, to
make the world the witness of some
hardship, a grievance was fired out
of him & consumed. Therefore his
poetry flows from him free &
unimpeded. ... If ever a mind
was unimpeded, unimpeded, it
was Shakespeare's mind."

A. D. Ritchie
Scientific Method

Summer
Term
1930

Kegons Paul. 1923.

pp 78-9

After reading of Rayleigh's Discovery of Argon, the course can be recalled as follows: observation of Cavendish's work - a residue of nitrogen that could not be got to combine, he says that Rayleigh was justified "by the instinct of the true experimentalist that when there is an anomaly there is something to be discovered. The successful discoverer is the man who believes in his observation rather than in the theories he has learned from others or even those he has made up for himself. ... an investigator never knows what he is going to find; Rayleigh was apparently doing the very different

some work - and among a constant
force of the non-causally
investigated relations, & for another
significant figure in. Much to
be remembered than Saul was out
to take for his father's ashes he found
kingdom.

p. 6

"If some or all of the results of
science are due to the Constitution
of the human mind, then the
question is not how the consequences of
the non-human mind can explain
it is how they really are."

2103

"In order to justify any special
conclusions we need not necessarily
know the whole of experience but
only the relevant part of experience.
The character of the whole of nature
need not be understood, but only the
character of special parts."

It is an attractive notion that in an investigation we should start with no presuppositions about the state of things to be discovered but we perfectly open mind & a high eye to the facts.

.... at this is all nonsense, To have an open mind is not the same thing as to have a vacant mind. ... It has a double meaning & we should not allow any hypothesis to give him a bias against the facts. Again for this the more hypothesis he has the better."

Autumn holidays, 1930

Flaubert. Vol V p. 6 ^(2nd) Vol 5
"6

"Lorsqu'une œuvre est finie, il
faut songer à en faire un
autre. Avant à celle qui vient
d'être faite, elle me devint
absolument indifférente et,
si je la fais voir au public,
c'en par bêtise et en vertu
d'une idée reçue qu'il faut
publier, chose dont je
ne suis pas pour moi le moins
pro

Jetez-vous tête baissée
dans le travail. L'encre est
un vin qui grise; plongeons
- nous dans les rêves, puisque
la vie est si atroce."

plus

"En résumé: concessions
d'argent, tant qu'on vendra;
concessions d'art, aucune!"

Alors Salomon!

En résumé : Concessions d'argent,
tant qu'on voudra ; Concessions
d'art, aucune !

Mais la parenté que Lévy me c'
demande des illustrations me f...

Sans une figure impossible à
dessiner. Ah ! qu'on me le

montre, le coco qui fera le
dessin d'un faux œil cartaginois !
Il me rendra grand service. Ce

n'était guère la peur d'employer
tant d'art à laisser tant dans
le vague, pour qu'un pigeon
vienne de m'en mon déve
par sa précision inepte.

p 25

Jamais, moi vivant, on ne
m'illustrera, parce que : la plus
belle description littéraire est

de voler par le plus piètre dessin.
Du moment qu'un type est fixé
par le crayon, il perd ce caractère
de généralité, cette concordance
avec mille objets connus qui font
dire au lecteur : "J'ai vu cela" ou
"Cela doit être". Une femme
dessinée ressemble à une femme,
voilà tout. L'idée en des les
femmes, complète, et toutes les
qu'une femme écrite fait
rêver à mille femmes.

p. 20

"Un livre à écrire est pour
moi un long voyage. La navigation
est rude et j'en ai d'avance
mal au cœur. Voilà.

p. 51

On ne se salue de l'esprit que par
le travail. Faisons-nous avec de
l'esprit, puisque le restant des dieux
nous manque.

p 91

"# Je m'ennuie à crever ; ...
ma non-écriture .. me pèse.
Sacré état !"

p 93

la Normandie avec sa verdure
m'gace les dents comme
un plot d'oeilles crues"

p 111

"Brewon, t'as ou là. Et
après des siècles d'études il
sera peut-être donné à
quelqu'un de faire la synthèse.
La rage de vouloir conclure
est une des manies les plus
funestes et les plus stériles
qui appartiennent à l'humanité.
... Je vois... que les plus grands
genies et les plus grands oeuvres
n'ont jamais conclus. Homère,
Malherbe, Goethe, tous les fils

ainés de Dieu (comme dit
Michelet) se sont bien gardés de
faire autre chose que représenter
p 148

Zuan à l'idée de l'expectation,
elle dérive d'une conception étroite
de la justice, une manière de
la sentir barbare et confuse;

... Mais en somme, encore là,
peu de justice, la justice, la
colère ou la miséricorde de
Dieu, toutes qualités humaines,
relatives, finies et partant
incompatibles ~~de~~ avec l'absolu.

pp 154-5

"La manie qu'ils (les jansénistes)
ont de canger les manuscrits
qu'on leur apporte finit par
donner à toutes les œuvres
la même absence de d'originalité."

p183

"j'ai envie ... de donner mes
livres pour rien du tout. Ce serait
une pose, mais distinguée,
convenez-en.

Le lebeur et le salaire me
semblent deux choses tellement
loin l'une de l'autre, tellement
dysproportionnées, que leur
rapport m'échappe!"

p189

"de se ~~de~~ étourdir par le travail,
c'est encore le meilleur
cataplasme qu'il y ait pour
les blessures de la vie."

p191

"Epuis, avant tout et
surtout, vous avez le style,
cette chose qui ne se pardonne
jamais."

p247

"Chacun de nous porte en soi
sa nécropole."

p257

"Je me suis mal exprimé en vous
disant "qu'il ne fallait pas
écrire avec son cœur". J'ai voulu
dire : ne pas mettre sa personnalité
en scène. Je crois que le grand
Art est scientifique et impersonnel.
Il faut, par un effort d'esprit,
se transporter dans les personnages,
et non les attirer à soi."

p367

"Quant à mon avis sur ces
choses, le voici en un mot :
je ne sais pas ce que veulent
dire ces deux substantifs
Matière et Esprit; on ne
connaît pas plus l'une que
l'autre. Le ^{un} peut être que deux

abstractions de notre intelligence.

p 383

"Mais comme c'est triste de voir
les gens que l'on aime vieillir!
Ou plus ^{et} comme tout est
triste, n'est-ce pas?"

p 385

"Ne trouvez-vous pas qu'il a
l'air né marié?"

p 387

Je ne trouve pas les choses
telles qu'elles me
paraissent, à exprimer ce qui
me semble le vrai. --- Je ne
veux avoir ni amour, ni
haine, ni pitié, ni colère,
Deux à de la sympathie,
c'en-différent: jamais on
n'en a assez. --- "Est-ce qu'il
n'est pas temps de faire entrer
la justice dans l'Art? L'impartialité

de la peinture attendrait alors
à la majesté de la loi, — et
à la précision de la science!

Vd VI ps

"Je comprends du reste
parfaitement sa fureur, si on
lui a refusé un article. Il
faut être homme de lettres
pour savoir combien ces
choses-là vous blessent."

[Bouilhet]

"Quand je l'ai quitté pour la
dernière fois, samedi, il
avait un volume de la Mettrie
sur sa table de nuit, ce qui
m'a rappelé mon pauvre
Alfred [de Poitevin] lisant
Spinoza. Aucun prêtre n'a
mis le pied chez lui."

p 113

Je connais l'Éthiopia le
Opuzza, mais pas du tout le
Trattato theologico-politico,
lequel m'épate, m'éblouit, me
transporte d'admiration. N... d...
quel honore ! quel cerveau ! quelle
science et quel esprit !

p 115

(après Roussel's deate)

Je ne suis plus le Dessein d'Éthiopia,
parce que j'en avais spécialement
pour un seul être qui n'en
plus. ~~Le~~ Voilà le vrai ! et
cependant - je continuerai à
être. Mais le goût n'y est plus,
l'entraînement est parti. Il y a
un peu de gens qui aiment ce que
j'aime, qui s'inquiètent de ce
qui me préoccupe. Connaissiez-
vous dans ce Paris, qui en si

grand, une seule maison où l'on
parle de littérature ?

p 281 (to judge land)

"2^e Idée d'égalité (qui est
toute la démocratie moderne)
est une idée essentiellement chrétienne
et qui s'oppose à celle de justice."

p 282

"Ah ! chère bon maître, si
vous pouviez haïr ! C'est là
ce qui vous a manqué. Les
haine. Malgré vos grands yeux
de sphinx, vous avez vu le
monde à travers une couleur
d'or. Elle venait du soleil
de votre cœur ; mais tant de
ténèbres ont surgi, que vous
voilà maintenant ne
reconnaissez plus les choses."
"Histoire ignorante d'histoire
nous fait colonne notre

temps. On a toujours été comme
ça. Quelques années de calme
nous ont trompés. Voilà tout.
Moi aussi, je croyais à l'adou-
-cessement des mœurs. Il faut
rayer cette erreur et ne pas
s'estimer plus qu'on ne
s'estimait du temps de
Pénelope ou de Shakespeare,
époques atroces où on a fait
de belles choses.

prob. 20 fev 1906

"Je cherche chez vous un
mot que je ne trouve nulle
part: Justice, et tout notre
mal vient d'oublier absolument
cette première notion de la morale.
La grâce, l'humanitarisme, le
sentiment, l'idéal, nous ont
jamais d'assez vides tous pour
qu'on essaye du Droit et de la
Science.

p. 337

" l'Éternel imbuë cile nommé On "

p 347

Je vois qu'on ne doit jamais
commencer l'attaque; mais
quand on riposte, il faut tâcher
de tuer net son ennemi. Tel
est mon système. La franchise
fait partie de la loyauté;
pourquoi serai-elle moins sentie
dans de l'âme que dans
l'éloge?

Nous pérons par l'indulgence,
par la clémence, par la
vacherie ci (j'en reviens à
mon éternel refrain), par le
manque de justice.

p 373

Savez-vous que mon pauvre
Théo est très malade? Il se
meurt d'unni et de maie!

Theo plus
franchier

Personne ne parle plus sa langue!
Nous sommes aussi quelques
foibles qui s'abaissent, égaux dans
un monde nouveau.

p 472

on n'est véritablement pratique
qu'à la condition d'être un peu
plus

p 473

Préface aux Dernières Chansons
de Bouilhet

"On simplifierait peut-être la
critique si, avant d'énoncer
un jugement, on déclarait ses
goûts; car toute œuvre d'art
enfame une chose particulière
tenant à la personne de l'artiste
et qui fait, indépendamment
de l'exécution, que nous sommes
séduits ou irrités. Aussi

notre administration n'en-elle complète
que pour les ouvrages satisfaisant
à la fois notre tempérament et
notre esprit. L'oubli de cette
distinction préalable est une grande
cause d'injustice.

Avant tout, l'opportunité du
livre est contestée. "Pourquoi ce
roman ? à quoi sert un drame ?
qu'avons-nous besoin ? etc". Et,
de l'auteur, de lui faire voir
en quoi il a manqué son but
et comment il fallait s'y
prendre pour l'atteindre, on
le chicane en mille choses
en dehors de son sujet, en
réclamant toujours le contraire
de ce qu'il a voulu."

"... n'a-t-on pas abusé du

"renseignement" ? L'histoire
absorbera bientôt toute la littérature.
L'étude excessive de ce qui fait
l'atmosphère d'un écrivain nous
empêche de considérer l'originalité
même de son génie. Du temps de
Loharpe, on était convaincu que,
grâce à de certaines règles, un
chef-d'œuvre venait au monde
sans un devoir à quoi que ce soit,
sans que l'écrivain ait à songer
de savoir la raison d'être, quand
on a bien détaillé toutes les
circonstances de son environnement.

son grand-père ... partit de ce
monde presque centenaire, en
laissant à son petit-fils le
souvenir d'un bonhomme bizarre
et charmant, toujours fardé, en
cultes coutures, et sage
soigneur des tulipes

p 475
"cette torture de la vocative
contrariée"

p 480
"la gloire d'un écrivain ne relève
pas du suffrage universel, mais
d'un petit groupe d'intelligences pures,
à la logique, impose son jugement."

- tant il est commode de
poser sur les choses une
égalité panacéïque
d'y revenir!

"L'œuvre cherche dans les
présis de Louis Bouilhet
l'idée mère, l'élément génial,
on y trouve une sorte de
naturalisme, qui fait songer à
la Renaissance. La hausse de
commun l'écarte de toute
platitude, la pente vers

l'héroïque était rectifiée par
de l'esprit; car il avait beaucoup
d'esprit, - et c'en même une force
de son talent presque inconnue; il
la tenait un peu dans l'ombre,
la jugeant inférieure. Mais, à
présent, rien n'empêche d'avouer
qu'il excellait aux épiques ... bouts-
-rimés et autres joyeux et ds

(Doublier)

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Mais je dis que Léon n'est pas même
un poète!

Lui, poète, alors donc! que me chantes-tu
- boud la!

Enri qui l'ai vu chegueus, pas plus
haut que cela;
Comment? qu'a-t-il en lui qui pense.
plaidant

p483

Quand on adore une chose, on en
chère la Doublure; les amateurs
de spectacle se plaisent dans
les coulisses; les journalistes

s'amusent à vous faire la cuisine,
les mères ne rechignent pas à
de barbouiller leurs examens. La
désillusion est le propre des
faibles. Méfiez-vous des dégâtés,
ce sont presque toujours des
impulsifs.

p 684

Fuyez les paradoxes, ... les curiosités,
dans les petits chemins, il
faut aller à la grande route.

p 685

Il s'agirait du rythme des
vers et de la cadence de la
prose qui doit, comme eux,
pouvoir être lue tout haut. Les
phrases mal écrites ne résistent
pas à cette épreuve; elles
oppressent la poitrine, finissent
les battements du cœur, et se
trouvent ainsi en dehors des conditions
de la vie.

~~adieu~~ tu cardeur; addendum
& tu y man - y sans tu en be - no
work dream together ^{pe} dit ton
Berulher

"Puis, quand l'un sera mort -
car la vie est trop belle - que l'autre
garde précieusement sa mémoire
pour lui faire un rempart contre
les barbares, un refuge dans
un raton domestique si il
ira murmurer ses chagrins
et détendre son veur. Une
de fois, la nuit, jetaux les
yeux dans les ténèbres, derrière
cette lampe qui éclairait
leurs deux fronts, il chercha
vaguement une ombre, prêt
à l'interroger "Est-ce ainsi?
que dois-je faire? réponds-moi!"

Et si ce souvenir est l'éternel
aliment de son désespoir, ce
sera, du moins, une compagnie
dans la solitude.

Finis vol 8
Sept 16. 1930

Law Poems

A. E. Hausman

The Chestnut casts his flambeaux, & the
stream for the hartorn on the wind away,
The doves sleep, the pane is blind with snows,
Passure the can, Lad; there's an
end of May

There's one spill'ing to scan our mated be,
One season rived of an little stea.
Oh ay, but then we shall be twenty-four

We fight against an us the first
Have set in towers like the (compun) huddled
Their hypsible plans & empromes, & cursed
The own brute & blaugical made the world

It's a trete iniquity on high
To cheer our sentences ^{Souls of}
aygen the of crave

As near the meridian - as you - I
Face on an long foot's - read the grain.

Inquisit is; but pass the care,
My lord, no pain of kingsome matters bore;
but as fortune is the estate of man:
We want the moon, but shall get
no more.

If here today the cloud, to under here
Tomorrow - will live on far behest;
So, - the soul will move in ^{all}
other hearts

The tumbler of our proud rangers' quest
The fire steamp, shall we fail,
Beaten in our camp, or we can we move,
Chunder the sky, my lord,
Drunk your ale.

Reread Sept 16 1930
Fulgens Medicus

1241

... did not one objection harm me,
(not wrong for speculations &
subtilltie, but from common sense
& observation; not pickt from the
leaves of any Author, but bred
amongst the weeds & tares of
mine own brain;)

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^{and said}
To be namelesse in worthy
deeds exceeds an infamous
history. The Caracanth's
woman lives more happily without
a name, than Hewdias with
one. And he had no rather
have been the good thief, than
Pilate.

Cowper. In Task. p 131
"Nose, cheeks, & shape visage, & pressed
to the red under, while with proud eye
I gazed, myself cresty that I saw."

p 132

'Tis thus the indolently takes repose
In ~~wood~~ ~~indolent~~ Vacuity of thought,
As sleep & is refreshed.'

71: Jan 19, 1932

Letter 39.—On September 14, 1804, Miss Austen, in speaking of their servant James, writes:—
 "He has the laudable thirst & fancy for travelling, which in poor James Selby was so much reprobated; & part of his disappointment in not going with his master, arose from his wish of seeing London" (p. 140).

Mr. Chapman does not identify James Selby. Miss Austen is referring here, I think, to a minor character of that name in "Sir Charles Grandison"—Harriet Byron's "my cousin James Selby" (1754, Vol. VI., p. 59). The particular reference in the letter appears to be to the scene at Selby House on the occasion of Sir Charles's visit to ask for the hand of Miss Byron, when that lady writes, concerning James Selby:—
 "My poor cousin Jenny is on a sudden very earnest to go abroad: as if, silly youth, travelling would make him a Sir Charles Grandison" (1754, Vol. VI., p. 75).

ABBY L. TALLMADGE.
 1824, Hinman Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Letter to Friend. Sir Thomas Broome
(In Everyman ed: of Religio Medici)

"for tho we may wish the prosperous
 Appurtenances of this, or to be
 another in his happy accident, yet
 to intrinsical is every Man unto
 himself, how soe doubt may be
 made, whether any would exchange his
 being, or substantially become another
 Man.

Voorger, JH Bodily Principles
1917.

Intellect for ~~blood~~ Whitehead.
(The Point) Pelletier.
1912 p 6

"Do neglect philosophy when
engaged in the re-formation of ideas, is
to assure the absolute correctness
of the chance philosophical prejudices
imposed for: never a schoolmaster
or current modes of expression. It is
to chance the part of ~~the intellect~~ to take
Providence that they have been saved
for the perplexities of religious enquiry
by the happiness of birth in the true
faith."

p 5

Critical philosophy = logic + the theory
of knowledge or epistemology.

17. Intellect for Locke :-

"It is intellect enough so employed
as an under labourer in clearing ground
in letters, & removing some of the rubbish
from the way of knowledge."

p 27-28

a general science deals with
relationships between various special
sciences & tries to synthesize
them into general results is
metaphysics. The whole success of
the special sciences depends upon
their being dealt with in
subjects for the meal - this
general science means in the
end becomes (or will) the general lecture
which handles the special sciences
have few concerns to neglect

28

For general science is fundamental
demands a synthesis may be
held either methodologically,
or metaphysically - the
latter case they will be true
of reality

metaphysics is for
methodically used & may vary
being a notion at all and of

the entire of common sense or traditional
scientific theory

p 29

William James says that metaphysics
means nothing but an unscientific
disparate effort to think clearly.

p 30

Montague says that "metaphysics"
concerns with the nature of general
& fundamental character of the
nature of the real. What he
says is that metaphysics is concerned
with the science that seeks to discover
the general ideas that are independently
relevant to the analysis of any
transcendental.

Montague calls analytical
metaphysics or ontology, the
study of the basic categories
of the sciences.

The other branch is synthetic
metaphysics

1892
The philosophical sciences are defined
negatively as those whose subjects
are not (primarily) dependent
relations with the mind through sense-
perception (Logic, ^{included} pure mathematics
Ethics, Aesthetics, Psychology)

Victoria T.L.S. word

"the beauty which she time,
not free for a defect in visibility
endowed with the qualities."

Qui Creavit Coelum

arr. J. H. Arnold

(from the Processional of the Nuns of Chester, c. 1425)

Qui creavit coelum, Lully, lully, lu,
Nascitur in stabulo, By, by, by, by, by,
Rex qui regit saeculum, Lully, lully, lu.

Joseph emit paniculum, Lully, lully, lu,
Mater involvit puerum, By, by, by, by, by,
Et ponit in praesepio, Lully, lully, lu.

Inter animalia, Lully, lully, lu,
Jacent mundi gaudia, By, by, by, by, by,
Dulcis super omnia, Lully, lully, lu.

Lactat mater domini, Lully, lully, lu,
Osculatur parvulum, By, by, by, by, by,
Et adorat dominum, Lully, lully, lu.

Roga mater filium, Lully, lully, lu,
Ut det nobis gaudium, By, by, by, by, by,
In perenni gloria, Lully, lully, lu.

In sempiterna saecula, Lully, lully, lu,
In eternum et ultra, By, by, by, by, by,
Det nobis sua gaudia, Lully, lully, lu.

Un flambeau (Old French Carol)

arr. H. R. Clark

Un flambeau, Jeanette, Isabelle,
Un flambeau, courons au berceau ;
C'est Jésus, bon gens du hameau,
Le Christ est né, Marie appelle.

Ah ! que la mère est belle,
Ah ! que l'enfant est beau.

C'est un tort, amis du village,
C'est un tort de crier si fort,
Le petit se trouve dans lit de paille
Comme il est blanc, comme il est rose.

Ah ! que la mère est belle,
Ah ! que l'enfant est beau.

'Coute, écoute, on frappe à la porte,
Gentil ! ouvrez-la très doucement ;
Ce sont les bergers qui tous ici entrent,
Venez le voir, le petit Jésus.
Ah ! que la mère est belle,
Ah ! que l'enfant est beau.

Un flambeau, Jeanette, Isabelle,
Un flambeau, courous au berceau ;
C'est Jésus, bon gens du hameau,
Le Christ est né, Marie appelle.
Ah ! que la mère est belle,
Ah ! que l'enfant est beau.

Puer nobis nascitur (from *Piae Cantiones*, 1582) *arr. G. Shaw*

Full. Unto us is born a Son,
King of Quires supernal ;
See on earth His life begun,
Of lords the Lord eternal.

Boys. Christ, from Heav'n descending low
Comes on earth a stranger ;
Ox and ass their owner know,
Becradled in the manger.

Men. Then did Herod sore affray,
And grievously bewilder,
So he gave the word to slay,
And slew the little childer.

Boys. Of His love and mercy mild
This the Christmas story,
And O that Mary's gentle child
Might lead us up to glory.

Full. O and A, and A and O,
Cum cantibus in choro,
Let our merry organ go,
Benedicamus Domino.

Trans. Rev. G. R. Woodward.

Full. The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown :
Oh, the rising of the sun,
And the running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the choir.

Boys. The holly bears a blossom
As white as any flower,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To be our sweet Saviour.

Men. The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

Boys. The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas day in the morn.

Men. The holly bears a bark
As bitter as any gall,
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
For to redeem us all.

Full. The holly and the ivy,
When they are both full grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The holly bears the crown.

Unweeded Gardens

TO some it may perhaps seem strange that so many of the finest poets and prose writers, especially those who are of the highest importance for us to-day, have concerned themselves with the physically disgusting. 'The physically disgusting' is a category including two main subdivisions, those relating to certain natural processes of the human body, and those relating to death and decay. Natural processes are not of course always in themselves unpleasant, but it is repulsive that within the order of nature, any one of us may, like Job, be covered 'with sore boils from the sole of his foot to the crown'; and other more frequent phenomena are at present regarded, rightly or wrongly, as unfit for the contemplation of a healthy person. So too with death and corruption. Death in itself is terrible, and nothing more; but the fact that the dead body must lie in the ground and rot, that 'la larve file où se forment les pleurs,' is normally dismissed as disgusting or horrible. The word 'disgusting' so used is highly charged with emotion, and causes a sort of mental vomiting whereby the offending subject is temporarily discharged from the consciousness. And many readers turn from verse, especially modern verse, which includes such subjects, exclaiming, 'Fie on't! ah fie! . . . things rank and gross possess it merely.'

Now, consider the writers who, in at any rate some of their works, have treated of the disgusting. The list includes, to name but a few, Shakespeare, Rabelais, Donne, Swift, Baudelaire and T. S. Eliot. It is impossible to explain this fully by the morbid attraction of repulsive objects, as when Leontius the Athenian forced open his eyes with his fingers, and bade the wretches take their fill of the fair sight of the corpses of criminals lying outside the walls, although this cause is occasionally present. There are also other minor motives,—the desire to shock, the impulse of a cynical and satiric spirit, and even, paradoxically, the impulse of fear felt in our handful of dust. But none of these provides an adequate explanation of the so-called morbidity of the greater writers, who contemplate 'the disgusting' simply because it is a part of life, and they are not afraid to see. It is an attitude common to the 17th century poets and not common to our Georgians (if we except a certain amount of war literature). As Professor Grierson has remarked, decadence brings with it not ugliness but prettiness.

When one has resolutely regarded all the antics, all the grotesque maladies of that poor forked raddish, man, one may express one's emotions in a variety of ways. A writer may be boisterous, as Rabelais is boisterous; he may be youthfully flippant and cynical as is Donne in the 8th Elegy ('The Comparison'), or Shakespeare in Sonnet 130 ('My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun'); he may rail at the whole human species with Swift; he may adopt the resigned attitude of Sir Thomas Browne, when he expressed the wish that men might propagate like trees. But in the greatest and most serious works of art the disgusting is seen as a part, but a necessary part, of human life; and the energy liberated by the steady contemplation of it as such is used to fuse it with other elements into a whole in which horror gives place to enjoyment. There is here a parallel with ethics. Sin is often but a lack of balance; so that lust is desire not balanced by other impulses, and absorbing the

whole of a man's energy into itself. So true morbidity is the frenzied and unbalanced absorption in things which of themselves are neither good nor bad, but merely a natural part of life, magnified by the maniac beyond their true proportions. When the part is seen as a part (but the seeing is essential), and when it is resolved with other elements into a new and organic whole in the mind of the artist, the resulting expression is beauty. To confirm this, one has only to think of 'Hamlet,' of Donne's 'Songs and Sonnets,' of Webster's two great tragedies, of 'The Coy Mistress,' of Baudelaire's 'Une Charogne,' and of 'The Waste Land.'

It would be outside the scope of this note to deal with all the manifestations of the physically repulsive in literature, ranging as they do from bad breath—a favourite theme with the comic dramatists of the early 17th century—to the apparent incongruity and indignity of sexual phenomena. It will not be irrelevant, however, to emphasise how many of the greatest poets have, at one time or another, written of the decay of the body. At times they have realised the solemnity, the beauty or the tragic dignity of death, but at others they have seen no less clearly the eternal leer beneath the human face. It is possible to take comfort from death:

'I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as when some buried Caesar bled.'
But it is greater to refuse the consolation of fantasy:
'Imperious Caesar dead and turned to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.'

And even if our bones ache to think of it, we must watch the sexton playing at loggats with the bones of a dead man whom we knew. There is here no question of religious beliefs. Whether one believes that after death there is but one perpetual night in which to sleep, or whether one 'faintly trusts the larger hope' is irrelevant. If for one moment Tennyson could have contemplated the dead body of Arthur Hallam, lying under the chancel in Clevedon Church, without referring to any supernatural scheme, and without therefore giving up life in despair, 'In Memoriam,' might have been a great poem.

To compare Tennyson's frightened-child attitude towards death with the attitude of Baudelaire expressed in 'Une Charogne' is illuminating. For nine stanzas Baudelaire contemplates the rotting carrion that he has found, whilst 'on horrors' head horrors accumulate. The dead animal body lies on its back, legs in air, 'comme une femme lubrique'; the limbs are dissolving in the heat of the sun; the stench is over-powering; flies and maggots feast, whilst a restless bitch, frightened by human footsteps, waits to join them at their meal. And yet,—

'Et pourtant vous serez semblable à cette ordure,
A cette horrible infection,
Etoile de mes yeux, soleil de ma nature,
Vous, mon ange et ma passion!'

There is the full acceptance, not only of death but of the degradation of death. But it is not the end.

'Alors, ô ma beauté! dites à la vermine
Qui vous mangera de baisers,
Qu'j'ai gardé la forme et l'essence divine
De mes amours décomposés!'

In submitting itself to natural law the mind has triumphed, and satisfaction replaces the natural reaction of disgust.

WE who have lived in Cambridge some years are apt to take *The Cambridge Review* quite calmly, or even resignedly, as a necessary institution that abides not our question but is free from scrutiny. But as I read this week's number it suddenly came over me what an extraordinary journal it was. Where else in the world, I ask, would one find a verbatim report of a sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury side by side with an earnest article on the physically disgusting in literature? Search all England and show me this delightfully unnatural yoking of Baudelaire and the Lambeth Conference.

But to praise *The Cambridge Review* in *The Cambridge Review*—in its face as it were, instead of to its face—is not seemly: all too like the self-advertising methods of far less respectable members of the press. Let me instead offer a few thoughts which Mr Knight's interesting article on the physically disgusting, *Unweeded Gardens*, set up in my mind. It would be a bold man who ventured to-day to gainsay its main proposition, that great writers must not ignore the disgusting. Indeed, if the names of those culprits who *did* expect great writers to ignore it were called for, would we not all of us jump up in our places and exclaim, "Please, Sir, it wasn't me"? But when I read that, "It is this steadfast contemplation of the ugly that gives virility to the work of certain writers and makes them important at the present day," I begin to shift about in my chair and feel vaguely uneasy. For instance, I ask at a venture, is it a sign of virility that in *Antic Hay* the exploitation of the disgusting has got a bit out of hand? Wouldn't it at least have been more virile if the disgusting had been better controlled? And then the examples cited of the disgusting through the ages: Shakespeare, Donne, Webster, Baudelaire, Eliot. They make me a little uneasy too. I suppose a reader of this list in 1960 would first wonder at the choice and then remind himself how difficult it must have been for some writers in 1930 not to have selected just those names.

But what really troubled me was a strange implication of conscientiousness, something in the tone that seemed to say, "Oh, but you *must* study the disgusting, and you must study it steadfastly, if you are to succeed as a writer." Can it really be true, I asked myself, that the modern dog must bring a magnifying-glass and a notebook when he turns to his vomit?

Now this is a large and serious question, and all I dare venture in answer are a few scattered prolegomena.

First of all, corpses and worms, lazar-houses and dung-hills, are not what they used to be. When people (as Donne did) believed with some vividness in the Resurrection of the Body, they were naturally fascinated by the decay of the flesh. Worms and corruption were more interesting in the contrast with flesh imperishable. But to-day people do not believe literally in the Resurrection of the Body, and are growing more and more indifferent to what happens to their own bodies after death. Dead bodies bore them. I do not at all claim to be a connoisseur of corpses, but I saw one or two in the War, and honestly they weren't very interesting. One certainly was not at all like a living man (quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore) and the unlikeness may have been interesting and instructive—but the object itself somehow failed to invite "steadfast con-

temptation." Indeed I cannot help thinking that there is more variety in the living than the dead. Blair in his *Grave* asked a question concerning funerals which may help the present inquiry.

But tell us, why this waste,
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible!—Ye Undertakers, tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir?

But Blair will not give the Undertakers time to answer, and insists on giving his own reason:—

'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

He had better have let the Undertakers speak. And what would they have said? Probably that corpses didn't really interest them. And what I should like to ask is whether we are likely to profit much by forcing ourselves to contemplate things whose interest is very nearly superannuated?

But though corpses and worms are not interesting to-day in themselves, we may enjoy contemplating the idea of them from our studies or our drawing-rooms; and they may, for the other side of actuality, become useful symbols for the thoughts that trouble our heads. And certain creatures, more intrinsically interesting, like rats, pariah-dogs, or vultures, may have the same function. I imagine Mr Eliot's knowledge of real rats is negligible, but he found them extremely useful symbols. And he found them useful chiefly because his predecessors had ignored them. He seems now to have passed from them to leopards, leaving the rats to be steadfastly contemplated by the conscientious. The trouble is that stale rats don't keep any better than stale lilies, and that is why one fears that the conscientious may come to a bad end.

The dung-hill and the cess-pool are in a quite different case from corpses. From Aristophanes till within living memory interest in them has been mainly of one type, but the improvement of sanitation together with the War has given this comic interest a serious turn. Homer, Chaucer and Shakespeare were far too close to the dung-hill and took it far too much for granted to be seriously interested: they never dreamed of contemplating it earnestly. But the War pitchforked into the midden a generation pampered with all the refinement of Doulton. And this was beyond a joke: either too crudely foul or too deliriously emancipating to be laughed at. Hence a book like *The Enormous Room* of E. E. Cummings. Its author, the son of a Unitarian minister in the most luxuriously sanitated country in the world, savoured with the ecstasy of the rebel the fumes of the spy-camp to which fortune consigned him. And they may have done him good. But now the War is over, do we want to rebel from Doulton? And is there really no way from the house into the garden of poesy except through the usual offices?

Lecturing this term the Regius Professor of Greek, with much wisdom, pointed out how Homer in the *Iliad* showed he knew all about his two armies, down to the humblest hangers-on. But Homer does not parade his knowledge; he merely drops a hint or two, just taking the affairs of the common soldier in his stride.

And this is exactly what most moderns fail to do when they deal with the disgusting. They just can't take it in their stride. Indeed it does not seem easy. Of Mr Knights's five exemplars, Shakespeare, Webster, Donne, Baudelaire, Eliot, I doubt if any but the first achieves this difficult feat. Marvell, in his little way, did the same. Shelley, when he speaks of the corpse-fed flowers that

mock the merry worm that wakes beneath,
tells us a great deal in a single line: so much that he doesn't need to rub it in. But most moderns have to rub it in. Even Mr Eliot, with all his talents, can't be sure of the final touch of serenity, any more than he can be anthropological or speak of machinery with complete comfort. He has a tiny demon inside him that insists every now and then on tinging his accent ever so slightly with propagandism or academic snobbery. In the *Waste Land* the taxi throbs, and the corpse sprouts in the garden, a shade too self-consciously. You have only to look at D. H. Lawrence to feel this. Lawrence's touch with the disgusting can be Olympian. No steadfast contemplation is needed, because he has always known so much about it. But then he was the son of a miner, and so few readers of *The Cambridge Review* are. And I can't help thinking that the conscientious study of the ugly will get us just about as far as trying to turn ourselves, blameless members of the Middle Classes as most of us are, into the children of the most insanitary slum-dwellers.

E. M. W. TILLYARD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—In one of the addresses given by Sir William Bragg in connexion with the Faraday celebrations he referred more than once to Faraday's "physical intuitions."

If I understand him correctly, there is a striking confirmation and amplification of the suggestion in an address given by Lord Kelvin on Sir Isaac Newton. Kelvin said: "Like Faraday and the other great masters of science, Newton was accustomed to let his thoughts become so filled with the facts on which his attention was concentrated that the relation subsisting between the various phenomena dawned upon him, and he saw it as if by some process of instinctive vision denied to others." Yours faithfully,

C. ANDERSON SCOTT.
Cambridge.

ACROSS ICELAND

W. M. A. Spinoza's Short
Treatise on God, Man, & his
Well-being. Lond. A. & C. Black. 1910
[184. C. 91. 1]

The Short Treatise seems to be a
~~complete~~ preliminary draft of the Ethics
p. c. i

"Indeed, that he had, in the few instances,
some philosophy or guidance in the
attainment of happiness. Descartes
is in the case of Descartes, Descartes
with the then state of knowledge to our
day him of philosophy, he descends
into the arid pursuit of pleasures of
life, because they failed to bring
abiding happiness.... He had
turned to philosophy of guidance
— the pursuit of happiness,
find his happiness in the pursuit of
philosophy."

"I should not be forgotten to say,
though concerned of the truth of his
philosophy, George was far from
supposing that it was the whole truth.
There were but few things, even in the
world of extension & extension, I think
he professed to have the higher kind of
knowledge, & such, besides extension &
extension, then were infinite aspects of the
universe (a different substance)
between. He felt more than a doubt
whether he was not in error."

12167
(V. self) "Briefly, the essence of a
thing is its share of, or participation
in, ultimate reality. In the case of
God, essence & existence coincide.
In the case of other things their
existence is relatively independent
and is distinct from their essence.
"Eternity", in its stricter sense, does not

mean "incessant-duration" in time,
but really independent of time or
beyond it?

p 178
(Volf) An "immanent" or "inner"

Cause is a cause whose effect are
confined within itself, as distinguished from a
"transcendent" or "transitive" cause
whose effects are things outside itself. ~~It~~

--- God, not outside or above the

universe, but within it. ~~the world~~
Spinoza's God is not a transcendent
but an immanent God.

p 184

Spinoza identified God, Nature, -
Substance from the first. --- the
3 terms "though identical in their

application, differ somewhat in their meaning;
under Nature we are expected to think of
the continuous Summa of being; under
God, of the unmoved cause of things;

under Substance, of the permanent
reality behind phenomena.

p 189

The Dutch "Verstaan": translates
"Understanding" — the higher form of
knowledge — knowledge of way of
immediate intuition — immediate
apprehension.

p 191

(J.M.) "For all practical purposes we
are obliged to apply the term "cause"
to the study of combinations" — Mill has
shown how arbitrary popular usage
is — singling out one of the, not
that combination as "the cause",
then, as a matter of fact, all the
combinations are equally necessary for
equally studying a result —

p 211

In o Tractatus de Int. Em.
(p. 5) George says that cause,

hated, scorned, jealousy, etc.
and passions arise for love of the
Crossing only, "but love of an
object - eternal & infinite feeds the
mind in unmixed joy."

This same passage is quoted
more fully on p. 219

see p. 229 of *Evangelium*

p. 225

The ultimate whole," accord & congruence,
are co-attributes. There stands in no
causal relation to each other; they are,
so to say, collateral expressions of the
same reality; the one does not cause
the other, but is the other -
that is, another or parallel aspect
of the same reality. Similarly, mind &
body are really one whole, merely
a double-faced mode of substance;
mind does not affect body, nor

body mind; the one simply is the
other — that is, a parallel aspect of
the same reality. Is there is really
no interaction — no problem

(W. J. says I call this "psycho-
-physical parallelism" — but this
does not seem so adequate. A.A.)

PRIZES FOR AUTHORS

FEMINA VIE HEUREUSE AND NORTHCLIFFE AWARDS

The prizes awarded by the Femina Vie Heureuse and Northcliffe Committee for the best works of imagination published during the year in England and France respectively, by authors who are not sufficiently recognized, were presented yesterday by Mr. Noel Coward at the Institut Français, South Kensington.

The former prize, which is given annually by the French magazine *Femina*, had been awarded to Mr. Richard Hughes for his volume "A High Wind in Jamaica." The Northcliffe Prize, given for the past three years by Mr. Jonathan Cape, had been awarded to M. Jean Giono for his work entitled "Regain." For the next will be Sir Ernest Benn. In the absence of M. Giono, the prize was received by his behalf by Princess Lucien Murat, a member of the French Femina Committee.

Miss SIBILLA KAYE-SMITH, president of the committee, presided. Mr. Coward said that he thought "A High Wind in Jamaica" an admirable choice. It was an imaginative work, which was comfortable and so-called realistic work. The difference between the two seemed to be rapidly becoming submerged by a flood of autobiographical works. Secondly, it was imbued with a spirit of adventure, which was sadly lacking from the average modern work. Lastly, it was psychologically honest and direct.

Mr. HUGHES, in reply, confessed that he had never been in Jamaica or the West Indies. He thought that a great deal of nonsense was talked in distinguishing between works of imagination and so-called realistic work. The difference between the two seemed to be more of an outward than an inward one. They could divide the material of a novel into two parts. There was what the author put in, and what he left out, and the amount of his experience that he left out of the writing was just as important to the novel as what was put in. He thought it was more important to write about what was under one's skin than of what was under one's nose.

PRINCESS LUCIEN MURAT said Mr. Hughes's novel had been a great success in Paris. They should acclaim a writer who had known how to discipline his fiction with incomparable felicity and mastery.

Miss G. B. STRAN proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Coward.

Mr. Dallaway. Virginia Woolf
p 231

"You were given a sharp, acute, uncomfortable grain - the actual meeting; hardly pampel as often as not; yet in absence, in the most unlikely places, it would flower and, open, shed its scent, flower touch, taste, look down you, see the whole feel of it + understanding, the whole of your lot."

196

"They were in want of early life's mind with out any effort."

It is quoted by Leslie Stephen from Comte, who quoted it from Alfred de Vigny—three names which confer on it a convincing authority.

"Où est-ce qu'une grande vie? Une pensée
de la jeunesse exécutée par l'âge mûr."

My dear Amy & Persians
E.S. Browne

635.C. 92.13

p 273 At Zangabur

The chief man of the village said to Browne, "Perhaps you, too, like, by the grace of God, to honour or believe in the religion of our Prophet. You have come to see our country from

afar. Do not like the ^{engagements of} the Firangis; occupy yourself with nothing but dumb words, verses of brass, tiles, & fabrics; contemplate the world of ideas rather than the world of form, & seek for Truth rather ~~than~~ than for curiosities."

p 635. An Arab poet

writes:-

"And he who hopes to scale the heights
with an enduring pain,
And not stoop, but wastes his life
in idle years & vain."

"No boy can ever be taught to learn
 his wayward disagreeable means,
 & to solve that the most tedious
 monotonous is perfectly compatible with
 the most acute misery, & that the most
 assiduous labour, if not wisely directed,
 does not necessarily secure the attainment
 of the object ostensibly aimed at, than,
 indeed, does the public school of fortune
^{mean} ^{attaining the end} the
 most wretched day of my life, except
 the day I left college, was the
 day I went to school. During the
 earlier portion of my school life I
 believe too nearly fathered
 the possibilities of human misery
 & despair."

Here was a mind aware of the problems of life and metaphysics but temperamentally relieved of the necessity of finding any save a whimsical answer to them; aware

"How many of our day dreams would darken into nightmares if there seemed any danger of their coming true"; and

like to walk down BO. Street, thinking of all the things I don't desire." The same limits of endurance: "I might give my life for my friend, but he had better not ask me to do up a parcel." The same sensitiveness: "How amazing are those moments when we really possess our possessions." And

Revis T. L. S. Feb. 12. 1931

In all assent to or rejection of scientific and philosophic doctrines there is at bottom an element of feeling.

Afterthoughts. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Constable. 3/6.

to be mused over in one of "these pensées." "How furious," for example, Mr. Pearsall Smith writes, "it makes people to tell them of the things which belong to their peace." There is more in that than the lovely cadence of "which belong to their peace": it rings little questioning bells bidding us all ask what things are those that so belong, and why we resent another's intrusion on them.

THE SIXTH CARYATID

Those of your readers who have not heard it may be interested by the Greek popular story connected with Lord Elgin's removal of the Caryatid from the Acropolis. (I follow the text as given by Thumb.) "After Mylordos had removed the one maiden out of the six in the Castle, he gave orders to some Turks to go and take away the rest of them as well by night. But they, on setting about the business, heard the maidens lamenting most piteously and calling to their sister. The Turks fled in terror, and could on no account bring themselves to make the attempt. Many other people too heard from below the voices of the marble maidens in the Castle wailing in the night for their lost sister."—Mr. W. M. EDWARDS, The University, Leeds.

"Love in its essence tends to be immoral, for it is the instinctive reference of all to the pleasure of one being."

J. McT. E. McTaggart T.L.S.
Jan 7.32

Yet this man who felt so strongly the value of routine in its proper place was ready to make any sacrifice in thought which his intellect might seem to demand; and the picture given in this volume may be completed by that sixpenny paper of his which is published by the Rationalist Press Association, "Dare to be Wise." From that, though without naming it, Mr. Keeling quotes the concluding sentence: there are some "who long for the truth with a longing as simple, as ultimate, as powerful, as the drunkard's longing for his wine, and the lover's longing for his beloved. They will search because they must." To a friend who congratulated him on the force of those two comparisons he replied: "I chose them with full deliberation."

Janaly, A-S. The New Psychology
1922 [152 C.92.1L]
1st published 1920

p 35

The work of an instinct involves 3
mental processes — Cognitive, affective
— conative. In cognition the
mind takes cognizance of the object;
the affect is the specific emotion
aroused; the Conation is the mental
act.

pp 78-9.

Pleasure is primarily the characteristic
emotional tone of the affect which
accompanies the successful discharge
of libido along a conative channel
& the attainment of the appropriate
end."

When pleasure is pursued for its own
sake the psychological mechanism

appears to be a debasement of the
pleasure felt in successful coaction
for the proper end of the coaction.

1227

The influence of authority in matters
of opinion is an outstanding evidence
of the power of the head instance.

It naturally holds in the spheres of
religious belief, morality, convention,

where the influence of the head is
supreme. But the business of
authority, and spheres where it is
intrinsically unfit — the
spheres which are their essence & the
independent power of the individual
mind, such as art, science, &
literature — is peculiarly significant.
Here, if anywhere, the mind
should be altogether free from the bond

of the head complex. And yet the
authority of a dominant "agency" in
recess, of a primary "school" or an
is everywhere felt, but is only a few
the most independent mind that can
for themselves find it. The limit two
level of the mind, the average
head animal is unradically,
rather body felt even - spheres
- mind - still is the whole...
involved. ^{The mental activities}

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10295

Complex. An association of
cognitive elements which have
a common affective bond, & they
tend to act in the mind &
enter consciousness together. In
current ~~of~~ psychoanalytic
usage the term is usually substituted
for an expression.

determiner. The doctrine that
every phenomenon is causal.

instinct - "An inherited or
innate psycho-physical disposition
which determines its possessor to
perceive & to pay attention to objects
of a particular class; to experience
an emotional excitement of a
particular quality upon perceiving
them in a particular manner."
(Mac Dugall)

libido Greater psychic
energy attached to a free-
complex. By Freud -
his school used exclusively
for psychosexual energy.

projection The assignment
by the mind of mental

contents - to location outside
the mind.

psycho energy. Mental energy
which is postulated to "explain"
the mind by analogy with physical
energy.

psychoanalysis. A technique
developed by Freud for the discovery
of mental contents.

rationalization. The production
by the mind of "reasons" to
explain conduct or belief
which have no relation to the
actual psychological causes of the
conduct or belief in question.

reflex action Newer action
involving stimulus & response, but
involving no psychical process
of which we have knowledge.

Sentiment - The relatively weak
emotion attached to the
fringe of a complex, or the
attributed in the absence of
strong primary emotion.

Sublimation. The case of
psychic energy being in a
primitive instance in a
"higher" or non-primitive
channel. The term was
introduced by Freud for such a
use of psychosomatic
energy etc.

suggestive. Its acceptance by the
mind of a proposition independent
of the rational faculty. In
metacognition the proposition
originates in some other person,
autosuggestive, within the
mind itself.

p 173

Just as effort may be given an
independent value & pursued for its
own sake, so may cognition. The
whole of the faculty intellectual life
— the pursuit of knowledge for its
own sake — may be considered as the
independent contribution of the
faculty of cognition. It is the
peculiarly the faculty of
cognition that it can be isolated
from the rest of the mental processes
into comparative ~~ease~~ safety, &
into positive constructive results.

... Such a modification of the
biologically normal process is not,
of course, entirely free from danger
--- But he has his own

justification, & if he is single-minded
in his devotion to the thing, the
mind, his own glory — "This man
decided not to Live, but Know..."

+ "Here, here's his place, shade
meteoas short, clouds form,
come & go --- — a glory of the
mind, to which the man
of action cannot attain."

10176

-- The mental process of the
artist is biologically strictly
typical, --- This applies in a
certain degree to cognitive
activity which has an outcome
in the written or spoken word. These
are understood & copied to other minds
& thus have come into the external world.

Bogostovsky, B. B.
The Technique of Controversy
[180.C.92.246]

1212

"The old reasoning is a generalization
of experience in a static universe
where motion is only an incidental,
transitional, "imperfect" element,
here everything consists of absolute,
separated types or entities, stamped
out for ever, where a few incidents
& atypical forms are
considered to be deformities & perversions
of the real realities. The logic of this
reasoning is based on the argument
of the law of tautology: "A is
either B or non-B"

The new reasoning is built
on the experience of a dynamic
universe with motion as its essence,
with ceaseless change as its
characteristic aspect, a universe
conceived as a continuous succession

of different but interrelated phases &
one process does not relate to
each other, perpetually flow one
into another. The logic of this reasoning
man have as is foundation + not the
law, "A \rightarrow B - non-B at the
same time. Only such a logic can
be a reliable guide in a dynamic
universe + can satisfy the modern
mind, which realizes man's activity
would drop new + changing
every moment."

The characteristics or elements of
the non-successful modern thought,
man has to analyzed to give
canons / reasoning are :-
1) an emphasis on contentment as
contrasted with the principle of
constant work - type-comparisons;
2) relativity + interrelation of
phenomena + absolute, independent;

extended entities; 3) evolution & dynamics
trans static, unchangeable reality;
4) Plurism of conceivable possibilities
versus the exclusive, dogmatic assertion
of certain possibility as the only
one conceivable.
(As an example, the latter begins
to cross-stimulate, Euclidean other
geometries)

defait March - April 1531

Montaigne

T. III
p 2

Livre II. XIII

Lui ont jamais vieillesse qui ne
louast le temps passé, et ne
blamast le présent, chageant
le monde et les mœurs des
hommes, de sa misère et de son
chagrin ?

... month was a sample of four years of
intolerable labour: "two thousand decrees
and orders in a year" is his own estimate.
It is possible, indeed probable, that his
downfall was largely due to his inability
to look after his personal affairs. Bacon
had the simplicity of greatness, and went
on working when the heavens were
fallen, in superb unconcern. When one
remembers the causes of his fall, one should
remember also that when Bacon was at the
height of his fame Toby Matthew wrote, as
Miss Sturt reminds us, "It is not his greatness
that I admire, but his virtue." What are his
own words? "I was the justest judge that
was in England these fifty years. But it was
the justest censure in Parliament that was
these two hundred years." From the crucible
there emerges the spirit of an inscrutably
great man.

Spenser's Faerie Queene

Book I Cantos IX. 40

Despair speaks about a man whom he has
persuaded to commit suicide:-

He others does now enjoy etc. all rest
And happy ease, And than I've went
+ have

And further fun is daily vnderrest:

Whom of some little paine the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to feare the bitter
wave?

Is not their paine well borne, to things
long can,

And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?

Sleepe after toyle, peace after stormie seas,

After the weare, Fate of the life does
greatly please.

Book I Canto V. 1.

The noble hart, that harbours vertuous thoughts,
And is the child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, while it hath have brought
The stumbling hood of gloomie excellent.

Book I Canto V. 25

But who can turne the stream of
Destinee,

Or breake the chayne of things
necessitie

Whose faine is tyde to Joves
eternall seat?

Book II. Canto 4, 42

"Dread for his devious do, bloody deed"

Book III Canto I. 25

"He may love be compel'd by maisterie;

For soon as maisterie comes, sweet love

Taketh his minde wings, and wores away ^{anore} in ^{fore.}

The nurse - the nurse

Book III Canto II

"As ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~has~~ ^{has} a little creeping sheep
Surprised her seal

III. IV. 28

"So tickle be the times of metall
state,

And full of subtle sophismes,
Which do play

With dark senses, runne false debate,

"I approve the unknown purpose
of eternall fate."

Dan Chaucer, well of Englis undefylde.

IIII. IX. 8

the Squere, low degree

IIII. ~~IX~~. 14

Feyng full maye fond exure of prate,
And tyme to sleake, the threasure of
ma's day,
Whose smolten-minute losse, no riches
under wyng.

IIII. X 20

Swen - Cherefulnesse

Artegall to the Jann - V. II. 43

For loke they ballaunce, if they be so wise
And weye the winds, that under heaven dothe
blow;
Or weye the leghe, to see in the East the
differences;
Or weye the thought, that from
ground dothe blow
But of the weye - if thou beest
canst not shew
Weyght in one word here for thy
lips dothe
fale.
For how canst thou those great
in secrets
that dost not know the lawe
of thyng,
I'll can be wele the great -
canst not
weye the small.

V. VI 2

To his name love his localities he saved:
These characters in the Adamantine
Of his true heart no fumes nor engraving,
Than - no new Loves impression ever
Because it - the ever ^{could}

V. VII 12

And who sweetest rest her heavy eyes did close
After their long dailies toils & weary play?
I have while in her cavity part we soft delight
Of senseless sleep ^{and} ^{drained} ^{lie}.

VI. II 2

For some so goodly graces are by kind,
That every action doth than men command,
And in the eyes of men great things find;
While others, though have greater skill in ^{mind}
Than they confer to ourselves, cannot attain.

VI. III 1

From new weak age had
Dimd his candle light.

VI X . 42

How we count small candlelight,
child Delt

A doubtful sense of things, not so well
scene, or felt.

VI XI 8

How better cheer to show
in misery

VI XI 13

For when I dream of rich regard,
In doubtful shadow of the darkness night

Shakespeare, Calender November
p 467

He knows us through - gilt
Romance

Another Hubbard's Tale p 506
One joyous hour in blissful
happiness,
I chose before a life of wretchedness

980
- 750

capable of attracting the unwearied attention of the most powerful transients whom Mr. Pearsall has left out said:—
 To compare small things with great, this little work is like a watch that you wind up the hour, without you, and which will run to consult the church obliging you to go to school. Children may read it, and

A new play by Noel Coward, entitled *Post-Mortem*, will be published by Messrs. Heinemann next month.

and horse act, shown them among his conspicuous beautiful "turns" and surely the Maud Wulf, member of a very famous circus family, about whom he speaks doubtfully on page 211, was the excellent *Madie Ecce Rider* seen at the Kingsway Opera House in London just before the War.

in music-hall, clowning in the evensong wild beasts at the

igh in support of Mr. Pearsall Smith's usiasm for the aphorism in England, met the twenty-fifth of them runs: "Our experiences, fixed in aphorisms, stiffen with it, turns to mere dull ink." The m may apply to all literature; and, farther, one finds another mood, "An isms true where it has fixed the impres- t a genuine experience." Both moods rrayed in this: "A great library to n is a temple of immortal spirits. On t e strikes as a most melancholy -house of souls." The hundred ans, however their particular argu- may strike the individual, are of a high ness and a corresponding dignity of

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ENGLISH APHORISMS

A TREASURY OF ENGLISH APHORISMS. Edited with an Introduction by LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)

AFTERTHOUGHTS. By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)

APHORISMS. By F. H. BRADLEY. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 5s. net.)

Contemplating the splendour of the aphorism in the country of La Rochefoucauld and of Pascal, Lord Morley was constrained to remark that this side the Channel there was a great barrenness: "with the exception of Bacon, we possess no writer of apophthegms of the first order." The opinion thus authorized has been accepted too widely for the comfort of Mr. Pearsall Smith (himself an acknowledged artist in philosophical foretelling), and has induced him to take action against the national modesty by providing an anthology of our own aphorisms. This appears as No. 45 of "Constable's Miscellany"; and the fact may remind a reader here and there that No. 10 of the original "Constable's Miscellany," 1827, was an anthology entitled "Table-Talk." A glance at the preface of it shows that Lord Morley's verdict had been anticipated: "English literature affords but few works of this kind, and it can scarcely be said that any of these possesses distinguished merit." So the little book now in our hands looks very like an example of poetic justice.

Proverb, adage, saw, saying, commonplace, sentence, sentiment, posy, maxim, rule, axiom, laconic, dictum, apophthegm—and what is the tribal difference of the aphorism? Has it formal anatomy, like its apparent relatives the sonnet and the Japanese poem? Mr. Pearsall Smith, in the fruitful essay prefixed to his collection, does not confine the aphorism to any technical evolutions, but leaves it as a tolerably flexible thing, "a short pithy statement" (he quotes the Oxford Dictionary) "containing a truth of general import"; one that "concerns itself with life and human nature"—or Euclid would be among the fathers of the art. He aphoristically expresses it: "A proverb coined in a private mind." There is a peculiar quality required in the invention, as of a medallist in words, an "austere, almost colourless style, full of economies and rejections." This being so, it follows that most attempts at poetical richness in the aphorism—would-be "angels' voices"—are doomed. Here is the province of "disenchantment, the ever-accumulating stores of wise disillusion and worldly wisdom"; and yet Mr. Pearsall Smith distinguishes the English aphorisms from the French in respect of their prevailing temper. Here he feels "practical and prosaic worldliness," and there "sulphuric acid"; he is by no means praising the first kind at the expense of the second.

He turns to the names of our gnomie masters; he adorns them as they come in order of time with his appreciations: Bacon, Selden, Halifax, Chesterfield, Johnson, Blake, Hazlitt and Emerson are his principal writers; and he adds a number of subordinates, bringing his sketch into our period. The anthology itself begins with sentences upon the aphorism, and proceeds through many topics, which are moral, intellectual and practical. The compiler has allowed himself the liberty (we must think it one) of gathering in many points made incidentally by "English writers who, like Dryden and Gibbon, cannot be counted as aphorists, although they occasionally expressed their thought in terse phrases." This is a little confusing, as when (almost at once) one meets with Hamlet as an aphorist. One wonders whether the deliberate Detached Thought has nothing in it to segregate it from expressions which arise in relation to special environments. On the other hand, verse is not invited. Hazlitt may say within the borders, in the tone of Edward Young,

A thought must tell at once, or not at all,
but Young may not take up the strain with
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd.

These considerations will not hinder the grateful admiration due to Mr. Pearsall Smith for a service rendered to English literature and to the spirit of anyone who opens his book. It is the kind of book which may have results beyond calculation—that is, it affords on every page some comment or intuition capable of attracting the individual who may most powerfully transform his discovery into action. As an aphorist whom Mr. Pearsall Smith has left out said:—

To compare small things with great, this little work is like a watch that you carry about with you, and which will tell you the hour, without obliging you to go a mile to consult the church clock of your parish. Children may read it; and grown persons may find in it some things that they never dreamt of.

Where the treasury is so well stored, we shall not pursue the question of excluded aphorists; but it is curious to notice that the once celebrated "Guesses at Truth," founded on Bacon's recommendation of the aphorism, with which Mr. Pearsall Smith begins his introduction, has not contributed to it.

One more omission is that of the editor himself, who, however, appears anew as an aphorist in the pocket-book of "Afters-thoughts," ingenious, recreational, fantastic—in diction maybe rather more fantastic than is truly fastidious. "When by sips of champagne and a few oysters they can no longer keep me from fading away into the infinite azure, 'you cannot,' I shall whisper my last faint message to the world, 'be too fastidious.'" If one were to choose from the "Afters-thoughts" a *pensée* for the margin of the "Treasury," it would be one of the unmetaphorical observations: "How often my soul visits the National Gallery, and how seldom I go there myself!" Mr. Pearsall Smith, in the "Treasury," has not forgotten the few aphorisms which Dr. F. H. Bradley included in the preface to "Appearance and Reality." Dr. Bradley prepared for publication a hundred such, which are now issued, as

though in support of Mr. Pearsall Smith's enthusiasm for the aphorism in England. And yet the twenty-fifth of them runs: "Our live experiences, fixed in aphorisms, stiffen into cold epigram. Our heart's blood, as we write with it, turns to mere dull ink." The criticism may apply to all literature; and, going farther, one finds another mood, "An aphorism is true where it has fixed the impression of a genuine experience." Both moods are portrayed in this: "A great library to one man is a temple of immortal spirits. On another it strikes as a most melancholy charnel-house of souls." The hundred Bradleys, however their particular arguments may strike the individual, are of a high seriousness and a corresponding dignity of style.

BOOKS

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M. Manilei Astronomion
liber Quintus. Recensuit et
enarravit A. B. Hausermann.

Richards Press

[12. C. 50. 16]

p xxxiv

The fun-venture of an emendation
is not to be true; but the best emendations
of all are those which are both true &
difficult, emendations which no fool
could find. ~~xxxx~~ ^{emendation}
emendation & correction are those which are
which it cannot be true, & discoverers of the
1755 is not one of them; the independent
things are fitness to the context & propriety
to the genius of the author. The question
whether the error presupposed was
great or small is indeed a question to
be asked, but is the last question.
What vulgar judge is the first,
though usually the last is well.

Thus detail, their favourite
criticism, because it can be discerned,
or they take it away, by a bodily sense,
without disturbing the slumbers of the
intellect.

It surprises me that so many people
should feel themselves justified
in their conjectures - their balance - to
pronounce them good or bad, probable
or improbable. Judging an emendation
is ^{often} ~~often~~ ^{the same} ~~the same~~
quicker as emendation itself, &
the requisite is formidable. To
read attentively, think carefully,
omit no relevant consideration,
& repress self-will, are no ordinary
accomplishments; yet an
emendator needs much besides:
just literary perception, congenial
intimacy with the author, experience
which must have been won by

TRACKERS AND SMUGGLERS IN THE DESERTS
OF EGYPT. By ANDRÉ VON DUMREICHER.
(Methuen. 15s. net.)

Colonel

As an example of the difference in outlook between the Desert folk and settled men the Colonel tells another story against himself. After a very long bout of bargaining, as the result of which he had with difficulty persuaded the sheikhs of a nomadic tribe to sell some property to the Government for a reasonable sum in gold Egyptian sovereigns, one of the sheikhs, exhausted after the exhilarating wrangle, confessed that he had never seen a gold coin before, and asked politely whether it represented the worth of a camel or of a quail—roughly, at local prices, £8 or three half-pence.

study, & make it which he must have brought from his mother's womb.

It may be asked whether I think that I myself possess this quality, or even merit it; & if I answer yes, that will be a new example of my notorious arrogance. I had rather be arrogant than ignorant. I should not have undertaken to give a judgment on a subject which I was fit for the task; & in particular I think myself a better judge, commentator, better when to commend & have done, than men of letters.

Selected Poems, Thomas Hardy
Golden Treasury Series, 1925

To meet, or otherwise

Whether to rally see thee, girl of my dreams,
Or whether to slay
And see thee not! How vain the difference seems
Of Yea for Nay
Just now. Yet the same sun will dawn as
At no far day ^{hears}
Or any time ^{where} ~~where~~ ^{where}
with the difference wept!

Yes I will see thee, maiden dear, & make
The most I can
Of that remnant of us amid this bleak
Cimmerian
Throne and in grope, for those beams
we ache
While still we scan
Ruin and fall falling fugues for
some path or plan.

By hieper meety somethy new & won;
It will have been:

For God na Demer can undo the done,
Unless the seen

At the mental musi be a' unbegun,

Thoye tye tenen

Jwan a' tui bondage till blivin
supawse.

Lo, the are long-sweepy ~~symphony~~
From tuis unite

Tell me, ~~how~~ ~~much~~ ~~of~~ ~~it~~

Copy me note,

Small & untraced, yet tui will ever be

Somewhere afloat-

And the spheres, a pair of such life's
and etc.

The Temporary The All
(Sappho)

Change & changefulness in my flowering
youth time

See me sun by sun near to me unchosen;
Wings as fellowlike, & despite divergence,
Fused us in friendship.

"Change here can I while the time ^{for the core-} ~~is~~
Come the rich fullness of my ^{prevision:} ~~prevision:~~
To self-communed ^{of the world's undimmed} ~~of the world's undimmed~~."

Thwart my wordful way did & ^{saunter} ~~saunter~~
Fair, albeit-unformed or all-eclipsing;
"Maiden meet," hee, "He arise my
Wonder of woman ^{faber} ~~faber~~."

Long & visioned hamlets deep desiring,
Tentaments uncounted, I was fair to have
"See such wedding before breath-while,
"Soon & more securely."

"Thus, here handiwork into I make
my life-deed,

Truth & Lya-archer; but the ripe
time pending,

Intermixture aim as the thy suffruct:
Thus I ... be to, me!

Mistress, friend, place, aims to be
better than my way,

Better not has Fate a my hand's

Like the ^{delusionary;} ^{the} ^{nuance} ^{to} ^{use} ^{of} ^{my}
nuance earth - that -
Never transcended!

I look into my glass

I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, "I will find it some to pass
My heart had thought as this!"

For then, I; undisturb
By heart's great cold time,
Could lonely wait my endless run

~~My heart's great cold time~~

Then time, to wake me fair,
Pain-stabs, let pain abide;
And shake the fragile frame
The trappings of wint' side.

The Subalters

I

"Poor wanderer," said the leaden sky,
"I fain would lighten thee,
But there are laws in force on high
Whom say a must not be."

II

"I would not freeze thee, shiver one,
The North," knew I but ^{did} hear
To warm my breath, & clank my ^{stake;}
But I ^{did} not ^{hear} thee, ^{one,}

III

"Tomorrow I attract thee, my boy,
Lad ^{with} ^{his} ^{hook} ^{and} ^{line}. "Yes I swear
I bear thy little ark no spite,
But am bid enter thee."

IV

"Come hither, Son, I hear Teate ^{say;}
"I did not will a grave
Shall end thy purgance today,
But I, too, am a slave!"

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V

We smiled upon each other then,
And life to me had less
Of tears fell look is wore on when
They mind their passiveness.

The Sleep-Waker

When will thou wake, O Mother,
Wake & see —
Some who, held in trance, has laboured long
Significant etc. & has possession story
The coils torn — than had wrought
unwittingly;

Wherem have place, unredhead by
these,

Fair growths, foul cankers, right
enmeshed with wrong,
Strange odors & victim-shrieks
& long,
And curious blends of ache &
ecstasy? —

T.S.

Should tear-day come, show thy
open eyes
As tear-life's palpating tissues feel
How will those bear to self in thy
purpose? —
Will thou dextly, in me will shake
of shame,
The whole high heaving fundamental
frame,
Or patiently adjust, amend & heal? =

SASH WINDOWS

Here is the evidence which Pepys offers on the subject of sash windows. On June 22, 1677, he wrote to Mr. Pett about his boat and asked for advice, giving his own views in the following words:— " . . . if you are of advice to have a house built upon her, I would be glad to offer you some thoughts of mine as to the manner of it, and particularly in reference to the windows, which I would propose unto you to slide up and down in grooves, as your glasses in coaches do, as being safer, closer, and more handy than the hanging them upon hinges." (Tanner. "Further Correspondence of Samuel Pepys.") If Pepys had ever seen sash windows in houses, he probably would not have described them as a feature special to coaches. It seems almost safe to infer that this was where such windows originated.—Mr. EDWIN CHAPPELL, 41, Westcombe Park Road, Blackheath, S.E.3.

NEW BODICE I . . .

Excerpt. fullweis travels

(Lu. 7. 89. 1538)

p 140 Broddingnag

Thing of Broddingnag:— "As he gave us for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground there my one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, & do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

p 243

Hoyhnhnms

"He replied, that I never needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not. (For they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood."

Rarelas

"The Prince of Abyssinia"

Samuel John

He discerned ... the properties of
plants...

"rejoicing that his endeavours,
though yet unsuccessful, had
supplied him with some of
mechanistic enquiry."

ps 1

"Swift" by Carl van Doren
1931

457. C. 93. 111

1046

Temple :-

"When all's done, human life so,
as the greatest + best, but like
a frail child that must be
played with + humoured a little
keep a pin till it falls asleep,
then the can is over."

By the Shanty. Pubert's miniature
p 151 [455d. 93.45] 1931

One remembers Gibbon, clearly
in way, with such a magnificent
facility, through the Decline & Fall
of the Roman Empire. He, too, no
doubt, understood very little of his
subject; he did not see well in him -
with his works. Why was not? The answer
seems to be ~~that~~ he understood

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more fully than, for his purposes, was
man ignorant even than the Roman
Empire - himself. He knew his own
nature, his powers, his limitations, his
desires; he was the master of an
inward harmony.

p 185

One has no compare Carlyle with
Tacitus to realize what a disadvantage
it is to possess unlimited powers.
The Roman writer, undisturbed
by other considerations, was able to devote

himself entirely the creator of
works of art. He triumphed: surprised
Cassius by his Capriccio, his intentions,
he built up a great design, that in
all its parts was intense & beautiful."

p 137

Madame de Sevignè. Suzer.
(the 72 & 70)

"He begged her in love &

to marry her — to marry the very woman
for a letter. He begged, & she was dead
when he returned & her. The hand left
note for him, & called in pencil — "Je
vous remercie des vingt années
d'affection et de bonheur. Ne
m'oubliez pas. Adieu, Adieu."

(22.24.9)

Letter Cambridge Recollections
of S. T. Allen etc. 2 vols bound
Edw Moxon, 1836

(found evidence by Mr Allen)
p 8

For & unimportant would the
error of men be, if they did but
know first, what they themselves
mean; & secondly, what the words
mean by which they attempt to convey
their meaning.

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p 27

"a two-legged little accident having
torn out the leaves at the beginning."

p 46

"the letter itself, I doubt not, bore
evidence to nest mode of incubation,
as certain birds & lizards drag clay
with their feet, the egg-shells from
which they had forced their way."

p 86-7

Look upon death as one hovering
between earth & heaven; neither happy
much nor fearing anything

p 88

"Not one man in ten thousand
has fortitude of heart or strength of
mind to be an atheist.

And, were I not Christian, &
that only in the sense - that I am a

Christian I should be an atheist
in ^{my} private; rejecting all in which
I find insuperable difficulties, &
resting my only hope in the gradual, &
certain because gradual, progression of
the species

p 93

"All men in power are jealous
of the pre-eminence of men of letters;
they feel, as towards them, conscious
of inferior power, & set of

mixing tear - they are, indirectly,
regard their own will, more instruments
regards of higher intellect

The rain has spoiled the farmer's day;
Shall sorrow put my books away?

Thereby are two days lost:
Nature shall mind her own affairs;
I will attend my proper cares,

In rain, in sun, or frost.

EMERSON (*Suum cuique*).

Time Dec 11, 1931

IN HONOUR OF THE INKPOT

975 but the renowship of usury can occupier.
 980 Diverting as the spectacle might be to
 985 us, to orthodox Hindu piety nothing could
 990 be more logical and seemly than that the
 995 heads of our fighting services, on New
 1000 Year's Day, should bedeck with mari-
 1005 golds and placate, respectively, a tank,
 1010 an aeroplane, and a torpedo, the Speaker
 1015 adore his mace, the Lord Chancellor fall
 1020 prostrate before the Great Seal. Had the
 1025 ledgers of Threadneedle-street received
 1030 their due meed of *sewa* (reverence) the
 1035 pound—who knows?—might not have
 1040 been dethroned.



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Lord David Cecil, in his *Introduction to the World's Classics* edition of Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, writes:—

The visible structure of Jane Austen's fables may be flimsy enough; but their founda-
 tions drive deep down into the basic principles of human conduct. On her bit of ivory
 she has engraved a criticism of life as serious and as considered as Hardy's. And in none
 of her books is it stated more fully than in *Sense and Sensibility*. Its theme is akin to that
 of another early work, *Northanger Abbey*; but it is treated with far more seriousness.
 Jane Austen lived at a period of intellectual revolution. The standards of reason and com-
 mon sense which had guided the larger part of educated opinion during the eighteenth
 century were being overthrown; and a new race of thinkers was rising who referred all
 their opinions to the guidance of the instinctive movements of the heart. On the revolu-
 tionary side were ranged almost all the distinguished writers of the day, Wordsworth,
 Coleridge, Shelley, Byron. Against them stood only one, Jane Austen. She did not most
 likely realize the significance of her position, still less her audacity in taking it up. For
 she lived far from the world of intellectual conflict and literary movements. But the fact
 is that in *Sense and Sensibility* this demure young lady of twenty-two was attempting
 nothing less than an attack on the fundamentals of the Romantic position. On the minute
 stage of her genteel comedy theatre for the daughters of gentlemen, she presented the
 struggle that was rending intellectual Europe. Consciously or not, in Elinor is embodied
 all the philosophy of Dr. Johnson, in Marianne all the philosophy of Rousseau. And "yes",
 Jane Austen seems to say, "yes, it is all very well to proclaim that passion and sensibility
 and a heart responsive to the beauties of nature and art are the only valuable things in
 life, the only trustworthy guides to conduct. But look how it works out in practice.
 Emotion uncontrolled by reason leads you into ludicrous mistakes, involves you in trouble
 that brings misery both to yourself and anyone you have to do with; and, in the end, it
 does not last".

IN HONOUR OF THE INKPOT

DAWAT-PUJAN IN AN INDIAN STATE

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

In this orthodox and ancient Hindu principality the union of Church and State is indissoluble and their divorce would be considered a lewd and monstrous contradiction in terms. To this sentiment is due the inclusion in every departmental budget of an annual charge to defray the expenses of Dawat-pujan, the Worship of the Inkipot. Deride not the capitals, Stranger! The Raiput his sword, the moneylender his maroon-bound account books, the cultivator his oxen—three great communities of the swarming Hindu hive have already, yesterday, deified and adored the visible symbols of their respective callings. Today in their turn the clerklly castes, the men of the pen, have gathered together to honour the Inkipot, the mysterious reservoir of the power of the written word.

It is an unexpectedly grave and beautiful ceremony over which the British officer on lent service in the State finds himself invited to preside. The largest room of his office has become a chapel; his clerks in festal coats of magenta and orange and peacock-blue velvet sit on the floor with their children and grandchildren between their knees. In the centre of the draped desk-altar is an ink-stand, the most imposing that the department can produce, and round it are arranged pens, sealing-wax, tape, rubbers, and samples of every other item of the official stationery indent. Leaf cups and dishes of brass containing crimson *sendur*-powder, rice, wheat, butter, camphor, the sacred fire, all the apparatus of Hindu worship are ready in front of the altar.

The officiating Brahman intones the polysyllabic Sanskrit ritual in a voice of surpassing strength and sweetness; his two small acolytes lead the congregation in the responses. At stated intervals he censes the altar with fire and sprinkles the kindly fruits of the earth, when the assembly stands and sings in chorus. The meaning of the song is unknown to them, but service here is hereditary and as children they have sat between their fathers' knees on Dawat-pujan day from the time they could toddle. At the close of the ceremony the company rises to its feet for the last time and handfuls of rose-petals are distributed and flung in showers over the altar. Then the priest's delicate finger imprints the seal of ground wet sandal-wood on the lent officer's forehead; a paper marked with the auspicious Swastik wheel is put into his hand; a tray of sweetmeats on his lap, Dawat-pujan, for this year, is over.

And now that the gods are satisfied, totals, for 12 months to come, will tally, revenue collections be full, quarterly returns, those bugbears of the very stout superintendent, flutter in from subordinate offices on their proper dates. Is the underlying idea, after all, so alien to the European mind? What were those "pious sentences" at the beginning of the giant tomes in the South Sea house without which, according to Charles Lamb, "our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business or bill of lading"? If the Bania of the West has forgotten, his brother in Bombay can put him right. To holy Ganesh and Laxmi and the 33 crores of gods he dedicated his virgin *bahis* yesterday, inscribing the long prooemium with a reed pen, in a script which none but the fellowship of usury can decipher. Diverting as the spectacle might be to us, to orthodox Hindu piety nothing could be more logical and seemly than that the heads of our fighting services, on New Year's Day, should bedeck with marigolds and placate, respectively, a tank, an aeroplane, and a torpedo, the Speaker adore his mace, the Lord Chancellor fall prostrate before the Great Seal. Had the lodgers of Threadneedle-street received their due meed of *sewa* (reverence) the pound—who knows?—might not have been dethroned.

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THE ELECTRON

The quantum is an almost incredibly small quantity. If you take the word

uniformly heated enclosure was constructed with blackened walls having a very small opening. The radiation emitted through the aperture was as nearly as possible a typical "black radiation." It was then found, partly by observation and partly by calculation, that bodies did not grow so cold as they ought to do if they parted with their heat continuously and not by jumps.

Professor Max Planck, of the University of Berlin, calculated the dimensions of the jump that would be necessary to account for the facts, and afterwards it was found that the size of this jump reappeared in a large number of quite different physical phenomena, either directly or multiplied by a whole number. The "jump" is Planck's constant and is the basis of the quantum theory. It appears that energy almost, or perhaps, actually of every kind, does not act continuously, but in jumps, and the size of the jump is a multiple of the quantum.

RESIGNATION

(Sophocles, Ajax 669-677)

All that is strongest, most compelling, yet
Must yield to what's appointed: even so
The snowy winter passes and gives place
To fruitful summer; the weary wheel of night
Rolls off, and come the shining steeds of dawn;
The fierce wind's breath will lay to rest at last
The moaning sea; so too all conquering sleep
Looses his grip, nor holds what he has won.
E'en so must I content me to be wise.

DENIS TURNER

Carl Kw. Ja 15. 32

Carl Rev. Jan 15. 32

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE

QUANTUM SUFFICIENCY?

A STAGE IN PHYSICAL THEORY

FROM OUR SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENT
What is the quantum? Is it possible for those who are not modern mathematicians to get any approximate notion of a conception which has caused a more revolutionary change in physical reasoning than Einstein's relativity, and that is taken, probably rashly, as a scientific reinforcement of our instinct to believe in the freedom of the will? It is not easy, and any rough picture of the kind of idea the quantum is can only be temporary, because although the facts which led to the theory began to be known about 1900, the quantum is assuming novel, enlarged, and more abstractly mathematical interpretations or applications almost day by day.

Begin with a crude image. Imagine a large reservoir filled with fluid and provided with a tap. By manipulating the tap you can get the liquid to flow in a steady, unbroken stream. By alterations in the tap you could get similar steady streams whether the liquid were a very light substance like alcohol, or whether it were thick oil, or molten lead, or mercury. Such a steady stream is an example of continuous motion, and for long it was thought that the radiation of light, or of heat, and many other physical occurrences was continuous. The classical electromagnetic theory of light assumed, and at the same time seemed to prove, the continuity of radiation.

It is possible to adjust a tap so that the continuous stream will be transformed into a set of drops. The size and weight of the drops, of course, will vary with the kind of liquid, the head of pressure, and many other factors. Now imagine a kind of tap, which doubtless is impossible, that lets nothing but drops through, whatever the liquid. Suppose next, what would be quite within the power of physicists, that you weighed the drops of all the different kinds of liquids, and set them down on paper—alcohol drop so much, water so much, mercury so much, molten lead so much. Naturally you would not expect to find any arithmetical relation between the different figures you had set down. But suppose you found, to your great surprise, that there was a numerical factor common to all the numbers which we will call "X" of each kind that alcohol, say, was one time "X" and the drops of all the other liquids twice or three times or fifty times "X," but never "X" multiplied by anything except a whole number; you might then call "X" a "constant" because it was always turning up, faithfully and exactly, or a "quantum" because it appeared that a drop must be of that weight or some exact multiple of that weight to get through the tap. In this imaginary process you would probably find the first sign, to your amazement, of the quantum, so doing you would be acting not very differently from some of the interpreters of the quantum in physics.

PLANCK'S QUANTUM

So far as I can ascertain, the first appearance of the quantum theory came, like most great discoveries in science, from an endeavour to measure accurately a well-known physical phenomenon, just as Ramsay discovered argon in the course of experiments whose object was to measure more accurately than had been done before the exact composition of the atmosphere, and in particular the proportion of nitrogen it contained. Experiments were made on the radiation of heat from a "black body"—that is to say, from a body which absorbs completely all the heat which falls on it and which thus reflects none back on it and which thus uniformly heated enclosure was constructed with blackened walls having a very small opening. The radiation emitted through the aperture was as nearly as possible a typical "black radiation." It was then found, partly by observation and partly by calculation, that bodies did not grow so cold as they ought to do if they parted with their heat continuously and not by jumps.

Professor Max Planck, of the University of Berlin, calculated the dimensions of the jump that would be necessary to account for the facts, and afterwards it was found that the size of this jump appeared in a large number of quite different physical phenomena, either directly or multiplied by a whole number. The "jump" is Planck's constant and is the basis of the quantum theory. It appears that energy almost, or, perhaps, actually of every kind, does not act continuously, but in jumps, and the size of the jump is a multiple of the quantum.

THE ELECTRON

The quantum is an almost incredibly small quantity. If we take the word billion in its proper sense of a million of millions, then a billion billion times Planck's quantum would be a quantity just appreciable in the everyday world outside a laboratory with its instruments of amazingly minute precision. But it comes to be of great importance in the theory of the electron. On the supposition that an atom is a kind of solar system of electrons revolving round a central proton, then Planck's quantum appears in the following form. If the electron is in its smallest possible orbit, then the quantum is exactly the circumference of the orbit multiplied by the velocity and again by the mass of the electron. Moreover, an electron cannot pass from an orbit of one circumference to an orbit of another circumference except by a jump which is the quantum multiplied by a whole number. The electron appears to have no existence in any intermediate condition. And at least for the time being there is the principle of "indeterminacy" taken as a basis for free will by certain persons; in the words of Eddington, "a particle may have position or it may have velocity, but it cannot in any exact sense have both," or, in other words, it is supposed not to be determined by any chain of causation.

So far contemporary physicists; but to those who are not physicists it would seem clear that this obsolete quantity seems to some relation not yet understood, and the "indeterminacy" of electrons and of waves below the electrons may mean only that science has not yet understood the relations, rather than that the relations are lawless.

RESIGNATION

(Sophocles, Ajax 669-677)

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Must yield to what's appointed: even so
The snowy winter passes and gives place
To fruitful summer; the weary wheel of night
Rolls off, and come the shining steeds of dawn;
The fierce wind's breath will lay to rest at last
Looses his grip; so too all conquering sleep
Looses his grip, nor holds what he has won.
E'en so must I content me to be wise.

DENIS TURNER

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THE POSIE OF A RING¹

Miss Joan Evans, whose *Magical Jewels* (to say nothing of other learned works) will be remembered, has now compiled a catalogue with an introduction in which she writes:

"The ring is the richest in associations of all jewels: the Church sanctifies it in the marriage ring and the nun's ring; the Law recognizes it in the signet ring and the ring of investiture; sentiment ennobles it in the betrothal ring and the memorial ring; and the spell of magic touches it in the ring set with an amuletic stone or engraved with a talismanic formula. On all these rings characteristic inscriptions may be found: of all these inscriptions none bring us more closely into contact with the thoughts and feelings of their former wearers than the amatory inscriptions to be found on betrothal and marriage rings and other tokens exchanged between friends and lovers. Such rings are found as early as classical times. Some of their inscriptions, such as ΖΗΣΕΙΣ or VIVAS IN DEO, are in essence magical: they not only express the sentiment of the giver but also seek to perpetuate it and enforce it in the same way as a talismanic formula seeks to perpetuate and enforce its spell. But others are simple records of feeling. With the Dark Ages such sentiments, though they must always have been felt, ceased to find expression: or the expression perished in troublous times. It was not until feudalism re-created the art of chivalry in love as in war that love-mottoes once more appeared on jewels. Then it was with a difference; for the magical need was met by purely talismanic inscriptions and is rarely expressed in amatory mottoes; nearly all the inscriptions are expressions of pure sentiment. Such inscriptions were commonly engraved in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries on the ring-brooches that were used to fasten the dress at the neck. . . . In the fifteenth century the type of inscription was to some extent modified by the development of the usages of the tournament. . . . It was the influence of English literature that developed the posy, and developed it into a miniature poem. . . . The posy came to take its place among the short poems and epigrams that were one of the literary exercises of the time: in 1586 Camden included in his *Remaines Concerning Britain* "certain proverbs, Poems or Poesies, Epigrams, Rythms and Epitaphs of the English Nation in former times, and some of this present age". A manuscript in the British Museum—Harleian MS. 6910—written soon after 1596 contains over four hundred such posies of the most varied kind. . . . We still call a nosegay a posy for the sake of the amatory couplet that was once given with

In Dulci Jubilo.

14th Century
German

*I*N dulci jubilo
Let us our homage shew
Our heart's joy reclineth
In praesepio
And like a bright star shineth
Matris in gremio.
Alpha es et O.

[12]

O Jesu parvule
I yearn for Thee alway
Listen to my ditty
O puer optime
Have pity on me, pity
O princeps gloriae
Trahe me post te.

O Patris Charitas
O Nati lenitas
Deeply were we stained
Per nostra crimina
But Thou hast for us gained
Coelorum gaudia
O that we were there!

Ubi sunt gaudia
If that they be not there?
There are angels singing
Nova cantica
There the bells are ringing
In Regis curia
O that we were there!

I Saw Three Ships.

*Traditional
English*

I SAW three ships come sailing in
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
And what was in those ships all three?
Our Saviour Christ and his Ladie.
Pray whither sailed those ships all three?
O, they sailed into Bethlehem.

And all the bells on earth shall ring.
And all the angels in heaven shall sing.
And all the souls on earth shall sing.
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

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*William Ballet's
Book, c. 1600*

Sweet was the song the Virgin sung.

SWEET was the song the Virgin sung,
When she, when she to Bethlem Juda came,
And was deliver'd of a Son,
That blessed Jesus hath to name.
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Lula, lula, lula, lullaby, sweet Babe, sung she,

My Son, and eke a Saviour born,
Who hast vouchsafed from on high
To visit us that were forlorn;
Lalula, lalula, lalulaby, sweet Babe, sung she,
And rockt Him sweetly on her knee.

'I made a Pen, dipt it in Ink, & set myself down in a Posture of writing, before I had thought of any Subject, or made Provision of one single Thought, by which I might entertain you. I trusted to my better Genius, that he wou'd supply me in a Case of such urgent Necessity: But having thrice scratcht my Head, & thrice bit my Nails, Nothing presented itself, & I threw away my Pen in great Indignation. O! thou Instrument of Dulness, says I, doest thou desert me in my greatest Necessity; & being thyself so false a Friend, hast thou a secret Repugnance at expressing my Friendship to the faithful Mure, who knows thee too well ever to trust to thy Caprices, & who never takes thee in his Hand without Reluctance. While I, miserable Wretch that I am, have put my chief Confidence in thee; & relinquishing the Sword, the Gown, the Cassock, & the Toilette, have trusted to thee alone for my Fortune and my Fame. Begone! avault! Return to the Goose, from whence thou camest. With her, thou wast of some Use, while thou conveydest her thro the ethereal Regions. And why, alas! when pluckt from her Wing, & put into my Hand, doest thou not recognize some Similitude betwixt it & thy native Soil, & render me the same Service, in aiding the Flights of my heavy Imagination. . . . But not to speak Nonsense any longer (by which, however, I am glad I have already fill'd a Page of Paper) I arriv'd here', &c. (To William Mure of Caldwell, 1743.)

'John Hunter, who marry'd our Cousin Roby Hume's Daughter, coming accidentally to Town, and expressing a very friendly Concern about me, Dr. Gusthart proposed that I should be inspected by him: He felt very sensibly, as he said, a Tumor or Swelling in my Liver; and this Fact, not drawn by Reasoning, but obvious to the Senses, and perceived by the greatest Anatomist in Europe, must be admitted as unquestionable and will alone account for my Situation. They kept, very foolishly, this Opinion of Mr Hunter's a secret from me till Yesterday; and now they pretend, that the Tumour, being small, may be discussed by Medicines and Regimen: A very silly Expectation.' (To his brother, John Home, from Bath, 10 June 1776.)

'You ask me how I know this; I answer, John Hunter, the greatest anatomist in Europe, felt it with his fingers, and I myself can now feel it. The devil's in it, if this do not

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"That the present Pretender was certainly; because I had it from Primrose?] house in the evening entered the room when she had a card. He was announced by would have dropped from her hand to call him by the name he assumed he intended to stay there. After how wonderfully like the strange the chimney-piece, in the very more, Lord Marischal, a few days he believed the young Pretender lately, and had come over to see asked my Lord the reason for this that saw him there; and that he ev 'Your Royal Highness is the last was curiosity that led me,' said who is the object of all this pomp see this story is so near traced from Query, What if the Pretender had that when the most unworthy of expedition to Scotland, he took thinking the matter gone too far carried him, in the night time, I meant literally? "Yes," said he, "What think you now of this hero? 'Euge! Belle! Dear Mr Smith: Perusal of it has taken me from a pectation, by yourself, by your F appearance; but am now much relieved so much Attention, and the Public some time of its being at first very and is so much illustrated by curiosity. It is probably much improved by acquainted with Mr Gibbon: I like

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convince you. Even St. Thomas, the infidel apostle, desired no better authority than the testimony of his fingers.' (To John Crawford, two days later.)

'Affairs change, every day and rapidly, to the worse: my appetite is totally gone, my strength decays, and every bad symptom visibly augments; so that I can now look only for a near approaching dissolution. One would little regret life, were it not for the experience of such good friends, as you, whom one must leave behind them. *Mais, hélas! on ne laisse que des mourans*: as Ninon l'Enclos said on her death-bed. Death appears to me so little terrible on his approaches, that I scorn to quote heroes and philosophers as examples of fortitude: a woman of pleasure, who, however, was also a philosopher, is sufficient. I embrace you, Dear Sir, and probably for the last time.' (To Sir John Pringle, 13 August.)

Hume's last letter was to Adam Smith. 'My dearest Friend, I am obliged to make use of my Nephews hand in writing to you as I do not rise to-day.' That was on 23 August 1776. Three days later he died, to the last perfectly sensible 'and in such a happy composure of mind that nothing could have made it better'.

Adam Smith, writing to William Strahan, a few weeks later, said Hume's 'cheerfulness was so great, and his conversation and amusements ran so much in their usual strain, that notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying. "I shall tell your friend Colonel Edmondstone," said Dr. Dundas to him one day, "that I left you much better, and in a fair way of recovery." "Doctor," said he, "as I believe you would not choose to tell any thing but the truth, you had better tell him I am dying as fast as my enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire." . . . When he was reading, a few days before, Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that fitted him. . . . He then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses, which he supposed he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very surly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them. . . . "Have a little patience, good Charon, I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstitions." But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. "You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a lease for so long a term? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy loitering rogue." . . . I have always considered him [Hume], both in his lifetime, and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man, as perhaps the nature of human frailty will admit.'

Letter of Edward Fitzgibbon
to Fanny Kemble 1871-1883
Dec. 7. 85. 165

p 128

F. = Lily; Jennings used
about his sister's husband the
expression "A Mr. Wilkinson, a
clergyman," & Jennings
said "Why treat's. very rough
to do so." (very offensive) state
center of the antislavery, the worst
here - to Byron language.

The Romney Key. J. Brown
[Lett. 7. 85. 130-8]

p 5-3

"You must learn to read, Jasper"

"We have no time, brother"

"Are you not frequently idle?"

"Never, brother; when we are not engaged
in our traffic, we are engaged in taking
an relaxation, as we have no time
to learn."

Hardy's Collected Poems

V. I. P. 79

The Colonel's Soliloquy

(Southampton Docks: October 1899)

"The quay recedes. Hurrah! Ahead
we go! --

It's true I've been accustomed now to home
And joints get rusty, & one's limbs may grow
More fit to row than woe.

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"And I am strong, & yet far less than
There's not a little steel beneath the rust;
My years maim somewhat, but here's to 't
And if I fall, I must again!

x x x x x x x x

"I pray ~~that~~ those left-at-home will care for her;
I shall come back; I have before; stay where
The girl you leave behind you = grandmamma,
Pray my not be as then."

Wadsworth The Prelude Book II

p 65⁵ asking Coleridge

Then, my Friend, arise

More deeply read - try our thought; to that

Science appears her hat in truth she is,

Not in our glory & our absolute boast,

But as a succedaneum, & a prop

To our infirmity. No officers have

Authority of their false secondary power

By which we multiply distinctions, & can

Distinguish in fancy boundaries in things

That we perceive, & not that we have made.

To thee, unblinded by their formal arts,

The unity of all hath been revealed.

Writ by Coleridge "geometrical science"
Book VI. H5/20 p 677

With Indian awe wonder, & ignorance
What is our struggle, did I meditate
On the relation these abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, by that process led,
Thou inward eye's agent's bound to his head
Duty to save the mind of earth-born man!

T.D.X

ms X 2 p 60

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Spent 7 feminae Icarus as
"In verity, an independent world,
Created and pure intelligence."

Book VI p 684

Our destiny, our being's heart & home,
Is with infinitude, & only there;
Yet hope us, hope that can never die,
Effort, & expectation, & desire,
And something evermore about to be.

Under mist banners militant, the soul
seeks for no trophies, chafes for no spoils
that may alter her process, blue
in trumpet
that are there are perfect in reward,"

Liv I thp 25 p 254

Je vis privément à Pise un honnête
homme, mais si Aristotélicien,
que le plus général de ses
dogmes est: Que la tâche et
repose de toutes imaginations solides,



et de toute verité, c'est la
conformitee à la doctrine d'Aristote

Unpublished Letter Samuel Taylor
Coleridge edited by E. L. Fiepp
Vol I 1830
Letter 760 to Thomas Clarkson
MS 13.1856.

p 356.

"Have a distinct Thought of
a Peace tree; but what circumstances
properties & joints - one, that
plants are there, not included in
my Thought of it?" (X)

p 148 Vol II

Before God my own Essence I dare
trust myself by no other rule, than
the nihil actum si quid
agendum - the limit of our
facultas, is the limit of our
dubis."

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

January 16, 1933.

Dr. Agnes Arber,
52 Huntingdon Road,
Cambridge, England.

Dear Dr. Arber:

I want to thank you for your most interesting letter of last October. May I ask your pardon for this long delay in replying? I came to America in October, and have since been rather seriously ill with pneumonia so that I have been forced to neglect my correspondence until now.

I checked up the suggestions you made in your letter and certainly thank you for them. They are all excellent, and I shall include them in my complete edition of S.T. Coleridge's letters which I plan to issue in the years to come.

I was much pleased to have you say that you had received great enjoyment from Coleridge's letters. I had hoped in publishing them to win for the Poet a greater sympathy and understanding, and it is indeed gratifying to read such letters as yours, concerning the collection.

I shall return to England this summer as I am at present working on a Memorial Volume for Coleridge for the summer of 1934. I think you may find it of interest when issued.

Again thanking you for your courtesy in making the suggestions you did, I am

Faithfully yours,

E. Leslie Griggs

E. Leslie Griggs.

p 49 rd I

Wishes the self. thread that
runs down through the Pearl
Chain of Ratiocination.

p 184

"We all have obscure feelings,
that must be connected with something in
them - the nose was - guinea - Lord
Nelson with a blue ribbon, Wordsworth's old
Molly with her waxy tube - Wordsworth
with the hawk, which flies, (all men are
poets in their way, tho' for the most part
their ways are damned bad ones).

... to be in love ... is to connect a
large fragment, with an obscure feeling
with a real form."

p 186

man is an ordinary animal

IN A FRENCH TRAWLER

A PHILOSOPHER AT SEA

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

The Notre-Dame de la Délivrande was a 60-foot, ketch-rigged, Diesel-engined trawler, built at Fécamp, better known than they use there now. She was registered at Caen, wore a modest dress of black and green with a fish-netting shawl draped here and there, and plied her trade along the coast of Normandy. Raymond Adam, when he finished his service in the Navy three years ago, at the age of 26, bought her under the scheme of State-aided purchase for fishermen. So he graduated straight from the role of *matre-timonier*, or steersman-instructor, to that of shipowner, and had "Raymond Adam, Armateur, Port-en-Bessin, Calvados" printed at the head of his note-paper. But he still wore the fisherman's canvas jumper and blistered his own hands at the trawl-ropes—"ce qui," he said, "est la seule manière de commander."

There were five men aboard as we sailed from Dieppe in the early morning; a strong south-westerly wind still blew and squalls of rain drove before it. My friends could not afford to wait longer for calm. Jules and Auguste cast off the moorings, Blondel slowly opened up the throttle of the Diesel engine, and the Notre-Dame de la Délivrande turned on her heel, made her curtsy to the statue of the Virgin high on the cliff, as she met the first swell from the Channel, and passed out between the jetties, wallowing and flapping her sails as her crew hoisted them.

Along the coast, on a north-westerly slant in the teeth of the wind, the Notre-Dame de la Délivrande rolled and pitched hard, but kept dry, for she was light and rose quickly to the seas. When he had her well set on her course Raymond lashed the wheel and called Albert to help him get ready the trawl. It lay along the port side, the long boom and its two steel shoes stowed outboard and chained to the rail. They freed the ends of the securing chains, rolled the net so that it would pay out smoothly, and laid the towing-lines of stout manilla in wide coils, one on each side of the ship. The edge of the net was weighted with steel chain that shone like silver from scouring on the bottom. When pulled clear and thrown down on the deck it jingled like silver bells.

The trawl ready, we turned north. Raymond soon found the edge of a bank he knew of, and the Notre-Dame slowed down, circling to port to keep the slack of the net out of her propeller. The boom splashed into the sea and sank astern, the net spread like a brown cobweb on the water and then sank too.

For four hours the Notre-Dame moved to and fro over the great bank, towing her trawl in a sea that grew wilder and whiter, under lashing rain. We should not catch much, Raymond said. At last he gave the order to haul up the trawl. The Notre-Dame lay rolling in the trough, a wooden winch in the bows began to creak, and bit by bit the gear came home.

"Il y a une avarie," Raymond said with a scowl. "J'ai déchiré le filet. Il n'y aura rien."

He went into the wheelhouse to turn his boat's head eastwards—it was no use staying out now with a broken net. A point of rock had caught it, perhaps almost as soon as it was lowered, and wasted the day. In the pocket, at the very end, was a great bundle of yellow seaweed with, mixed up in it, a few skate, one fine turbot, and a collection of hard-headed bright pink fish with legs under their chins. They turned these out on the deck and Blondel took a skate and cut it into strips for supper.

Now a burst of pale sunshine came through the clouds, and the Notre-Dame de la Délivrande, running at seven knots before the wind, was steady, and the rain stopped. Raymond and Albert got out their big wooden shuttles and began to mend the net, side by side on the rail. As the Notre-Dame drove down to Dieppe the sun shone more warmly, the stove-pipe smoked more temptingly, and the engine sang faster and faster, the double beat of its two cylinders making a lively tune. Albert winked at me, wiping his wet knife on his trousers, and Savarin-Isidore-Florentin Blondel called "C'est cuit!" from below.

"Allons," said Raymond, "A table! Et tout de même, c'est un bon bateau, le Notre-Dame de la Délivrande, dites-donc, c'est pas vrai? Ah, venez nous voir à Port-en-Bessin et vous verrez quelque chose!"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir.—In the churchyard of St. Lawrence, Upton, near Slough—the reputed scene of Gray's Elegy—two tombstones stand side by side; one to Robert Baker (died 1836) and the other to his relative, Charles Baker (died 1838). On the earlier tombstone is prophetically inscribed "Praises on tombs doth but ambition feed." On the second tombstone, erected but two years later to Charles, second yeoman of his Majesty's cellars, are words to indicate that he was "blameless in evrey (sic) relation of life, as husband, and father, and brother, and friend." This, however, being thought inadequate, the Johnsonian lines (quoted, with slight variations, by Lord Rankellour in *The Times* last Thursday) are added:—

"His virtues walked their tranquil round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void,
And his Eternal Master found
The given talents well employed."

In the same churchyard also is a tomb to a famous pastrycook, one "Sarah Branston Spinster, of Eton, a woman who dared to be Just in the reign of George the Second." Whether this epitaph refers to her religious or to her political views has never been ascertained.

Yours faithfully,

RICHARD BENTLEY.

Upton, Slough.

"The sword outwears the sheath—
So end the God-loved lucky lives.
The tragedy is when the flawed blade
snaps
And yet the sheath survives."

Wilfred Gibson.

Wilson, W. The life of
William Blake, 1932

[457.C.92-188]

Lutes Crabbe Robinson (but
tends to go in for some German sense)
"Genius is properly creation &
production from within & talent is the
facility of appropriation from without
& assimilation."

pl. 105

Ennis' answer—
What is the price? Ex pence.
(Dole's copy - very good)

Letter for Wahu & Bayly p. 169

"Some say that Happiness is not
found of Monteb, & they agree the
answered that Science is not fit
of Immortal is utterly useless to
anyone; a blyno never does good
to a tree, if a blyno kill not a
tree but it still bear fruit, let
none say that the fruit was in
consequence of the blyno."

DERBY DAY: A COMIC OPERA IN
THREE ACTS. By A. P. HERBERT. (Methuen
2- not)

All day across the ledger and the loom,
Across the coal-face and the engine-room,
Dances distractingly a horse (or mare ?),
Filly (or colt ?)—we neither know nor care ;
We never saw it and we never shall,
It is a name and not an animal,
It is an instrument by God designed
To redistribute wealth among mankind :
It is the thing that links us with the lord,
It is the only dream we can afford.

... Mr. Chap-
man among them, find the triviality delightful,
and rightly point out that there is a charm
in little things. Yes, when it is the charm of
Cowper. But the little things must hold out
their little hands to one another; and here
there is a scrappiness which prevents even tart-
ness from telling. T

*Lead in
on June
autumn with
T S L Dec
Mar 1852*

"Blue Trances"

by Lady Murasaki trans by Arthur
Waley

p 234

Kashiwagi has sent a previous poem
about his funeral pyre & the woman
he loves - her reply is a sort of an
smoke, her ashes might mingle with the
flame of his pyre, & his final words
are:—

"Though rougher of me remains
save smoke drawn out across the
windless sky, yet shall I drift
to thee unerringly amid the
crackles fields of space"

[841. C. 92. 8]
written. Goldmits.

"The Sacred Tree"

p 68

"quoting an old song, he added
the words, 'Wouldn't be a ring
upon the hand I might wear June
around till "then" was "now."'

"One knocked on the Beloved's
door; the voice asked for
admission, "Who is there?" and he
answered, "It's I". Then the
voice said, "His house will not
hold me & thee." So the door was
not opened. Then was the Lover
unto the desert, & fasted & prayed
in solitude. And after a year he
returned & knocked again at the
door. And again the voice asked,
"Who is there" & he said "It's
myself!" & the door was opened
to him."

E. FitzGerald for Jalálu-'d-dín
Rúmi
Quinto p 317 in Pott's
Sprague

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE
(1533-1592)

The best commemoration of the birth, just four hundred years ago, of Montaigne is to read him once more. For that we make ourselves the vehicles of his immortality. And perhaps no other equally great writer in the world's history makes so slight an initial demand upon him, when he seeks our complicity in re-entering existence, as Montaigne. He is like a gift of Nature: a sunshine day. We have nothing to do but bask in it and in him. There is nothing to pay, nothing to wrestle with, nothing to be endured. The path to enjoyment and to the essential Montaigne lies open on every page.

Les abeilles pillent des ducs les fleurs: mais elles en font après le miel, qui est tout leur; ce n'est plus thym, ni marjolaine.

It is indeed the perfect figure for the kind and quality of delight which Montaigne distilled. His honey is neither thyme nor marjoram any more; it is honey. But it is honey which always faintly reminds us of where it was gathered, and has so many subtle tones of flavour that we can never forget how widely-ranging was the creature who made it. And not in books alone.

Not the least mark of Montaigne's peculiar greatness is that nothing he tells us directly about himself cannot be corroborated again in given multitude and richness from the body of his work. Therefore when he tells us, "Je ne dis les autres, sinon pour d'autant plus me dire," it appears to us as though his book itself were speaking. What we intuitively have long known to be the true cause of the amazing felicity of his quotations is, in a moment, quite simply uttered. He uses them because he admires them; but he admires them because they corroborate his experience.

was to become conscious of his own experience. A thousand subtle gradations, differences, distinctions in that experience had thus been recognized, and by being thus recognized had been in some sense created. The quotations, for better or for evil, but they were his. And this again in no perfunctory and vaguely metaphorical manner. They were creatively himself. The Montaigne of whom these quotations were part was a Montaigne who grew and never ceased to grow; and the quotations were part of that growth.

It is at first astonishing to realize how well Montaigne knew this. To save ourselves from being altogether overshadowed by the masters of the past, we incline to credit ourselves with some small accession of consciousness beyond theirs. We are willing, even eager, to admit that it is an excess, an exaggeration, a quality which we should be better without; nevertheless, we cherish the belief that it makes us different. When Mr. Eliot pipes that we are "the hollow men" we accept him as our laureate not least because we feel that there is something distinctive about hollowness, and that if his come upon us because we, more than others, have been condemned, or privileged (it comes to much the same), to "look before and after." We know more; we carry the burden of history. Montaigne quietly pricks the bladder of this self-esteem. Had he not calmly contemplated the time when the Copernican revolution should be replaced by a general theory of relativity? And what possible effect of modern scientific scepticism upon the responsive mind had not been anticipated, and discounted, by the author of the "Apologie de Raimond Sebond"? If the ardent spirit finds the humanism of Montaigne intolerable there is nothing for it but to take the mortal leap into superhumanism. If Pascal is contemporary, as indeed he is, it is because Montaigne is more contemporary still. Pascal is the only escape from him. Between them they define the limits of the post-Renaissance consciousness. When the fumes of intoxication by "enlightenment" are cleared away they emerge to put the everlasting issue. As between Montaigne and Pascal one can hardly hesitate in pronouncing who is the stronger and the more conscious of his strength. Pascal is the tortured man beside Montaigne.

One feels, indeed, that there was something in Montaigne which could put Pascal beside

himself. In fact, Montaigne was the devil with whom Pascal had to wrestle. Not much of human potentiality would escape the bounds of an imaginary conversation between these men, if there were the genius to compose it. He would need to be a genius indeed, for what are the "Pensées" of Pascal himself but the notes for the first (and not the last) chapter of that book. The notes for the last are rather to be sought in the "Apologie de Raimond Sebond," where, after celebrating Plutarch's praise to the One, Montaigne goes on:—

A cetle conclusion si religieuse d'un homme païen, je veulx joindre seulement ce mot d'un trinitaire de mesme condition, pour la fin de ce long et ennuyeux discours, qui me fourroit de matiere sans fin: "O la vie dont, dit-il, et abjecte, que l'homme, n'a ne vraye as desir de l'humanité!" Voilà un bon mot, et un sielle desir, mais pareillement absurde: car de faire la poignée plus grande que le poing, la brassie plus grande que le bras, et d'esperer changer plus que l'humanité de nos jambes, c'est un superflou de tout et de l'humanité: car il ne peut venir que de ses yeux, qu'il voit que de ses prison. Il v'eulx, s'il v'eulx, abandonnant et renoncant à ses propres membres, et laissant haïster et soulever par les moyens païens celestes. C'est à nostre foy chrestienne non à la vertu stoïque, de pretendre à cette divine et miraculeuse metamorphose.

To which we can but apply his own words concerning his beloved Plutarch, and call it "cette conclusion si religieuse d'un homme païen." Verily, there is no criticism of revealed religion more devastating than Montaigne's apparent acceptance of it. He is ceremonious to Christianity because it means absolutely nothing to him. Often, no doubt, his irony is sharp, as in the case of Vauclair's; but it is not so in the case of the Stoics.

Montaigne turns away from Christianity as a fever turns to the sun. And since the metal proceeds from a nature so manifestly brimming and ripe with humanity it is the more impressive. Nature herself, in him, seems to be waking from a dream.

Yet Pascal, as we know, could not abide in Montaigne's condition. From Montaigne he had to flee to Port Royal. It was Pascal's weakness against Montaigne's strength. He could not abide in Montaigne's condition because he had never entered into it. For him it was artificial; an attitude to be imitated, a desirable indifference to be adopted. But in Montaigne it was the man himself, shaped to a natural perfection by a unique self-discipline. Instinctively, from the beginning, he had obeyed the maxim: "Become what thou art!" and he had not spared the pains necessary to obey that supremely difficult injunction. He tells us quietly that he knows of no other château in France which was left unguarded, like his own, during the fearful civil strife in which he lived; and he had suffered no attack, no loss. "Et n'en ai jamais osté ni vaisselle d'argent, ni tilire, ni tapiserie." Never was outward sign more truly correspondent to inward grace. He left self-defence to the righteous. "Je ne veulx ni me craindre, ni me sauver à demy." He took the risk that his nature impelled him to take. What was his motive? Was it that he was beyond his time, and calculated that this was the best way to be safe? If it had been no more than that, still it would have been courage. But it was more than that. It is only after the event, as I shall here be reminding the reasons for his delinquency.

Ce que tant de millions gardiens en sont perdus, est ce que d'un, me fait soupçonner qu'il les est sans perdre de ce qu'ils ont en garde; c'est à dire, à l'envie et la raison à l'assouillir. Toute parole n'est que de la guerre. Qui se jectera, si Dieu veult, cher mot j'aima tant y, que je ne l'y appelleray pas: c'est le retrancher à me reconquerir des guerres. Fausse de vouloir se voir à la compagnie publique, comme je ferois un soldat dans un mon ame.

The motive more and deeper than calculation which moved him is in that final sentence. He had made the quiet corner in his soul, whence he could regard his fortunes with indifference. By his effort to know himself entirely, he had lifted himself above the flux of circumstance. He was under no illusion that he did know himself entirely: that was impossible. Like Socrates, he was ignorant as other men save in his knowledge of his own

ignorance: but being Montaigne, he gives the famous saying a turn of his own. "Je me tiens de la commune sorte, sauf en ce que je m'en tiens." The lingering trace of Socratic intellectualism departs. Montaigne, to himself, is simply a man, who knows it.

But the process and achievement of that knowing—how great it was! And he makes it easy for us to forget that it was great. The Montaigne we meet is already mature. The storm and stress is over. He has already learned the secret: it is the man who knows it. The manner of his coming to a knowledge so simple and so rare has been all his own. "Moy, qui m'espie de plus prez, qui ay les yeulx incessamment tendus sur moy," but as Amiel, surely, might claim to be as perfect in the art of self-examination? So it seems; but only seems. Montaigne's method has been to find himself in the men of old time. He has been guided by a prophetic antagonism. From the beginning his discovery had been, not how much and how strange there was in him, but how much of what was him had been in other men. He was looking for the truth, searching out all that in the wisdom of the ancients was ratified by his own experience, establishing how completely he had been anticipated. It was a process of self-discovery through self-cancellation. So little of him was indeed his own, he found, that there was nothing left but "le coing en son ame" where he could rest in the recognition that he belonged to the common sort. In his own inimitable way, following his own natural bent, having for his native bias that passion for the total truth which he regarded as the one basic human virtue, Montaigne had undergone an arduous spiritual discipline before the composition of the "Essais" began. He was already capable of looking upon himself dispassionately as an object. He had a glimpse of Montaigne *sub specie aeternitatis*, and he proceeded to organize the

and in himself. It is as his book grows, so does he. Degree by degree, trait by trait, he comes under the lucid scrutiny of his own increasing awareness. What is happening he knows well, far better than most of those who have sought to expound his philosophy. The philosophy of a man who understands by the word philosophy the seeking of wisdom is bound to prove elusive to those for whom the word means a systematic doctrine. They look down upon Montaigne as an amateur; they do not notice that he is smiling at them as professionals. It seems to them that he cannot be really serious when he says:—"De quel regnement estoit ma vie, je ne Fay appris qu'après qu'elle est exploitée et employée; nouvelle figure. Un philosophe impremedité et fortuite." He must be taking the name of philosopher in vain.

But not at all. He is serious, while he smiles; he is serious, because he smiles. He is establishing, *d'hom cavent*, a solid and unsuspected claim to have reached the very pinnacle of philosophy, to have become a man so imbued and pervaded with awareness that he can put reason in its place without having to invoke the aid of faith. He is become a man, who knows he is only a man, and is content; because the knowledge is of such a kind that it fills him with happiness. And that, for Montaigne, is the end of all philosophy, if philosophy would only know it.

L'ame qui loge le philosophe doct, par sa santé, rendra sans encores le corps: elle doit faire laite jusque au delà de son repos et son aise: doit former un monde, le fort, résolu, en France, que possible. Plus grave, libre, d'un trinitaire actif et alaine, et d'une intelligence contenta et debonnaire. La plus extrême mesure de la sagesse, c'est une amouissance courtoise; un état est, comme des choses au dessus de la vie, toujours seules; c'est Ariste au Rarissime qui rendent leurs supports aussi croztes et enfantes; ce n'est pas elle; il ne se crozissent que par leur être.

The ecniumism is as splendid as it is famous; yet it is too often looked upon as a kind of magnificent commonplace extracted from antiquity. It is nothing of the kind. It is all Montaigne's own; and it is of his essence. Philosophy, for him, is perfect consciousness, returned by virtue of its perfection to be the soul of the body. There is no division any more. The total man is, as it were, redemmed and purified by the imaginative spirit, so that he is made whole and made one, not with an enforced, but with a natural, unity. And this

Matthew Arnold. Essays

- Criticism. (at Greenham, Wiltshire
April 6, 7, 1833)

The function, criticism "to see the
"Yes" as "really's".

"to have the sense, creative activity
the great happiness & the great
proof of being alive, & it is not
general to criticism to have it."

Criticism "the free play of the
mind on all subjects that it
touches."

Maumet de Guérin
(Trebaticin)

"The marlot, dear God of their nature,
how recurrent for their hands lips
the deluge of man, in the seeds of
new plants - & make their rich;
but for their inexorable lips, nothing!"

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

I must tell you a feat of my dog Bean. Walking by the river side, I observed some water-lilies floating at a distance from the bank. They are a large white flower, with an orange-coloured eye, very beautiful. I had a desire to gather one, and having your long cane in my hand, by the help of it endeavoured to bring one of them within my reach. But the attempt proved vain, and I walked forward. Bean had all the while observed me very attentively. Returning soon after toward the same place, I observed him plunge into the river while I was about forty yards distant from him; and when I had nearly reached the spot, he swam to land with a lily in his mouth, which he came and laid at my foot.

W. COWPER.

VIRGINIA WOOLF

POSSIBLY the first most outstanding characteristic of Virginia Woolf's work is the dazzling technique, a technique akin in its emotional subtlety and intricate interpretation of moods to that of Henry James and Proust. Yet, as with Henry James, it is possible that the technique tends to obliterate the underlying thought. A consideration of the novels brings out the fact that life shines through the web more and more clearly.

The technique of course is extremely interesting. *The Mark on the Wall* is a practical exposition of it. Fix the object and let the mind sway round it and all the associations it brings, with the freedom and suppleness of a gymnast. It is the method which Proust had developed some years earlier, and implies a very delicate balancing of attention—on the one hand, sensitiveness to the subconscious, and therefore free movement of thought or emotion, and on the other hand, a continual intellectual control. The method is akin to psycho-analysis, with this difference, that here the subject and the controlling observer are one and the same person. Proust in his description of Elstir's art in *A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs* indicates the raison d'être of this method—to free the senses from the restraint which convention or habit imposes on an impression and to enable an object to be represented, at once clearly and with an exquisite freshness, as for the first time.

Nothing perhaps could better illustrate Virginia Woolf's technique than the opening pages of *Jacob's Room*, especially where the child's impressions of the sands—the rock-pool, the red-faced holiday-makers asleep, the sheep's skull—are given with a seeming inconsequence and with the shock of a first encounter. Events are focussed with the same shifting brilliance and surprise as a kaleidoscope. See first, connect afterwards, says the artist. So in the description of Mrs Ambrose's tear in *The Voyage Out*, we see first mistily through the quivering round tear, the water which for her trembles through it, the embankment where she is standing, the house—in imagination—which she has left, and the children there . . . ah, that is why she is crying!

The difficulty of course comes when the object to be revealed is not objective, but an emotional or mental process. A torch flung into dark water lights up a thick tangle of reeds swaying under the surface of the stream. Sometimes, in Virginia Woolf's novels, it appears as though the movement of the stream had been forgotten. *Jacob's Room*, which would have indicated the height of Virginia Woolf's attainment in pure technique if *Mrs Dalloway* had not followed it, suffers from this defect, that the minute particulars, flawless in themselves, do that way up a total significant impression. The details of each mental incident analysed are emotionally relevant to it, but each situation is not emotionally relevant to the whole. There are in fact too many moments; one is in danger of suffocation. Some passages, exquisite in themselves, could be cut out without affecting the general structure greatly. There is no central point de repère. On the whole *Jacob's Room* gives the impression of a delicate and intricate spider's web from which the middle, the critical centre of radiation, has been torn away. Each shining filament is there, but the centre edge is lacking.

In *Mrs Dalloway* Virginia Woolf is not so much at the mercy of urgent associations which clamour to be expressed at the expense of proportion. *Mrs Dalloway* indeed is a triumph of virtuosity. Behind the lithe figure of Clarissa, the fabric gradually arises, having as its background the sounds and sights of her familiar London—the slow mellow booming of Big Ben, the crisp air of Bond Street on a fresh summer morning, the rustle of children in the Parks, the good-humoured bustle of the town as the buses begin to swing up and the traffic becomes heavy. Richard Dalloway, Clarissa, Peter, move against this background, and because they are people with memories, it shifts and changes momentarily with their swaying thoughts. Nowhere in her work is there a better example of the co-ordination of time and place than in this book. Within the twelve hours of a waking day and in the limits of London, we have been shown, by their own physical movements in a confined space and their mental movements in a comparatively unlimited field, three full-length portraits, and an agonisingly accurate and piercing analysis of the state of mind which borders on lunacy. The contrast between Clarissa's world and that of Septimus is not fortuitous. By it Virginia Woolf achieves the same kind of impression of relativity as had been strikingly outlined in *Jacob's Room* (Fanny Elmer, Clara Durrant, Florida, revealed successively in a series of illuminating flashes). People and occurrences at different levels touch each other slightly, as the ripple cast by a stone in water trembles into the eye of another, and is vaguely disturbed.

The close of *Mrs Dalloway* is a masterpiece of technical excellence, the final appearance of Clarissa to those who love her being almost a symbol of the reason for the book's existence. Yet if one is to criticize it fully, *Mrs Dalloway* is not Virginia Woolf's highest accomplishment nor her most important work. The reason for this is that in it there is an unresolved contradiction. The passages which are of most significance are those dealing with Septimus and his state of mind; yet, except for purposes of contrast, these are not essential to the validity of the book. The charge against the non-Septimian parts of a book which contains Septimus, is that they are almost too well done for what they represent.

In this respect *Mrs Dalloway* is in distinct contrast to the earlier *Night and Day*, and *The Voyage Out*, where the technique is not fully adequate to the strength of feeling to be expressed. Yet these two books, along with the superb accomplishment of *To the Lighthouse*, possibly reveal more truly the artistic problem with which Virginia Woolf is concerned than any of the others. *Night and Day* from the point of view of technique is curiously un-Woolfian. In it people and events are shown progressively with a fairly apparent logical connection between each successive happening. The movement might be described as a movement along a straight line. Its main concern is the exposition of the situation between Katherine and Ralph Denham—that is to say, the reconciling of different personalities into the unity of love. This is what D. H. Lawrence in his own idiom and by very different means expresses in that central book, *Women in Love*. In Virginia Woolf the problem is considered from the angle—characteristically—of mental reactions, something much more complicated and intricate than the physical basis with which Lawrence deals. The description of Kath-

their emphasis on the moment). The theme which was recessive in *The Voyage Out* has now become dominant and in the manner of expression not even *Orlando*, the triumph of pure technique, not even *Jacob's Room* can surpass it. It is the distinctive excellence of *The Light-House* that in it a critical and significant problem has been expressed in terms of character, and so, has been solved.

D. M. HOARE

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *The Cambridge Review*

Sir,—In the letter, signed 'Annie Lawton' in your last issue, it is somewhat unfortunate that the writer supports an accusation sometimes brought by musicists against Sol-faists, that they consider a major and relative minor key to be 'one and the same key'.

I imagine few will up-date Sol-faists would now subscribe to that view, which was reasonable enough before the minor scale had fully evolved.

Sol-fa makes use of the same nomenclature for the major and relative minor scales because it is in conformity with the historical development of the scales and a scale is the only means by which to accomplish successfully its chief object, viz: to facilitate sight singing for the Staff Notation.

Yours, etc., F. C. FIELD-HYDE
11, Lyndewode Road, Cambridge.
October 12th, 1931.

THE MEASUREMENT OF HYDROGEN ION CONCENTRATION. By JULIUS GRANT. 9 x 5 1/2. viii + 150 pp. LOUGHBOROUGH, 1931.

It has long been known to chemists that solutions of various acids may be of equal concentration as measured by their power of neutralizing alkalis, and yet differ widely in sourness and other important acidic properties. It was usual to describe such anomalies by saying that some acids were "stronger" than others, but no satisfactory explanation was forthcoming until Arrhenius propounded his great theory of electrolytic dissociation, according to which acids are to varying extents split up into "ions" as soon as they are dissolved in water. On this view the really effective acidity of an acid solution may be measured by the hydrogen ion concentration, that is by the number of grams of ionized hydrogen present in a litre. This quantity is so small, however, that it may be more conveniently expressed, as Sörensen

suggested, by a number known as the pH value, which is the logarithm of the reciprocal of the hydrogen ion concentration. Evidently the greater the effective acidity, the smaller is the pH value; thus the pH value of vinegar is from 3 to 4, of beer from 4 to 5, of the purest distilled water about 7, of milk about 7 1/2, of sea water about 8, and so on. The approximate pH value of a solution may be estimated from the colour changes produced on the addition of certain aniline dyes, but when greater accuracy is desired an electrometric method is used. Dr. Grant's book is valuable not only because it gives a clear explanation of the theory underlying the measurement of hydrogen ion concentration, but also because it describes in detail the practical methods employed for the purpose in various industrial and other processes. It definitely supplies a want hitherto felt by many laboratory workers. The volume is well supplied with diagrams of apparatus and with references to original papers, and concludes with a very conveniently arranged table of useful data.

ANIMAL ECOLOGY AND EVOLUTION. By



HUNGARIAN POISONING TRIAL.—Maria Kardos (right), a woman who was sentenced to death for the murder of her husband and her 23-year-old son, with the chief witness. This was one of the series of poisoning cases at Szolnok, a village on the Theiss.

Herdig in Man R. Ruggles sets

380. C. 92. 37

Herdig & Eugenius R. R. sets

380. C. 92. 8

Herdig & Robert & Eugenius

Davenport

380. C. 91. 26

H. M. p. 267

1 sets - intelligens 1-2) 100

I. Meile — 3-7 years

Moss — 8-12 1/2

= feathered

Mongolian. Myogenes; round face,
 broad, shallow jaws, long nose, thin,
 poor complexion, deep furrowed brow;
 and close family. Herdigs (Herdig)
 of parents (Herdig & Eugenius) (Herdig)
 areas 7 dots, begins as a defect
 from a pro-natal development. Purely
 physical not so serious, inheritance
 of last time 2 large families (or 100)
 see p 71 of Davenport
 family related to defect was rather
 in an instance.

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