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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

MY
NOTES
ON

BOOKS

&

READING

{ Dec 20th 1896 }
{ do Feb 22nd 1898 }

AR

FOR AUTHORS, MINISTERS, & STUDENTS.

MY NOTES -GN

FOUR SIZES.

No. 1... .. 4 × 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	No. 3... .. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 8
No. 2... .. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 7	No. 4... .. 7 × 8 $\frac{1}{2}$

J. W. & CO. LTD.

LONDON.

for granted. Nature is very rarely right, to such an extent even, that it might almost be said that Nature is usually wrong: that is to say, the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worthy a picture is rare, & not common at all."

Dec 21/52 Memories & Portraits

by Stevenson

The essay called "A penny plain & two-pence coloured" seems to me to bear upon it a strong flavour of Charles Lamb.

Here is a delightful description of the style of a novel of Dumas's:-

"There is no style countable, light as a whipped trifle, strong as silk, wordy like a village sale; pat like a general's despatch; with every fault, yet never tedious; with no merit, yet inimitably right." In the essay called "Some College Memories" there are some splendid passages

against overwork:—

"I am sorry indeed that I have no Greek, but I should be sorer still if I were dead; nor do I know the name of that branch of knowledge which is worth acquiring at the price of a brain fever."

Dec 24-26

"The Life of Heine" by Sharp

This is very interesting & fascinating reading.

Here is one of Heine's sayings:—

"I never praise the deed, but the soul of a man of which the deed is only a garment; history, in fact, is nothing more than the old wardrobe of the soul of humanity."

Here is another:—

"The case, like a good poet, will have no violent transitions. And, like a great poet, Nature produces the greatest effects with the fewest materials—sun, trees, flowers, water, & love: that is all. If, indeed, the last is wanting in the heart of the beholder, the whole is a poor enough

picture, & the sun is only 20
many miles in diameter, & the
trees are good for firewood,
& the flowers are classified
by the number of their
stamens, & the "water is - wet."

Dec 27, 28

"The Lady of the Crossbrook" by Howells
This book is interesting
though the first part falls
somewhat. The plot is very
slight, & there seems to me
to be too much analysis
of character, & too little
character to analyse. The
heroine is fairly convincing,
but ^{is} uninteresting & her
character is mostly negative
rather than positive.

Dec 28/29

"The confessions of an English Opium
Eater" by De Quincey

This is a delightful book,
though of course a very
sad one. The style seems
to me to be as perfect as
possible & the "readableness"
never flags from beginning
to end. The incident of
the Malay's visit to De
Quincey's cottage is extremely
picturesque

Jan. 97

The Wheels of Chance by Wells

This is a very improbable plot, but amusing & with a strong vein of pathos running through it.

The character of Mr. Hoopdriver is wonderfully convincing. The ending of the book is unsatisfactory.

Jan. 97 "Sintram & his Companions
& Undine" by Fouque

This is a perfectly delightful
book full of exquisite &
graceful fancy. It reminds
me of a fairy robe, richly
jewelled, flashing with a
hundred scintillating
lights, ^{so on the} yet as light & warm
as swans down

Jan 97 "The Money-Slaves etc
by Merriman & Tallentyre
A series of splendid
character sketches, drawn
delicately & with considerable
humour & pathos. The authors
evidently have the power
of seeing below the surface
Here is a charming idea
about baptism

"John counsels with a
certain heavy paternal
wisdom, that the baby be
soon 'look'd to the parson'.
'It keeps 'em healthy,' says
John."

Jan 97

"Erewhon" by Samuel Butler

This book is written in a fresh & charming style, sometimes rising quite to sublimity. The sarcasm & satire are extremely good, & the book is extremely interesting.

Feb 1927

Charles Darwin by Grant Allen
This is the sort of book to
make one simply wild
with enthusiasm. The great
lesson of it for future workers
in the great field of biology
seems to me to be:— enlarge
your mind by travel if you
possibly can; spare no pains
to collect facts & observations;
read as much as possible;
& do not limit yourself to
narrow specialism.

Buckle says "no one can
have a firm grasp of any
science if, by confining
himself to it, he shuts out the
light of analogy. He may,
no doubt, work at the details
of his subject; he may be
useful in adding to its facts;
he will never be able to

enlarge its philosophy. For the philosophy of every department depends on its connection with other departments, & must therefore be sought at their points of contact. It must be looked for in the place where they touch & coalesce: it lies, not in the centre of each science, but on the contact margins. Students are recommended to read the book on Coral reefs as "a lesson of the deepest value in applied inductive canons."

April 1917

"Pages from a Private Diary" (Cornhill)

This anonymous diary is very readable & interesting. One passage I think is specially worth quoting.

"Indeed such is summer's pomp & prodigality that many things slip by without being enough enjoyed. That ancient allegory of the pursuit of pleasure, which states that the enjoyment is wonderfully true even of such mild delight as the enjoyment of summer; one cannot really set to work to enjoy it; the enjoyment comes when it will in chance waves."

April 1877

"Letter" by Grant Duff (Cornhill)
This is a delightful essay. In one
of the letters occurs the following
passage:—

"It is a thome saying of Ollivier's
'To see that which is before our
eyes is almost to have genius.'"

"View from Across the Plains" by Stevenson
"And this brings me to a warning. The life of
the apprentice to any art is both unshamed &
pleasing; it is shewn with small successes
in the midst of a career of failure, patiently
supported; the heaviest scholar is conscious of
a certain progress; & if he comes not appreciably
nearer to the art of Shakespeare, grows better
proficient in the domain of B. But the time
comes when a man shall cease preliminary
gymnastic, stand up, put a violence upon
his will, & for better or for ill, begin the
business of creation"

May/97

"Sentimental Journey" by Sterne
I cannot say that I like this
book upon the whole. I like all
the parts which contain nothing
about women, & women are
the subjects of almost every
page. It gives one the impression
that Sterne really did genuinely
fall head over heels in love
with every woman he met,
& he seems to play in his narrative
sentiment which is to me
simply sickening. The part I
like most thoroughly is the
chapter called "The Dead Co."
The pathos is delightfully simple
& sincere, & the style charming;
in fact it is a perfect gem.
I also like the chapter called
"The Dwarf" fairly well, & another
which is really charming is
"The Grace." The ^{perfection of the} Chevalier with

his "croix" is extremely interesting &
has a ^{certain} pathetic dignity, & like
the idea of Goethe's setting
introduced to the Court thro' the
Shakespeare.

July 97 An Article on Education by Prof. Church
in Atlanta 1870

Extract:-

"I do not wish to shut you out from any kind of learning or research. If a girl feels that she has a vocation to science, be it the science of medicine, with its practical bearing on human life, or any of what I may call the theoretic sciences, let her follow it by all means. Just as I hope that England will continue to have in the future, as she has had in the past, great physicians, physiologists, chemists, botanists, so I believe that some of these great ones will be women, & that each science will be advanced by the special gifts of feminine intelligence; & I am all for giving women, under such

conditions as good sense may
dictate, every faculty for
following their bent.

Whitburnside
1897

Balder the Beautiful by

Stanhope

Robert Buchanan

I have never read a book
which laid such a strong
hold on me; it simply
fascinated me. The language is
glorious. When the Goddess
Freya, searching for Balder, comes
suddenly upon the shining
Aeneid with the green & golden
sharks basking in the shallows,
such was the power of the words
that the whole scene rose up
before me in ^{marvellous} perfect distinctness
& I seemed, with the immortal
mother, to have really passed
out of the murky depths of
the forest into a flood of
glorious
Starlight

Balder is to the Scandinavian
religion what Christ is to
Christianity: —

"The gods are brethren. Where so'er
They set their shrines of love or fear,
In Grecian woods, by banks of Nile,
Where cold snows sleep or roses smile,
The gods are brethren".

July 1897

Salem Chapel (by Dr. Elephant)

I liked this book very much indeed. The humor of the descriptions of Dr. Tjor, Dr. Pison, & the other members of "The Connection" is delightful. The tragic part gives me an extraordinary sense of humbling misery. I woke up one night with a terrible ^{feeling} sense of sorrow & calamity hanging over me & only realized when I was fully awake that in my dream I had somehow identified myself with Arthur Vincer! The conclusion seems to me to be the feeblest part. That Dr. Guildmay's daughter should grow up exactly like Lady Western Vincer's first love, is a poor way of ending. It seems as if finishing the book.

Mr. Oliphant had said to
herself "I must make a
happy ending at any cost."
However I enjoyed the book
immensely.

Aug 1897

The Poems of John Keats

Enjoy most the shorter poems & certain passages from the longer ones. But the longer poems taken all together are too much biting honey on sugar & sugar on honey. "Hyperion" is a magnificent fragment, with a grandeur, dignity, & simplicity, which is wanting in the other poems. "Hyperion" has some splendid lines

"That large utterance of the early Gods!"

I think that Keats is strongest in descriptions of beauty, natural or artificial. He has an intense feeling for colour. My favourite poems are Hyperion

- 1) To Wood Top in a wood upon a hill
- 2) Ode to a Grecian urn
- 3) On first looking into Chapman's Homer
- 4) On the Grasshopper & the Cricket

Nov 97

"The Sundew" by Swinburne

This is the verse I like best:—

"You call it sundew; how it grows,
If with its colour it have breath,
If life to be sweet do it, of death
Pain its soft petals, no man knows:
Man has no sight or sense that saith"

"The Garden of Proserpine"

This is simply marvellous

"Tale, beyond porch & portal,
Crowned with eburn leaves, she stands.
Whopeth all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lip is sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
So men that mix & meet her
From many times stand."

He waits for each soldier,
She waits for all men born;

Forget the earth her mother,
The life of fruits & corn;
and spring we eed swallow
Take long for her & follow
When summer song weys hallow
and flowers are put to scorn

Winter 1877

Analysis of Ornament by Hurman

This is a thoroughly delightful & interesting book, especially the section on Naturalistic design

At the Cross Roads by Montrose

Very powerful & fascinating

Dec/97 Vaithana Letters by R. S. Stevenson

"not the shabby sham world of
cities, clubs, & colleges, but the
world where men still live a
man's life"

"No pain, no pleasure, is the iron
law."

Dec 97 W^m Leicester's School by Christman, Land

The one of these stories I like best is
"Louisa Manner, or The Fawn."

It shows a far more thorough &
genuine knowledge of child nature
than that which is gained by
the scientific investigations of the
subject which we are always
hearing about do day.

Lines from M^r Barbauld

"Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant & through cloudy weather:
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good night, but in some softer phrase
Bid me good-morning."

"Geist" by Matthew Arnold
for a little dog.

"Not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of nature, with her countless store
Of figures, with her fulness vast
Of new creation ever more,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just his little self restore."

"Mother & Son" by R. L. Stevenson

"It is not yours, O Mother, to complain,
Not Mother, yours to weep,
Though never more your son again
Shall to your bosom creep,
Though never more again you watch your baby sleep.

Though in the greener paths of earth
Mother & child no more

Now wander, & no more the little

Off me, whom once you love
Seems still the brave reward that once
I seemed of you;

Though as all passes, day & night,

The seasons & the years,

From you, O Mother, this delight,

This also disappears —

Some profit yet survives of all you pass or
kiss.

The child, the seed, the grain of corn,

The acorn on the hill,

Each for some separate end is born

In season fit, & still
Lack must in strength arise to work the
Almighty Will.

So from the hearth the children flee,
By that Almighty hand
Austriely led; so one by sea
Goes forth; & one by land;
No ought of all mens' sons escapes from
That command.

So from the sally each they
He unscor'd Almighty rod
So till the ending all their ways
Dhundfolded both have had;
No knew their task at all, but were
The tools of God

And as the fervent smith of yore
Beat out the glowing blade,
No wielded in the front of war
The weapons that he made,

But in the tower at home still plod his
ringing trade,

So like a sword the son shall roam
On noble missions sent;
And as the smith remained at home
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while at home the father
Well content."

Cromwell's Statue by A. C. Swinburne

What needs our Cromwell stone or bronze
to say

His was the light that lit on England's way
The sun-dawn of her time - compelling
power

He won her of her most imperial day?

His hand won back the sea for England!

^{down}
His foil fall bade the Moon change heart
& cover;

His sword on Milton's Arguespate law
to France

Whom Piedmont felt the shewolf Rome
devour.

From Cromwell's eyes the light of England's
glance

Flashed & bowed down the kings, by
piece of chance,

The great anointed princes; one alone
By grace of England held their host in
France.

He enthroned a public from his kingly
Throne

Spoke, the speech was Cromwell's. Later
has known

no ladder presence. How should Cromwell
stand

By knight & by preceding *leaving stone?*

In carnate England in his warren hand
Broke, as fire devours the blackbirds
brand

Made ashes of their strength who
~~were~~ wrought her way
and burned the households of her foes
to sand.

His praise is in the sea's brother's song;
What praise could reach him from

The weakling Throg
That rules, by leave of tongues whose
praise is shame —
Him, who made England out of
weakness strong?

There needs no claim blast of broad
blown fame
To bid the world bear witness whence
he came

Who bade France sweep Britain
at England's heel
And payed the plague of lined rule
with flame.

There needs no witness grave in stone or
steel

For one whose work bids fame bow down
& kneel;

Our man of men, whose time comes and
name

Speaks England, & proclaims her
an immortal.

Adam Bede. by George Eliot

This is a grand book.

This passage reminds me of some
of Butler's "Life & Habit"

"Nature has no language, & she is
not untruthful; but we don't
know all the intricacies of her
syntax just yet, & in a hasty
reading we may happen to extract
the very opposite of her real meaning.
Long dark eyelashes, now: what
can be more exquisite? I find
it impossible not to expect some
depth of soul behind a deep grey
eye with a long dark eyelash, in
spite of an experience which has
shown me that they may go along
with deceit, peevishness, & stupidity.
But if, in the reaction of disgust, I
have betaken myself to a fishy eye,

There has been a surprising similitude
of result. One begins to suspect at
length that there is no direct
correlation between eye lashes &
morals; or else, that the eye lashes
express the disposition of the
fair one's grandmother which is
on the whole less important to
us."

Jan 98

"The Little Minister" by Barry.
I like this book very fairly well.
I don't think the story is
well constructed, & I think it is
inartistic to bring in so much
about the dominie & Margaret.
I am not a bit convinced by the
Juggler or even fascinated
by her. As a series of sketches
of Scotch life & character it is
very charming.

Jan¹¹ '98

"The Hope of the World" with poem of William
Watson

"The Hope of the World:-

"But not for golden fancies iron bultho
make room."

Man has developed as:-

"Child of a thousand chances 'neath the
indifferent sky."

"The Unknown God"

and dreaming much, I never dare
To dream that in my prisoned soul
The flutter of a trembling prayer
Can move the hand that is the World's.

Though kneeling nathow watch my cause,
Does the primordial purpose turn?"

xxxxx xxxxx xxxxxxx

"Unmet to be profaned by pain
To be whose coils the world unfold;
The God a whom I ever gaze,
The God I never once beheld:
Above the cloud, beneath the cloud
The unknown God, the unknown God."

To Mr Herbert Shedd:—

Friend, would you judge your poet, by
them thus:

Read them where rolls the moorland,
or the main!

Not light is then their deed, so to stand
Neighbour'd by those large natural
Presences;

For transitory their honour, who, let him,
Nought of spiritual stature lose,

Pressured against the electric amplitude,
And tested by the clear & healthful sky,

* In: Aubrey de Vere

"The Lost Eden" I should much like to
copy but I am afraid I have not time,
also "Blissin"

"The Lost Eden" is a working out of the idea of
the happiness man has lost in realizing
that he is not the centre of the
Universe.

Jan 2/98

"Three Partners" by Bret Harte

I don't care for this book at all.

In fact I simply had it the patience
to read the last part right through.

There is nothing in the style, plot,
or character drawing which appeals
to me at all.

Feb 10, 1888

"Tropical Education" by Grant Allen.
This is an essay in "Science in
Arcady." It is wonderfully
convincing & makes one quite
willing to have a taste of the
tropics.

"Still, it is not only biology, as
I said just now, that at a taste
of the Tropics in early life exerts
a marked widening & philosophic
influence upon a man's whole
mental horizon. In ten thousand
ways, in that great tropical
university, men feel themselves
in closer touch than elsewhere
with the ultimate facts & truths of
nature. I don't know whether it is
all fancy & preconceived opinion,
but I often imagine when I talk
with new-met men that I can
detect a certain difference in tone
& feeling at first sight between

those who have & those who have
not passed the Tropical Tropic.

"The man who doesn't want to
eat of the Lotus just now in his
life has become too civilized:
the man of the Gradgrind era of
universal competition & payment by
results has entered too deeply into
his soul. He wants a course
of Egypt & Tahiti."

"We must have Shakespeare, Homer,
Catullus, Dante; we must have
Phidias, Fra Angelico, Rafael &
Michelangelo; we must have
Aristotle, Newton, Laplace, Spenser.
But after all these, ~~before~~ after all these,
there is something more left to
learn. Having just read them,
we must read ourselves out
of them. We must forget all this

formal modern life; we must
break away from this cramped,
cold, northern world; we must
find ourselves face to face at
last, in Pacific isles & African
forests, with the underlying
truths of simple naked nature.
For that, in its perfection, we
must go to the Tropics; & there,
we shall learn & unlearn
much, coming back, no doubt,
with shattered faiths & broken
gods, & strangely disconnected
European prejudices, but looking
out upon life with a new outlook,
an outlook undimmed by
ten thousand preconceptions which
hem on the vision & obstruct the
view of the more temperately
educated."

Les Idées et les Travaux

Feb. 98

by Edouard Rod
Cosmopolis Feb. 98

1e
Voyageur " Mais la foi - c'est un don de
la grâce : on la possède ou
on ne la possède pas. Tout
effort de l'intelligence ne
peut l'acquiescer

2e

Moine

3e

Voyageur

On peut la demander
Hélas! pour la demander il
faut déjà l'avoir.

Impr. Self Help

Even the best institutions can give
a man no active aid. Perhaps the
 utmost they can do is, to leave
 him free to develop himself
& improve his individual
 conditions. But in all times
 men have been prone to believe
 that their happiness & well
 - being were to be secured by
 laws by their own conduct.

Hence the value of legislation
 as an agent in human
 advancement has always
 been over-estimated. To
 constitute the millenth part
 of a Legislature, by voting, for
 one or two men once in
 three or four years, however
 conscientiously this duty may
 be performed, can exercise

but little active influence
upon any man's life &
character. ----- But there
is no power of law that can
make the idle man industrious,
the shiftless provident, or the
drunken sober; though every
individual can be each & all
of these if he will, by the exercise
of his own free powers of

Waiting

Sweet is the waiting hour before the dawn,
When all the world in breathless stillness lies,
Dreaming of such a glorious golden morn
As never yet flamed in the eastern skies.

~~Morn~~^{Dawn} breaks, & wondrous is it, fair & strange,
But not so wondrous as the ~~morn~~^{Dawn} of dreams,
Our hopes again must further onward range,
Tomorrow shall we see the fairy gleams.

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Meanwhile the joy that every morning brings
Catches a rainbow-aureole from the song
That, scarce in words, a Veiled Presence sings
Within our secret hearts,—words do it wrong:

"In hope, in trembling hope, I bid you wait,
For man shall open at last the Golden Gate."

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