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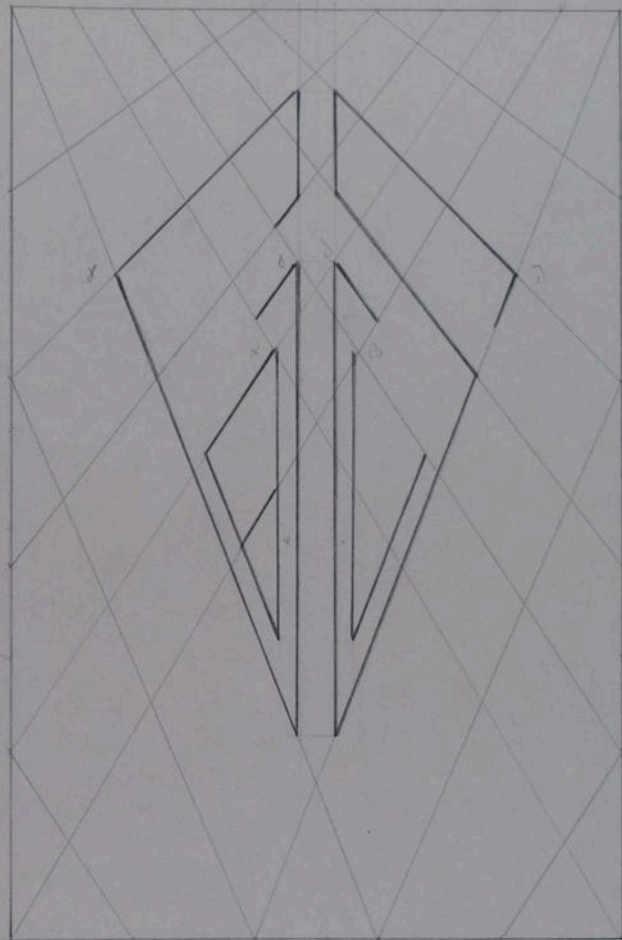
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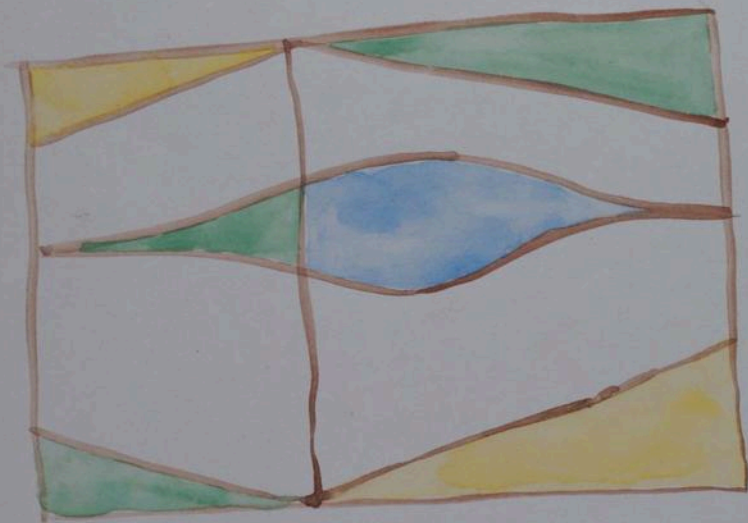
About the Institute

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.



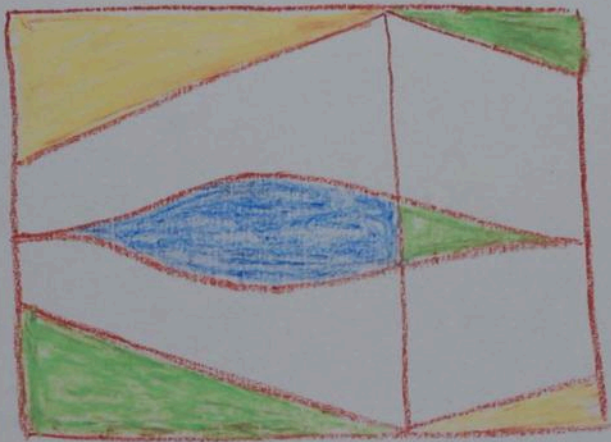
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of x + z



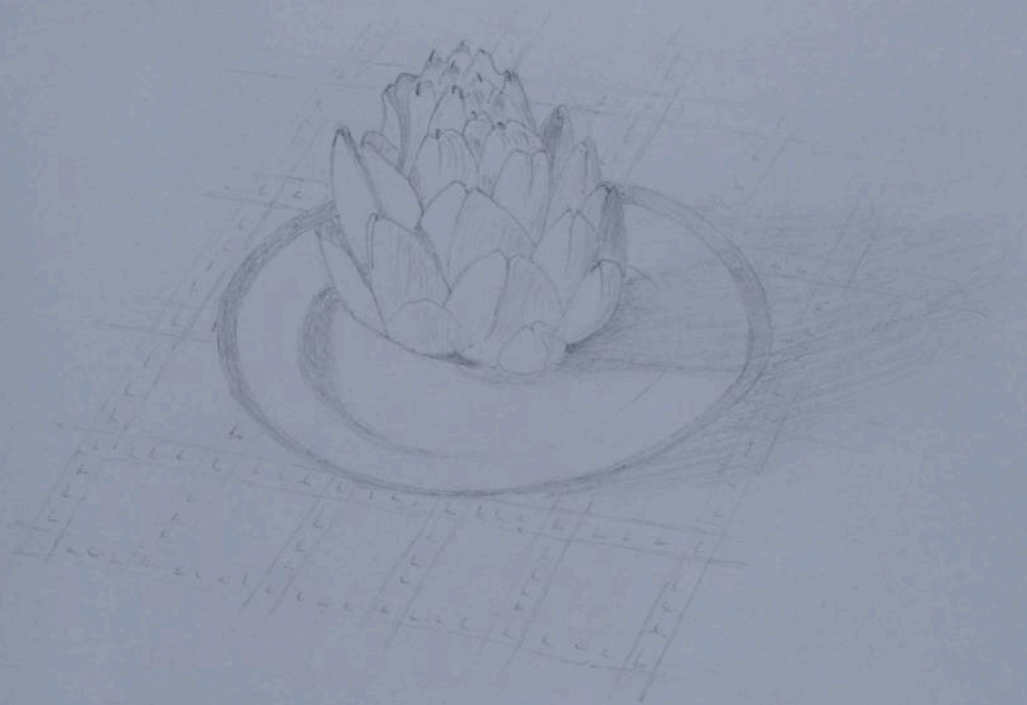




6/2/65







Annet Tauber

J.B. Kauschek
my gift

'Oh, what a nuisance,--no index in this book!' 'What did you expect? It was published in France, wasn't it?' Despite my complete ignorance of French libraries and their catalogs I feel sure that few if any of them maintain subject catalogs, either segregated or integrated with author-title catalogs. If an index to a book is dispensable, at least equally so is a subject catalog to a collection of books. But the usefulness of almost any volume of non-fiction is increased by even a meagre index; large, many-faceted works well indexed are enormously more helpful than unindexed. In very much the same way is the usefulness of a large collection of books enhanced by the existence of a subject catalog.

The published indexes, annual or cumulative, special or general, hardly constitute a substitute for a subject catalog. They are always out-of-date, they are never complete, they almost never correspond to the collection at hand, each of them covers only a limited field of knowledge,--to list a few of their shortcomings,--however useful they may be. The larger the battery of such indexes a library might possess the more frustrating it could be as a subject catalog substitute. There would be just that many more places to look. And any index in book form is limited to the use of one patron at a time.

The most likely competitor to a subject catalog would seem to be a classified catalog with a good index, of which there were enough copies for the use of several patrons at once. How many patrons can place accurately and quickly the subject they wish to investigate among the many fields in a classified catalog; among those commonly using a general collection I would guess very few. But with a good index this difficulty in the use of a classified catalog is removed. However, it is not clear exactly what is gained. A classified catalog requires at least one card for each book, while many books must require several each, unless large portions of some of them are to remain essentially unclassified. It would be an involved classified catalog indeed in which the classes were comparable in scope to that of many very useful subject headings. And for a large number of patrons it could be used only after reference to the index, making its use a two-stage operation.

In libraries where it is feasible to make the shelf list available to the patrons, or in those with open shelves, a compromise solution merits attention. Each class established for the collection would be entered as a subject information card, referring the reader to the shelf list or shelf. No books would be given a subject heading clearly included in the subject of its class. Other subject headings would be used, but many of them would be merely entries on information cards referring the reader to one or more classes in the shelf list or on the shelf.

A somewhat different although related problem often arises in special libraries. I shall take the Missouri Botanical Garden Library as an example. Here the general subject is already 'botany' and most of the books refer to it in some sense or other. The classification, although not actually so, could and should be at least as detailed as the average subject catalog. But such a classification would utterly fail to give any type of subject cataloging to the vast quantity (more than half of the collection) of relevant material to be found in periodical and other serial literature. As it is, the library catalog contains no subject entries of any kind, except biography.

J. M. Coulter
p. 21

It does contain at least several hundred author analyticals, but these are not particularly useful,--most bibliographies when citing an author cite also the journal reference. How much more useful would be subject analyticals. In its 50,000 volumes of journals the library probably contains at least a thousand substantial floras; only with considerable difficulty can these be traced without $\frac{1}{2}$ subject analyticals. The same volumes contain certainly over 100,000 monographs. Nearly all of these are listed in some index or other,--Pritzel, Just's Berichte, Botanischer Centralblatt, Biological Abstracts, etc.; but 95 percent of these are annual lists,--there are almost no general cumulative lists of this type of material. Moreover, the actual mechanics of using the several annual lists are awkward, to say the least. The current volume of Biological Abstracts, Plant sciences section alone, is nearly four inches thick; the subject index (issued only for all sections together) nearly two inches. These are substantial volumes to juggle. All the index gives is a number which must then be found somewhere among two thousand pages of fine print before one can know whether the title sounds at all promising.

It would be hard for me to think of such a collection as that at the Missouri Botanical Garden as adequately catalogued until much subject analytical work had been accomplished; and equally hard to consider a general collection satisfactorily accessible without a reasonably large minimum of subject entries.

(Michaud) Biographie universelle, ancienne et moderne.
28: 449. 1854.

Maët, Jean-Pierre, né à Paris le 21 juin 1721, essaya sur des sujets assez divers sa plume laborieuse. De tous ses travaux littéraires, celui auquel il attachait le plus d'importance était une traduction des œuvres volumineuses de l'illuminé Swedenborg, laquelle est demeurée inédite. Maët se refusa, dit-on, aux propositions de Gustave III, qui lui offrait trente mille francs de cette traduction. Il avait des connaissances numériques et s'était formé un riche médaillon. La philosophie pratique dont il se piquait était mêlée de beaucoup d'originalité. Il avait réuni dans sa bibliothèque sous les ouvrages des illuminés qu'il avait pu se procurer. Il est mort à Versailles le 31 août 1806. Le France littéraire de 1769 donne la liste suivante de ses productions :

1. *Félicité mise à la portée de tous les hommes*, Paris, 1742, in-12.
2. *Code de Cythère, ou Lit de justice d'amour*, *ibid.*, 1746, in-12.

édition de l'Allegorie, augmentée, Paris, 1757, in-8° (1759, Chénier),
et il a publié les 4 derniers volumes du Moréri révisé. F-T, [F. 5507]

3. *Lucina sine concubitu*, ou *Lucine affranchie*
des lois du concubats, 1750, in-12,
d'épave d'écriture donnée comme une
traduction de l'anglais d'Abraham Johnson.
Cet écrit fut condamné au feu par le
parlement.
4. Consécration de la marquise de L*** avec
sa mère, nouvellement arrivée de pro-
vince, Amsterdam (Harcourt), 1753,
in-8°;
5. *Traité de la culture des renouées, des*
oilleles, des auricules, des balches et des
facultés, Paris, 1754, 2 vol. in-12, ouvrage
assez recherché, quoique l'auteur, plagiaire
d'un bout à l'autre, n'y eût rien mis de sien.
(Voy. la Bibliogr. agronom.)
6. Le dernier volume du *Spectateur*, ou *Socrate*
moderne, traduit d'Addison, Stéel et autres,
ibid., 1755, 1 vol. in-12.
7. Descriptions insérées dans les dix premières
volumes du *Journal étranger*. Bachelier attribue
à Maît une nouvelle édition très augmentée du
n° 3, sous ce titre: *la Femme comme on s'en*
connaît point, ou *Principes de la femme sur*
l'homme, Londres, G. Jodet, ex Phérix, 1786,
in-12 de 165 pages. Maît a successivement donné une

Author [Moët, Jean Pierre.]
 Nat. & Prof. French essayist.
 b. Paris 1721 d. Versailles 1806
 Title Traité de la culture des renouées, des veillées des
aussimées, et des tulipes. à Paris, chez Sarras-
Libraire, rue Saint Jacques, à l'Espérance. M.
DCC. LIV.

Sign. 12° in 80 and 40: $\pi 1 a^8 b^4 c^6 (+cb+1) A-2N^{514} 20^8 \chi^2$
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illus. (no., kind, color, artist) none

Binding full leather

incc. bookpl., assoc., prov. —

Purch. Rosemeade 1162

Annot. none

Ref. (as title) Pr. N H ⁵⁵⁰ (in acc.) Sturtevant Yes No x
 Other

Ref. (author, content, etc.)

Michaud, Biographie universelle, 28:449, (1854?)

Cat. ms.

Cat. typ.

Cat. card

Ref.

Pts. to be vd.

24. TRAITÉ | DE LA CULTURE | DES
RENONCULES, | DES ŒILLETES, |
DES AURICULES, | ET DES TULIPES. |
[Floral ornament] | A PARIS, | chez SAVOYE,
Libraire, rue Saint | Jacques, à l'Escheraue. |
M. DCC. LIV. | Avec Approbation &
Privilège du Roi. |

Contents. #1: title, v. □. a1 Avertissement. A1: title, headed
below mine, TRAITÉ | DES | RENONCULES. N4:
headed below orn., TRAITÉ | DES | ŒILLETES.
2 C1: headed below orn., TRAITÉ | DES |
OREILLES D'OURS, | OU | AURICULES.
2 F5: headed below orn., ~~TRAITÉ~~ | TRAITÉ | DES |
TULIPES. 208^v □. X²: statements of approval,
privilege and registry, signed by Guettard, March
14, 1754, by Perrin, March 21, 1754 and by Didot,
April 9, 1754, respectively. [The privilege is granted
to Antoine - Claude Saugrain fils Libraire à
Paris]

Thouin

Préface des *André Th.* 1747-1824

The ms. has J. (? = g. 7. ?)

Michaux, *Brag. Mus.* n. ed. 41: 443-445.

Thouin, André Paris 10 fev 1747 - 27 oct 1824.

At a mere 17 years he was made chief gardener
of the *jardin du Roi*

His *Cours de culture et de naturalisation*
(Paris, 3v. in 8° ^{11-15 pl.} et un atlas) 'représentant tous

les outils, instruments, arseaux, machines et
fabriques diverses' publ. by his nephew

M. Ocar Leclerc in 1829.

For slope *historique* see T. de B.
in *Soc. Hist.* 20 dec. 1823
+ others.

Moët, Jean-Pierre. Paris, 21 juin 1721 - Versailles, 31 août, 1806.

Michaux, 'essays ... sa plume laborieuse'
auroy publ. #5: Traité ~~de~~ de la culture
des renouées, des scilletes, des auriculées,
des tulipes et des jacinthes, Paris, 1754, 2v.
in-12.

'ouvrage assez recherché, quoique l'auteur,
Méjasse d'un bout à l'autre, n'y ait
rien mis de sien.

(Voy. les Biblioth. anonym.)

Bibl. Nat. (Paris)

Moët (Jean-Pierre) Traité de la culture
des renouées, des scilletes, des auriculées et
des tulipes [par J.-P. Moët] - Paris, Savoye,
1754. In-12, 413 [c. par 447] p. [5.35027]

L.C. « Moët, Jean Pierre, 1721-1806.

Traité de la culture des renouées, des scilletes,
des auriculées, et des tulipes. Paris, Savoye, 1754.

3 pl. > xxxviii, 413 (n. o. 447) p. 16½ cm.

1. Auricul. 2. Renouées. 3. Scilletes. 4. Tulipes

Ardène, Jean-Paul de Romet' Prêtre de l'Oratoire.
Marseille 1689 - 5^e déc 1769.

Michaud dist: 2: 168.

1. Traité des renouées, Paris 1746, 8°
2. Traité des tulipes, 1760, 12°
3. Traité des Billels, 1762, 12°
4. Traité des jainthes, 12°
5. Traité ~~de~~ de l'oreille - d'oreille, 8°
6. Lettres intéressantes pour les médecins
de profession, abiter aux ecclésiastiques
Auzoum, 1759, 2v. 12°
7. Année champêtres, Florence (Lyon) 1769,
3v. 12°

Bibliothèque Nationale

Abrégé des instructions sur le jardinage,
qui font partie de l' "Année Cham-
pêtres" (par le P. Jean-Paul de ~~Romet~~
d'Ardène (sic) - Auzoum, et se vend
à Marseille, chez J. Moisy, 1767. In-
12. S. 19010

Année champêtres, Partie qui traite de ce qu'il
convient de faire chaque mois dans le
potager (par le P. Jean-Paul d'Ardène) - A
Florence et se vend à Paris, chez Virecent,
1769. 3 vol. in-12. S. 12999-19001.
—¹⁷⁹⁸—₂— Marseille, Moisy. 3 vol in-12.
S. 19002-19004.

Lettres intéressantes pour les médecins de
profession, utiles aux ecclésiastiques qui
veulent s'appliquer à la médecine, et curieuses
pour tout lecteur (par le P. Jean-Paul d'Ardenne)

- Arignon, L. Chambon, 1759. 2 vol. in-12.
T. ¹ # 14 f.

Traité des acillides, par l'auteur des "Traité
des venonnelles" ... (par le P. Jean-Paul d'Ardenne) -
Arignon, L. Chambon, 1762. In-12. S. 16437

Traité des venonnelles ... (par le P. Jean-Paul
d'Ardenne) - Paris. P.-N. Lattin et A.-M.
Lattin fils, 1746. In-8 (map) S. 16475 et 16476.

~~Traité~~ — 1763. 3^e ed. - Arignon, L. Chambon,
In-12. S. 16477.

Traité des tulpes ... par l'auteur du "Traité
des venonnelles" (le P. Jean-Paul d'Ardenne) -
Arignon, L. Chambon, 1762. In-12. S. 16473

Traité sur la connaissance et la culture des
saintes, par l'auteur du "Traité des venon-
nelles" ... (le P. Jean-Paul d'Ardenne) - Arignon,
L. Chambon, 1759. In-12. S. 16474.

Ardens, Jean Paul de Rome d'.

B.M. refers him to Rome d'Ardene.

B.M. (1st ed)

Année champêtre, etc. [By J.P. de Rome d'Ardens]

1770. 8°. See Année. 234. d. 4.

←
Année champêtre qui traite de ce qui se connaît
de faire chaque matin dans le potager [By
J. P. de Rome d'Ardens] Édition corrigée
et considérablement augmentée par un
membre de la société économique de Berne.

3 tom. Lausanne, 1770. 8°. 234. d. 4-6.

Traité des vieillards. pp. 403. Amstern, 1762. 12°. 450 b.

Traité des récomales, qui contiennent ... beaucoup
d'observations ... utiles, soit pour l'agriculture,
soit pour le jardinage. Troisième édition.

pp. 100 342. Amstern, 1763. 12°. 449. b. 24.

Des Pâtes d'Ardens ... Tractat von den Rencumbelen
... aus dem frantzösischen ~~übersetzt~~ übersetzt von
D. G. L. H. Nürnberg, 1754. 8°. 96 R. a. 3.

Trattato sulla cognizione e misura dei
giacinti, tradotto dal francese pp. 112.

Vitruve 1763. 8°. 448

LC entries only in 1st ser. (at least thru Oct 1962)

BERICHT
ÜBER
NEUERE FORTSCHRITTE

IN DER
ERFINDUNG DES NATURELSELBSTDRUCKES
UND ÜBER DIE ANWENDUNG DESSELBEN
ALS MITTEL DER DARSTELLUNG UND UNTERSUCHUNG
DES FLÄCHEN-SKELETS DER PFLANZE.

VON
Dr. CONSTANTIN RITTER VON ETTINGSHAUSEN,
K. K. O. PROFESSOR, RITTER DES KON. BAYERISCHEN ST. MICHAEL-VERDIENSTORDENS 1. CLASSE,
CORRESP. MITGLIEDER DER KAISERLICHEN AKADEMIE DER WISSENSCHAFTEN, ETC.

Aus dem XLVII. Bande der Sitzungsabg. d. math.-naturw. Cl. der kais. Akademie d. Wissen-
schaften besonders abgedruckt.

Mo. Bot. Gard.

WIEN.
AUS DER K. K. HOF- UND STAATSDRUCKEREI
1863.

Jackson, B.D.

The history of ^x botanical illustration
in Trans. Harv. Forestry Natural
History, 12. 1903-05. Pll. 1906
445 pp. 145-156 p.

Hunt is ordering up from England.

Bradbury, Henry

Nature printing: its
origin and objects. 1856

See also Notes for 1880 & 1881.
Autotypography or art of nature printing,
London, 1860.

Hand Hand
ILL x MF

On nature printing. Royal Institution
Proc. II. 106-118. 1854-58.

Ref. Royal Soc. Cat.

Fischer, Ernst

²⁰⁰ ~~Zwei hundert Jahre~~ ^{selbstdruck} natursehdruck

in Gutenberg Jahrbuch 8, 1933. p. 186-213.
(Bibliog 1-100)

Xerox copy 411

A lecture delivered at the Royal Institution
of Great Britain May 11, 1857. London,
Bradbury & Evans, 1856. 28 p.

Bradbury, Henry

Nature printing: its origin and
objects. London, 1856. 28 p.

Dear Helen -

I am unable to discover what ~~part~~ ^{I did to annoy} I played
~~to~~ ^{you} on last Thursday and Friday,
which resulted in the ^{grievous} encounter of Friday
afternoon. I felt no hostility to you
and cannot recall anything I did which
you could be interested. Still, it is quite
possible your reaction was rational.

To me, however, your ~~reaction~~ ^{reaction},
^{entirely to yours,}
rational or irrational, ~~indicates~~ a relation-
ship between us, which, as friendly as it
~~has~~ ^{has} been, is not substantially
^{to believe that I was wise in}
enough for me) accepting your offer
to give me the party you are planning
for April 16. I hope you have not
made any plans which cannot be can-
celled, for I ~~must~~ ^{would like you} ask you to relieve

ZWEIHUNDERT JAHRE NATURSELBSTDRUCK VON ERNST FISCHER

Viele unserer Leser werden dieses, schon zu Gutenbergs Zeit vereinzelt probierte Illustrationsverfahren kaum dem Namen nach kennen. Seine Bedeutung ist aber nicht gering einzuschätzen, zumal die Möglichkeiten der Ausnutzung noch lange nicht erschöpft sind. Der erste, der diese Erfindung geschäftlich ausbeutete und ein mit Naturselbstdrucken ausgestattetes Pflanzenwerk herausgab, war der Arzt Johannes Hieronymus Kniphof zu Erfurt.¹⁾ Schon seit dem Jahre 1728 hatte er sich dort für seinen eigenen Bedarf in der Buchdruckerei von Johann Michael Funcke, die er selbst die erste botanische Druckerei in Deutschland nennt, Pflanzen abdrucken lassen, bis er 1733 mit seiner „Botanica in originali das ist Lebendig Kräuter-Buch“ an die Öffentlichkeit trat. Kniphofs Unternehmen war dazu berufen, lange Zeit Anregungen zu Nachahmungen und Verbesserungen zu geben.

Vorschriften, solche Abdrücke anzufertigen, waren zwar schon bekannt, es hatten sich schon verschiedene auf gleichem Gebiet versucht und Blätter und kleinere Pflanzen auf diese Weise dargestellt, ein Geschäft war aber noch nicht daraus gemacht worden.²⁾ Aus Kniphofs Andeutungen – seine Geheimnisse gab er natürlich nicht preis – und den Beobachtungen an den Drucken selbst haben wir uns seine Arbeitsweise etwa wie folgt vorzustellen.

Kniphof ordnete die Pflanzen so, daß sie ein natürliches, ungekünsteltes Aussehen bekamen. Alles Charakteristische mußte gut hervortreten, alle Kleinigkeiten, die dem Laien oft nicht wesentlich erscheinen, kamen zur Beachtung. Die Pflanzen wurden gepreßt und getrocknet, also wie zum Einlegen in ein Herbarium vorbereitet.³⁾ Nun nahm man ein glatt gehobeltes Brett, bedeckte es mit einer flachen Auflage von Stoff oder Leder, die mit Druckerschwärze (feinstem Lampenruß und Leinöl) getränkt war und legte die Pflanze behutsam darauf. Das Ganze wurde mit Makulatur bedeckt, in die Presse gebracht und unter leichten Druck gesetzt. Nach Wegnahme der Makulatur hob man die eingefärbte Pflanze ab und übertrug sie mit Hilfe der Pinzette auf einen bereitgelegten Papierbogen. Jetzt wurden etwa entstandene Farbflecke mit Papier abgedeckt, der mit Unterschrift bedruckte, etwas angefeuchtete Bogen aufgelegt und das Ganze gepreßt. Wenn starke Wurzeln oder holzige Stengel mit zum Abdruck kommen sollten, wurde der Bogen an der betreffenden Stelle stärker angefeuchtet und der Druck mußte dann langsam und allmählich erfolgen, sonst wäre

¹⁾ Seine Biographie bei Rich. Loth, Die Dozenten der medizinischen Fakultät der Universität Erfurt von 1646–1816. Über Funcke bei Karl Hermann, Nachrichten über Erfurter Buchdrucker, Handschrift zirka 1850. Ein Porträt Kniphofs in „Thür. Vaterlandskunde“, 30. Stück vom 25. Juli 1804 (alles Erfurt, Stadtbücherei).

²⁾ Schon Leonardo da Vinci gibt eine Vorschrift zusammen mit dem Abdruck eines Salbeiblattes (abgebildet in Feldhaus, Leonardo der Techniker und Erfinder, Jena 1913). Weiteres bei Martius (Nr. 14).

³⁾ Einer interessanten Kontroverse zwischen Kniphof und Professor Franz Ernst Brückmann in Wolfenbüttel (abgedruckt bei Martius) können wir manches entnehmen. Ersterer will den Naturdruck von einem ausländischen Botaniker erlernt haben, Brückmann beruft sich auf den Engländer D. Sherard. Beide Quellen scheinen auf Paolo Boccone († 1723 Oxford) zurückzugehen. Aber schon Kniphof sagt, daß die Erfindung seiner Meinung nach deutschen, nicht ausländischen Ursprungs ist. Dies wird durch einen, erst in letzter Zeit aufgetauchten, in der Salzburger Studienbibliothek befindlichen Kodex aus dem ersten Drittel des 15. Jahrhunderts bestätigt, der mit Blattabdrücken illustriert und zweifellos deutschen Ursprungs ist. Früher können größere Versuche gar nicht gut angestellt worden sein, denn nur Anwendung geeigneten Papiers versprach Erfolg. Das bekanntlich erst um die Mitte des 14. Jahrhunderts sich bei uns einbürgernde Papier war dick und für Schreibzwecke geglättet, für Naturdrucke also ungeeignet.

LEGENDEN

und er liebte seine Jahre, die lange waren und ohne großes Geschehen. Der König ging vor ihm in den Tod, ein neuer kam, der seiner nicht achtete und ihn einmal mit dem Stocke schlug, weil ein Hund knurrte, da er vorüberging. Und auch die andern Menschen vergaßen allmählich seines Lebens.

Als aber auch seine Jahre erfüllt waren und Virata starb und eingeschart ward in der Kehrichtgrube der Knechte, besann sich keiner im Volke mehr dessen, den das Land einst gerühmt mit den vier Namen der Tugend. Seine Söhne verbargen sich, und kein Priester sang den Sang des Todes an seinem abgelebten Leibe. Nur die Hunde heulten zwei Tage und zwei Nächte lang, dann vergaßen auch sie Viratas, dessen Namen nicht eingeschrieben ist in die Chroniken der Herrscher und nicht verzeichnet in den Büchern der Weisen.

DIE LEGENDE DER DRITTEN TAUBE.

In dem Buche vom Anfang der Zeit ist die Geschichte der ersten Taube erzählt und die der zweiten, die Urvater Noah aus der Arche um Botschaft sandte, als die Schleusen des Himmels sich schlossen und die Gewässer der Tiefe versiegten. Doch die Reise und das Schicksal der dritten Taube, wer hat sie gekündet? Auf dem Gipfel des Berges Ararat war das rettende Schiff gestrandet, das in seinem Schoß alles von der Sintflut verschonte Leben barg, und als des Urvaters Blick vom Maste nur Woge und Welle sah, unendliches Gewässer, da sandte er eine Taube, die erste, aus, daß sie ihm Botschaft bringe, ob irgendwo schon Land zu schauen sei unter dem entwölkten Himmel.

Die erste Taube, so wird dort erzählt, hob sich auf und spannte die Schwingen. Sie flog gen Osten und gen Westen, aber Wasser war noch überall. Nirgends fand sie Rast für ihren Flug, und allmählich begannen ihr die Flügel zu lahmen. So kehrte sie zurück zum einzigen Festen der Welt, zur Arche, und flatterte um das ruhende Schiff auf dem Berggipfel, bis Noah die Hand ausstreckte und sie heim zu sich in die Arche nahm.

Sieben Tage wartete er nun, sieben Tage, in denen kein Regen fiel und die Gewässer sanken, dann nahm er neuerlich eine Taube, die zweite, und sandte sie um Kunde. Die Taube flog aus des Morgens, und als sie wiederkam zur Vesperzeit, da trug sie als erstes Zeichen der befreiten Erde ein Ölblatt im Schnabel. So vernahm Noah, daß die Wipfel der Bäume schon über Wasser ragten und die Prüfung bestanden sei.

Nach abermals sieben Tagen sandte er wiederum eine Taube, die dritte, auf Kunde, und sie flog in die Welt. Morgens flog sie aus und kehrte doch des Abends nicht zurück, Tag um Tag harrete Noah, doch sie kam nicht wieder. Da wußte der Urvater, daß die Erde frei sei und die Wasser gesunken. Von der Taube aber, der dritten, hat er niemals wie-

The legend of the third dove

In the book of time we find the story of the first dove and of the second dove which our forefather Noah sent forth as scouts from the ark, after the windows of heaven had been shut and the waters of the deep began to dry up. But who knows the story of the third dove, its flight and its destiny?

On the peak of Mt. Ararat lay stranded the ark of deliverance, the ship that in its bosom held all the living creatures spared from the Flood. When from the mast the patriarch saw nought but the surging and the billowing of the waters, he sent forth a dove, the first one, to bring tidings whether anywhere there was yet land to be seen beneath the cloudless sky. This first dove, so it is told, arose and spread its wings. It flew away to the East and to the West, but still the waters covered everything. Nowhere could it find rest from its flight, and gradually its wings began to falter. So it turned back to the only fixed place of the world, to the ark; it fluttered about the ship, at rest there on the mountain peak, until Noah stretched out his hand and took it home into the ark with him.

Seven days now he waited, seven days in which no rain fell and the waters sank. Then he took again a dove, the second one, and sent it forth for news. It flew away in the morning, and when it returned in the evening it brought in its bill, as the first token of the liberation of the land, an olive leaf. So did Noah learn that the treetops were already above the waters, and that the trial flight had been a success.

Once more after seven days he sent forth a dove for news, the third one. It was morning when it took flight, and yet by evening it had not come back. Day after day Noah awaited it, but it did not return. Then the patriarch knew that the earth was uncovered and that the waters had entirely subsided. But of the dove, the third one, he never learned more, nor indeed has all mankind either, for not until our own time has the legend of it been revealed.

This then was the journey and the fate of the third dove. In the morning it had flown out of the gloomy quarters of the ship, where in the dark the crowded animals grumbled with impatience, and where there was an unending pawing of hooves and scratching of claws, an uproar of bellowing and whistling and hissing and barking; from out this confinement the third dove had flown into unending space, from darkness into light. And as it now lifted its wings into the crystal air, sweetly spiced by the rain, suddenly surged about it freedom and the joy of the boundless. From the depths shimmered

the water; like wet moss the woods shone with green; from the meadows arose white the vapors of the morning; and the scented ferment of the plants filled the fields with sweetness. Reflected brilliance tumbled down from the metallic sky; upon the pinnacles of the mountains the light of the rising sun shattered into an infinity of auroras, from which the sea gleamed as if running with red blood, and the blossoming earth steamed as if it were itself hot blood. It was sublime to look upon this awakening, and in seeming ecstasy the dove, with wings broadly spread, swayed to and fro across the purple earth. Over lands and seas it flew, until gradually it became in its dreams itself a winged dream. As if for the first time it saw, like God himself, the liberated world, and of the sight of this there was no end. Long had the dove forgotten Noah, the white-bearded old man of the ark, and as well his commission; long had it not remembered any return. For now the world had become its dwelling place and the heavens its very home.

So the third dove, the faithless messenger of the patriarch, flew over the empty world, further, ever further, borne by the storm of its happiness and by the winds of its blessed restlessness. Further it flew, ever further, until its wings became heavy and its plumage leaden. With a mighty force the earth pulled it downward, and ever deeper sank its feeble wings, until they grazed the wet treetops. In the evening of the second day it finally let itself sink into the deepness of a wood, still nameless as was everything in that far-off beginning of time. In the thicket of boughs it hid itself, and rested from its aerial journey. Covered by brushwood it was lulled to sleep by the wind; by day there was coolness among the branches, and by night it was warm in this forest abode. Soon the dove forgot the winds of the heavens and the lure of open spaces; the green vault of trees enclosed it, and time grew over it uncounted.

The wood which the lost dove chose for a home was not far from the land of our fathers, but till then no men dwelt there, and in this lonesomeness the dove gradually fell into a dream. It nestled in the night-green obscurity while the years passed it by and death remembered it not. For of all animals of every kind, those which had seen the world before the Flood could not die, and no hunter could do aught against them. Unseen they nestled in the unexplored folds of the earth's mantle, as did this dove in the depths of the wood. Sometimes indeed a suspicion of the presence of men came to them, as when a shot rang out and echoed a hundredfold from the

green walls, or woodmen chopped into the tree trunks making a thrumming sound round about the gloom; sometimes it was the soft laughter of lovers walking apart entwined, cooing secretly among the branches, or the thin and distant sounds of the singing of children, looking for berries. The rapt dove, caught up in the foliage of the trees and in its own dreams, sometimes heard these voices of the world, but it listened without anxiety and remained in its retreat.

Then suddenly, in recent times, the whole wood began to resound, and there was thunder as if the earth would break in two. Through the air, whistling, rushed black metal masses, and where they fell the ground leapt up in terror, and the trees broke like straws. Men in colored attire hurled death at each other, and terrifying machines slung fiery brands about. Lightning sprang from the earth into the clouds, pursued by thunder; it seemed the land would leap into the heavens, or the heavens fall down upon the land. The dove started up from its dream; death was over it, and annihilation. As once the waters had swept over the world, so now did fire. Suddenly the dove spread its wings and flew off to seek a home other than the trembling wood--a place of peace.

It whirred upwards, and flew away over the world searching for peace; but wherever it flew, everywhere was this lightning, this man-made thunder, everywhere war. A sea of fire and blood overflowed the earth, as had the Flood long ago. Hastily the dove flew across our lands to spy a place of rest from which it could then soar upward and away to the great forefather to bring him the olive leaf of promise. But nowhere was such a place to be found in those days; ever higher swelled the flood of ruin across mankind, ever farther the fire ate into our world. Nor could the dove find any resting place, nor mankind any peace; indeed it might not even return homeward, nor ever again find rest.

In our day no one has seen it, the lost, mythical dove, the peace-seeking one; but yet it flutters about our heads anxiously and with wings enfeebled. Sometimes in the night, when one starts up out of sleep, he hears a rustling above in the air, a hurried hunting around in the dark, a bewildered flying about, an irrational fleeing away. Its wings are burdened with all our most sombre thoughts, and in its anxiety surge all our wishes. The lost dove, the once-faithless messenger, suspended trembling between heaven and earth, now announces our own fate to the forefather of mankind. Once again, as thousands of years ago, a world awaits a hand extended to it, and the realization that the hours of trial have finally been enough.

1

The legend of the third dove

In the book of time we find the story of the first dove and of the second, which our fore-father Noah sent forth as scouts from the ark, after the windows of heaven had been shut and the waters of the deep began to dry up. But who knows the story of the third dove, its flight and its destiny?

On the peak of Mt. Ararat ^{the ark of deliverance,}
lay it ailed the ship that in its bosom held all the living creatures spared from the Flood. . . When from the mast the Patriarch saw nought but the surging and the billowing of the endless waters, he sent forth a dove, the first one, to bring tidings whether anywhere there was yet land to be seen beneath the

This first dove, so it is told, arose and spread its wings. It flew away to the East and to the West, but since the waters covered everything, and nowhere could it find to rest from its flight, ^{and} gradually its wings began to falter, so it turned back to the only fixed place of the world, to the ark; it fluttered about the ship, at rest, then on the mountain peak, until Noah stretched out his hand and took it home into the ark with him.

Seven days now he waited, seven days in which no rain fell and the waters sank. Then he took again a dove, the second one, and sent it forth for news.

It flew away in the morning, and when it returned in the evening it brought in its bill, as the first token of the liberation of the land, an olive leaf. So did

Noah learn that the fustops were already
above the waters, and that the fust
flight had been a success.

Once more after seven days he sent forth
a dove ~~forth~~ for ~~nest~~, the third one, ~~for~~
It was morning when it took flight,
and yet by evening it had not come back.
Day after day Noah awaited it, but it
did not return. Then the patriarch
knew that the earth was unpopulated,
and that the waters had entirely sub-
sided. ^{except} But of the dove, the third one,
he never learned more, nor indeed
has ^{all} mankind, either, for not until our
own time has the legend of it been revealed.

grammar?

This then was the journey and the fate of the third dove. In the morning it had flown out of the gloomy quarters of the ship, where in the dark the crowded animals grumbled with impatience, and where ^{there was an unending pawing} [Grange] of hooves and ^{scratching of} ~~claws~~ ^{hooves} ~~and claws~~ [Gates] of bellowing and whistling and hissing and barking; the third dove had flown ~~out~~ ^{from out this confound} ~~from out~~ ^{from out} into mending space; from darkness into light.

And as it now lifted its wings into the crystal air, sweetly stirred by the rain, suddenly savored about it freedom and the joy of the boundless ^(the depths) ~~heights~~. From the ~~depths~~ shimmered the water; like wet moss the woods shone with green; from the meadows arose white the vapors of the morning, and ^{the} ^(filled) ^(with sweetness) scented ferment of the plants ^{sweetened} the fields. Reflected brilliance tumbled down from the metallic sky; upon the pinacles of the mountains the light of the rising sun shattered into an infinity of auroras, from which the sea

gleamed as if running with red blood,
 and the blossoming earth gleamed as if it
 were itself hot blood. It was sublime to
 look upon this awakening, and in seeming
 ecstasy the dove, with wings ^{broadly} spread, swayed
 to and fro across the purple
 world; Over lands and seas it flew,
 until gradually ^{it} became in its dream
 itself a winged dream. ~~With~~ ^{like} God
 himself, as if for the first time, the
 liberated earth, and of the right of ^{it} there
 was no end. Long had ^{she done} ~~she~~ forgotten Noah,
 the white-headed old man of the ark, and
 as well his commission; long had it not
 remembered any reborn. For now the
 world had become its ^{dwelling} place and she
 became its very home.

faithless

So ~~for~~ the third day, the ~~three~~ messengers
 of the patriarchy, ^{flew over} the empty world, further,
 were further, borne by the storm of its happiness
 and by the winds of its blessed nobleness;

Further it flew, ever further, until its wings
 became heavy and its plumage laden.
 with a mighty force
 the hawk pulled it down ^{and} ~~with~~
 strong force, ever deeper sank its feeble
 wings, until they grazed the wet ^{tree-tops} ~~mountain~~

of the tree, ~~and~~ in the evening of the second

day it finally let itself sink into the

depths of a forest, ~~which~~ still nameless,

as was everything in that ^{forest} ~~beginning~~ of time.

In the thicket of branches it hid itself,

and rested from its aerial journey.

The ~~Covered~~ by brushwood it was lulled to sleep by

the wind; by day there was ^{coolness} among the

branches ^{and} by night it was warm in this

forest ^{the down} ~~abode~~. Soon it forgot the ~~country~~ ^{winds} of

the heavens and the ~~tree~~ of open spaces;
the green vault ^{of trees} enclosed it, and time grew
grew over it uncounted.

The wood was not far from the land of our fathers,
which the lost dove chose for a home
but keep there no men dwell there, and in
this loneliness the dove gradually fell
into a dream. ^{It nestled} In the night-green obscurity
~~it nestled~~ while the years passed it by
and death remembered it not, for all animals were
leaving kind, those which had seen the world
before the Flood, they could not die, and
no hunter could do aught against them.
Nursed they nestled in the unexplored folds
of the earth's mantle, ^{as did} ~~and thus~~ this dove
~~was~~ in the depths of the wood. Sometimes
indeed a suspicion of the presence of man came
to them, as when
~~and it~~ a chat rang out and echoed
a hundred feet from the green walls,
or woodmen chopped into the tree-trunks,

making ^{8 thrumming sound} ~~so that their voices~~ ~~sometimes it was~~ round about
the gloom; the soft laughter of lovers
whispering about autumnal glazing
secretly among the ~~branches~~ ^{leaves}, or the thin
and distant sounds of
the singing of children, looking for
berries, ~~some see this as a variant~~. The
rapture done, caught up in ^{the} foliage ^{of the trees} + in its
own dream, sometimes, leave their voices
of the world, but it listened without
anxiety and remained in its retreat.

^{suddenly} Then ^{next times,} over in ~~the day~~ ^{the day} He whole world
 began to ~~recoil~~ ^{recoil}, and ~~it~~ ^{there} was thunder as
 if the earth would break in two. Through
 the air, ~~whirlwinds~~ ^{whirlwinds}, ~~brushed~~ ^{brushed} Black metal
 masses, and where they fell the ground
 left up in terror, and the trees broke
 like straws. Men in colored ^{attire} ~~garments~~
 gazed death at each other, and ~~the~~
 terrifying machines slung fiery brands about.
 Lightning ~~flashed~~ ^{sprang} from the earth into the
 clouds, ~~thunder~~ ^{thunder}, ~~followed~~ ^{followed} by it
~~seemed~~ ^{as if} the land would ~~spring~~ ^{leap} into
 the heavens, or the heavens fall down
 upon the land. The dawn started up
 from its dream; Death was over it,
 and annihilation; As once ~~the~~ ^{the} coaters had
~~now~~ ^{now} fire swept ~~swelled~~ ^{swept} over the world, so
~~suddenly~~ ^{suddenly} it spread its wings and flew
 off to seek ~~another~~ ^{another} a home other
~~than~~ ^{than} the ~~earth~~ ^{earth}.

It whirled upwards, and flew ^{away} ~~over~~ ^{the} ~~the~~
~~world~~, searching for peace; but wherever it
 flew, everywhere was this lightning,
 this ~~thunder~~ ~~maximal~~ thunder, everywhere
 war. A sea of fire and blood overflowed
 the earth, ^{as long ago} ~~as of old~~ ^{had} the Floods
 had ~~returned~~ ^{come again}; But Harkly the dove ^{of peace}
 flew ~~there~~ ^{across} our lands to spy a place
 of rest, from which it could then ~~soar~~ ^{soar} ~~in peace~~
 and ~~down to~~ ^{bring} the great ~~tree~~ ^{olive tree}
 the patriarch to bring him the olive leaf
 of promise. But nowhere ^{was} ~~to~~ ^{such} a place
 to be found in those days; ever higher
 swelled the flood of ruin across man-
 kind, ever farther the fire ate ^{into} ~~through~~
 our world. ~~Not~~ ^{could} the dove ~~find~~ ^{find}
~~any~~ ^{any} ~~resting~~ place, nor mouling any peace;
 all ~~indeed~~ ^{might} it ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~find~~ ^{find} ~~rest~~ ^{rest}
 however, nor, ~~in all~~ ^{ever again} ~~time~~.

No one has seen it, the lost, mythical
 dove, the peace-seeking one ~~in our days~~
 but yet it flutters about on ~~shadows~~^{heads}
 anxiously, ~~and already with~~ ^{with wings} ~~feather wings~~ ^{steeplly cupelled.}

Sometimes ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the night, when one
 starts up out of sleep, he hears a rustling
 above, in the air, a hurried hunting
~~around~~ ^{around} in the darks, bewildered flying about, an
 irrational fleeing away. Its wings are burdened
 with all our most sombre thoughts, and
 in its anxiety ~~sees~~ ^{surge} all our wishes;
~~as if~~ The lost dove, ^{symbolized} ~~travelling~~ ^{travelling} trembling
 between heaven and earth, now encounters
 our own fate, the once-forthless
messenger, Is the forgotten messenger.

One day, as thousands of years ago
 a world awaits a hand extended to it,
 and the ~~restless~~ ^{realization} that the house
~~is not to be built~~ ^{is not to be built}



John Knox House

Edinburgh

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CORRESPONDENCE

ADDRESS

Feb. 17, 1970

Dear George -

I keep trying to persuade myself
that you are better. Getting over
the flu is sometimes a long pull
so if you are not better, don't despair.
I hope you feel able to fix something
nourishing for meals - Egg nog with
some stick would be good. Love
Eva



The Nativity
Engraving by Ludwig Krug, d. 1532



THE MORTON ARBORETUM

Joy Morton, founder

LISLE, ILLINOIS 60532 Phone: WOODLAND 8-0074

Nov. 22, 1921

Dear Bill -

Many thanks for your letter on Bartram. Wm. Hamilton turns out to be a fairly well-to-do, horticulturally minded contemporary of Bartram's. Joe Swen is surprised the author would have given him any copy of his book, for to his knowledge they were not particularly good friends.

Joe feels pretty sure these six plates are ~~taken~~^{engraved} from missing drawings in the Follenhill Album which he edited three years ago. And it seems there are stacks of Bartram stuff still in trunks in Philadelphia - wherein may be the drawings, the copper engravings and prints from them. I wonder he did not try to get at them when doing his book on Bartram - of course, maybe he did and couldn't.

The engraver J. Trenchard is not cited as doing

Natural (or zoological) plates - he seems to have
ceased work in Philadelphia in 1793 - two years
after B's Travels came out & six years before
B gave W. H. the book. It's my idea that
B engaged Trenchard to do the plates for his book
which he had intended to call 'Tamed' instead of
'Travels'; that T. submitted six proofs which
B^d disliked* or B couldn't pay for. In case a) T+B
had a falling out + B got no more prints or anything
else, at which he decided to make the copper
plates himself - at least two of them ^(which, although, suggest Bartlett) are for
better than Trenchard's - the beads-children
ones aren't too good. In case b) more or less
the same would have happened. But B. did
accept the prohibition - a porcelain - which
he knew he couldn't do, and for which type of
engraving Trenchard was known. Etc., etc., etc.
if the King of Spain will allow me to finish.

When are you + mine going to be after New
Year - I may be in Phila. for A.A.S. 26-31 Dec.,
then up to Cam. for weekend - if in this holding
up by Jan 1st + yours to be in Washington I'd
hope to see you. Affectionate greeting to your brother
George

*At least one of the zoological plates is copied by
Trenchard.



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

WASHINGTON, D. C. 20540

REFERENCE DEPARTMENT
RARE BOOK DIVISION

November 18, 1971

Dear George:

Ian Macphail's discovery, which you describe so clearly in your November 10 letter, is an exciting one, which I certainly wish I could help you with.

Unfortunately our copy is just like all the ordinary ones--seven plates and a frontispiece, none of them marked "Bart Journ." or "Journ. page."

I looked at the Bartram entries in the printed National Union Catalog hoping to find that another library had reported a copy with extra plates. There is nothing useful in that source.

Considering the expertise to which you have access, there is no point in my speculating on places where these extra plates might have been published--or prepared for publication--and bound into this special copy.

I showed the book-plate to Fred Goff and it wasn't familiar to him. There are various William Hamiltons who published works on scientific subjects in the late eighteenth century. If you think this might be a fruitful way to identify the man, let me know, and I will report what I found in the National Union Catalog.

I haven't tried to locate the principal repositories of Bartram's papers, recognizing that you will have already been thinking along these lines.

If there is anything further that I can check for you, I am sure you know how glad I would be to help you with this mystery in any way I can.

Sincerely yours,

Bier

William Matheson
Assistant to the Chief

Dr. George B. Van Schaack
The Morton Arboretum
Lisle, Illinois 60532

Morton Arboretum
Lisle, Ill. 60532
November 10, 1971

Dear Bill -

The library is preparing a catalogue for an exhibition next spring and Max Phail who has finished it is suddenly confronted with discovering that one of the books is very unusual and that the illustration from it which he has chosen to use is unknown.

The book is William Bartram, Travels through North & South Carolina, Georgia, East & West Florida ... Philadelphia, James Johnson, 1791.

On the f. p. is written: W Hamiltons Book given to him by the author June 9th 1799. (I don't identify the hand, * though it's not important) In addition to the several (~~two~~⁷ normal) plates, some folded, there are 6 or 2-page size (and then folded) on each of which following the name of the plant occurs the words Bart. Journ. (except on one where there are replaced by Journ. page.)

The plants are:

<i>Franklinia alata</i>	p. 16
<i>Bygonia maritima</i>	17
{ <i>Asynon</i>	} preceding 21
<i>Nalmea ciliata</i>	
<i>Megistia auriculata</i>	340
<i>Astilbe polygonia</i>	395
<i>Oenothera grandiflora</i>	408

* late name

on back plate

These plates are not accounted for in Arnold Arboretum Catalogue for American ed., and not for London ed. in Hunt Catalogue. Joe Ewan is writing a preface to the catalogue, & in being presented with a set of copies of the illustrations does not recognize ^{only} the one he (so far) knows of (the two figured one) - and if Joe doesn't there's little chance anyone else will.

But, what are these 6 plates, very well engraved and handcolored, of which at least one (perhaps all six) are unknown to the authority on *Wom.* *Bartram*? Where are all the copies of?

Would you have time to have the LC copy checked for presence of any such plates, there or where - the key words are *Bartr. Journ.* and *a Journ. page*.

Further: E. D. Merrill (Arnold Arboretum) most avid seeker of unknown binomial names in botany, does not report all of these in his *Bartram* study, nor identify any of them with plates. Are these six plates unique, that none of the *Bartram* people know about them? All the best, in haste *George*



W. Hamilton.

THE
STERLING MORTON
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THE MORTON ARBORETUM

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12-15-74

Dear George,

It has been a long time since we heard word of you. I hope your health is good and that you are still enjoying Eugene... and still buying books, and still working towards the preservation of wretched books. My book binding lessons with LC's major binder continue to my great pleasure. I hope it will be possible to do it full time, some day, but I wonder if it will be realistic to ever abandon my rather lucrative profession as library-administrator.

We bought a condominium townhouse in August — a reaction to being evicted by our landlord who wanted to re-occupy his house. It is convenient and modern and suits us right now. We are managing to fill it up quite rapidly with books & records. But the furniture has put us in the hole and travel has been suspended for a while.

Unfortunately, we see little of the Roberts' Majorie Karlson threatens to visit, but hasn't yet. Bill saw Andrew Eaton at IFLS and he seems to be weathering his entry into his 60th decade with resignation but good health & diminished physical fitness.

JOYOUS CHRISTMAS

I am in the market for used book binding tools. If you know of anyone who has any to dispose of, I'd like to know of him..

Write and let us know of your doings. I have a new job as of Sept. — Director of The Medical Library at Geo. Wash. U. Med. Center. It's a great drain, but I'm enjoying it very much.

Best for the new year — as ever

Nina & Bill



Sunday Nov. 24

Dear George,

It's not that it's taken this long to decipher your letter, but we seem to have gone into one of our rare social whiffs. As you know, a little of that goes a long way with us, but we are looking forward to seeing you. It seems we will take the overnight train up Thursday evening. We would love to get together for dinner, however dining before an Opera performance is not usually a relaxed affair, and for us can have a decided soporific effect. Besides Bill has appointments on both days so do you feel Sunday would be OK? There will be plenty of time as we plan to take the 11:25 pm train out of Chicago straight to work Monday morning! If you feel up to showing us some of the Arboretum we would come out, otherwise, we can meet you wherever you like in Chicago. Biggs, by the way, is a restaurant we went to on our last trip, for the first time, and we enjoyed it very much. There is a lot to catch up on and a quiet place would be helpful especially for an explanation of your postscript. We'll be at the Pearson Hotel, by the way.

If you should come down to hear your friend celebrate SLU's anniversary you know you are welcome to stay with us. Stay through,

King Arthur asleep on board a ship. Miniature from a manuscript of 'Wace's Brut'. English, mid-fourteenth century.

Egerton MS. 3028, f. 48.

The 14th and join the Olin staff party. It may be an occasion to see familiar faces very conveniently!

Always ready to visit a new city we're off Thursday to Cleveland to spend Thanksgiving Day with Roma. As we're flying, I'd appreciate your keeping your fingers crossed for clear weather. We're looking forward to seeing what Cleveland is like and what it has to offer in the way of, books and records + Greetings + stores. There won't be a great deal of time Sunday, but I'm looking forward to it and getting away for a couple of days. Do you feel you had enough of vacationing, George, or are you ready to pick up altogether for California?

I must stop, as it appears I can't string two words together right now with any coherence. And I haven't had anything to drink, either. It will be good to talk to a whole. Til, then,

Nina

Sancta et ima-

cula ta vir gini-

tas q̄bustelaudi

buseffe rānesci

70 ii

Christmas Greetings

Susanne and Ralph



THE MORTON ARBORETUM

Joy Morton, founder

LISLE, ILLINOIS 60532 Phone: WOODLAND 8-0074

July 24, 1970

Mr. David W. Cudhea
Editor, Harvard Today
1350 Massachusetts Ave.
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

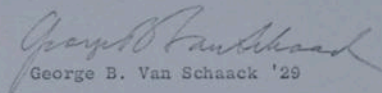
Dear Sir:

The commencement issue of Harvard Today has just arrived, and I sit down at once to write you my appreciation for the report that it brings. Not that one can feel gratified by all of it, or even by a majority of it, but it would seem to be an honest report, and in it there are bright spots. As one reads page 3 hope rises and sinks repeatedly, but the higher crests are good: Professor Walzer's remarks enjoining adults to assume their responsibilities; the solemn and earnest concern of the Commencement Marshals in their words addressed to their classmen (and to America's youth in general); and President Hollomon's call to all of us to realize the length and scope of the struggle to come.

What you print on the verso must be either typical of President Pusey's remarks, or the substance of the more significant things he chose to say. As President of Harvard he is rightfully concerned for its welfare. But his scarcely veiled implication that this will be safe when 'a greater measure of tranquility and more lively hope are restored outside' must make one breathe a sigh of relief that a year hence he will have spoken as president for the last time. In 1970 he speaks of 'a shameful state of affairs', and of 'irritating disturbances', when, as the Commencement Marshals have observed, 'we perceive an apocalyptic vision'. To my understanding you do not quote from him anything to support the belief that he has more than a very dim conception of the serious threat of apocalypse. 'Reason, modesty, charity and trust' may be expected to turn the tide of any threat--nothing about indignation, involvement, courage, and devotion on the part of people, nor anything about the population explosion, environmental degradation, increasing racism, and affluent irresponsibility.

Unless Harvard can find a successor to President Pusey infinitely more aware of the age in which he lives, ever so less callously scornful of those who challenge him, and far, far wiser, she will rue the day on which her next president takes office.

Sincerely yours,


George B. Van Schaack '29

Commencement 1970

-- The Voices

Brief excerpts from addresses
of Commencement Week

"A constitutional democracy requires from its citizens a certain pattern of political activity—disciplined, organized, sustained. When that activity is vital and creative, young people are initiated into it over time, learning to respect its conventions, adopting its definitions of courage and loyalty, working within its structures. But that sort of activity cannot be *sustained* by young people: they don't have the necessary local roots, social ties, or economic power. It can only be sustained by adults, by adults ready to do the obvious things: join local party organizations, insist on qualified candidates, insist on campaigns fought on the issues, hold elected officials accountable, press for accountability at every level of government—in short, mobilize the resources of constitutional democracy. None of this is easy; nor will it get easier. There is even reason to fear politics right now and to avoid its risks. . . . But the dangers will not go away if we fail to act. And the young will not fail to act, though they will fail to win if they act alone. There is a growing tendency to say to them: lie low, do nothing, wait; the threat from the Right is too great! That is not stupid advice; in the case of some of the things student militants do, it makes good sense; but it doesn't touch the crucial issue. The issue is not whether the young can be restrained by good advice, but whether or not adult citizens will assume their responsibilities."

—MICHAEL L. WALZER, *Professor of Government, in the Radcliffe Baccalaureate address.*

"As we leave, we hope. We hope that the nation and the university can come to their senses in time. We hope that our prophecies will prove to be too dark. We hope because there is no other way that we can keep on going. And we secretly wish that we had something to go on besides hope."

—JAMES M. FALLOWS '70, *in the Senior Class Oration at Class Day.*

"... There are no quick fixes. Withdrawal from Vietnam would save lives but the deep philosophical issues would still remain. The universities must fundamentally change if the basic intellectual structure upon which they are based must change. . . .

"... If the struggle is long, those of you who deeply feel the inhumanity of the war and the bureaucracy of the system must continue to live in the struggle. It is not a struggle that will end in a . . .



"Can we wonder why the American people will continue to be hostile towards students as long as we allow the rock-throwers, the burners, the totalitarians to represent us? Do we have any right to expect anything else?

We must firmly reject the extremism. But we must also realize something else if we are to overcome our isolation. . . .

There is only one way in which we can gain the respect and overcome the hostility of the American people. And

mate challenge, and if we refrain from meeting it, if we refuse for whatever reason to become personally involved in this last effort to make the system work, we will have no one to blame for its demise but ourselves."

—From the STATEMENT OF CONCERN, by the Commencement Marshals of 1970 from the College and the Graduate Schools.

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"... If the struggle is long, those of you who deeply feel the inhumanity of the war and the bureaucracy of the system must commit your lives to the struggle. It is not a struggle that will end in your lifetimes, just as the Renaissance and reformation took place over several generations."

—J. HERBERT HOLLOMON, *President of the University of Oklahoma*, in his address at Class Day for Seniors in Harvard College.

"The possibility of disagreement as to the nature of [society's] ultimate goal remains. But as a matter of methodology, it might well be healthy for debate if it were not thought necessary, or even permissible, to gloss over our political disagreements as irreducible differences in opinion.

What is at stake here, in principle, is the question whether a transition from one political persuasion to another, or even from one political system to another, can ever be a process of rational discovery, or whether it must in all cases be merely a brusque substitution of the new for the old. And that may be a question not without interest to us."

—WILLIAM F. WELD, J.D. '70, in the English Disquisition at Commencement.

"Hoc praecipue valet oratio mea, hoc est vis verborum meorum, scilicet quod omnibus ante oculos hic exsto, femina Radcliffensis . . . Contendamus ut hominum mentes ab invidiae suspitionisque vinculis liberemus."

(This above all is the meaning of my speech, this is the force of my words—that here before the eyes of all I stand, a Radcliffe woman . . . Let us strive to free men's minds from the chains of hatred and suspicion.)

—KRISTEN E. MISHKIN '70, in the Latin Dissertation at Commencement.



"Can we wonder why the American people will continue to be hostile towards students as long as we allow the rock-throwers, the burners, the totalitarians to represent us? Do we have any right to expect anything else?

We must firmly reject the extremists. But we must also realize something else if we are to overcome our isolation. . . .

There is only one way which we can gain the respect and overcome the hostility of the American people. And that is by addressing ourselves to the *unromantic and unexciting* problems which just happen to be the problems which affect the ordinary American in his day-to-day life.

For in the final analysis it can only be the American people who change America, not a student elite pledged to one-party dictatorship. We as Harvard students can make the determination to overcome our isolation by speaking to the mundane problems of health care, jobs, and taxes—or we can continue to acquiesce to the wreckers among us. We can be part of the solution or part of the problem. . . ."

—STEVEN J. KELMAN '70, in the English Oration at Commencement.

"We are anguished because we perceive an apocalyptic vision which our elders seem not to share, and we are anguished because we sense an urgency which the great mass of Americans seems somehow to ignore. . . .

We all have, then, a choice to make—between hearing that alarm or refusing to listen to it in the hope that it will go away without our help. But if you will look about you, the choice will become clear as it has for most of us. We see in this country a challenge to our right to dissent as free men should when conscience requires it. We see growing a theory of unquestioning obedience to executive authority, and we fear the elective dictatorship which such a theory implies. And we fear for our liberties as too many of us accept the view that good citizenship requires blind loyalty first and the exertion of conscience second. We see all this as the ulti-

mate challenge, and if we refrain from meeting it, if we refuse for whatever reason to become personally involved in this last effort to make the system work, we will have no one to blame for its demise but ourselves."

—FROM THE STATEMENT OF CONCERN, BY THE Commencement Marshals of 1970 from the College and the Graduate Schools.

"What to do that the dissidents be convinced that change is possible without violence? The reply to this momentous question depends on circumstances in each country. It is neither simple nor can it be uniform.

In my country, for example, two steps of singular importance have just been taken. The first was to open a national debate which I am sure will soon lead to a radical reform in education. . . .

The second . . . was to grant full political rights to all citizens at the age of 18. The significance of this step is already evident in the campaign for the Presidency and the Congress taking place now in Mexico, one of the most alive within memory. One of the characteristics of this campaign has been the dialogue, frank, fruitful, sometimes polemic, between the principal political leaders and the young people of my country."

—Honorary degree recipient ANTONIO CARRILLO FLORES, *Mexico's Secretary of Foreign Affairs*, in his address to the Associated Harvard Alumni.

"True friendship and camaraderie across the color line in our society seem to be growing more difficult but I venture to say that such relationships have not yet become impossible. It is true that the single most universal characteristic of black Americans today is their angry opposition to the doctrine of white supremacy. That should not, however, deter those whites who recognize that this doctrine has outlived whatever usefulness they might have once thought it had in American society."

—Honorary degree recipient LOUIS MARTIN, *Vice-President and Editor of the Sengstacke Publications*, to the Associated Harvard Alumni.

“Our Universities Still Remain the Most Hopeful of Human Institutions.”

Excerpts from the address of President Pusey to the Class of 1970, at the Baccalaureate Service.

I became President here during a very troubled period on college and university campuses. The fears, accusations, strife and excitement which at that time upset academic communities reverberated about the name of Joseph McCarthy. . . .

Now, less than twenty years later, our campuses are experiencing a not dissimilar period of torment whipped as they are by a resurgence of his hateful technique. Again people are looking for scapegoats. But this time the attack comes not from the outside but from within, from extremist splinter groups of the New Left made up of students and — I am sorry to acknowledge — also of some faculty who for reasons not quite clear to me would like to see our colleges and universities emigrated, maligned and even shut down. . . .

It is a shameful state of affairs. Nor is it made prettier by present growing tendencies to impose conformity. There is a broadening simplistic conviction among many in our community — in this case not just among the extremists — that there is a “right” way of looking at the various issues of these times and that nonagreement with this view is not to be tolerated. . . .

How have we come to such a pass? It is hard to say, but I suppose many of us must share in the blame: Those of us in positions to have moved more rapidly than we have to correct obvious abuses and shortcomings which have festered too long among us. Those responsible for instruction too long reluctant to reexamine traditional offerings and teaching methods, too little ready, not to abandon, but to enliven courses which have ceased to speak to the condition of the new young and which have failed to make attractive to them the achievement of the degree of freedom we enjoy, so painfully and slowly won. Those of various kinds, militantly on the defensive, disinclined to allow any claims of discontent or to make any concessions to the fierce urgency of the desire for reform that now rages among us, a rage obviously not without justification . . . [Those] who, like the honest burghers of the Weimar Republic, peace-loving, tolerant,

with no desire to impose their views on others, have been unwilling to pass critical judgment on any of their kind. Where critical judgment fails error quickly moves in. Many of us have something to answer for here. . . .

Deeper is the fact that underlying and even supporting the many disturbances which have shaken our campuses in recent years is an as yet only vaguely articulated, but nevertheless widely-shared, feeling of revulsion against the values and modes of living of the enlightened society based on reason, tolerance and the advancement of science which humane people have dreamed about, and have through generations been struggling to create. . . .

What then can I say to you at the end of your college years? It must be, I think, that neither unreasonable zealotry nor despair is an acceptable attitude for Harvard men. . . .

I may put it this way: there is a world of reason, modesty, charity and trust in the midst of, and opposed to, the oppressive and contentious world of deceit, anger, vilification and self-righteousness now made so manifest all about us again, as twenty years ago, by would-be exploiters. This former world is created and precariously maintained in all generations by civilized men, a world for which in the depths of our hearts I am sure we all yearn. What I have wanted to say to you today is simply that in my view, as Harvard men, you are called to serve that world.

Yours has been a college generation full of difficulty, doubt and confusion. Yet I would be lacking a fundamental faith in the wonder-working of this University if I were not convinced you will find, in retrospect, your time in college to have been extraordinarily maturing and rewarding. Difficulty brings self-knowledge. Out of trouble springs inner strength and self-renewal. We see now in part only through the darkened glass. It will be your task to help make that vision clearer for yourself and for those near and dear to you through courage, faith, hope and love which have sustained others before you through trials every bit as great as yours. Go forth and be strong!

Excerpts from the address of President Pusey to the alumni, on the afternoon of Commencement Day.

The year now ending . . . has been better [than the last] in the performance of students in many aspects of their regular endeavor, and in the fact that efforts at disruption have been winning scarcely any response. But

The present young are not the brightest, most imaginative, most wonderful young people the world has ever seen, often as this has been asserted by many of my fellow presidents and others. They are human beings like the rest of us, troubled, confused, of mixed motives, and less able and less determined than they would like to be. But they are good — praiseworthy in their achievement and impressive in their unusual social awareness and resolve. The Harvard we love has not been diminished by them. Particularly encouraging has been the way many of them have several times this past year stood firmly against efforts at disruption from within. They do not especially admire or trust us of the older generation; but I hope in time they will at least come to accord us some sympathy. Meanwhile I am certain that from our side we will come soon to see more clearly that the intent of all but a very few of them has not been to destroy or to do violence to the Harvard tradition we revere, but rather only to strip it of any entrenched sham it may have acquired, and by so doing to revitalize it and give it new life. Perplexing as their conduct has sometimes been in recent years (I suspect often to themselves as well as to us) I am certain this is their aim, and having witnessed their resolution, I shall be surprised if they do not attain it.

The generations do bind together. The gaps are temporary and unreal. Despite the self-destructive power of man, we have in our generation no right to indulge in superlatives of self-pity. We need only recall the shattered nation of a little more than a century ago, or the world cataclysm of the first third of this century which engulfed many of our most promising young Harvard men. Or the dispiriting period 30 to 40 years past with its long depression and recurrence of war. What claim have we now, honestly or decently, to feel sorry for ourselves? Or to make scapegoats of either the younger or the older generation?

In an imperfect world, peopled by imperfect men, our universities still remain the most hopeful of human institutions. They bridge the gap of years, joining young and old together in the enterprise of teaching and learning, receiving knowledge, sifting it, retaining what seems true, discarding what is false, and sending out year after year into the world a new breed to serve it and later to learn in their turn from “the generations yet unborn.”

So today, as another great gathering of the Harvard family draws to a close, let us again resolve to draw together in unity and faith, strong in the experience of Harvard and confident of her power for

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The year now ending . . . has been better [than the
last] in the performance of students in many aspects
of their regular endeavor, and in the fact that efforts at
disruption have been winning weakened response. But
these irritating disturbances have not ceased or gone
away. . . .

Many of you from the outside ask why we put up
with these disturbances? I can reply only that they are
more difficult to deal with than you might at first sup-
pose. We have not been able to prevent their occurrence.
The basic reason for this is that their origins lie outside
our control. The difficulties on the campuses are part
and parcel with what is going on outside, and largely re-
fect, if with extraordinary emphasis, agonizing prob-
lems which confuse and trouble the whole world. Nor
will the campus difficulties cease entirely until a greater
measure of tranquility and more lively hope are re-
stored outside. So they continue to happen, and when
they do, it is not easy to identify the real offenders. Any
particular incident will attract individuals of varying
degrees of involvement and many who are merely cu-
rious onlookers. In such circumstances it is not easy to
determine just who is guilty of what or who deserves to
be dismissed (though the connection of a goodly num-
ber has been severed both last year and this. . . .)

A basic difficulty all along has been the unwillingness
or inability to distinguish between legitimate grievances
and fantastic allegations, and between acceptable ways
of making representations, and techniques of force and
violence which must be outlawed if a university com-
munity is to preserve its character. Fortunately there
are some few encouraging signs that these distinctions
are beginning to be more widely understood and ac-
cepted; and I cannot believe that the manifold mis-
taken beliefs, distortions, hate, false accusations and
violent acts which have recently inflamed academic com-
munities will long survive the clarification. Yet only
time will tell. . . .

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goodness and truth and peace among men. May God
speed her on her way!



President Nathan M. Pusey