

# HANDWRITTEN TRANSCRIPTIONS



# CONTENTS

<b>MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE MANUSCRIPT BOOKS</b>	<b>1</b>
VIRGIL, Aeneid, 835–865	<b>3</b>
GUILLAUME DE LORRIS and JEAN DE MEUNG, The Romance of the Rose, Northern France, 1300–1335	<b>6</b>
DANTE, The Divine Comedy, 1347	<b>9</b>
BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, Commentaries on the Song of Songs, probably Liesborn, c. 1215	<b>14</b>
<b>FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO TODAY</b>	<b>21</b>
NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI, Letter to Francesco Vettori, Florence, 25 August 1513	<b>23</b>
MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI, Receipt to Lionardo de Bartolini, Rome, 1519	<b>25</b>
ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM, Letter to Anton Fugger, Freiburg, 22 August 1531	<b>26</b>
JOHANNES KEPLER, Letter to Albrecht von Wallenstein, Sagan, 10 February 1629	<b>27</b>
GALILEO GALILEI, Letter to Nicolas-Claude Fabri de Peiresc, Arcetri, 16 March 1634	<b>28</b>
RENÉ DESCARTES, Letter to Marin Mersenne, Paris, c. September 1647	<b>30</b>
ANTONIE VAN LEEUWENHOEK, Letter to Constantijn Huygens, Delft, 26 December 1674	<b>32</b>
ISAAC NEWTON, Letter to the Comte de Briançon, London, 6 June 1706	<b>33</b>
FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET VOLTAIRE, Letter to Frederick II, Colmar, 3 May 1754	<b>34</b>
JOHANN REINHOLD FORSTER, Journal of a Voyage on Board His Majesties Ship Resolution, Captain Cook Commander (1772–1775)	<b>36</b>
JAMES COOK, Report to the Commissioners of the Navy, London, 2 January 1776	<b>38</b>
JAMES WATT, Letter accompanying a patent application to 'the Kings Most Excellent Majesty', Birmingham, 1785	<b>40</b>
IMMANUEL KANT, Letter to Dietrich Ludwig Gustav Karsten, Königsberg, 16 March 1795	<b>42</b>
ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, Drawing of a small Cacajao monkey, <i>Simia melanocephala</i> ( <i>Cacajao melanocephalus</i> ), with description, South America, 1800	<b>44</b>
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, Letter to Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, Prince de Bénévant, Auma, 12 October 1806	<b>46</b>



GEORG WILHELM FRIEDRICH HEGEL, Letter to Friedrich von Raumer, 2 August 1816	<b>47</b>
LOUIS-JACQUES-MANDÉ DAGUERRE, Letter to Isidore Niépce, 9 September 1839	<b>53</b>
JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE, Poem for the painter Samuel Roesel, 28 August 1827	<b>54</b>
JACOB GRIMM, Letter to Xavier Marmier, Göttingen, 18 January 1837	<b>55</b>
CHARLES DARWIN, Letter to Alexander von Humboldt, London, 1 November 1839	<b>56</b>
LOUIS BRAILLE, Letter to Jacques-Étienne-Victor Arago, Paris, 3 May 1840	<b>60</b>
DAVID LIVINGSTONE, Letter to Reverend Richard Cecil, Kuruman, 11 July 1842	<b>61</b>
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, Letter to Sidney Herbert, Highgate, 2 June 1859	<b>67</b>
CHARLES DICKENS, Letter to Clarissa Cattermole, London, 2 March 1869	<b>68</b>
OTTO VON BISMARCK, Letter to Gustav von Puttkammer, Berlin, 11 November 1871	<b>69</b>
KARL MARX and ELEANOR MARX, Letter to Dr Ferdinand Fleckles, Liège, Belgium, 21 September 1876	<b>70</b>
OTTO LILIENTHAL, Letter to a lieutenant, 8 December 1889	<b>72</b>
FRIDJTOF NANSEN, Letter to the governing board of the Berlin Geographical Society, Kristiania, 18 February 1890	<b>73</b>
WILHELM CONRAD ROENTGEN, Letter to a doctor, Würzburg, 15 November 1895	<b>74</b>
MARIE CURIE, Letter to a colleague, Paris, 1 August 1907	<b>75</b>
ROBERT KOCH, Letter to Wilhelm Kollo, Sese in Entebbe, Uganda, 28 July 1907	<b>76</b>
FRANZ KAFKA, Letter to Franz Blei, Prague, 7 February 1909	<b>77</b>
CARL BENZ, The Development of Electric Ignition for Automobile Engines, 7 January 1915	<b>78</b>
ALBERT EINSTEIN, Meine Meinung über den Krieg (My Opinion on the War), 1915	<b>79</b>
ROSA LUXEMBURG, Letter to Kurt Rosenfeld, 1 February 1915	<b>82</b>
KARL LIEBKNECHT, Letter to Sophie Liebknecht, Luckau, 11 December 1916	<b>84</b>
ALICE SALOMON, Fragment of 'Jung-Deutschland' (Young Germany), Berlin, 1920	<b>85</b>
HERMANN HESSE, Pictor's Metamorphoses, Montagnola, Switzerland, 1925	<b>86</b>
WALTER KAUFMANN, 'Miss Arthur' in 'Collection of short stories', beginning 1943	<b>91</b>
DIETRICH BONHOEFFER, Wer bin ich? (Who am I?), Berlin, 1944	<b>92</b>
LISE MEITNER, Letter to Max Born, Cambridge, England, 15 June 1963	<b>94</b>
<b>HANDWRITTEN MUSIC</b>	<b>97</b>
LUDWIG BEETHOVEN, Excerpt from 'Conversation book 11', April 1820	<b>99</b>



# MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE MANUSCRIPT BOOKS



## **VIRGIL**

*Aeneid, 835–865*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

Latin

### SOURCE

Virgil, *The Aeneid*, translated by W.F. Jackson Knight. London: Penguin Books, 1958, revised edition

### THE STORY SO FAR

Years after the fall of Troy, the Trojan prince Aeneas lands in Carthage, ruled by Queen Dido, and tells his story to her. They fall in love. Dido forgets her duty as Queen and Aeneas forgets his destiny to travel to Rome to found a dynasty. Aeneas is reminded of his duty by a warning from the gods delivered by Mercury.

#### *Book IV: 279–378*

Aeneas was struck dumb by the vision. He was out of his wits, his hair bristled with a shiver of fear, and his voice was checked in his throat. Already he was ardently wishing to flee from the land of his love and be gone; so violent had been the shock of this peremptory warning from the gods. But what could he do? How could he dare to speak to the infatuated queen, and win her round? What would be the best opening for him to choose? Rapidly he turned it over in his mind, considering all the different aspects of possibilities. As he pondered, one policy seemed preferable to ever other. He call to him Mnestheus, Sergestus, and the gallant Serestus: they were to fit out the fleet, make ready all their tackle, and muster their comrades on the shore, without giving any explanations, and concealing the reason for the change of plan. Meanwhile he would see Dido, for in her ignorance and goodness of heart she would never suspect that so deep a love could possibly be broken. So he would try to find the right approach and the least painful moment to speak, and discover a tactful way out of their predicament.

His men obeyed with pleasure and alacrity and began carrying out their orders. But no one can deceive a lover. The queen divined the intended deceit in advance. Before she was told, her intuition discerned what would happen and her fears were alive to every possible danger, real or unreal. In this nervous state the news came to her, brought, once more, by unholy Rumour, that the fleet was being equipped in preparation for a

voyage. Furious, and quite unable to face the truth, she ran in excited riot about Carthage, like a Bacchanal uplifted to frenzy as the emblems of Bacchus are shaken and the cry of his name is heard, when every second year the thrill of the festival pricks her and Mount Cithaeron calls her with shouting in the night. At last Dido accosted Aeneas, speaking first and denounced him:

'Traitor, did you actually believe that you could disguise so wicked a deed and leave my country without a word? And can nothing hold you, not our love, nor our once plighted hands, nor even the cruel death that must await your Dido? Are you so unfeeling that you labour at your fleet under a wintry sky, in haste to traverse the high seas in the teeth of the northerly gales? Why, had you not now been searching for a home which you have never seen in some alien land, and had ancient Troy itself been still standing, would you have been planning to sail even there over such tempestuous seas? Is it from me that you are trying to escape? Oh, by the tears which I shed, by your own plighted hand, for I have left myself, poor fool, no other appeal, and by our union, by the true marriage which it was to be, oh, if I was ever kind to you, or if anything about me made you happy, please, please, if it is not too late to beg you, have pity for the ruin of a home, and change your mind. It was because of you that I earned the hate of Africa's tribes and the lords of the Numidians, and the hostility of my own Tyrians also; and it was because of you that I let my honour die, the fair fame which used to be mine, and my only hope of immortality. In whose hands are you leaving me to face my death, my— Guest? I used to call you Husband, but the word has shrunk to Guest. What does the future hold for me now? My brother Pygmalion coming to demolish my walls, or this Gaetolian Iarbas, marrying me by capture? At least, if I had a son of yours conceived before you left, some tiny Aeneas to play about my hall and bring you back to me if only in his likeness, I might not then have felt so utterly entrapped and forsaken.'

She finished. He, remembering Jupiter's warning, held his eyes steady, and strained to master the agony within him. At last he spoke, shortly: 'Your Majesty, I shall never deny that I am in your debt for all those many acts of kindness which you may well recount to me. And for as long as I have consciousness and breath of life controls my movement, I shall never tire, Elissa, of your memory. Now I shall speak briefly of the facts. I had no thought of hiding my present departure under any deceit. Do not imagine that. Nor have I ever made any marriage-rite my pretext, for I never had such a compact with you. If my destiny had allowed me to guide my life as I myself would have chosen, and solve my problems

according to my own preference, I should have made the city of Troy, with its loved remembrances of my own folk, my first care; and, with Priam's tall citadel still standing, I should have refounded Troy's fortress to be strong once more after her defeat. But in fact Apollo at Grynium, where he gives his divination in Lycia by the lots, has insistently commanded me to make my way to Italy's noble land. Italy must be my love and my homeland now. If you, a Phoenician, are faithful to your Carthaginian fortress here, content to look on no other city but this city in far-away Africa, what is the objection if Trojans settle in Italy? It is no sin, if we, like you, look for a kingdom in a foreign country. Each time the night shrouds the earth in its moist shadows, each time the fiery stars arise, the anxious wrath of my father Anchises warns me in sleep, and I am afraid. My son Ascanius also serves as a warning to me; I think of his dear self, and of the wrong which I do him in defrauding him of his Italian kingdom, where Fate has given him his lands. And now Jove himself has sent the Spokesman of the Gods—this I swear to you by my son's life and by my father—who flew swiftly through the air, and delivered the command to me. With my own eyes I saw the divine messenger in clearest light entering the city gate, and heard his voice with my own ears. Cease, therefore, to upset yourself, and me also, with these protects. It is not by my own choice that I voyage onward to Italy.'

Throughout this declaration Dido had remained standing, turned away from Aeneas but glaring at him over her shoulder with eyes which roved about his whole figure in a voiceless stare. Then her fury broke: 'Traitor, no goddess was ever your mother, nor was it Dardanus who founded your line. No, your parent was Mount Caucasus, rugged, rocky, and hard, and tigers of Hyrcania nursed you ... For what need have I of concealment now? Why hold myself in check any longer, as if there could be anything worse to come? ... Has he spared a sigh or a look in response to my weeping, or has he once softened, or shed a tear of pity for one who loved him? Depth beyond depth of iniquity! Neither Supreme Juno, nor the Father who is Saturn's son, can possibly look with the impartial eyes of justice on what is happening now. No faith is left sure in the wide world. I welcomed him, a shipwrecked beggar, and like a fool I allowed him to share my royal place. I saved his comrades from death and gave him back his lost fleet ... The Furies have me now, they burn, they drive ... So now, it seems, he has his orders from Apollo's own Lycian oracle, and next even the Spokesman of the Gods is sent by Jove himself to deliver through the air to him the same ghastly command!

**GUILLAUME DE LORRIS and JEAN DE MEUNG**

*The Romance of the Rose, Northern France, 1300–1335*

ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

French

SOURCE

Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meun, *The Romance of the Rose*, translated by Charles Dahlberg. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1971, pp. 38–41

*Lines 595–776*

‘When the trees were grown, Diversion had the wall, that you have seen, built all round them, and on the outside he arranges to have portrayed the images that are painted there. They are neither elegant nor delightful, but, as you saw just now, sad and mournful. Many time Diversion and those who follow him, and who live in joy and comfort, come to this place to have a good time in the cool shade. Without doubt, he is at this moment still there within, listening to the song of the nightingales, the mavises, and other birds. There with his followers, he enjoys and comforts himself, for he could find no better place or spot to indulge in pleasure. The fairest people that you ever found anywhere, you know, are the companions of Diversion, who leads and guides them.’

When Idleness had told me these things, and I had listened closely to all of them, I then said to her, ‘Lady Idleness, never doubt any of these things, since Diversion, the fair and gentle one, is now in this garden with his people, and, if it lies in my power, I shall not be robbed of the chance of still seeing this assembly today. I must see it, for I believe that this company is fair, courteous, and well instructed’.

Then I entered into the garden, without saying another word, by the door that Idleness had opened for me, and, when I was inside, I was happy and gay and full of joy. Believe me, I thought that I was truly in the earthly paradise. So delightful was the place that it seemed to belong to the world of spirit, for as it seemed to be then, there was no paradise where existence was so good as it was in that garden which so pleased me. There were many singing birds, collected together, throughout the whole garden. In one place were nightingales, in another hays and starlings; elsewhere again were large schools of wrens and turtledoves, of goldfinches, swallows, larks and titmice. In another place were

assembled the calendar-larks, who were tired out from singing in spite of themselves; there, too, were blackbirds, and redwings, who aspired to outdo the other birds in singing. Elsewhere again were parrots and many birds that, in the woods and groves where they lived, had a wonderful time with their beautiful songs.

These birds that I describe to you performed a lovely service: they sang a song as though they were heavenly angels. Know well that I was filled with great joy when I heard it, for mortal man never heard so sweet a melody. It was so sweet and beautiful that it did not seem the song of a bird; one could compare it rather with the song of the sirens of the sea, who have the name *siren* on account of their clear, pure voices. The little birds were intent on their singing, and they were neither unskillful nor ignorant. Know, then, that when I heard the song and saw the burgeoning green of the place, I was seized with joy; no one had ever been so happy as I became then, full of gaiety as I was over the garden's delectable charm. Then I realized and saw that Idleness, who had placed me in the midst of this delight, had served me well. My love was due her when she unlocked the wicket gate of the branching garden.

From now on, I shall recount to you, as well as I know, how I went to work. First I want to tell you, without any long story, about what Diversion served and about his companions, and then I will tell in a full and orderly way about the appearance of the garden. I cannot speak of everything together, but I will recount it all in such order that no one will have any criticism to make.

The birds went along performing their wondrously sweet and pleasing service, in which they sang love lays and elegant songs, on high, the other low. Without joking, the sweetness and melody of their singing brought great joy to my heart. But when I had heard the birds just a little, I couldn't hold myself back from going off then to see Diversion, for I wanted very much to see how he carried on and what he was. I went off then straight to the right, by a little path full of fennel and mint, and I found Diversion nearby when I penetrated to a secluded place where he was. There he enjoyed himself, and with him he had people so fair that, when I saw them, I did not know where people so beautiful could have come from, for, in absolute truth they seemed winged angels. No man born ever saw such beautiful people.

These people of whom I tell you were formed into a carol, and a lady called Joy was singing to them. She knew how to sing well and

pleasingly; no one presented her refrains more beautifully or agreeably. Singing suited her wonderfully, for she had a clear, pure voice. Moreover, she was not vulgar, but knew how to move her body well in dancing, to kick up her heels and enjoy herself. Everywhere she went, she was, customarily, always the first in singing, for singing was the activity that she performed most willingly.

Then you would have seen the carol move and the company dance daintily, executing many a fine farandole and many a lovely turn on the fresh grass. There you would have seen fluters, minstrels, and jongleurs. One was singing *rotrouenges*, another an air from Lorraine, for in Lorraine they have more beautiful airs than in any other kingdom. There were also many lady tumblers thereabouts. There were tambourine jugglers, expert players who never stopped throwing the tambourine into the air and catching it on a finger without ever missing. In the middle of the carol, Diversion, with great nobility, directed the dancing of two darling young ladies dressed only in kirtles, with their hair in single braids. It is useless to speak of how quaintly they danced: each one came very prettily toward the other, and when they were close they thrust their mouths forward in such a way that it would have seemed to you that they were kidding each other on the face. They knew well how to move their bodies. I don't know how to describe it to you, but I never would have wanted to move as long as I could see these people bestirring themselves to carol and to dance.

## **DANTE**

*The Divine Comedy, 1347*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

Italian

### SOURCE

Dante Alighieri, *The Divine Comedy: Inferno*, vol. I, translated by Mark Musa. New York: Penguin Books, 1971, pp. 67–69

*Canto I: verses 1–78*

Midway along the journey of our life  
I woke to find myself in a dark wood,  
for I had wandered off from the straight path.

How hard it is to tell what it was like,  
this wood of wilderness, savage and stubborn  
(the thought of it brings back all my old fears),

a bitter place! Death could scarce be bitterer.  
But if I would show the good that came of it  
I must talk about things other than the good.

How I entered there I cannot truly say,  
I had become so sleepy at the moment  
when I first strayed, leaving the path of truth;

but when I found myself at the foot of a hill,  
at the edge of the wood's beginning, down in the valley  
where I first felt my heart plunged deep in fear,

I raised my head and saw the hilltop shawled  
in morning rays of light sent from the planet  
that leads men straight ahead on every road.

And then only did terror start subsiding  
in my heart's lake, which rose to heights of fear  
that night I spent in deepest desperation.

Just as a swimmer, still with panting breath,  
now safe upon the shore, out of the deep,  
might turn for one last look at the dangerous waters,

so I, although my mind was turned to flee,  
turned round to gaze once more upon the pass  
that never let a living soul escape.

I rested my tired body there awhile  
and then began to climb the barren slope  
(I dragged my stronger foot and limped along).

Beyond the point the slope begins to rise  
sprang up a leopard, trim and very swift!  
It was covered by a pelt of many spots.

And, everywhere I looked, the beast was there  
blocking my way, so time and time again  
I was about to turn and go back down.

The hour was early in the morning then,  
the sun was climbing up with those same stars  
that had accompanied it on the world's first day,

the day Divine Love set their beauty turning;  
so the hour and sweet season of creation  
encouraged me to think I could get past

that gaudy beast, wild in its spotted pelt,  
but then good hope gave way and fear returned  
when the figure of a lion loomed up before me,

and he was coming straight toward me, it seemed,  
with head raised high, and furious with hunger—  
the air around him seemed to fear his presence.

And now a she-wolf came, that in her leanness  
seemed racked with every kind of greediness  
(how many people she has brought to grief!).

This last beast brought my spirit down so low  
with fear that seized me at the sight of her,  
I lost all hope of going up the hill.

As a man who, rejoicing in his gains,  
suddenly seeing his gain turn into loss,  
will grieve as he compares his then and now,

so she made me do, that relentless beast;  
coming toward me, slowly, step by step,  
she forced me back to where the sun is mute.

While I was rushing down to that low place,  
my eyes made out a figure coming toward me  
of one grown faint, perhaps from too much silence.

And when I saw him standing in this wasteland,  
'Have pity on my soul,' I cried to him,  
'whichever you are, shade or living man!'

'No longer living man, though once I was,'  
he said, 'and my parents were from Lombardy,  
both of them were Mantuans by birth.

I was born, though somewhat late, *sub Julio*,  
and lived in Rome when good Augustus reigned,  
when still the false and lying gods were worshipped.

I was a poet and sang of that just man,  
son of Anchises, who sailed off from Troy  
after the burning of proud Ilium.

But why retreat to so much misery?  
Why not climb up this blissful mountain here,  
the beginning and the source of all man's joy?

#### SOURCE

Dante Alighieri, *Dante's Purgatory*, translated by Mark Musa.  
Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1981, pp. 1-3

#### *Canto I: verses 1-66*

For better waters, now, the little bark  
of my poetic powers hoists its sails,  
and leaves behind that cruelest of the seas.

And I shall sing about that second realm  
where man's soul goes to purify itself  
and become worthy to ascend to Heaven.

Here let death's poetry arise to life,  
O Muses sacrosanct whose liege I am!  
And let Calliope rise up and play

her sweet accompaniment in the same strain  
that pierced the wretched magpies with the truth  
of unforgivable presumptuousness.

The tender tint of orient sapphire,  
suffusing the still reaches of the sky,  
as far as the horizon deeply clear,

renewed my eyes' delight, now that I found  
myself free of the deathly atmosphere  
that had weighed heavy on my eyes and heart.

The lovely planet kindling love in man  
made all the eastern sky smile with her light,  
veiling the Fish that shimmered in her train.

Then to my right I turned to contemplate  
the other pole, and there saw those four stars  
the first man saw, and no man after him.

The heavens seemed to revel in their flames.  
O widowed Northern Hemisphere, deprived  
forever of the vision of their light!

And when I looked away from those four stars,  
turning a little toward the other pole,  
where no sign of the Wain was visible,

I saw near me an ancient man, alone,  
whose face commanded all the reverence  
that any son could offer to his sire.

Long-flowing was his beard and streaked with white,  
as was his hair, which in two tresses fell  
to rest upon his chest on either side.

The rays of light from those four sacred stars  
struck with such radiance upon his face,  
it was as if the sun were shining there.

'Who are you two who challenged the blind stream  
and have escaped from the eternal prison?'  
he said, moving his venerable locks.

'Who guided you? What served you as a lamp  
to light you way out of the heavy night  
that keeps the pit of Hell forever black?

Are all the laws of God's Abyss destroyed?  
Have new decision now been made in Heaven  
so that, though damned, you come up to my cliff?'

My leader quickly seized me by the arm;  
his words, his touch, the way he looked at me,  
compelled my knees and brow to reverence.

Then he addressed him: 'Not on my behalf  
have I come here; a lady sent from Heaven  
asked me to guide this man along his way.

But since it is your will that we reveal  
this circumstances of our presence here,  
how can my will deny yours what it asks?

This man has not yet seen his final hour,  
although so close to it his folly brought him  
that little time was left to change his ways.

So I was sent to help him, as I said;  
there was no other way to save his soul  
than by my guiding him along this road.

Already I have shown him all the Damned;  
I want to show him now the souls of those  
who purge themselves of guilt in your domain.'

## **BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX**

*Commentaries on the Song of Songs, probably Liesborn, c. 1215*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

Latin

### SOURCE

*The Works of Bernard of Clairvaux: On the Song of Songs I*, vol. 2, translated by Kilian Walsh. Shannon, Ireland: Irish University Press, 1971, pp. 1–8

### Sermon 1: On the Title of the Book

The instructions that I address to you, my brothers, will differ from those I should deliver to people in the world, at least the manner will be different. The preacher who desires to follow St Paul's method of teaching will give them milk to drink rather than solid food, and will serve a more nourishing diet to those who are spiritually enlightened: 'We teach,' he said, 'not in the way philosophy is taught, but in the way that the Spirit teaches us: we teach spiritual things spiritually.' And again: 'We have a wisdom to offer those who have reached maturity,' in whose company, I feel assured, you are to be found, unless in vain have you prolonged your study of divine teaching, mortified your senses, and meditated day and night on God's law. Be ready then to feed on bread rather than milk. Solomon has bread to give that is splendid and delicious, the bread of that book called the Song of Songs. Let us bring it forth then if you please, and break it.

Now, unless I am mistaken, by the grace of God you have understood quite well from the book of Ecclesiastes how to recognize and have done with the false promise of this world. And then the book of Proverbs—has not your life and your conduct been sufficiently amended and enlightened by the doctrine it inculcates? These are two loaves of which it has been your pleasure to taste, loaves you have welcomed as coming from the cupboard of a friend. Now approach for this third loaf that, if possible, you may always recognize what is best. Since there are two evils that comprise the only, or at least the main, enemies of the soul: a misguided love of the world and an excessive love of self, the two books previously mentioned can provide an antidote to each of these infections. One uproots pernicious habits of mind and body with the hoe of self-control. The other, by the use of enlightened reason, quickly perceives a delusive tinge in all that the world holds glorious, truly distinguishing

between it and deeper truth. Moreover, it causes the fear of God and the observance of his commandments to be preferred to all human pursuits and worldly desires. And rightly so, for the former is the beginning of wisdom, the latter its culmination, for there is no true and consummate wisdom other than the avoidance of evil and the doing of good, no one can successfully shun evil without the fear of God, and no work is good without the observance of the commandments.

Taking it then that these two evils have been warded off by the reading of those books, we may suitably proceed with this holy and contemplative discourse which, as the fruits of the other two, may be delivered only to well-prepared ears and minds.

Before the flesh has been tamed and the spirit set free by zeal for truth, before the world's glamour and entanglements have been firmly repudiated, it is a rash enterprise on any man's part to presume to study spiritual doctrines. Just as a light is flashed in vain on closed or sightless eyes, so 'an unspiritual person cannot accept anything of the Spirit of God'. For 'the Holy Spirit of instruction shuns what is false', and that is what the life of the intemperate man is. Nor will he ever have a part with the pretensions of the world, since he is the Spirit of Truth. How can there be harmony between the wisdom that comes down from above and the wisdom of the world, which is foolishness to God, or to the wisdom of the flesh which is at enmity with God? I am sure that the friend who comes to us on his travels will have no reason to murmur against us after he has shared in this third loaf.

But who is going to divide this loaf? The Master of the house is present, it is the Lord you must see in the breaking of the bread. For who else could more fittingly do it? It is a task that I would not dare to arrogate to myself. So look upon me as one from whom you look for nothing. For I myself am one of the seekers, one who begs along with you for the food of my soul, the nourishment of my spirit. Poor and needy, I knock at that door of his which, 'when he opens, nobody can close', that I may find light on the profound mystery to which this discourse leads. Patiently all creatures look to you, O Lord. 'Little children go begging for bread; no one spares a scrap for them'; they await it from your merciful love. O God most kind, break your bread for this hungering flock, through my hands indeed if it should please you, but with an efficacy that is all your own.

Tell us, I beg you, by whom, about whom and to whom it is said: 'Let

him kiss me with the kiss of his mouth.’ How shall I explain so abrupt a beginning, this sudden irruption as from a speech in mid-course? For the words spring upon us as if indicating one speaker to whom another is replying as she demands a kiss—whoever she may be. But if she asks for or demands a kiss from somebody, why does she distinctly and expressly say *with the mouth*, and even with *his own* mouth, as if lovers should kiss by means other than the mouth, or with mouths other than their own? But yet she does not say: ‘Let him kiss me *with his mouth*’; what she says is still more intimate: ‘with the kiss of his mouth.’ How delightful a ploy of speech this, prompted into life by the kiss, with Scripture’s own engaging countenance inspiring the reader and enticing him on, that he may find pleasure even in the laborious pursuit of what lies hidden, with a fascinating theme to sweeten the fatigue of research. Surely this mode of beginning that is not a beginning, this novelty of diction in a book so old, cannot but increase the reader’s attention. It must follow too that this work was composed, not by any human skill but by the artistry of the Spirit, difficult to understand indeed but yet enticing on to investigate.

So now what shall we do? Shall we by-pass the title? No, not even one iota may be omitted, since we are commanded to gather up the tiniest fragments lest they be lost. The title runs: ‘The beginning of Solomon’s Song of Songs’. First of all take note of the appropriateness of the name ‘Peaceful’, that is, Solomon, at the head of a book which opens with the token of peace, with a kiss. Take note too that by this kind of opening only men of peaceful minds, men who can achieve mastery over the turmoil of the passions and the distracting burden of daily chores, are invited to the study of this book.

Again, the title is not simply the word ‘Song’ but ‘Song of Songs’, a detail not without significance. For though I have read many songs in the Scriptures, I cannot recall any that bear such a name. Israel chanted a song to Yahweh celebrating his escape from the sword and the tyranny of Pharaoh, and the twofold good fortune that simultaneously liberated and avenged him in the Red Sea. Yet even though chanted, this has not been called a ‘Song of Songs’; Scripture, if my memory serves me right, introduces it with the words: ‘Israel sang this song in honor of Yahweh’. Song poured from the lips of Deborah, of Judith, of the mother of Samuel, of several of the prophets, yet none of these songs is styled a ‘Song of Songs’. You will find that all of them, as far as I can see, were inspired to song because of favors to themselves or to their people, songs for a victory won, for an escape from danger or the gaining of

a boon long sought. They would not be found ungrateful for the divine beneficence, so all sang for reasons proper to each, in accord with the Psalmist's words: 'He gives thanks to you, O God, for blessing him.' But King Solomon himself, unique as he was in wisdom, renowned above all men, abounding in wealth, secure in his peace, stood in no need of any particular benefit that would have inspired him to sing those songs. Nor does Scripture in any place attribute such a motive to him.

We must conclude then it was a special divine impulse that inspired these songs of his that now celebrate the praises of Christ and his Church, the gift of holy love, the sacrament of endless union with God. Here too are expressed the mounting desires of the soul, its marriage song, an exultation of spirit poured forth in figurative language pregnant with delight. It is no wonder that like Moses he put a veil on his face, equally resplendent as it must have been in this encounter, because in those days few if any could sustain the bright vision of God's glory. Accordingly, because of its excellence, I consider this nuptial song to be well deserving of the title that so remarkably designates it, the Song of Songs, just as he in whose honor it is sung is uniquely proclaimed King of kings and Lord of lords.

Furthermore if you look back on your own experience, is it not in that victory by which your faith overcomes the world, in 'your exit from the horrible pit and out of the slough of the marsh', that you yourselves sing a new song to the Lord for all the marvels he has performed? Again, when he purposed to 'settle your feet on a rock and to direct your steps', then too, I feel certain, a new song was sounding on your lips, a song to our God for his gracious renewal of your life. When you repented he not only forgave your sins but even promised rewards, so that rejoicing in the hope of benefits to come, you sing of the Lord's ways: how great is the glory of the Lord! And when, as happens, texts of Scripture hitherto dark and impenetrable at last become bright with meaning for you, then, in gratitude for this nurturing bread of heaven you must charm the ears of God with a voice of exultation and praise, a festal song. In the daily trials and combats arising from the flesh, the world and the devil, that are never wanting to those who live devout lives in Christ, you learn by what you experience that man's life on earth is a ceaseless warfare, and are impelled to repeat your songs day after day for every victory won. As often as temptation is overcome, an immoral habit brought under control, an impending danger shunned, the trap of the seducer detected, when a passion long indulged is finally and perfectly allayed, or a virtue persistently desired and repeatedly sought is ultimately obtained by

God's gift; so often, in the words of the prophet, let thanksgiving and joy resound. For every benefit conferred, God is to be praised in his gifts. Otherwise when the time of judgment comes, that man will be punished as an ingrate who cannot say to God: 'Your statutes were my song in the land of exile'.

Again I think that your own experience reveals to you the meaning of those psalms, which are called not Songs of Songs but Songs of the Steps, in that each one, at whatever stage of growth he be, in accord with the upward movements of his heart may choose one of these songs to praise and give glory to him who empowers you to advance. I don't know how else these words could be true: 'There are shouts of joy and victory in the tents of the just'. And still more that beautiful and salutary exhortation of the Apostle: 'With psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and chanting to the Lord in your hearts.'

But there is that other song which, by its unique dignity and sweetness, excels all those I have mentioned and any others there might be; hence by every right do I acclaim it as the Song of Songs. It stands at a point where all the others culminate. Only the touch of the Spirit can inspire a song like this, and only personal experience can unfold its meaning. Let those who are versed in the mystery revel in it; let all others burn with desire rather to attain to this experience than merely to learn about it. For it is not a melody that resounds abroad but the very music of the heart, not a trilling on the lips but an inward pulsing of delight, a harmony not of voices but of wills. It is a tune you will not hear in the streets, these notes do not sound where crowds assemble; only the singer hears it and the one to whom he sings—the lover and the beloved. It is preeminently a marriage song telling of chaste souls in loving embrace, of their wills in sweet concord, of the mutual exchange of the heart's affections.

The novices, the immature, those but recently converted from a worldly life, do not normally sing this song or hear it sung. Only the mind disciplined by persevering study, only the man whose efforts have borne fruit under God's inspiration, the man whose years, as it were, make him ripe for marriage—years measured out not in time but in merits—only he is truly prepared for nuptial union with the divine partner, a union we shall describe more fully in due course. But the hour has come when both our rule and the poverty of our state demand that we go out to work. Tomorrow, with God's help, we shall continue to speak about the kiss, because today's discourse on the title sets us free to resume where we had begun.

## Sermon 2: Various Meanings of the Kiss

During my frequent ponderings on the burning desire with which the patriarchs longed for the incarnation of Christ, I am stung with sorrow and shame. Even now I can scarcely restrain my tears, so filled with shame am I by the lukewarmness, the frigid unconcern of these miserable times. For which of us does the consummation of that event fill with as much joy as the mere promise of it inflamed the desires of the holy men of pre-christian times? Very soon now there will be great rejoicing as we celebrate the feast of Christ's birth. But how I wish it were inspired by his birth! All the more therefore do I pray that the intense longing of those men of old, their heartfelt expectation, may be enkindled in me by these words: 'Let him kiss me with the kiss of his mouth'. Many an upright man in those far off times sensed within himself how profuse the graciousness that would be poured upon those lips. And intense desire springing from that perception impelled him to utter: 'Let him kiss me with the kiss of his mouth', hoping with every fiber of his being that he might not be deprived of a share in a pleasure so great.



# FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO TODAY



## NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI

*Letter to Francesco Vettori, Florence, 25 August 1513*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

Italian

### SOURCE

James B. Atkinson and David Sices (eds), *Machiavelli and his Friends: Their Personal Correspondence*. DeKalb, Illinois: Northern Illinois University Press, 1996, pp. 256–257.

To the Magnificent Ambassador Francesco Vettori,  
His Patron, with the Supreme Pontiff

Magnificent Ambassador. Because I know how much you love our Donato del Corno, and he is aware of it too, together we have unhesitatingly decided to give you some trouble in order to see whether through Signor Giuliano as intermediary we can give him some satisfaction by putting Donato's name in the bag, which needs to be done for the scrutiny. You are aware of how much goodwill Donato was entitled to from the said Signor Giuliano in what was needed for him to be able to be eligible—which, to a certain degree, surprised everyone: it must have resulted from the great affection Giuliano bears him or from his very praiseworthy qualities. I know something about these qualities; they are such that you or anyone else could advocate his cause before His Lordship with absolute confidence. And because nothing can be done unless there is an order that his name be put in the bag and then recognized, we think we should inquire into Donato's name being put into the bag now because the *accoppiatori* are in the process of putting people's names in bags. Consequently, Donato writes the enclosed to His Lordship simply reminding him of his opinion—entrusting you with its utterance. So we beseech you to be so good as to hand the enclosed letter over to His Lordship personally and then to beg him to draft an order to one or two of the *accoppiatori* that Donato's name be among the first put in the bag. I specify two so that his will is more clearly understood; but however he writes them, the letter must be explicitly imperative that he wants it so, because you know how finicky those people there are. And if his letter is not enthusiastic, we shall encounter objections and Donato would experience shame and harm. And because Donato trusts Messer Francesco Pepi, you might arrange for one of the two men to whom he writes to be Messer Francesco; you may send Donato the letter so that he may use it to his greatest advantage.

Were I ignorant of your solicitousness and devotion for your friends, I would find it hard to ask you for help, and so would Donato. May it suffice that Donato says he acknowledges that for the most part this good turn comes from you. I am yours to command.

August 25, 1513

Yours, Niccolò Machiavelli, in Florence

**MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI**

*Receipt to Lionardo de Bartolini, Rome, 1519*

ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

Italian

SOURCE

National Library of Australia

I michelagnuolo, son of lodovicho simoni, Florentine sculptor here in Rome, received on this day, the fifth of June, from lionardo de bartolini, also a Florentine, for a portrait of Our Lady which I have undertaken to paint, 100 *ducati di camera* and to certify that this is true I have written this in my own hand 1519.

## ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM

*Letter to Anton Fugger, Freiburg, 22 August 1531*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

Latin

### SOURCE

'Letter 2525' in H.M. Allen and H.W. Garrod (eds), *Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami*, vol. 9, 1530–1532. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1938, pp. 327–328

S.P. Vt vehementer gratum est indies magis ac magis cognoscere singularem animi erga me tui propensionem, ita doleo, nescio quod fatum obstare quo minus tam amabili amico hactenus frui non licuerit. Si de domo tale responsum habuissem, non inuoluisssem me tot miseris curis, licitandi, emendi, extruendi, a quibus mire per omnem vitam abhorruui. Nunc abdidi me in nidum, et commeatum contraxi in hyemem, nec video quomodo nunc possim mutare sedem presertim quum Augustus satis hyemet. Expectanda est noua hirundo. Interim videbimus, quid pariat Cesar, de quo varia feruntur, et quo tendat bellum Heluetiorum, denique quo vergat vestra resp., quam optarim esse quam maxime tranquillam. Nam video statum rerum humanarum periculose nutare. Quod superest, ago gratias pro benignitate quam candidissime offers, non est tamen quod quicquam mea causa demoliaris aut extruas, nisi quid statuerim, perscripsero. Optarim autem nec edibus tuis nec fortunis tuis vlla in re grauis esse.

Bene vale. Friburgi .22. die Augusti, quo die tuas litteras accepi.

Erasmus Rot. mea manu.

Clariss. viro D. Antonio Fuggero. Augustae Vindel.

## **JOHANNES KEPLER**

*Letter to Albrecht von Wallenstein, Sagan, 10 February 1629*

ORIGINAL

Latin

SOURCE

National Library of Australia

Illustrious Prince, most gracious Lord!

Shortly after I had sent my humble petition to Your Highness, my letter was returned by Pieroni telling me Your Highness had requested me to determine the exact time of the approaching great conjunction. This I have done on the following page as accurately as possible using the Rudolphine Tables. Although the tables are based on observations, I would not necessarily vouch for their reliability, given that the observation period has been so short ... and also that I am to respond to the Imperial edict brought to me by Count Michna from the court treasury on the order of Your Excellency detailing all my claims to the court. I should like to add with humble reverence that Your Highness's order was brought to me by Your Chancellor Ilgen von Ilgenau in Gitschin. It has been given by Your Excellency to your paymaster for safekeeping and the order issued to pay it as soon as he comes to Gustrow. And I believe it is still in his hands.

With my respects to Your Excellency  
your most humble servant  
Johann Keplerus Mathematicus.

## **GALILEO GALILEI**

*Letter to Nicolas-Claude Fabri de Peiresc, Arcetri, 16 March 1634*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

Italian

### SOURCE

G. Barbèra (ed.), *Le opere di Galileo Galilei*, vol. 16, Carteggio, 1634–1636. Florence: Barbera, 1966. [fisicamente.net/FISICA/LEOPERE16.htm](http://fisicamente.net/FISICA/LEOPERE16.htm) and National Library of Australia

Ill.mo Sig.re e Pad.n mio Col.mo

Veddi la prima scritta da V. S. Ill.ma all'Em.mo S. Car. Barberino e la risposta di Sua Em.za, sì come per altra mia gliene diedi conto, rendendole quelle grazie che potevo maggiori per sì rilevato favore. Ho di poi veduta la seconda replica, pur piena del medesimo affetto e maggiore ancora, poi che persiste pure col medesimo ardore in battere gagliardamente una rocca non dirò inespugnabile, ma che non si vede dar segno alcuno di ceder alle percosse, ancor che V. S. Ill.ma vadia ritrovando efficacissimi luoghi, atti a muover la pietà e mitigar l'ira. D'un luogo solo dubito (e sia detto con sua pace) che ella non habbia fatto perfetta elezzione, e che nella causa mia non possa haver forza di persuadere, ma più presto sia accomodato a far contrario effetto: e questo è l'esaltarmi sopra molt'altri del nostro secolo per le molte mie nuove invenzioni di grandissime conseguenze, per le quali ella stima che il mio nome possa esser di lunga durata nelle memorie de i posterì. Hor tenga pur per fermo V. S. Ill.ma che questa, dirò, in certo modo da lei stimata singolarità è stata e tuttavia è la principale, anzi la unica e sola, cagione del mio precipizio. L'haver scoperte molte fallacie nelle dottrine già per molti secoli frequentate nelle scuole, e parte di esse comunicate e parte anco da pubblicarsi, ha suscitato negl'animi di quelli che soli vogliono essere stimati sapienti tale sdegno, che, sendo sagacissimi e potenti, hanno saputo e potuto trovar modo di supprimere il trovato e pubblicato e impedir quello che mi restava da mandare alla luce; havendo trovato modo di cavar dal Tribunale Supremo ordine rigorosissimo ai Padri Inquisitori di non licenziare nissuna dell'opere mie: ordine, dico, generalissimo, che comprende *omnia edita et edenda*. Di questo vengo accertato da Venezia da un amico mio, che era andato per la licenza all'Inquisitore di ristampare un mio trattatello che mandai fuori 20 anni fa intorno alle cose che galleggiano nell'acqua, il che gli fu negato, e mostrato 'l detto ordine; ordine che per ancora a me

non è pervenuto, e però è bene che io non mostri saperlo per non mi progiudicare anche fuor d'Italia. A me convien dunque, Ill.mo Sig.re, non solo tacere alle opposizioni in materia di scienze, ma, quello che più mi grava, succumbere agli scherni, alle mordacità et all'ingiurie de' miei oppositori, che pur non sono in piccol numero. Ma siano quanti si vogliano i miei infortunii, non saranno mai tanti nè tali che mi possano arrecar tanta afflizione, che molto maggiore non sia il contento che ho provato nel potermi, lor mercè, assicurare del singolare affetto da V. S. Ill.ma con indubitabil dimostraz ... manifestatomi. Io resto confuso per non saper trovar parole per render grazie proporzionate al desiderio et all'obbligo che gli tengo; e solo in questo mi consolo, che sapendo V. S. Ill.ma impiegar grandissimi benefizii in chi non ha appresso di lei merito alcuno, saprà ancora appagarsi di quei ringraziamenti che da roza et inesperta penna non possono uscir se non mal puliti et inornati: ma così languidi e freddi, sia certa che vengon da un cuore sincero et ardente di desiderio di potergli con qualche segno mostrare quanto io gradisco i suoi favori e quanto riconosco gl'obblighi miei infiniti. E con reverentissimo affetto gli bacio le mani e gli prego da Dio il colmo di felicità.

Dalla villa d'Arcetri, li 16 di Marzo 1634 ab Inc.ne  
Di V.S. Ill.ma  
Devot.mo et Obblig.mo Ser.re

Galileo Galilei.

I have discovered many mistakes in the doctrine (taught) for many centuries in the schools, and parts of these discoveries have been already published and parts have yet to be published, have aroused in the souls of those who desire to be seen as wise such scorn, who, feeling themselves most wise and powerful, have known and have been able to find a way to suppress what I have discovered and published and prevent the publication of what I have yet to bring to light; having found the means of drawing out from the Highest tribunal the most rigorous order to the Fathers of the Inquisition to not license any of my works: orders, I say, very generally, that cover *omnia edita et edenda* (all my published and yet to be published work).

## RENÉ DESCARTES

*Letter to Marin Mersenne, Paris, c. September 1647*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

French

### SOURCE

Charles Adam and Paul Tannery (eds), *Oeuvres de Descartes: Correspondance*, vol. 5, May 1647 to February 1650. Paris: Librairie Philosophique J. Vrin, 1974, pp. 74–79

In the margin

Voyez la figure en l'autre feuillet.

Mon Reund Pere,

l'ay vu ce que Galilée a escrit en la page 114 de son liure des mouuemens, & aussy ce que Mons. le Tenneur vous en a mandé; mais, pour ce que vous y trouuez encore de la difficulté, ie diray icy en quelle sorte il me semble que la pensée de Galilée se peut expliquer. Premièrement, au lieu d'un leuier ordinaire, qui est tout droit, i'en considere vn comme E B C dont le soutien est au point B & les deux bras sont E B & B C qui font vn angle droit, & ie voy que sa force est semblable a celle du leuier droit en ce que la puissance qui est en C doit estre a celle qui st en E comme la ligne E B a la ligne B C, affin que ces deux puissances soient égales; & cela est très facile a prouuer. Apres cela, ie compare avec les deux bras de ce leuier les deux lignes E B & B C du cheuron A C qui est joint a la muraille H G, supposant que le point E est le milieu de la ligne A B. Pour calculer plus facilement la force dont ce cheuron est ioint a cette muraille, ie suppose que, par exemple, elle consiste en ce qu'il y a de petites chordes qui sortent de tous les poins de la ligne A B, & passent au trauers de cette muraille H G, comme sont A1, F2, E3, D4, B5, & qu'au bout de toutes ces chordes il pend des poids egaux, par exemple, qu'au bout de chascune il pend vn poids de 4 liures, & ainsy que tous ces poids retienent tous les poins du cheuron A B également ioins a la muraille H G. En suite de quoy, ie voy que, si B C est, par exemple, quadruple de A B, la puissance en C ne doit estre que d'une liure pour égaler celle des deux poids 1 & 5 qui pelent ensemble 8 liures, pour ce que le poids 5, ne retenant que le point B ou est le soutien, n'y peut auoir aucune force. le voy aussy que, les poins F & D estant également distans du milieu E, les poids, de 4 liures chascun, qui les retienent ne resistent ny plus ny moins a la puissance qui est en C

que font les poids qui retiennent les deux poins A & B; car, si B F est, par exemple,  $\frac{3}{4}$  de la toute A B, il faudra en C vn poids de trois quarterons pour soutenir celuy de 4 liures qui est en F, & alors B D ne fera qu'un quart d'A B. C'est pourquoy vn quarteron en C soutiendra le poids de 4 liures qui est en D; & ce quarteron, ioint aux autres trois quarterons, fait vne liure, laquelle soutient les 8 liures des poids 2 & 4. On peut prouuer le mesme de tous les autres poins de la ligne A B, considerez deux a deux, également distans du milieu E. D ou il fuit que les resistances de tous les poins de la ligne A B ont ensemble mesme effet, au regard de la puissance qui est en C, que si elles estoient toutes assemblées au point E qui fuit le bout d'un leuier dont le moindre bras suit E B, & B C le plus grand; & que, par consequent, la force mise en C est a la resistance de toute la ligne A B comme E B est a B C, ainsy qu'a escrit Galilée a la fin de sa 114 page.

Mais on voit aysement de cecy qu'il n'a pas bien expliqué son intention, & aussy que Mons le Tenneur y a laissé de l'obscurité, en ce qu'il a separé le soutien d'avec ce qu'il nomme le point de balancement, & met l'un au point B, l'autre au point E, bien que ces deux poins soyent ioins dans le leuier.

On peut aussy voir icy, euidemment, que toute cete proposition de Galilée est très fausse, a cause que, pour la rendre vraye, il faudroit que le point B de la muraille eust tout seul autant ou plus de force a resister que tous les autres de la ligne A B ioins ensemble, & que toutes les parties du cheuron qui sont vers B en l'angle A B C fussent si dures qu'elles ne le peussent rompre ni s'enfoncer dans la muraille en aucune façon, pendant que le point A & en suite la ligne ou superficie AB du cheuron seroit separée de la muraille par la force qui est en C, au lieu que la raison veut que le cheuron, se rompant vers A, se rompe aussy vers B, & que sa partie B s'approche quelque peu de la muraille, lorsque sa partie A s'en éloigne; au moyen de quoy, la force mise en C ne doit pas estre si grande qu'a dit Galilée.

## **ANTONIE VAN LEEUWENHOEK**

*Letter to Constantijn Huygens, Delft, 26 December 1674*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

Dutch

### SOURCE

G. van Rijnberk et al., *Alle de brieven van Antoni van Leeuwenhoek*, vol. 1. Amsterdam: Swets & Zeitlinger, 1939, p. 207

Delft the 26th of December 1674

Mr. C. HUIJGENS VAN  
ZUIJLICHEM.

Sir,

Having noticed that you have often paid close attention to my slight observations and considerations, whether spoken or written, I take the liberty to send you extracts from two separate letters forwarded by me to the Royal Society, dealing with the optic nerve and the nerves of the wide-spread sixth pair, concerning which I am told scientists have quarrelled thus far. I add a copy of these as I saw them through my microscope, drawn by my order. Judge my demonstrations leniently and please to remember who I am. Recently I have been occupied in observing the salt of as many plants as I can lay my hands upon. I intend to observe the parts which are in waters, wines, etc., having, I imagine, found certain means to do so, but the damp and wet weather did not allow me to continue this.

With my greetings I remain,  
Your very obedient servant,  
ANTONJ LEEUWENHOECK

**ISAAC NEWTON**

*Letter to the Comte de Briançon, London, 6 June 1706*

ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

English

SOURCE

National Library of Australia

Jermin Street. 6th June 1706.

Sr

I was this morning at yor Lodgings to acquaint you that yesterday there was a full meeting of the Royal Society & I did my self the honour to procure you & the Marquiss de Guiscard to be elected members of the Society. And if you please upon any Wednesday to see one of their meetings I will wait upon you thither. I am

Sr

Yor most humble  
& most obedient servant  
Is. Newton

## **FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET VOLTAIRE**

*Letter to Frederick II, Colmar, 3 May 1754*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

French

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

*In the hand of an amanuensis*

Colmar, 3 May 1754

During the illnesses that have tormented me for a long time, and which render me astonished to live, all that I desire before dying, is that his Majesty the king of Prussia be told that I held for him just until the last moment the respectful sentiments that attach me to him when he warned me with such kindness.

The cruel enemy which took me away from him, does not alter my way of thinking. As soon as he arrived in Paris, a miserable pamphlet was printed in which the details of the kitchen of the King are entered into and in which he speaks of the Royal Family with the most contemptible if not the most punishable indecency. This impertinent pamphlet was already widely circulated in the middle of the year 1752. Twenty people can give testimony of it and Monsieur the Marquis of Valori previously Envoy to His Majesty the King of Prussia is ready to give evidence that he saw this infamous pamphlet in 1752.

Meanwhile, my enemy who wants to ruin me, accuses me of having done it to avenge myself for what my niece and I suffered in Frankfurt; and he is the only person in Europe who pretends to believe this calumny.

Furthermore, it is public knowledge that in going to France and passing through Cassel he stayed there for four days under the name of Morel; there he had printed a libel at the Etienne bookseller's; that he sent it to his Serene Highness Monseigneur the Duke of Saxe Gotha to remove me from his protection.

I flatter myself that his Majesty told of my innocence will render at least justice to the sentiments of my heart.

*In Voltaire's hand*

I dare to be sure that neither their majesties the Queens nor His Royal Highness Monseigneur the Prince of Prussia will listen to such a ridiculous defamation. Voltaire

## JOHANN REINHOLD FORSTER

*Journal of a Voyage on Board His Majesties Ship Resolution, Captain Cook  
Commander (1772-1775)*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

English

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

*Folios 32r-33r*

About Sunset a great shoal of Large Fish like Porpesses passed the Ship and frisked about it, one of which

South-Sea          October.          y.e 9.th          1774

was struck, with a Harpoon & and two boats being hoisted out, it was shot & killed by 5 musket balls,. & then brought on board, where I found after Examination that it was the Dolphin of the Ancients or Delphinus Delphis Linn. Willoughby's Drawing is upon the whole tolerable. The Fish was 6 Foot long. Its shape is strait and conic; The Tail compressed on both Sides & inated above and below. The Head goes down rounding & then runs out in a flattish pointed beak. The Eyes are small & lateral. The Airhole between the Eyes is semilunar. The subject was a Female & had its Genitals in a slit before the Anus. The back is dark blueish grey or steel-grey, the belly white, a white band or stripe goes across the beak: a white spot is on the Dorsal Fin, which is high triangular & falcated behind. The Tail flat (plagiura) horizontal, lunated & in the middle emarginated. The Carina of the fleshy part of the Tail runs out to its very Extremity. Its teeth are sharp & numerous, in the Upper Jaw are 88 & in the lower-one 88, but they sit deep in the Jaws; the Breasts are on both Sides of the Slit conducting to the Genitals, each in a peculiar Cavity, with a Nipple of the Size of a large Pea, & when cut. The Breasts were full of Milk. Behind & a little above the Eye is a little hole, which probably leads to the Ear. The Heart had two Ventricles & two Auricles, but the Foramen ovale was shut. The Pectoral-Fins are lanceolated.

The next morning the Fish was cut up, skinned & distributed among several Messes, as far as it would reach; & I must confess, though it was something dry, it was however very good. The Meat was rather black, but not in the least Fishy, for all the Fat part was cut off. The Thermometer

63 1/3°, in my Cabin 66 1/2°.

October y<sup>e</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> The breeze fresh, the Sea smooth. In the morning

ff.52r-53r

We observed Albatrosses, black Shearwaters,

South-Sea

November.

y.e 11.th

1774

diving Petrels, & next morning a Port Egmont Hen (Larus catarractes). The Wind fell over night & became southerly, which hinders us to go to S.E. Thermometer 58½, in my Cabin 66.

November y<sup>e</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> We were becalmed; towards night a gentle breeze sprung up. We saw Cape Palliser & the Snowy Mountains of the Southern Isle. In the night the breeze mended & in the morning we went at the rate of 5 Knots an hour. We saw Albatrosses, small blue Petrels, N. Holland & black Shearwaters & before breakfast an animal of the Cetaceous kind about 10 or 12 yards long, a pointed head but blunt at the Extremity, with two deep longitudinal furrows & on each side two upstanding high ridges, all mottled over with white sports, small Eyes, two semilunar Spouting holes & two lateral fins but nine on the back, the tail horizontal: all the animal black white a few whites spots: the body bellied out beyond the head. The Thermometer at 59°, in my Cabin 65°.

November y<sup>e</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> The greens we have brought off from N.Z. & which we eat cause to me & my Son a Looseness in the night, & I begin to feel rheumatic pains in my Legs. We had very little or no wind. During night the breeze sprung up. In the morning there was an appearance of land on our starboard bow, we hauled up for it, but found it to be a bank of clouds & fog. About 7 bells A.M. a Seal; was seen, several Albatrosses, Port Egmont Hens, black & N. Holland Shearwaters & small blue Petrels of all kinds were observed together with Pintadas. The Thermometer at 54½° in my Cabin 62°.

November y<sup>e</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> The bank of clouds was at last dissolved in a Fog, which grew very thick & fell very moist on cloths

## **JAMES COOK**

*Report to the Commissioners of the Navy, London, 2 January 1776*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

English

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

2 Jan<sup>y</sup> 1776

Cap<sup>t</sup>: Cooks

Report of two Ships proper  
to accompany the  
Resolution

*In a different hand*

Rd 2<sup>d</sup> Jany

W<sup>d</sup>-

*In Cook's hand*

Hon:<sup>ble</sup> Gentlemen,

I have looked over the Brig Diligence, a Transport at Deptford 298 85/94 Tons Burthen; she was built at Whitby about 14 Months ago; she is a very roomy ship, hath a great height betwixt Decks and is in my opinion the properest Vessel to accompany the Resolution of any I have yet seen, and will require the least work to prepare her for the Voyage—

I also looked at the Prescilla, a new Brig built at Sheids of about two hundred and seventy Tons Burthen, this is also a roomy vessel and hath a sufficient height betwixt decks, tho not so much as the other. The only fault which appears in this Vessel is her being too short for her breadth; having 27 feet beam and but 77 feet keel—I am—

Gentlemen

Your Most humble Servt

James Cook

Jan<sup>ry</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup>: 1776

Comissrs of the Navy—

*Folio 2v*

*At an angle, in a different hand*

Depf<sup>d</sup>

... with what

Cap<sup>n</sup> Cook represents

respecting the Brig

Diligence and desire

him to report to us if this

is a fit Ship to proceed to

remote parts or if She requires

any alteration sending us as Estimate

of the Ex<sup>pense</sup> of such alterations, together

with his opinion of the Value of the Hull

of the Ship

## **JAMES WATT**

*Letter accompanying a patent application to 'the Kings Most Excellent Majesty', Birmingham, 1785*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

English

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

*Folio 3r*

To the Kings Most Excellent Majesty

The Humble Petition of James Watt of—  
Birmingham in the County of Warwick—  
Engineer

Sheweth

That your Majesty's Petitioner hath after much Labour and Expen<sup>ce</sup> (sic) invented, certain newly improved Methods of constructing Furnaces or Fire places for heating Boiling or Evaporating of Water & other Liquids / Which are applicable to Steam Engines and other purposes / and also for heating, melting and Smelting of Metals & their Ores; whereby greater effects are produced from the Fuel, and the smoke is in a great measure prevented <sup>^or consumed</sup>. Which Your Petitioner apprehends will prove to be of Great public Utility. And in regard that Your Petitioner is the first and true Inventor thereof and that the same hath not been used or practiced by any ~ other person or persons to the knowledge or Belief of Your Petitioner.

Your Petitioner therefore most humbly Prays Your Majesty to grant unto him, his Ex:<sup>tors</sup>, Administrators & assigns Your Majesty's Royal Letters Patent under the Great Seal of Great Britain, for the sole Benefit and ~~ advantage of his said invention, within that part of Great Britain called England, your Dominion of Wales & Town of Berwick upon Tweed for the term of 14 years according to the Statute in that case made and provided and Your Petitioner Shall ever Pray &c

James Watt

*Folio 3v*  
*In another hand*

Whitehall 30<sup>th</sup> April 1785.

Hi Majesty is graciously pleased to refer this Petition to M<sup>r</sup> Attorney or Mr Solicitor General, to consider thereof and Report his opinion what may be properly done therein, whereupon His Majesty will declare his further Pleasure.

*Signed in a different hand*  
Sydney

## IMMANUEL KANT

*Letter to Dietrich Ludwig Gustav Karsten, Königsberg, 16 March 1795*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

[korpora.org/kant/briefe/654b.html](http://korpora.org/kant/briefe/654b.html)

An Dietrich Ludwig Gustav Karsten

16. März 1795.

Wohlgebohrner Hochzuverehrender Herr Bergrath. Mit einem Schreiben von Ew. Wohlgeb. beehrt zu werden, dadurch mit Ihnen in einige Bekanndschaft zu kommen, um vielleicht gelegentlich die ausgebreitete Kentnisse in Ihrem Fache der Wissenschaften, die doch alle vermitteltst der Philosophie in Verwandtschaft stehen, zu benutzen, ist mir sehr angenehm gewesen: so unangenehm mir auch die Ursache ist, welche dieses veranlaßt hat.

Ich habe wirklich, etwa im Jahre 1790, vom Herrn Grafen v. Windischgrätz eine Menge Kleiner Schrifften erhalten z. B. *Histoire metaphysique de l'Organisation animale*, 2 Theile die ich vor mir liegen habe, vornehmlich eine auf Politik und Grundsätze der bürgerlichen Constitution bezogene, sehr gründliche und (was ich mich wohl erinnere, weil es auf mich besonderen Eindruck gemacht hat,) gleichsam aus einer Divinationsgabe geflossene Schrifft: 'von dem, was die Regenten zu thun haben, wenn sie nicht wollen, daß es das Volk selber thue' die einige Jahre vor dem wirklichen Eräugnis des Letzteren herausgegeben war, die ich aber jetzt (so wie die zwey ersten Theile der *Histoire metaphysique de l'Organisation animale*) wegen einer gewissen Unordnung darin mein sonst nicht großer Büchervorrath gerathen ist, nicht vorfinden kann, um sie zu spezifizieren.

Ob ich dem Herren Grafen dieserhalb meinen Dank schriftlich abgestattet habe, kann ich mich nicht mit Gewißheit erinnern, wohl aber, daß ich durch meinen Verleger, dem Buchhändler Delagarde in Berlin, meine damals herausgegebene Schrifft. 'Critik der Urtheilskraft' von der Leipziger Messe aus an hochgedachten Hrn. Grafen zu übermachen aufgetragen habe.

Nun bitte ich ergebenst den Hrn Delagarde, einen sonst zuverlässigen und wohldenkenden Mann, zu befragen: wie es zugegangen, daß jene Bestellung ihren Zweck nicht erreicht hat, die Antwort desselben dem Hrn. Grafen bekannt zu machen, wie auch denselben in meinem Nahmen um Verzeihung zu bitten, wegen meiner nicht aus Fahrlässigkeit unterlassenen Erwiederung der mir bezeigten Aufmerksamkeit, sondern aus einem, wegen einander drängender Beschäftigungen, oft schwer zu vermeidenden und so zufälligerweise bis zum Vergessen hinausgehenden Aufschub, dessen Schuld mein ziemlich hoch angewachsenes Alter auch zum Theil mag tragen helfen.

Was Ew. Wohlgeb. betrifft, so bin ich nicht so tief in Metaphysik versunken, daß ich nicht an Ihrer glücklichen Erweiterung der Wissenschaften im Felde der Erfahrung, so fern diese Stufen des Aufsteigens zur Philosophie legt, wenigstens als Dilettante, Antheil nehmen sollte: zumal die Reformation unserer Begriffe in der Archäologie der Natur von dem praktischen Bergkundigen, der zugleich Philosoph ist, vorzüglich erwartet werden muß.

Mit der vollkommensten Hochachtung bin ich jederzeit

Ew. Wohlgeboren

Königsberg  
d. 16. Mart. 1795.

ergebenster treuer Diener  
I. Kant.

## ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT

*Drawing of a Small Cacajao monkey, Simia melanocephala (Cacajao melanocephalus), with description, South America, 1800*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGES

French with Latin descriptions. Only the French has been translated.

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

#### *Folio 2r*

Cacajao Monkey of the Rio Negro and Caliquiare, little known within the Missions. The head of a child, a flattened oval ...The nose squashed, the mouth very big ... The palm of the hands very black ... The spine of the back is hunched. The face is ridiculous; the physiognomy of an old Negro, very greedy, not very curious, eating with two hands in a very messy way doing it very badly with its immense fingers that resemble the legs of a spider. Measuring: vertex (peak of the head) to the soles of his feet extended, 17 inches. Height of the head 2 inches length from the occiput (back of the head) to the nose 3.3 inches. The anterior extremities from the armpit to the tips of the fingers 9 inches. The hand only 2 inches. The feet three inches. The tail 3 inches. I assert that the monkey becomes 2 inches longer. Lives ... well on the trees, eats all fruit, lemons, principally the vegetation of Guana. We took care of it during the entire navigation from San Francisco Solano where we bought it to Carichana. The beach, the sunstroke at Maypure, some falls caused by the teasing of the Titi (another monkey *Titis Simia Sciurea*) and clumsiness of the Cacajao, an indigestion caused by the Papayas could have been the cause of his death.

TK May 1800  
at Carichana

#### *Folio 2v*

Certainly a species that the Syrt de Linné ed. Guelin does not mention. The ... are black, very long above the eyes in the guise of the eyebrows. The neck and the scruff of the neck almost without hair. The Caridaqueres or Caruiri the Marativitans name it Cacajao.

When it loses its temper it opens its mouth and screams with laughter.

*Folio 1r*

*Text to the right of drawing*

black head

ear nearly human

face bare

Body brown yellow ...

hair very long

chest and stomach more hairy.

brown tail, black at the tip

hands and feet black

convex nails.

## **NAPOLEON BONAPARTE**

*Letter to Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, Prince de Bénévent,  
Auma, 12 October 1806*

ORIGINAL

French

SOURCE

National Library of Australia

*In the hand of an amanuensis*

Monsieur, the Prince of Bénévent, I send you the medals of the Prince of Prussia. I've attached the letters which were found on him. I have only read them very briefly. Read them with care. See with Mr Laforest if you understand anything in them. Send back M. de Knobelsdorf in exchange against M. de Laforet. Things here are going exactly as I had anticipated for the last months in Paris, step by step, nearly event by event, I have been mistaken in nothing. I am not taken in by the neutrality of Hesse; I am astonished that you are, after that which you have seen of my movements and the retreat of the Prussian Army. Interesting things will come to pass within two or three days; but all appears to confirm my opinion that the Prussians have almost no chance. Their generals are great imbeciles. One can't conceive how the Duke of Brunswick, to whom one grants has skill, directs the operations of this army in such a ridiculous manner. Dresden is entirely exposed.

*In Napoleon's hand*

If I wanted to go to Berlin, I would be 10 days ahead of the army but I seek them to beat them first.

Napoleon

P.S. If you judge that these letters are capable of being printed, do put them in Le Moniteur and keep the originals for External Relations

## GEORG WILHELM FRIEDRICH HEGEL

*Letter to Friedrich von Raumer, 2 August 1816*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Clark Butler and Christiane Seiler (trans.), *Hegel, the Letters*.

Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1984, pp. 338–341

The occasion of our conversation, dear sir, moves me now to take the liberty of setting forth my thoughts on the teaching of *philosophy at universities*. I must really ask for your indulgence regarding the form as well, and must request that you not ask for more detailed development and coherence than is possible to give in a hasty letter, which should reach you while you are still in our vicinity.

I begin immediately by asking how this subject could come up for discussion at all? For it may otherwise seem a very simple matter: what is true of the teaching of other sciences must also be true of philosophy. I do not wish in this regard to dwell on the demand that the teaching of philosophy, too, unite clarity with both depth and appropriate elaboration; that it share with the teaching of other sciences in a university the fate of being treated in a fixed time period, as a rule six months; that the science taught must accordingly be expanded or condensed, and so on. The particular sort of embarrassment presently observed in the teaching of philosophy surely has its source in the new direction this science has taken, giving rise to the current situation in which its former scientific development and the special sciences into which its subject matter was divided have become more or less antiquated in form and content. Yet the idea of philosophy which has taken their place still finds itself without scientific development, and the subject matter of the special sciences has been transformed and integrated with this new idea only incompletely or not at all. That is why we see *scientific form* in sciences *without interest*, and elsewhere *interest* without *scientific form*.

Thus on the average what we still see taught in universities and writings are a few of the old sciences: logic, empirical psychology, natural law, perhaps even ethics. For *metaphysics* has disappeared even for those who still hold on otherwise to older ways, just like German constitutional law for the law faculty. If, however, the other sciences of

which metaphysics used to consist are not missed so very much, at the very least *natural theology* must be missed, the object of which was the rational knowledge of God. As for those sciences which are still retained, in particular logic, it almost seems that only tradition and regard for the formal utility of training the understanding are still maintained. For the content as well as the form of these and other sciences contrasts all too sharply with the idea of philosophy to which interest has turned—as also with the manner of philosophizing adopted along with it—for these sciences still to give any real satisfaction. When the young begin the study of the sciences they have already been touched if only by the uncertain rumor of other ideas and methods, so that they approach this study without the requisite preconceived idea of their authority and importance. Thus they do not easily find in such study the ‘something’ they have been led to expect.

Once this contrast has imposed itself, I should like to say, even the teaching of these sciences is no longer conducted with its former ease and total confidence. An insecurity or irritability results which does not help provide access to or credit to such teaching.

On the other hand, the new idea has not yet satisfied the requirement of fashioning the vast field of objects belonging to philosophy into a whole organized in and through the parts. The requirement of determinate cognitions and the truth acknowledged elsewhere that the whole can truly be grasped only when one works through the parts have been not only evaded but cast aside with the claim that *determinateness* and *manifoldness in knowledge* are *superfluous* to the idea and indeed even *contrary* or *inferior* to it. According to such a view, philosophy is as compendious as was medicine, or at least as therapy in the era of (John) Brown’s system, which held that the study of therapy could be completed in half an hour. In Munich, meanwhile, you have perhaps made the personal acquaintance of a philosopher adept in this *intensive* method. From time to time Franz Baader (Chapter 21) publishes one or two sheets which are supposed to contain the entire essence of all philosophy, or of one of the special sciences which make it up. One who allows himself to publish merely in this way has the further advantage of being thought by the public to be even a master in the development of such general thoughts. But while Friedrich Schlegel was still in Jena I myself witnessed his debut with his lectures on transcendental philosophy (winter semester 1800–1801). He finished his course in six weeks, not to the satisfaction of his audience, which had expected and paid for a six-month course. We have seen a greater extension given

to general ideas by the aid of *fantasy*, which, both brilliantly and dimly, has served up a mixture of the high and low, near and far, often with deeper meaning and just as often in an entirely superficial way; and which used in particular for this purpose those regions of nature and spirit which are in themselves dim and arbitrary. An opposite path to greater expanse is the *critical* and *skeptical* path which possesses in material present at hand the element enabling it to proceed, but which incidentally arrives at nothing but the unpleasantness and boredom of negative results. If this path perchance also serves to exercise cleverness, if moreover the employment of fantasy might have the effect of a temporary fermentation of the mind, if perchance it might also awaken what is called *edification* and light up the general idea itself in a few, nevertheless neither procedure achieves what is to be achieved, and what constitutes *the study of science*.

Youth, at the outset of the new philosophy, at first found it agreeable to be able to polish off the study of philosophy and even the sciences in general by means of a few universal formulas that were supposed to contain all. But, confronted with the demands of the state and of scientific education otherwise, the consequences of this view—*lack of knowledge, ignorance*, as much in *philosophical concepts* as in the *specialized vocational disciplines*—met with too serious a contradiction and practical repudiation for this presumptuousness not to have fallen out of credit. Just as its inner necessity demands that philosophy be developed scientifically and in its diverse parts, to me this equally seems the standpoint adapted to the times. A return cannot be made to the sciences of which philosophy once consisted. But neither can the mass of concepts and the content which they encompassed be purely and simply ignored. The new form of the idea also demands its rights, and for this reason the old material must undergo a transformation adapted to the current standpoint in philosophy. I can only, it is true, consider this view of what the times call for to be a subjective judgment, just as I must initially consider as subjective the direction I took in my elaboration of philosophy through early assigning myself that goal. I have just completed the publication of my works on logic and must now wait to see how the public will receive this approach.

I believe, however, I am able to accept this much as correct: namely, that philosophy instruction in the universities can accomplish what it ought—an *acquisition of definite knowledge*—only if it adopts a *definite methodical procedure*, encompassing and *ordering detail*. In this form alone can this science be *learned* like any other science. Even if the teacher may

avoid the word, he must nonetheless be conscious that it is first and essentially this that is in question. It has become the prejudice not only of philosophical study but also—and indeed even more extensively—of pedagogy that *thinking for oneself* is to be developed and practiced in the first place as if the *subject matter were of no importance*, and in the second place as if *learning were opposed to thinking for oneself*. For in fact thinking can only exercise itself on material that is neither a creation or assemblage of fantasy nor a sensory or intellectual intuition, but a *thought*. Further, a thought can only be learned through being *itself thought*. According to a common error, a thought bears the stamp of having been thought by oneself only by diverging from the thoughts of other people. Here the well-known saying that what is new is not true, and what is true is not new, customarily finds its application. Moreover, the mania leading *everyone* to want *to have his own system* originates from this error. The more absurd and insane a brainstorm, the more it is held to be original and excellent, precisely because it thereby most clearly demonstrates one's peculiarity and divergence from the thought of others.

Philosophy more precisely acquires the capacity to be learned by virtue of its definiteness, insofar as only thereby does it become *intelligible*, *communicable*, and *capable* of becoming *common property*. Just as, on the one hand, it requires special study and is not automatically common property merely because everyone generally possesses reason, so its universal communicability takes away the appearance it had, in more recent times as in other times, of being an *idiosyncrasy* of a few transcendent brains. And, in conformity with its true position (in relation) to *philology*—the *first propaedeutic science* for a profession—philosophy becomes the *second* such science. In this connection, it is still possible for a few individuals to remain stuck at this *second stage*, but at least not for the reason that quite a few, because they had otherwise learned *nothing proper*, became philosophers. Moreover, that danger is no longer as great as I have just indicated, and in any case it would seem less than the danger of being stuck right off at *philology*, the first stage. In itself a scientifically developed philosophy already does justice to definite thinking and thorough knowledge. The *content* of such a philosophy—i.e., what is universal in spiritual and natural conditions—immediately *leads by itself to the positive sciences* which manifest it in concrete form, in its further development and application, to such an extent that conversely their study proves necessary for a thorough penetration of philosophy. On the other hand, the study of philology, once one has gotten into matters of detail that should essentially remain only a

means, has something so isolated and strange about it that it has only slight connection and few points of passage leading to a science and profession in touch with what is actual.

As a propaedeutic science, philosophy must especially accomplish the formal cultivation and exercise of thinking. It can do this only by totally removing itself from the realm of fantasy through a definiteness of concepts and consistent methodical procedure. Philosophy is necessarily able to provide such exercise to a greater degree than mathematics because, unlike mathematics, it lacks sensory content.

I mentioned above the *edification* frequently expected of philosophers. In my opinion, even as taught to the young, philosophy must never be *edifying*. But it must satisfy a related need which I still wish to touch upon briefly: as much as more recent times have again called forth a tendency toward solid substance, higher ideas, and religion, so much the less—and indeed less than ever—does the form of feeling, imagination, and confused concepts suffice for it. The occupation of philosophy must be to justify what is of substantial value to insight, to express and conceive it in definite thoughts, and thus to preserve it from obscure byways. In view of this as well as of the content of philosophy, I simply wish to indicate the following singular phenomenon: a philosopher, like anyone else, treats within one and the same science a few more or less or otherwise diverse sciences. The subject matter—the spiritual and natural world—is always the same, and thus philosophy breaks down into the same special sciences. Presumably such diversity must above all be attributed to a confusion that does not permit attainment of definite concepts and fixed distinctions. Embarrassment may also contribute its part when one must teach the old logic alongside the latest transcendental philosophy, and natural theology alongside sceptical metaphysics. I already indicated that the old subject matter surely needs transformation to be completed, and cannot simply be set aside. The sciences between which philosophy must be divided are otherwise sufficiently determined: the totally abstract universal belongs to logic, along with everything formerly included in metaphysics. The concrete (universal) divides into *natural philosophy*, which gives only part of the whole, and the *philosophy of spirit*, which comprises—beyond psychology along with anthropology and the teaching of law (*Recht*) and duties—aesthetics and the philosophy of religion. To this is still to be added the history of philosophy. Whatever differences might occur in matters of principle, the very nature of the object considered entails a division into the above-mentioned sciences as well as their inevitable treatment.

As to external arrangements in support of lecturing—for example, discussion sessions (*Konversatorien*)—I refrain from adding anything, since I see with dismay how long-winded I have already become, and how much I have drawn on your indulgence. I only add my best wishes for the continuation of your trip (to Italy) and the assurance of my highest esteem and entire devotion. Hegel

## **LOUIS-JACQUES-MANDÉ DAGUERRE**

*Letter to Isidore Niépce, 9 September 1839*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

French

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

My dear Isidore,

It is true that without having said anything specific to M. de Reims, I gave him to understand that I would be very happy for my part with 100,000. I encourage you, moreover, to accept 200,000 on behalf of the two of us, that our ideal, as well if it finishes like this, may on the other hand, become very bad soon; because I know that on some sides people are working to transport some machines to England. As for the 50,000 that you deem appropriate to ask for, I leave you entirely free to raise our expectations to that point, free to decrease (the asking price) if it is necessary.

Receive the assurance of my (respectful) sentiments.

If I see Mr de Reims before you I will tell him exactly what I write to you here.

**JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE**

*Poem for the painter Samuel Roesel, 28 August 1827*

ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

SOURCE

National Library of Australia

Poem for a Painter

Roesel's brush, Roesel's pen  
We should crown with laurels

For he restores to us such space and time  
Reclaims for us the distant, the long gone  
Lays all before us now  
From his father's fountain  
To the abandoned gateway to the Brocken

Roesel's brush, Roesel's pen  
Henceforth the sun shall shine  
With such artistry did he combine  
Goodness, beauty, sheer abundance

Goethe

Am 28 Aug  
1827

**JACOB GRIMM**

*Letter to Xavier Marmier, Göttingen, 18 January 1837*

## ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

## SOURCE

National Library of Australia

With your far too favourable review of my books you have shamed me before a much larger circle of readers than should actually be the case. I am acutely aware of that which afflicts my work as well as what your countrymen must feel upon reading it. In Germany we strive to achieve only modest results and often apply ourselves to our work for the sake of the work itself. The results must thus appear rather unfinished in most cases, whereas it appears to me that French audiences are almost too used to demanding perfectly finished or seemingly finished works.

## CHARLES DARWIN

*Letter to Alexander von Humboldt, London, 1 November 1839*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

English

### SOURCE

The Darwin Correspondence Project ([darwinproject.ac.uk /entry-545](http://darwinproject.ac.uk/entry-545))  
National Library of Australia

November 1<sup>st</sup>. 1839

12 Upper Gower Stt.—

Sir

I beg to return you my sincere thanks for your very kind letter: it was an honour I scarcely ventured to hope for, and I assure you I fully appreciate it. —As you say you feel much interest about the temperature of the sea on the west coast of S. America, perhaps, you might like to see the few following remarks on the coldness of the sea near the Galapagos Islands, which I drew up, thinking at one time, that they would help to explain the absence of coral-reefs on their shores. If they are of the smallest interest to you, I shall be highly pleased: but I must remark, that I paid little attention to such important subjects. When I left England I was a mere amateur naturalist, & from want of knowledge, not seeing the purport of such researches, I neglected them.—

The observations at the Galapagos were made by a very careful person employed by Capt. FitzRoy (at his own expence) to take charge of the chronometers. Water was drawn up in a small bucket from near the surface, at the hours of 8<sup>A.M.</sup>, 12, & 8<sup>PM</sup>, & its temperature observed with a good thermometer (Fahn: scale). Ninety-six observations were made in the period between the 16<sup>th</sup> of September and the 20<sup>th</sup> of October, during which time the Beagle was either at anchor in different open harbours, or sailing from one island to another; the mean of these observations is 68°. The lowest temperature observed, was 58°.1/2 at the SW. extremity of Albemarle Isld: on the west side of this island the temperature was several times 62° and 63°.—The mean temperature of the sea, from forty four observations, made as before, during the time we crossed the Low Archipelago, anchored at two places at Otaheite!! (*underlining and exclamation marks in another hand*)—and sailed from it for two days,

was  $77^{\circ}1/2$ ,—the lowest any day being  $76^{\circ}1/2$ . The difference therefore between the mean temperature of the sea near the Galapagos, and in that of the Low Archipelago and Otaheite, was  $8^{\circ}1/2$ : the difference between the extreme lowest  $18^{\circ}$ , and frequently  $14^{\circ}$ .—I was informed by some Whalers, that the clouds, which hang so low, along the coast of Peru & northern Chile extend during winter many hundred miles over the Pacific, (I believe nearly half way from the coast of S. America towards the Low Archipelago). Is it possible, that this region of clouds can mark the breadth of the cold southern ocean-stream?

*In another hand*

$53^{\circ} F = 9^{\circ}$ , 3 of  $68 F = 6^{\circ}$  of  $77^{\circ}1/2 = 20^{\circ}$ , 2

—I do not know, whether you are at all interested in the changes of temperature in the sea, whilst approaching land; I will, however, take the liberty of copying from my note book, some observations I made as the Beagle crossed the outlying shoals of the Abrolhos & approached the islands.—They show that small banks sometimes do not affect the temperature or colour of the water, although islets in the neighbourhood diminished it in a small degree.

Date	Hour	Depth in Fathoms	Temperature	
<u>March 26th.</u> Lat. 18°.6'S. Long 36°.6'W. at noon.	10. A.M 4 P.M 10 P.M.	<u>230</u> 30 <u>250</u>	82° 82. 81° <i>(In another hand)</i> 82 °F = 22° 2%	N.B. There was no change in the colour of the sea, in the distance of less than a mile, when the depth varied from 230/ to 30 fathoms. The colour was according to Werners nomenclature, (seen through a narrow orifice) 'indigo with a little azure blue'.—
<u>27<sup>th</sup></u> Lat 12°.43'. Long. 36°.6'W. at noon.	8 1/2 AM. 9. AM. 10. AM. 1 1/4. P.M. 2 1/4 P.M 3 P.M 4. PM. 5, 6, 7, 8, PM 10. P.M. 11. P.M.	<u>180</u> <u>150</u> <u>200</u> <u>250</u> <u>30</u> 20 22 25 27 27	81° 2/3 81 2/3 81 1/4 81 2/3 81 2/3 81 2/3 (!) 81 2/3 81 1/2 81 1/4 (!) 81 1/2	
<u>28<sup>th</sup></u> We were rapidly approaching the Abrolhos islands.	8. A.M. 10. A.M 4. P.M. 9 P.M at anchor	28 10 to 30 —ditto —20 at anchor	79 2/3 79 1/4 78 1/2 76 1/2	N.B. During this day the colour of the sea varied from dark Indigo blue to a bright green. <i>(In another hand)</i> 76 1/2F=19°,7 of

I must apologise for sending you such trivial observations: I should not have written, but I could not forbear thanking you for the great pleasure, you have given me by your letter. That the author of those passages in the Personal Narrative, which I have read over and over again, & have copied out, that they might ever be present in my mind, should have so honoured me, is a gratification of a kind, which can but seldom happen to anyone.

I have the honour to remain

Sir

Your obliged and respectful servant

Charles Darwin

## LOUIS BRAILLE

*Letter to Jacques-Étienne-Victor Arago, Paris, 3 May 1840*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

French

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

*Folio 1r*

Paris 3 May 1840

Monsieur, (*annotation in pencil*) J. Arago

Allow me to importune you again, to beg you to direct me some words by the post, in order to tell me what your esteemed brother thinks about the application of the Montion prizes to my writing processes.

Do I need to send him my report? (O)r must I present myself at his house with my writing case. Deign to honour me with your opinion because I can only go out rarely and you would oblige me greatly your grateful and respectful servant.

Braille

At the Royal Institution for Blind Youth

Rue S. Victor N(umber) 68

*Folio 2v*

*Reverse of the letter*

Monsieur

A blind man (*in pencil*)

J. Arago

R. de Rivoli N.10 bis

Paris

## **DAVID LIVINGSTONE**

*Letter to Reverend Richard Cecil, Kuruman, 11 July 1842*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

English

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

Kuruman 11<sup>th</sup> July 1842

My Dear Friend

On my return from the interior about a month ago I found your expected and most welcome letter, and if you knew how much pleasure and profit I derived from the perusal of it, I am sure you would not regret having spent so much of your valuable time on me. After I had sent off the one to which yours is an answer I sincerely regretted it for I thought it would only give you pain and me no good. But now I am glad that I did send, for your letter makes me feel as if I were again by your side, indeed I have got a new impulse from it & I think by the Divine assistance I shall now go on & do my duty with more determination than ever. I thank you most heartily for it & for your kind assistance in the other affair I would give you thanks too but these seem worthless I can only say I feel it in my heart—I am also grateful to see that you take a kind interest in my labours and will gladly give you as minute a detail as I can. But I have been employed in such a variety of ways since I came here, a sketch of any one period would convey to your mind a very incorrect idea of the duties I have attempted to perform. I do not mean to insinuate that I have done much for I am ashamed to say I have not done all that I might, and even if I would, I could not look back with any degree of complacency on the year which has now nearly elapsed since my arrival. But the different (sic) made in what I have been and must still be employed prevents me giving what you might think of me as engaged in when this letter reaches you. When I arrived there was a good deal of sickness prevailing, most of my time was then spent in attending to the wants of the distressed. I listened to all who came to me, I discouraged no one because they were all useful to me in teaching me the colloquial language. They came hundreds of miles for my advice and no wonder for although they only got a few breads pills when they came many of them firmly believed the rumour which was in the country that I was capable of not only curing all diseases but even raising the dead!! But after a

time I gave up this mode of studying the language partly because from the noise and bustle continued through the whole day I began to get headaches at night, and also having constructed a vocabulary of about 3,000 words & could speak a little of the common tongue I wished to get the whole on my memory. I did not at first intend to give up all attention to medicine and the treatment of disease But now I feel it to be my duty to have as little ado with it as possible.

*Folio 1v*

I shall attend to none but severe cases in future, and my reasons for this determination are I think good, the spiritual amelioration of the people is the object for which I came but, I cannot expect God to advance this by my instrumentality of much of my time is spent in efforts at mere temporal amelioration, and I know if I gave much attention to medicine & medical studies, something like a sort of mania which seized me soon after I began the study of anatomy would increase & I fear would gain so much power over me as to make me, perhaps a very good doctor, but a ... drone of a missionary. I feel the self denial this requires very much. But it is the only real sacrifice I have been called on to make I shall therefore try to make it willingly.

After this I was requested by the brethren to accompany one of them Mr Edwards on an exploratory journey to some tribes in the interior who had expressed a wish to have missionaries, during the 6 weeks it occupied, I did nothing else. The heat was really terrible & it being the first real heat I had felt the sun seemed to suck every grain (of) energy out of my system. There was a great deal of lost time there for though this place is cold it was some time before we could begin to do anything My time was then chiefly occupied with the language and when I had been about five months in the country I could write with some degree of freedom addresses in it. These were of course full of imperfections, but I was forced to read them in public & this particularly by one of the bretheren (sic) who never having made an effort for the acquisition of the language always speaks through an interpreter. You must not understand that I have acquired the language. I can speak it with some degree of fluency & can preach without reading it. But it will require at least another year before I am perfect in it, if ever then. It is not an easy matter to acquire a language. But this is a remarkably easy one which is the reason that I who you know am no genius at these things have got on so far, Well when I had got on a little with the language I began to look around to see

where I could be useful when still learning the tongue. The Directors had invited me to turn my attention to carrying the gospel to the North, but no specific instructions having been given, I was left to myself to choose the mode in which I should operate. I took with me a native Christian as a teacher & proceeded to the Bokwain country which lies on the Tropic. You perhaps wonder why I should spend so much strength in going so far. But the reason is, there (sic) are no proper subjects nearer. None of the tribes within 180 miles north of this will listen to a native teacher so great is their opposition to the gospel, and this means was the chief thought of employing. Here on the station there are

*Folio 2r*

not 400 inhabitants, & myself the fourth missionary. The majority of these too are professors of religion, another missionary's house is to be built for the handful of people but this is apart from the subject. All the brethren behind this even down to the sea are crowded together into scanty portions of people and many unpleasant words pass about encroaching on each other's field. &c. I therefore thought it my duty to give them an example that we can go forward & find plenty of people ... we like and those too with more of the prejudices which the tribes near have unfortunately imbibed, I was received with the greatest kindness by all the tribes I visited & some of these never before saw a missionary, some never a white face and the latitude at which I turned back is farther in than any European has attained before. I think it right to make an effort for the interior now when I am able to stand the heat &c. and if I wait I shall soon perhaps be disinclined to endure fatigue. My journey has however been lost upon several of my bretheren (sic) by the unconscious agency of good Dr Phillip. He came here on a visit while I was away & having enquired of both missionaries & natives of the state of the interior received the impression that it was most dangerous for any one to venture in, those who dont (sic) rush to go, take this opinion as the true state of the case. He left a message for me stating his fears & requesting me not to 'think of building my house on the crater of a volcano'. The reports of the natives here has swayed his judgement completely. So he believes that marauder 'Masilikatsi is collecting his forces at the Cashan Mountains, north of the Bakwain & ready to pounce upon any white man that may come near him, that he may spill his blood'. I believed these reports too when I left this but I found to my surprise that the Cashan mountains are a great way south of the Bakwain, that the Bamanguats whom I visited are 8 days north

of the Bakwain and that Masilikatsi is at least 14 days north of them & this latter people are situated north of Lat. 22°. Seeing then that the Dr is, from having been misinformed, about to oppose the Gospel being carried into the interior, I intend just to go on without his sanction. I have a great respect for his judgement but having been far beyond the places about which he spoke to the natives here & knowing positively that Mosilikatsi the great bugbear of us all is completely humbled by the boors, I cannot see it to be my duty in this instance to follow his advice and besides he does not point out any place where I can be useful, in fact he cannot for the country behind this (except the Guepia mission) is overstocked with missionaries. What do you think of Alejoa Bay a village containing two

*Folio 2v*

two (sic) rows of houses exactly like Ongar & a few other native huts & scattered over the hill side, with no more I should think than 2000 of a population, having besides the parish minister (non evangelical) one of our own missionaries and a schoolmast (sic) who preaches to the Tengoes & a Wesleyan & Roman Catholic Missionary, Colesberg has not I believe 800 inhabitants. One of ours, a Wesleyan & parish minister all evangelical & other places even worse, but I mention these because these missionaries were appointed to the interior. There has always been some bugbear in the way of the interior & the tribes have in consequence always passed away into darkness. The Dr stated to some of the bretheren (sic) that he thought I was ambitious. I really am abitions to preach beyond another mains line of things, but I suppose he means the wrong kind of ambition. I dont (sic) feel in the least displeased with him, I am only determind to go on and do all I can while able for the poor degraded people in the north, I shall leave next month & remain for 4 or 5 at least. If I remain here there is no work for me, there are scarcely any heathen. I should probably imbibe the animus of some others & get the quarrelling to search of something better to do, and of quarrelling I think what I got during the 7 months we took to come here was just enough for seven years to come. My time at present is occupied chiefly from the time of getting up a little before sun rise till 12 o(')clock in studying the language. After dinner at that hour till 6 in writing it & preparing addresses, I then read a chapter in the Greek test. Study Horne's introduction and look up passages criticially referred to in that or in other works I may read, either in the old or New Test(ament), with the aid of lexicons for about two hours, then other works fill up the

time till bedtime. 11 or twelve o(')clock But this is liable to numerous interruptions, this plan may be said to be something like what I wish, there are many other things which every day come in & prevent me fulfilling it(.) I have just now been interrupted for half an hour by a party of sick Guqas who have come from Guqua Town for advice. But I am learning to dispose of these cases very expeditiously(.) In the services of the station I take my turn but these are not numerous when four take them in rotation. When travelling I hold a bible class every evening by our fire, and I have usually a goodly number at it for many travel hundreds of miles with us for the sake of obtaining a share of the game killed by our people—at one time I thought that I might discover some valuable medicinal agents in this country but I won't have time to experiment. I mean

### *Folio 3r*

now to do no more than furnish others with the material for experimenting & for this purpose have sent home some plants to some of my late professors, I feel the necessity more than ever of entire devotedness to the Redeemer's cause. I dont (sic) feel anything we usually at home call sacrifices to be such. There is so much to counterbalance them they really dont (sic) deserve the name, and I am in a great deal more danger from levity than from melancholy. Indeed it sometimes make me blame myself severely. When contemplating the mission field before I left England I used to think my spirits should flag(.) But except during these seven months of dolorous fame I feel no difference from what I felt at home. It is therefore no virtue on me to endure privations. It is only in those who feel them as such, I wish my mind were more deeply affected with the condition of those who are perishing in this heathen land. I am sorry to say I do not feel half so concerned for them as I ought.

I wrote M<sup>rs</sup> C. some time ago, I usually devote a few hours once a week to correspondents. I brings one back in imagination to the presence of my Christian friends & has a good effect on my mind. I also wrote Mr T.S. Prentice several times in consequence of a promise I made him to give him the real state of the country & of the missions in it. Perhaps I have told him too much but being assured by him he would soon come out & join me I told him plainly what he might expect to find(.) From whatever cause it has arisen he has not thought proper to give me a single line in return. But I do not wonder at it for I am informed he has become an out

& out Plymouth Brother & I am afraid his missionary spirit has not been increased by coming in close contact with what people call the flames of love. It is a curious fact that the only really useless missionary's wife I know in this country is a Plymouth 'sister'. I lately was at considerable expense, bought four oxen & travelled 250 miles expressly to assist her in confinement and after all the good lady did not thank me, I suppose she thought I did no more than my duty. I could almost tell our Friend P. of this but I told him before I left that his new light would knock all his missionary zeal on the head and the fulfillment of my prediction, (if indeed he has given it up) has done him no good.

You will see from the above that I am not yet satisfied that I am doing all I might if circumstances were otherwise, I do not know if these will be altered when Mr Moffat comes, I fear not & I am afraid too that he will be anything but partial to me as an individual, for he has encouraged a belief among all classes of this country and in many circles at home that he alone can go into the interior & that it would be dangerous for any one else to attempt it without him. Now I have by going more than twice as far into the interior than he has done, forming friendships, preaching and in some instances living entirely on the bounty of most savage tribes, dispelled the delusion in this country respecting Mr M's exclusive power over natives. Men in England may think there is

*Folio 3v*

*Near the address*

There is no cause of fear from so good a man(.) But we have here a totally different atmosphere for the exercise of our goodness from what you have.

I am glad to hear of the welfare of Mrs C. and family. I frequently think of them all. Can little William speak yet? I should think if he keeps the portly appearance he presented when I saw him last he will take the world easy & say very little for some time. Please Remember me to Mrs C. and all the family(.) I hope you will find time to write me

Yours affectionately D<sup>d</sup> Livingston  
Care of Rev<sup>d</sup> D<sup>r</sup> Phillip, Cape Town  
Rev<sup>d</sup> Richard Cecil  
Ongar, Essex  
England

## **FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE**

*Letter to Sidney Herbert, Highgate, 2 June 1859*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

English

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

Highgate

June 2/59

Dear Mr Herbert

The enclosed draft of queries for the Indian Stations is the result of examining the Chief M.P. Medical documents at the Indian Ho: as well as general sanitary experience.

It is rough, perhaps too long—& perhaps must be added to, after discussion & further examination of papers at the India Ho: The statistical part is left incomplete for Farr to deal with. A separate set of Military queries must perhaps be added. The enclosed is only a rough draft of the Health questions. If you choose to propose at the first meeting that Martin Farr & Sutherland should form a Comm.tee to draw up queries on Health & Statistics, they could then be printed & circulated among the other Commissioners, before being decided upon.

Or if, which would save a deal of valuable time, as many of the Commissioners have not a Sanitary notion in their heads, you would act upon your own authority to draw up & send out the queries yourself?

After you have gone over there, would you be so good as to let us have them back, and to tell Sutherland if you see him tomorrow, what are your remarks upon them.

Yours sincerely

F. Nightingale

## **CHARLES DICKENS**

*Letter to Clarissa Cattermole, London, 2 March 1869*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

English

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

Office of *All the Year Round*,  
A weekly journal conducted by Charles Dickens.

No. 26 Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Tuesday Second March 1869

My Dear Mrs Cattermole

I have just received your three notes together. I answer them very briefly, for I am only in town to day—am overburdened with work of various kinds—and am away again tomorrow.

Enclosed is a cheque for the amount granted by the Guild of Literature and Art.

It is impossible that any human creature can have less knowledge of the French Government & or court than I have. As one who utterly despises both, I have no personal interest in, or influence with, either.

Faithfully Yours always  
Charles Dickens

## **OTTO VON BISMARCK**

*Letter to Gustav von Putkammer, Berlin, 11 November 1871*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin

Berlin 11 Nov 1871

Lieber Gustav

Ich habe die Papiere welche auf die Lehngüter Bezug haben, Recesses, Pacht-verträge u.s.w. nach Möglichkeit herausgesucht, aber in der Eile nicht die Zeit gehabt sie zu verpacken und Dir zu schicken. Ich habe sie auf das Sopha in der Vorderstube des alten Herrn gelegt, und Villrok beauftragt sie zu Deiner Verfügung zu stellen. Brauchst Du Weiteres, so lass nachsuchen, ich bin ermüdet vor der Papiermasse die alle Spinden füllt. Sobald Du von rechtskundiger Hand einen Entwurf über die Auseinandersetzung hast machen lassen, wird Drews hier bereit sein mit Deinem Beauftragten in Verbindung zu treten, eventuell ich mit Bernhard, der leider noch immer über seine Leber klagt. Ich habe leider jetzt wenig Zeit mich mit meinen Privatangelegenheiten selbst zu beschäftigen. Die amtliche Qual ist gross, und mir um so schwerer, als ich wegen Johanna's Gesundheit in Sorgen bin. Ich hoffte sie doch etwas kräftiger wiederzufinden, sie war aber matter wie bei meiner Abreise. Sie mag nicht essen und kann nicht schlafen.

Ich schreibe hauptsächlich um zu fragen, ob Du willst dass ich wegen der auf den Lehngütern für mich stehenden Capitalien, die ich wegen meiner Selitzer Schulden und anderer Lauenburger Verbindlichkeiten cediren muss, die Unkündbarkeit auf einige Jahre, etwa bis 17 1880 stipuliren soll. Es war mir das, nachdem ich es in Rücksicht auf den alten Herrn verlangt hatte, zugesagt, und ich kann es noch fordern, sobald es Dir convenirt.

Empfiehl mich der verehrten Cousine.

Dein treuer Vetter

v. Bismarck

## **KARL MARX AND ELEANOR MARX**

*Letter to Dr Ferdinand Fleckles, Liège, Belgium, 21 September 1876*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGES

German and French

### SOURCE

Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Collected Works*, vol. 45, 1874–1879.  
London: Lawrence & Wishart, 1991, p. 148

### IN KARLSBAD

Liège, Belgium, 21 September 1876  
Hôtel de Suède

Dear Fleckles,

I am sending you POST-HASTE a line or two concerning an urgent matter.

A medical examination of my friend, Nikolai Utin, aged 35, has indicated incipient fatty degeneration of the heart. Karlsbad has been recommended to him, but since he is exceptionally busy in the spring, summer and autumn—he is an engineer in charge of big railway and similar undertakings—he can only spare time for treatment in December and during the winter months.

Since he is greatly afraid of the cold, he would like to know whether he might not go to Vichy rather than Karlsbad.

It is of course difficult, perhaps impossible, to reply to such a question without knowledge of his person. But at all events you will be able to give a general opinion as to whether Vichy might serve as a substitute for Karlsbad in cases of this kind.

The man in question is one of my dearest friends and for that reason I take the liberty of appealing to your friendship and requesting your early reply (to my London address: 41 Maitland Park Road, London). The child and I leave here for home tomorrow.

Yours very sincerely,  
Karl Marx

SOURCE

National Library of Australia

Dear Doctor,

I have just received the photographs from Carlsbad—but only 11—do you have one of them?—

If yes return it to me—if no do you want to tell Hirsch?

I wait with impatience the letter that you sent to London. Give me news of 'Marion' who interests me greatly and work to the end.

Adieu—write to me and send me your portraits

Your complete devotee  
Eleanor Marx

## **OTTO LILIENTHAL**

*Letter to a lieutenant, 8 December 1889*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin

Sehr geehrter Herr Lieutenant

Im Besitz Ihrer freundlichen Zeilen vom 4.12. verfehle ich nicht noch einmal auszusprechen, dass Ihre Arbeit mir mehr Achtung einflößte als die gesammte vorher vorhandene flugtechnische Litteratur, in welchem Sinne ich auch einer an mich ergangenen Aufforderung zu einem Referat über Ihr Werk im „Prometeus“ entsprach. Zu Ihrer Bemerkung über die Möwenskizze Seite 138 in meinem Buch habe ich zu erwähnen, dass es mir hier nur darauf ankam, den Generaleindruck beim Anblick fliegender Möwen zu charakterisieren und die beim Niederschlag der Flügel stattfindende stärkere Beugung des Handgelenkes hervorzuheben. Selbstverständlich können die Federn weder nach oben noch nach unten vom Vogel willkürlich durchgebogen werden und sind hierin lediglich der biegenden Wirkung des Luftwiderstandes überlassen. In dieser Beziehung dürfte ( Fig. 3 auf Seite 24 und namentlich) die Figur 2 auf Tafel VIII. Sie mehr befriedigen, da hier ausser der willkürlichen Auf- und Abbewegung des Handgelenkes die unwillkürliche Durchbiegung der Schwungfedern zum Ausdruck gebracht ist. Und zwar entsprechend dem von unten wirkenden Widerstande in der höchsten Stellung weniger, in der tiefsten Stellung mehr. Ich bin Ihnen übrigens sehr dankbar, dass Sie mich auf diesen Punkt aufmerksam gemacht haben und zeichne mit vorzüglicher Hochachtung

Otto Lilienthal

## **FRIDJTOF NANSEN**

*Letter to the governing board of the Berlin Geographical Society, Kristiania,  
18 February 1890*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin

Kristiania 18 Febr. 1890

Der Vorstand der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde in Berlin.

Hierdurch erlaube ich mir dem Vorstand der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde meinen wärmsten Dank für die große Ehre, die Sie mir wieder gezeigt haben, zu senden. Es ist nur mit dem tiefsten Bedauern, daß ich mich verhindert sehe, zu Ihrer Sitzung am achten März zu kommen.

Der Grund ist, daß ich gerade in diesen Tagen den Plan einer neuen Polarexpedition zu unserer Regierung eingehen lasse. Es soll unserem Reichstag, der gerade gesammelt ist, vorgelegt werden und sodann kan ich nicht in der ersten Zeit Kristiania verlassen.

Soll man Hoffnung haben können. Diese Sache hier zu fördern, muß viele Arbeit darauf gelegt werden wie auch meine persönliche Anwesenheit nothwendig wird.

Ich hoffe daß Sie dies einen gültigen Grund finden werden, wie ich auch hoffe, daß Sie über-zeugt sind, daß nur wass ich als meine Pflicht im Dienste der Forschung ansehe, mich davon halten konnte, Ihre ehrenvolle Einladung nachzukommen und ich brauche Ihnen nicht zu sagen, daß ich eine spätere Möglichkeit nach Berlin zu kommen mit Sehnsucht entgegensehe.

Mit vorzüglicher Hochachtung  
Fridjtof Nansen

## WILHELM CONRAD ROENTGEN

*Letter to a doctor, Würzburg, 15 November 1895*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin

Würzburg, 15. Nov. 95

Sehr geehrter Herr Doctor!

Ich möchte gern von Ihnen wissen, ob es möglich ist, Kalkspath und Quartzplättchen parallel resp. senkrecht der Axe herzustellen, deren Dicke ca. 0.01 mm beträgt. Die Grösse derselben braucht wenige Quadratmm. nicht zu überschreiten, doch käme viel darauf an, dass die Dicke der Plättchen I I und L (*im Sinne von parallel und senkrecht GK*) möglichst gleich ist; dagegen dürften die Quarz und die Kalkspath-

Plättchen untereinander etwas verschieden dick sein.

Sollten derartige Dünnschliffe herzustellen sein, so bitte ich dieselben sofort in Arbeit zu geben.

Mit aller Hochachtung

Ihr ergebener

Dr. W.C. Roentgen

## **MARIE CURIE**

*Letter to a colleague, Paris, 1 August 1907*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

French

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

Faculty of Sciences of Paris

12, Rue Cuvier

Paris 1 August 1907

Laboratory of General Physics

Monsieur,

I take the liberty of recommending Mr Szilard to you, who now works in my laboratory and who wishes to publish a little work that he did in his country and with which he is still a little occupied with here. Mr Szilard plans to do research concerning chemistry of radioactive bodies during the next year and he has already commenced some research of this type.

Accept, I pray you Monsieur, the assurance of all my respect.

M. Curie

## **ROBERT KOCH**

*Letter to Wilhelm Kolle, Sese in Entebbe, Uganda, 28 July 1907*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin

28. Juli 1907

Mit dem Boot nach der Insel Semnganya gefahren in Begleitung von Sacher. An der Ostseite der Insel gelandet. Durch den Busch gekrochen. von Zeit zu Zeit an eine etwas lichtere Stelle gelangt, die eine frühere verwilderte Shamba ist. (Kaffee- und Rindenbäume, Reste von Bananen) Schrecklich von Ameisen zerbissen. Schließlich an das westliche Ufer gekommen, wo im Wasser 4 Crocodile gesehen wurden. Auf eines, das 100 Meter entfernt war geschossen. Anscheinend gut in den Kopf getroffen. Das Thier blieb noch einige Sekunden an der Oberfläche und zappelte. Dann gieng es unter. Konnte aber nicht vom Boot aus, das herbeigeholt wurde gefunden werden. Wasser zu tief. Morgen soll noch einmal ein Boot hingehen, um nach dem geschossenen Crocodil zu sehen. Dann an die Südspitze der Insel vorgedrungen, wo nicht weit von der Stelle, wo im vorigen Jahre zwei Crocodilnester gefunden wurden ein frisches Nest entdeckt wurde. Im Wasser aber für einen Schuß zu weit, wurde auch das alte Crocodil gesehen. Das Nest in natürlicher Verfassung photographiert, dann die Eier vorsichtig blosgelegt und ebenfalls in natürlicher Lage photographiert. Daneben lagen 7 kleine Eier (bohngengroß) Dann wurden die Eier herausgenommen 66 an Zahl. Ein Ei das einwenig eingedrückt war, wurde ge-Öffnet. Ein Embryo von etwa 14 Tagen darin, Auf dem Rückweg noch die kleinen Inseln Nördlich von Semnganya abgesucht und am Ufer der Halbinsel Lotobuka rings herum - gefahren, um nach Crocodilen und Kibokoo zu suchen, aber nichts gesehen. Die gefundenen Eier sollen beim Lager in Bugallo eingegraben werden, um sie (auskommen zu lassen).

## **FRANZ KAFKA**

*Letter to Franz Blei, Prague, 7 February 1909*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin

Sehr geehrter Herr Blei,

nehmen Sie es mir nicht übel, daß ich die „Puderquaste“ in der Berliner Zeitschrift „Der neue Weg“ so angezeigt habe, wie es auf dem beiliegenden Papier steht.

Dumm ist es, dass die eigentliche Anzeige am Schluß steht, während ich sie in den Anfang haben wollte; „unabhängig“ in der 15ten Zeile von oben wollte „unablässig“ sein; warum man „einen Beichtspiegel“ gesperrt gedruckt hat, weiß ich nicht; alles andere freilich ist meine Schuld.

Da Ihnen, wie ich glaube, am Tschechischen so viel gelegen ist, schicke ich Ihnen unter Kreuzband einen eben erschienenen Jahresbericht meiner Anstalt, der bis zur 22ten Seite von mir geschrieben ist. Nehmen Sie ihn freundlich an.

Dass ich Sie bald in Prag sehen werde, freut mich von Herzen.

Ihr  
Franz Kafka

## **CARL BENZ**

*The Development of Electric Ignition for Automobile Engines, 7 January 1915*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

Ignition in modern automobiles is achieved today by the use of a small magnetic device, and it looks so simple that one might think that it has always been this way. This however is not the case, as these devices—like so many others—did not exist when the automobile was first invented, even though the principle was well known nearly 50 years ago. In order to create the ignition spark, I first turned to a small dynamo coupled with an induction coil. The dynamo was driven by the motor, and the inductor coil transformed the flow of electricity into a spark that was transported to the cylinder where it ignited the air-fuel mixture. This method of creating a spark had its disadvantages and had an annoying effect on uneven road surfaces—particularly on cobblestones ...

Arcing sparks represent an improvement—this has all of the advantages of the earlier touch-spark ignition and none of its disadvantages. This type of ignition will be the last in the series of experiments and improvements that have been made over many years.

## **ALBERT EINSTEIN**

*Meine Meinung über den Krieg (My Opinion on the War), 1915*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

David E. Rowe and Robert Schulmann (eds), *Einstein on Politics: His Private Thoughts and Public Stands on Nationalism, Zionism, War, Peace, and the Bomb*. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 2007, pp. 73–76

### My Opinion on the War

The psychological roots of war are—in my opinion—biologically grounded in the aggressive nature of the male. We ‘lords of creation’ are not the only ones who sport this crown: some animals—the bull and the rooster—surpass us in this regard. This aggressive tendency comes to the fore whenever individual males are placed side by side and even more so when relatively close-knit societies have to deal with each other. Almost without fail they will end up in disputes that escalate into quarrels and murder unless special precautions are taken to prevent such occurrences. I will never forget what honest hatred my classmates felt for years for the first-graders of a school in a neighboring street. Countless brawls ensued, resulting in many a gash in the heads of the boys. Who could doubt that vendetta and dueling spring from such feelings? I even believe that the *honor* that is so carefully cultivated by us derives its major nourishment from such sources.

Understandably, the more modern organized states have had vigorously to push these expressions of primitive virile traits into the background. But wherever two nation states are neighbors and do not belong to a supranational organization, those traits from time to time generate tensions that lead to the catastrophes of war. By the way, I consider so-called aims and causes of war rather meaningless, because they are always to be found when passion requires them.

Subtle intellects of all times have agreed that war is one of the worst enemies of human development, and that everything must be done to prevent it. Notwithstanding the unspeakably sad conditions at present, I am convinced that it is possible, in the near future, to form a supranational organization in Europe that prevents European wars,

just as now war between Bavaria and Württemberg is impossible in the German Reich. No friend of intellectual advancement should fail to vouch for this most important political goal of our time.

One can ponder the question: Why doesn't an individual in peacetime—when the state suppresses almost every expression of manly rowdiness—lose the capabilities and motivations that enable him to commit mass murder in wartime? The reasons seem to me as follows. When I peer into the mind of a decent average citizen, I see a dimly lit comfortable space. In one corner stands the pride of the man of the house, a lovingly cared for shrine, to the presence of which every visitor is loudly alerted and upon which is written in huge letters the word 'patriotism'. It is usually a taboo to open this cabinet. In fact, the man of the house scarcely knows, or not at all, that this shrine contains the moral requisites of bestial hatred and mass murder, which when war is declared he dutifully takes out and uses. You will not find this shrine in my parlor, dear reader. I would be happy if you would consider placing a piano or a bookshelf in that same corner of *your* parlor. Either would be a more fitting piece of furniture than the one you tolerate only because you have grown accustomed to it since childhood.

I have no intention of making a secret of my internationalist sentiments. How close I feel to a human being or a human organization depends only on how I judge their intentions and capabilities. The state, to which I as a citizen belong, has no place at all in my emotional life; I consider affiliation with a state to be a business matter, somewhat akin to one's relationship to life insurance. From what I have said above, there can be no doubt that I must seek the citizenship of a country that will in all likelihood not force me to take part in a war.

How can a powerless individual creature contribute to reaching this goal? Should everyone perhaps devote a considerable portion of his abilities to politics? I really believe that the intellectually more mature people in Europe have sinned in their neglect of general political questions; yet I do not regard the pursuit of politics as the path to an individual's greatest effectiveness in this area. I rather believe that everyone should act privately in such a way that those feelings, which I have discussed in detail earlier, can no longer represent a curse to society.

Every individual who is conscious of acting to the best of his knowledge and ability should feel a sense of honor, without consideration of words

and deeds. The words and actions of others or of other groups cannot *offend* one's personal honor or that of one's group. The thirst for power and greed should, as in the past, be treated as despicable vices; the same applies to hatred and contentiousness. I do not suffer from an overvaluation of the past, but in my opinion we have not made progress on this important point; on the contrary, we have declined. Every well-meaning individual should work hard at improving himself and his personal surroundings in this regard. Then the grave afflictions which plague us in such terrible fashion today will vanish.

But then again, why so many words when I can say all in one sentence and in a sentence very appropriate for a Jew: Honour your Master Jesus Christ not only in words and hymns, but above all by your deeds.

## **ROSA LUXEMBURG**

*Letter to Kurt Rosenfeld, 1 February 1915*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin

1.2.15

Lieber Kurt,

Als Ihr Brief vorgestern Abend kam, ging ich gerade zur Bahn, um die Klara abzuholen. Da sie sehr invalid ankam, (Zeigefinger an der rechten Hand schlimm) u. ich gestern den ganzen Tag um sie zu thun hatte, so komme ich erst heute dazu, Ihnen zu schreiben. Ihre verzweifelte Stimmung ist mir sehr begreiflich, aber Sie müssen sie bekämpfen, man muß Alles, wie es im Leben kommt, heiter nehmen. Das ist wenigstens meine Devise.

Meinerseits will ich Ihnen oft schreiben, übrigens sagte mir Martha gestern Abend, dass Sie schon in einigen Tagen umzusiedeln gedenken!?

Das Neueste: Karl , der gestern früh eingezogen war und nach Posen ging, kam schon um 4 Uhr als „überzählig“ zurück, entlassen „auf unbestimmte Zeit“

Er war natürlich pudelwohl u. wir auch. Inzwischen geht die Hetze gegen ihn weiter los, übrigens auch gegen uns alle. Jeden Tag erscheint in der Presse (H. Echo, Chemn. V., Sturrarter Tageb.) ein fulminanter Artikel von Lensch, Scheidemann, Cohen usw. um die Störenfriede und auch den Vorwärts (!!) abzukanzeln.

Ich würde Ihnen in den nächsten Tagen diesen Blumenstrauß schicken, brauche ihn aber vorläufig zur Arbeit. Wurde wiedereinmal schwankend, aber nun wollen wir die Sache definitiv machen. Allerdings ist mir die Anwesenheit Klaras nicht besonders förderlich für die Arbeit.

Morgen Fraktionssitzung, d.h. Hetze gegen Karl als Contrecoup der Ledebourschen Aktion gegen ... Notabene über diesen letzteren ein

neuer Skandal. Das Pressebureau verbreitet seine eigene Erklärung, wonach er neulich auf Wunsch der Regierung in einem französischen Gefangenenlager einen Vortrag hielt, um den Franzosen nachzuweisen dass die Haltung Liebknechts nicht die der deutschen Sozialdemokratie sei. Haben Sie Töne? Den Vorw. (Vorwärts) kriegen Sie wohl u. ersehen daraus, dass die ehemaligen Wünsche der Generalkommission um die wir in der Pressekomm. u. dem Zentralvorst. die heroischen Kämpfe führten, nie mehr völlig in Erfüllung gehen. Der „V“ bringt jeden Tag einen Kübel Unrat über uns aus den rechtsstehenden Blättern. Antwort dagegen wird natürlich nicht angenommen.

Was meinen Besuch bei Ihnen betrifft, so kann natürlich, solange die Klara hier ist, keine Rede davon sein Und in einer Woche werden Sie wohl schon anderswo verpflanzt werden.

Versammlungen finden im übrigen fast täglich statt, überall dieselbe Stimmung. Leo schreibt aus Frft. (Frankfurt) dasselbe über die umliegenden Kreise, wo er immerzu reden muß. In Frft. selbst hingegen halten noch Quarck, Wittusch u. ähnliche Hallunken das Zepter und führen einen heftigen Krieg gegen die Presskomm ... die die Volksst. (*Volksstimme*), reformieren wollte. Leben Sie wohl u. seien Sie herzl. begrüßt auch von Klara u. Franz

Rosa

**KARL LIEBKNECHT**

*Letter to Sophie Liebknecht, Luckau, 11 December 1916*

## ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

## SOURCE

National Library of Australia

I am well. Don't worry about me! My cell is spacious with a tiled stove and large windows that I can open myself. Table, washbasin, and even a plate and a knife—but no fork and spoon ... I have been assigned to the 'shoe factory', but I work in my cell. For fourteen days I don't have to produce anything. The next two weeks I must produce 1/3, the two weeks following that 2/3, and finally—after six weeks of training—I must produce the full quota.

## **ALICE SALOMON**

*Fragment of 'Jung-Deutschland' (Young Germany), Berlin, 1920*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin

An das junge Deutschland denkt man heut nur mit Bangen u. Sorgen. viele der Besten sind auf den Schlachtfeldern geblieben. Die andren, die draussen waren haben einen geschundenen Körper u. misshandelte Nerven heim gebracht. Die Junge Generation, die daheim geblieben, Knaben u. Mädchen sind unter Entbehrungen mit Hunger und Kälte gross geworden. Der väterliche Einfluss hat ihnen gefehlt. In der Schule herrschte keine Ordnung. Auf der Straße warten täglich neue Versuchungen umher. Kann man auf dies junge Geschlecht Hoffnungen für Deutschlands Wiedergeburt setzen? Oder ist der Untergang wirklich herbeigekommen. Alles steht in uns auf gegen diesen Gedanken.

## HERMANN HESSE

*Pictor's Metamorphoses, Montagnola, Switzerland, 1925*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Hermann Hesse, *Pictor's Metamorphoses and Other Fantasies*, edited by Theodore Ziolkowski. New York: Picador, 2003

Pictor had scarcely set foot in Paradise when he found himself standing before a tree that had two crowns. In the leave of one was the face of a man; in the leaves of the other, the face of a woman. Pictor stood in awe of the tree and timidly asked, 'Are you the Tree of Life?'

The tree kept silence. Suddenly, coiling itself around the single trunk that joined the tree's two boughs, there appeared a Serpent. And because the Serpent, and not the tree, was about to reply, Pictor turned around and continued on his way. His eyes opened in wonder and delight at all he beheld. Somehow he knew the Source of Life was near.

Soon enough, he came upon another tree, whose two crowns held the sun and the moon. And once again Pictor asked, 'Are you the Tree of Life?'

The sun seemed to nod its assent; the moon smiled down at him. All around grew gay clusters of flowers, strange and wonderful, unlike any Pictor had ever seen. From within the circles of their many-hued petals, bright faces and eyes peered out at him. Some of the flowers nodded their stems, smiling and laughing like the sun and the moon. Others were silent, drunken, sunken within themselves, as if drowned in their own perfumes.

And their colours sang to him: this one a deep mauve lilac song, that one a dark blue lullaby. Oh, what huge blue eyes this one had, and how much that one resembled his first love. The scent of another sang in his mother's voice, made him recall how they had walked in the gardens when Pictor was still a little boy. Yet another flower teased him, stuck out its tongue, long, arched, and red. He bent down, put his own tongue to it. The taste was wild and strong, like honey mixed with rosin, and yes, like a woman's kiss.

Pictor stood alone amid the flowers. Filled with longing and timed joy, he could feel his heart beating in his chest, now fast—in anticipation of something he could only surmise; now slow—in time with the rolling waves of the ocean of desire.

Just then, he saw a bird alight in the grass. The bird's feathers were ablaze with colour, each plume a different colour of the rainbow. And he drew nearer to the bird and asked, 'Most lovely Bird, tell me, where can one find happiness?'

'Happiness,' the bird replied, its golden beak brimming with laughter, 'Happiness, Friend, is in each thing, valley and mountain, flower and gem.'

Even as it spoke these words, the bird began to dance, ruffling its feathers, flapping its wings, turning its head, beating its tail on the ground, winking, laughing, spinning around in a whirl of colour. When it came to a standstill, what had been a bird was now a many coloured flower: feathers to petals, claws to roots. The transformation was marvellous. But even as Pictor stood there blinking, it went on changing. Weary of being a flower, it pulled up its roots, set its anthers and filaments in motion. On petal-thin wings it slowly rose aloft and floated in mid-air, a weightless, shimmering butterfly. Pictor could scarcely believe his eyes.

And the new butterfly, the radiant bird-flower-butterfly, flew in circles around and around Pictor. More and more amazed, Pictor watched the sunlight glint off its wing. Soon it let itself glide down to the earth gently as a snow-flake. There it rested on the ground, close by Pictor's feet. The luminous wings trembled as it changed once again. It became a gemstone, out of whose facets a red light streamed.

But even as it lay there, radiant red in the dark green grass, the precious stone shrank smaller and smaller. As if its homeland, the centre of the earth, called to it, the gem threatened to be swallowed up. Just as it was about to vanish, scarcely aware of what he was doing, Pictor reached for the stone, picked it up, and clasped it firmly in his hands. Gazing into it, transfixed by its magical light, Pictor could feel its red rays penetrate his heart, warming it with a radiance that promised eternal bliss.

Just then, slithering down from the bough of a withered tree, the Serpent hissed into Pictor's ear, 'The crystal can change you into

anything you want to be. Quickly tell it your wish, before it is too late. Swiftly, speak your command, before the stone vanishes.'

Without stopping to think, afraid of losing this one chance for happiness, Pictor rashly uttered his secret word to the stone, and was as soon transformed into a tree. Pictor had always wished to become a tree, because trees seemed so serene, so strong and dignified.

He felt himself strike root in the earth, felt his arms branch up into the sky, felt new limbs growing from his trunk, and from the limbs he felt new leaves sprout. Pictor was content. His thirsty roots drank deep into the earth. His leafy crown, so near to the clouds, rustled in the breeze. Birds nested in his branches, insects lived in his bark, hedgehogs and hares took shelter at his feet. For many years, he was happy. A long time passed before he felt something amiss; his happiness was incomplete. Slowly he learned to see with the eyes of a tree. Finally he could see, and grew sad.

Rooted to the spot, Pictor saw the other creatures in Paradise continually transform themselves. Flowers would turn into precious stones or fly away as dazzling humming-birds. Trees that stood beside him suddenly were gone: one turned into a running brook, another became a crocodile; still a third turned into a fish—full of life, it swam away joyfully. Elephants became massive rocks; giraffes became long-stemmed flowers. While all creation flowed into one magical stream of endless metamorphoses, Pictor could only look on.

He alone could not change. Once he knew this, all his happiness vanished. He began to grow old, taking on that tired, haggard look one can observe in many old trees. Not only in trees, but in horses, in birds, in human beings, in all life forms that no longer possess the gift of transformation. As time passes, they deteriorate and decline, their beauty is gone. To the end of their days, they know nothing but sorrow.

Time passed as before, until one day a young girl lost her way in Paradise. She had blond hair; she wore a blue dress. She sang happy songs; dancing, she wended her way among the trees. Carefree, the girl had never thought of wishing for the gift of transformation. Many of the creatures in Paradise took a keen interest in her. Animals smiled at her; bushes stretched their branches out to touch her; many of the trees tossed their fruits, nuts, or flowers her way. But she paid them no mind.

The moment Pictor caught sight of her, he felt an intense longing, a firm resolve to recover his lost happiness. It was as if an inner voice, the voice of his own red blood commanded him to take hold of himself, to concentrate, to remember all the years of his life. And he obeyed the voice and became lost in thought, and his mind's eye summoned up images from his past, even from his distant past when he was a man on his way to Paradise. But most clearly he remembered the moment when he had held the magical stone in his hands, when every metamorphosis was open to him, when life had glowed in him more intensely than ever before. Then he remembered the laughing bird and the tree that was both the sun and the moon. And he began to understand all he had lost. The Serpent's advice had been treacherous.

Hearing a loud rustling in Pictor's leaves, the girl turned her gaze on the tree. She looked up at its crown and felt strange new feelings, desires, and dreams welling up in her heart. What was this unknown force that made her sit down in the shade of the tree? To her, the tree seemed lonely and sad, and yet beautiful, touching, and noble in its mute sorrow. The song of its gently swaying crown held her captive. Leaning against its rough trunk, she could feel the tree shudder deep inside itself, and she felt the same passionate tremor in her own heart. Clouds flew across the sky of her soul. Heavy tears fell from her eyes. Her heart hurt her so, beat so hard, she felt it would burst out of her bosom. Why did it want to cleave to him, melt into him, the beautiful loner?

Pictor too, longed to be one with the girl. And so he gathered in all his life forces, focused them, directed them toward her. Even his roots trembled with the effort. And now he realised how blind he had been, how foolish, how little he had understood life's secret. That deceitful, that treacherous Serpent had had but one wish; to lock Pictor up inside a tree forever. And it was in an entirely different light—albeit tinged with sorrow—that he now saw the image of the tree that was Man and Wife together.

Just then, in an arc, a bird came flying, a bird red and green; lovely, daring, nearer it came. The girl saw it fly, saw something fall from its beak, something that shone blood-red, red as embers; and it fell in the green green grass, so promising; its deep red radiance called to her, courted her, sang out loud. The girl stooped down, picked up the bright red stone. Ruby-garnet-crystal gem, whatever it is, no darkness can come.

The moment the girl held the magical stone in her white hands, the single wish that filled her heart was answered. In a moment of rapture she became one with the tree, transformed as a strong, new bough that grew out of its trunk, higher and higher into the heavens.

Now everything was splendid, the world was in order. In that single moment Paradise had been found. The tired old tree named Pictor was no more. Now he sang out his new name: Pictoria, he sang out loud and clear: Pictoria, Victoria.

Out of a half he had become a whole. Fulfilled, complete, he had attained the true, eternal transformation. The stream of continuing creation flowed through his blood, and he could go on changing forever and ever.

He became deer, he became fish, he became human and Serpent, cloud and bird. In each new shape he was whole, was a pair, held moon and sun, man and wife inside him. He flowed as a twin river through the lands, shone as a double star in the firmament.

**WALTER KAUFMANN**

*'Miss Arthur' in 'Collection of short stories', beginning 1943*

## ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

English

## SOURCE

National Library of Australia

Miss Arthur

The train rolls along, jolts to a halt and the pushes(sic) on again. A woman has come in and sat down in the corner by the door. The young man sits in the seat opposite. His hands are deep in his coatpockets (sic). It is cold, but it's a fine morning, cold but fine. He is feeling pretty good. He is whistling to himself. The woman is stamping her feet on the floor. And exclaims 'Brr, brr' etc. Not in an exasperated way. 'It's cold,' she says, 'brr.' She grins at him. An ugly grin. She has a hare lip. Her nose is cut in an ugly way, with a scar reaching down to her lip. The grin is kind of deformed. She keeps on grinning, about to speak to him. 'Nah' he thinks and looks away. The grin drops away and a hurt, self conscious look travels over her face. Poor, scrappy cat he thinks. He tries to smile back. Now she is looking out of the window and humming to herself. She is humming a song by Schubert. The man looks about him. A rolling train, a second class compartment, the woman with a hare lip, a song by Schubert.

## **DIETRICH BONHOEFFER**

*Wer bin ich? (Who am I?), Berlin, 1944*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, *Letters and Papers from Prison*,  
The Enlarged Edition. New York: SCM Press 1971

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(North America)

Who am I? They often tell me  
I would step from my cell's confinement  
calmly, cheerfully, firmly,  
like a squire from his country house.

Who am I? They often tell me  
I would talk to my warders  
freely and friendly and clearly,  
as though it were mine to command.

Who am I? They also tell me  
I would bear the days of misfortune  
equably, smilingly, proudly,  
like one accustomed to win.

Am I then really all that which other men tell of?  
Or am I only what I know of myself,  
restless and longing and sick, like a bird in a cage,  
struggling for breath, as though hands were compressing my throat,  
yearning for colours, for flowers, for the voices of birds,  
thirsting for words of kindness, for neighbourliness,  
trembling in anger at despotisms and petty humiliation,  
tossing in expectation of great events,  
powerlessly trembling for friends at an infinite distance,  
weary and empty at praying, at thinking, at making,  
faint, and ready to say farewell to it all?

Who am I? This or the other?  
Am I one person today, and tomorrow another?

Am I both at once? A hypocrite before others,  
and before myself a contemptibly woebegone weakling?  
Or is something within me still like a beaten army,  
fleeing in disorder from victory already achieved?  
Who am I? They mock me, these lonely questions of mine.  
Whoever I am, thou knowest, O God, I am thine.

## **LISE MEITNER**

*Letter to Max Born, Cambridge, England, 15 June 1963*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin

Prof. Dr. Lise Meitner, 16 Highsett, Hill Road, Cambridge  
15. Juni 1963

Lieber Born,

Wenn ich Ihnen heute für die Zugesendeten Sonderdrucke herzlichst danke, so möchte ich betonen, dass mein besonderer Dank Ihrem Aufsatz „Was bleibt noch zu hoffen?“ gilt. Alles was mich seit Hiroshima bedrückt und gequält hat—and mit mir sicher viele andere Menschen, wenn auch leider nicht genügend viele—ist so wunderbar klar in Ihrem Aufsatz im Entstehen und Fortentwickeln dargestellt, dass es jeden Leser beeindrucken und überzeugen muss. In mir hat Ihr Aufsatz jedenfalls ein tiefes Dankbarkeitsgefühl erweckt, dass jemand den Mut gehabt hat, die wahren Grundlagen der modernen Kriegstechnik und ihre Verneinung jeder moralischen Hemmung offen darzulegen. Dieser Aufsatz sollte in tausend und abertausend Exemplaren an die Wissenschaftler der ganzen Welt versendet werden—ob das möglich wäre?

Schade, dass ich Sie und Ihre Frau nicht in Zürich sehen konnte. Ich war ein paar Tage dort, um Stern, konnte aber nicht länger bleiben. Jetzt weiß ich natürlich nicht, wo sie die nächste Zeit verbringen, hoffe aber dass mein Brief Sie über die übliche Adresse erreicht.

Mit sehr herzlichen guten Wünschen und Grüßen an Sie und Hedy

Ihre  
Lise Meitner

Auch mir hat Ihr Artikel ausgezeichnet gefallen.

Wird er auch auf englisch erscheinen? Das wäre doch sehr wünschenswert.

Ich schäme mich, dass ich Ihren 80sten Geburtstag übersehen habe; hoffentlich haben Sie ihn gut überstanden! Mit herzlichen Grüßen Ihr O.R. Frisch

P.S. Ihre Antwort an Dingle hatte ich schon in Nature gesehen. Was tut man mit dem Mann?



# HANDWRITTEN MUSIC



## **LUDWIG BEETHOVEN**

*Excerpt from 'Conversation book 11', April 1820*

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE

German

### SOURCE

National Library of Australia

*In the hand of Franz Oliva*

Beethoven

The Symphony in C Minor has been excellently performed several times under Schuppanzigh ... he has understood it ...

I forgot to tell you that the amateurs shortened your symphony yesterday;—they left out almost half of the third movement;—the fugal middle section was played only once then they went straight to the place where the violins have pizzicato, and the transition to the Finale, the effect was terrible indeed the symphony was completely spoilt by the dreadful conductor ...

