



錢鍾書 著

錢鍾書手稿集  
MANUSCRIPTS OF QIAN ZHONGSHU

外文華記 35



創于1897

商務印書館  
The Commercial Press



商務印書館

二〇一五年・北京

(第五輯)  
外文筆記  
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# 錢鍾書手稿集

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is the passion that causeth weeping" (23).

of "Luttrell" (425). No mention of Samuel Butler - a curious omission.

## Vol. II.

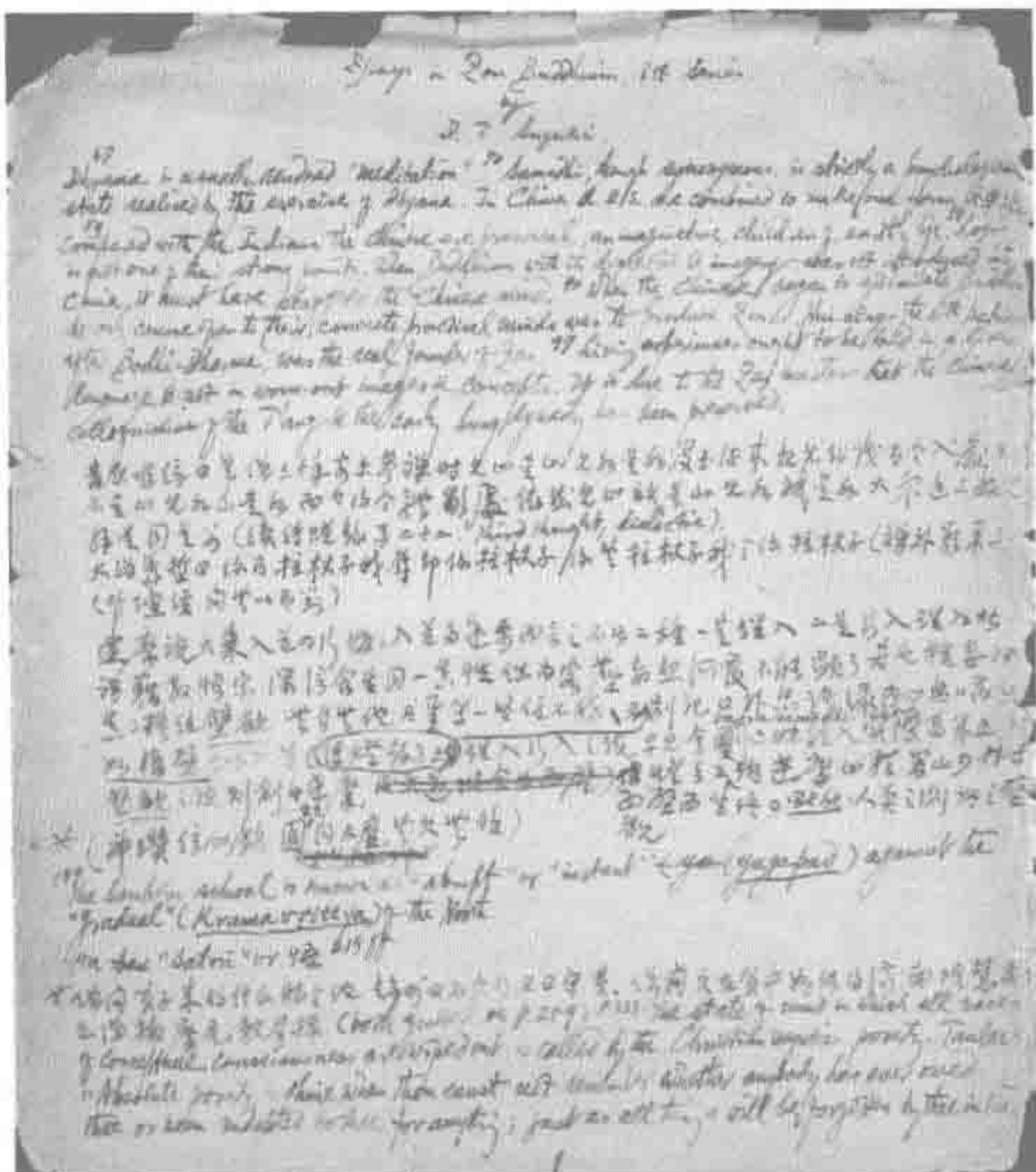
In it a priori forms, the concept of Evolution partly conditioned the most original philosophic thinking in Germany in the first 3 decades of the century. Herder was of opinion that speech was a thing of gradual emergence in primeval man, an animal thus gaining on other animals; but he later recanted. Hegel recognized evolution only in "Spirit"; not in Nature. Thomas Hope, author of Anastasis, published a curious treatise in 1831, An Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man, 3 vols., in which there is a remarkable body of speculation as the processes by which organic and inorganic bodies are evolved by forces of attraction and repulsion (313). He definitely posits the scientific doctrine that all religion had begun in fear of evil spirits, the Good God being a late evolution (314). Gladstone: "Upon the ground of what is termed evolution, God is relieved of the labour of creation; in the name of unchangeable laws, He is discharged from governing the world... The mode is in principle most equitable. Mr Spencer divides the field of thought between Science and Religion. To Science he awards all that of which we know, or may know something; to Religion he leaves a far wider domain--that of which we know, and can know, nothing... He is like the man in the story who said: 'Sir, there are two sides to my house, and we will divide them: you shall take the outside'" (397).

Matthew Arnold's unardonable offence in Gladstone's eyes was that of "patronizing Jesus Christ." Arnold's genial account of God as "a magnified non-natural man," his description of the doctrine of the Trinity as a "fairy tale of three Lord Shaftesburys" (the author of *Dad Grille* figured the Trinity as "three men tied at the waist by a rope" [401]). But his censure of Colenso's work which, according to Abraham Ruenen, imposed a right direction on a historical reconstruction that had long been astray, betrays his urbane ignorance (402). The erection of inordinate certitudes on a basis of fatally limited information appears to be a regrettably frequent result of the academic discipline of Oxford in the last century (403).

The Defence of Philosophic Doubt is a reversion to the method of scepticism partly popularized first by Montaigne in his Apology of Raymond Sebon -de, and systematically developed by Huet in the 17th century (532). It is partly relied on in Butler's Analogy; it had been destructively employed by Hume as against the partial and pro-religious scepticism of Berkeley; and it had been incidentally involved in Newman's Apologia (533).

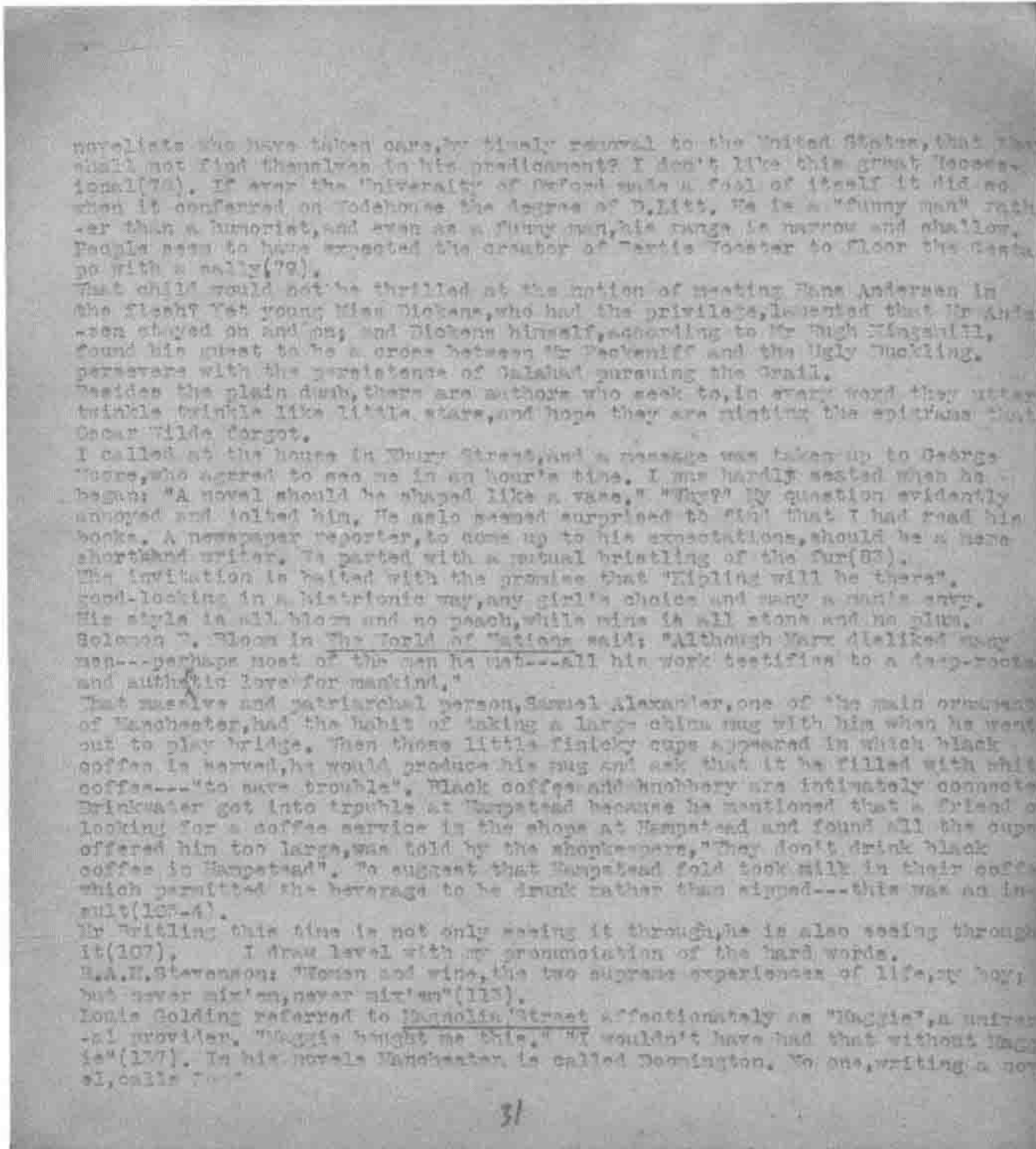
His passionately self-conscious non-academic <sup>methodology</sup> inevitably leads to some of the following debauching:  
 "The Golden Bough" the most largely & earnest, learned collection of knowledge.... The need by theoretic balance  
 Cuthbert a year or two ago) both of us as the positivist claims to be practically master of his patch, the  
 idolater proposes to be the subject of his idol. [Fraser passes straight to the main task] magic & religion  
 different contrary attitudes - the magician understanding to command his gods while the priest has  
 to submit to him. The Fabian Wiles is loyal to induction can see that there never has been any Willful-  
ness, nearish of tendency, but simply a variation in terms of the economic-social conditions." (368);  
 "Caslie Stephen's "worthlessness in his statements" "falling into a well-known error" (370-71). - In  
 philosophy brother Henry James the younger was singularly inferior in literary facilities to his father &  
 brother (399). Dr Ward's main achievement [in Naturalism & Agnosticism], effected with much  
 expenditure of temper, was the detection of some of the dialectical inconsistencies in the writings of Spencer,  
 Huxley & others on the rationalist side... He was maintaining a thesis... after by inconsistency from  
 top to bottom" (553), etc. "Had the placid diarist [Henry Sidgwick] ever brought him y. b. m.  
 kept criticism to bear on his own unhappy generalization" de (541). Brief of Andrus Lang's  
 "old scholarship" (369) & A.W. Bennet as "the most erudite & the most philosophic accomplished critic"  
 26



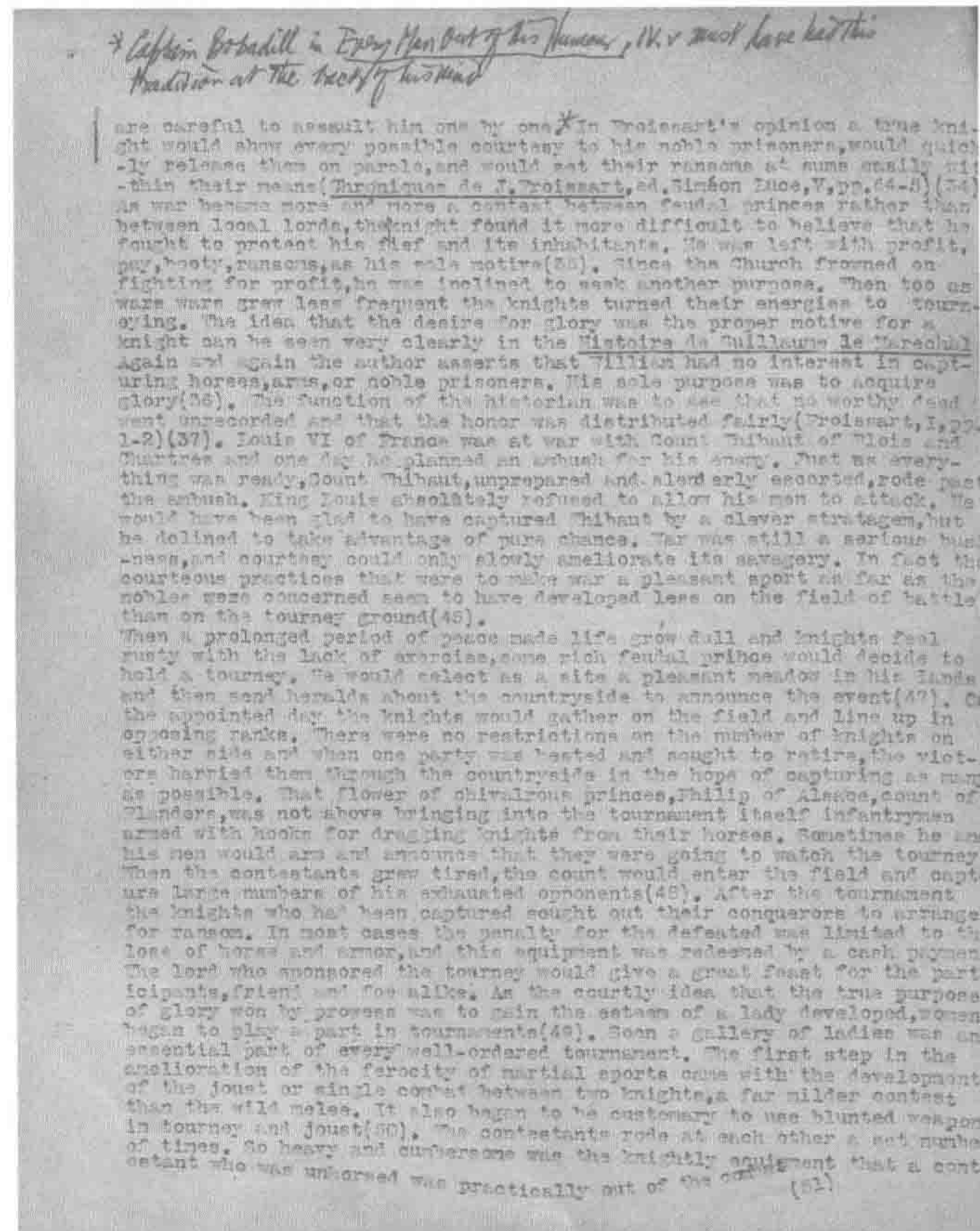


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● 第一六二本 内文  
(a selected page of no.162)



● 第一六二本 封面  
(cover of no.162)



CONTENTS

No. 160

1. Thomas Hobbes, <i>Leviathan</i> .....	3
2. Maurice Lindsay, <i>Robert Burns</i> .....	5
3. Henry Taylor, <i>Autobiography Vol. I</i> .....	13
4. J. M. Robertson, <i>A History of Freethought in the Nineteenth Century</i> .....	23
<i>Vol. I</i> .....	23
<i>Vol. II</i> .....	28
5. W. Somerset Maugham, <i>A Writer's Notebook</i> .....	29
6. <i>The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night</i> .....	36
<i>Vol. I</i> .....	36
<i>Vol. II</i> .....	40
<i>Vol. III</i> .....	44
<i>Vol. IV</i> .....	48
7. Benedetto Croce, <i>European Literature in the Nineteenth Century</i> .....	50
8. Frederick A. Pottle (ed.), <i>Boswell on the Grand Tour: Germany and Switzerland</i> .....	58
9. Sylva Norman, <i>Flight of the Skylark</i> .....	64
10. G. V. Cox, <i>Recollections of Oxford</i> .....	71
11. Edward C. Mack and W. H. G. Armytage, <i>Thomas Hughes</i> .....	73
12. Kenneth Hopkins, <i>The Poets Laureate</i> .....	75
13. <i>The New Statesman and Nation</i> (Jan., Feb., 1956) .....	80
14. Willam Rose Benét and Conrad Aiken, <i>An Anthology of Famous English and     American Poetry</i> .....	84
15. Cleanth Brooks, Jr. and Robert Penn Warren, <i>Understanding Poetry</i> .....	94
16. Richard Kostelanetz (ed.), <i>On Contemporary Literature</i> .....	141
17. Laurence Sterne, <i>A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy</i> .....	146
18. John Donne, <i>Complete Poetry and Selected Prose</i> .....	151
19. Frederick Marryat, <i>Mr. Midshipman Easy</i> .....	165

No. 161

1. D. T. Suzuki, <i>Essays in Zen Buddhism</i> .....	171
2. Ernst Cassirer, <i>Rousseau, Kant, Goethe</i> .....	173
3. Marcel Prévost, <i>Nouvelles Lettres à Françoise</i> .....	180
4. Francis Bacon, <i>The Works Vol. XIII</i> .....	181
5. C. S. Lewis, <i>The Great Divorce</i> .....	183



6. D. R. Stuart, <i>Epochs of Greek and Roman Biography</i> .....	187
7. Havelock Ellis, <i>My Confessional</i> .....	188
8. L. Dugas, <i>Les Timides dans la Littérature et l'Art</i> .....	188
9. Stray Notes .....	189
10. E. M. Rowell, <i>Time and Time Again</i> .....	190
11. Paul Valéry, <i>Variété II</i> .....	193
12. Richard Hope, <i>The Book of Diogenes Laertius</i> .....	197
13. C. S. Lewis, <i>A Preface to Paradise Lost</i> .....	198
14. Jan Struther, <i>Mrs. Miniver</i> .....	200
15. Hugo von Hofmannsthal, <i>Gesammelte Werke Bd. III</i> .....	201
16. Joseph Hone, <i>The Life of Henry Tonks</i> .....	203
17. Douglas Bush, <i>Mythology and the Renaissance Tradition in English Poetry</i> .....	204
18. Etta Shiber, <i>Paris-Underground</i> .....	205
19. Howard Spring, <i>In the Meantime</i> .....	205
20. A. N. Whitehead, <i>The Philosophy</i> .....	207
21. Jonathan Swift, <i>Poems</i> .....	208
22. J. A. Gunn, <i>The Problem of Time</i> .....	210
23. J. J. Smart, <i>The River of Time</i> (Mind Oct. 1949) .....	213
24. David L. Cohn, <i>Love in America</i> .....	214
25. Philip Wylie, <i>Generation of Vipers</i> .....	218
26. Samuel Alexander, <i>Philosophical and Literary Pieces</i> .....	220
27. Marjorie Grene, <i>Dreadful Freedom</i> .....	224
28. Jean-Paul Sartre, <i>Notes with Quotations</i> .....	225
29. Havelock Ellis, <i>Man and Woman</i> .....	230
30. Eric Bentley (ed.), <i>The Importance of Scrutiny</i> .....	234
31. André Gide, <i>Pages de Journal</i> .....	235
32. Heinrich Heine, <i>Sämtliche Werke, Bd. X</i> .....	238
33. Abraham Cowley, <i>The Essays and Other Prose Writings</i> .....	242
34. <i>Le Figaro Littéraire</i> .....	245
35. <i>Les Nouvelles Littéraires</i> .....	246
36. <i>Modern Language Notes</i> .....	249
37. G. Stanley Hall, <i>Life and Confessions of a Psychologist</i> .....	260
38. Paul Hazard, <i>La Pensée Européenne au XVIII<sup>ème</sup> Siècle</i> .....	262
<i>Tome I</i> .....	262
<i>Tome II</i> .....	271
39. Colette, <i>L'Envers du Music-Hall</i> .....	283



40. William James, <i>The Letters</i> .....	284
<i>Vol. I</i> .....	284
<i>Vol. II</i> .....	287
41. Frances Trollope, <i>Domestic Manners of the Americans</i> .....	292
42. George Saintsbury (ed.), <i>Minor Poets of the Caroline Period</i> .....	296
<i>Vol. II</i> .....	296
<i>Vol. III</i> .....	301
<i>Vol. I</i> .....	309
43. Colette, <i>Chéri</i> .....	310
44. Barrows Dunham, <i>Man Against Myth</i> .....	311
45. Edmund Blunden, <i>Leigh Hunt</i> .....	321
46. Edward Copleston, <i>Advice to a Young Reviewer</i> .....	324
47. Colette, <i>Ces Plaisirs</i> .....	326
48. R. G. Collingwood, <i>The Principles of Art</i> .....	328
49. John Veitch, <i>Memoir of Sir William Hamilton</i> .....	330
50. André Gide, <i>Journal</i> .....	331
51. Camilo J. Cela, <i>Pascual Duarte's Family</i> .....	347
52. Alfred von Martin, <i>Sociology of the Renaissance</i> .....	349
53. Hans Baron, <i>The Crisis of the Early Italian Renaissance</i> .....	350
54. C. S. Lewis, <i>That Hideous Strength</i> .....	357
55. Ruth Hornblower Greenough, <i>C. N. Greenough</i> .....	358
56. Philip Whitwell Wilson (ed.), <i>The Greville Diary</i> .....	359
<i>Vol. I</i> .....	359
<i>Vol. II</i> .....	364
57. Douglas Bush, <i>Paradise Lost in Our Time</i> .....	367
58. Julien Benda, <i>Du Style d'Idées</i> .....	368
59. H. J. C. Grierson, <i>Rhetoric and English Composition</i> .....	380
60. Graham Wallas, <i>Men and Ideas</i> .....	388
61. Rémy de Gourmont, <i>Lettres Intimes à l'Amazone</i> .....	390
62. R. G. Collingwood, <i>An Essay on Metaphysics</i> .....	391
63. Sacheverell Sitwell, <i>Splendours and Miseries</i> .....	396
64. R. G. Collingwood, <i>Metaphysics</i> (continued) .....	396
65. Earl Derr Biggers, <i>Behind that Curtain</i> .....	396
66. H. E. Bates, <i>Fair Stood the Wind for France</i> .....	397
67. Paul Shorey, <i>What Plato Said</i> .....	398
68. John Henry Newman, <i>Centenary Essays</i> .....	400
69. R. C. Trevelyan, <i>Windfalls</i> .....	401



70. Marguerite Steen, <i>William Nicholson</i> .....	403
71. Ford Maddox Ford, <i>The March of Literature from Confucius to Modern Times</i> .....	404
72. Stray Notes .....	405
73. Diderot, <i>Jaques le Fataliste et son Maître</i> .....	406
74. Evelyn Underhill, <i>The Mystic Way</i> .....	409
75. Archibald Robertson, <i>Philosophers on Holiday</i> .....	411
76. D. G. Hogarth, <i>The Life of Charles M. Doughty</i> .....	411
77. <i>Essays on the Eighteenth Century, Presented to D. Nichol Smith</i> .....	412
78. Lionel Trilling, <i>Matthew Arnold</i> .....	421

**No. 162**

1. Gordon S. Haight, <i>George Eliot and John Chapman</i> .....	429
2. Oskar Fischel and Max von Boehn, <i>Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century</i> .....	431
3. Angela Thirkell, <i>Love Among the Ruins</i> .....	439
4. Sidney Painter, <i>French Chivalry</i> .....	445
5. E. Gosse and Thomas J. Wise, <i>Letters of A. C. Swinburne</i> .....	457
<i>Vol. I</i> .....	457
<i>Vol. II</i> .....	459
6. Evan Charteris, <i>The Life and Letters of Sir Edmund Gosse</i> .....	461
7. René Bray, <i>Chronologie du Romantisme (1804—1830)</i> .....	469
8. C.-A. Sainte-Beuve, <i>Les Grands Écrivains Français</i> .....	488
<i>Tome VII</i> .....	488
<i>Tome X</i> .....	496
9. A. M. Harmon, <i>Lucian</i> .....	498
10. Brian Fitzgerald, <i>Daniel Defoe</i> .....	503
11. John F. Ross, <i>Swift and Defoe</i> .....	507
12. F. M. Colby, <i>Constrained Attitudes</i> .....	509
13. Angela Thirkell, <i>Private Enterprise</i> .....	510
14. Alexander Dyce, <i>Table Talk of Samuel Rogers</i> .....	511
15. William Maltby, <i>Porsoniana</i> .....	512
16. Ovid, <i>Amours</i> .....	513
17. Erckmann-Chatrian, <i>The Conscript</i> .....	515
18. Ernest Edward Kellett, <i>Fashion in Literature</i> .....	517
19. Elizabeth Wheeler Manwaring, <i>Italian Landscape in Eighteenth Century England</i> .....	528
20. David Cecil, <i>Early Victorian Novelists</i> .....	532



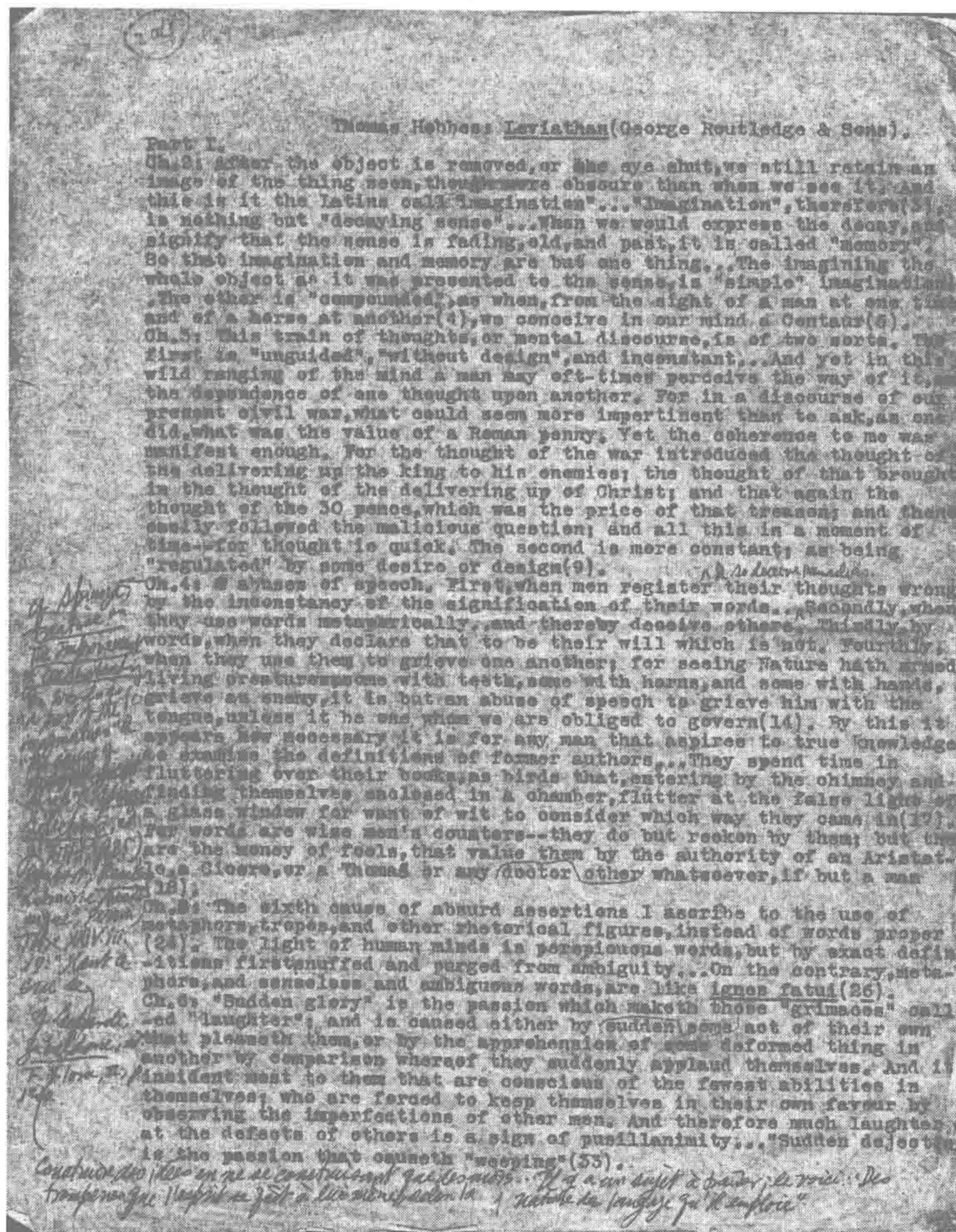
21. George Orwell, <i>Critical Essays</i> .....	535
22. Leonardo da Vinci, <i>Eine Auswahl aus Seinen Schriften</i> .....	537
23. H. Taine, <i>Vie et Opinions de M. Frédéric-Thomas Graindorge</i> .....	541
24. <i>In Praise of Folly</i> .....	545
25. Stray Notes .....	547
26. Medley of Handwritten Notes .....	547
27. Handwritten Extracts from an English Work on European Literature (pp. 107-361, first page(s) missing) .....	551
 Author Index .....	 562
Title Index .....	564



# 錢鍾書手稿集



No.160



original size: 209 × 271 mm







Thomas Hobbes: *Leviathan* (George Routledge & Sons).

Part I.

Ch. 2: After the object is removed, or the eye shut, we still retain an image of the thing seen, though more obscure than when we see it. And this is it the Latins call "Imagination"... "Imagination", therefore (3), is nothing but "decaying sense"... When we would express the decay, and signify that the sense is fading, old, and past, it is called "memory". So that imagination and memory are but one thing... The imagining the whole object as it was presented to the sense, is "simple" imagination. The other is "compounded", as when, from the sight of a man at one time and of a horse at another (4), we conceive in our mind a Centaur (5).

Ch. 3: This train of thoughts, or mental discourse, is of two sorts. The first is "unguided", "without design", and inconstant... And yet in this wild ranging of the mind a man may oft-times perceive the way of it, and the dependence of one thought upon another. For in a discourse of our present civil war, what could seem more impertinent than to ask, as one did, what was the value of a Roman penny. Yet the coherence to me was manifest enough. For the thought of the war introduced the thought of the delivering up the king to his enemies; the thought of that brought in the thought of the delivering up of Christ; and that again the thought of the 30 pence, which was the price of that treason; and thence easily followed the malicious question; and all this in a moment of time--for thought is quick. The second is more constant; as being "regulated" by some desire or design (9).

Ch. 4: 4 abuses of speech. First, when men register their thoughts wrong, by the inconstancy of the signification of their words... Secondly, when they use words metaphorically... and thereby deceive others. Thirdly, by words, when they declare that to be their will which is not. Fourthly, when they use them to grieve one another; for seeing Nature hath armed living creatures, some with teeth, some with horns, and some with hands, to grieve an enemy, it is but an abuse of speech to grieve him with the tongue, unless it be one whom we are obliged to govern (14). By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors... They spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that, entering by the chimney and finding themselves enclosed in a chamber, flutter at the false light of a glass window for want of wit to consider which way they came in (17). For words are wise men's counters--they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas or any doctor other whatsoever, if but a man (18).

Ch. 5: The sixth cause of absurd assertions I ascribe to the use of metaphors, tropes, and other rhetorical figures, instead of words proper (24). The light of human minds is perspicuous words, but by exact definitions first snuffed and purged from ambiguity... On the contrary, metaphors, and senseless and ambiguous words, are like *ignes fatui* (26).

Ch. 6: "Sudden glory" is the passion which maketh those "grimaces" called "laughter"; and is caused either by sudden some act of their own that pleaseth them, or by the apprehension of some deformed thing in another by comparison whereof they suddenly applaud themselves. And it is incident most to them that are conscious of the fewest abilities in themselves; who are forced to keep themselves in their own favour by observing the imperfections of other men. And therefore much laughter at the defects of others is a sign of pusillanimity... "Sudden dejection" is the passion that causeth "weeping" (33).

Construire des idées en ne se construisant que des mots... Il y a un sujet à parler; le voici: Des tromperies que l'esprit se fait à lui-même, selon la nature du langage qu'il emploie.



Ch.8: This "natural wit" consisteth principally in two things, "celerity of imagining",....and steady direction to some approved end(40).

Ch.13: by force or wiles to master the persons of all men... "War" consisteth not in battle only or the act of fighting, but in a tract of time wherein the will to contend by abttle is sufficiently known(80).... For as the nature of foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain, but in an inclination thereto of many days together, so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto during all the time, there is no assurance to the contrary....a time of war where every man is enemy to every man...In such condition there is no place for industry..no culture of the earth..no arts, no letters, no society...and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short....What opinion he has of his fellow-subjects, when he rides armed; of his fellow-citizens, when he locks his doors; and of his children and servants, when he locks his chests. Does he not there as much accuse mankind by his actions as I do by my words?(81). To this war of every man against every man this also is consequent, that nothing can be unjust....Force and fraud are in war two cardinal virtues(82).

Ch.14: And because the condition of man...is a condition of war of every one against every one...it followeth that in such a condition(83) every man has a right to everything(84)\* The mutual transferring of right is that which men call "contract"(86). The oath adds nothing to the obligation(92).

Part II.

Ch.46: Their moral philosophy is but a description of their own passions... And I believe that scarce anything can be more absurdly said in natural philosophy than that which is now called Aristotle's Metaphysics, nor more repugnant to government than much of that he hath said in his Politics; nor more igno antly than a great part of his Ethics (469).

*Pittier:*

\*In Latin: "Jus omnium in omnia, et consequenter bellum omnium in omnes" — the right of ~~every one~~ <sup>all</sup> to everything & therefore of all to make war on all



**Maurice Lindsay: Robert Burns.**

His first editor, the much-maligned Dr James Currie, was a rabid teetotaler, entirely out of sympathy with the character of the man with whose poems and letters he took such astonishing liberties, and through whose life-story he persistently laced a moral warning on the fate which awaits those who succumb to the temptations of strong drink. Meanwhile, a different kind of falsification was being woven in another quarter. Students of Scottish poetry are well aware of Allan Cunningham's attempts to palm off some of his own productions as genuine Galloway ballads. He also applied his imaginative talent towards colouring up what he had heard from his father-- Alexander, one of Burns's most intimate friends--or otherwise learned about Burns; firstly, for the benefit of Lockhart, and then for his own life of the poet(1). The prestige of Lockhart's great Life of Scott has been extended gratuitously to take in also his Life of Burns. The first tolerably accurate picture of Burns in his milieu was Auguste Angellier's Robert Burns, La Vie, Les Oeuvres (1893). Robert Chambers was the earliest Burns scholar seriously to question the Currie-Lockhart-Cunningham fabrications. His Life and Works appeared in 1851-2 and was completely revised by William Wallace in 1896. The first of the modern standard lives was Robert Burns, Leben und Wirken des Schottischen Volksdichters by Hans Hecht (1919) (2); Hecht has a tendency to gloss over happenings which seem to offend his sense of delicacy. The image of a living and warm Burns rises from the pages of Mrs Catherine Carswell's Life (1930), but she takes the romantic approach, incorporating scraps of unauthenticated gossip into her narrative without qualification. Franklyn Bliss Snyder's Life (1932) and De Lancey Ferguson's Pride and Passion, Robert Burns 1759-1796 (1939) are the two best Burns studies(3).

The foundations of that dichotomy which all his life led him to alternate uneasily between the vernacular tradition of Scots literature and the genteel traditions of Augustan literature, may be traced back to his earliest schooling. His schoolmaster John Murdoch was a wholehearted apostle of English literary gentility. His mother and poor unloved Betty Davidson, with their broad folksongs, were the apostles of Scotland's peasant past. The wonder is that with Murdoch and his father so strongly on the side of the angels (William Burnes apparently did his best to speak "correct English"), the Scots folk-tradition should have asserted itself in Robert's imagination as strongly as it did(13).

Although Robert was very proud of his French and made a habit of spicing his letters--particularly those to Peggy Chambers--with rather obvious French phrases, the rhyming use to which he sometimes put French words makes one wonder about the nature of his pronunciation(17).

He was in no sense an "unlettered ploughman", although in later years when it suited him to adopt such a pose for the gratification of the Edinburgh patricians, he did so without hesitation(22).

Growing pains made him moodily indrawn upon himself(23).

His wit found plenty of scope when the Tarbolton Bachelors Club was founded. The first meeting was held on 11th November 1780. Robert was in the chair, and the theme of the debate was: "Suppose a young man, bred a farmer, but without any future, has it in his power to marry either of two women; the one a girl of large fortune, but neither handsome in person nor agreeable in conversation, but who can manage the household affairs of a farm well enough; the other of them a girl every way agreeable in person, conversation and behaviour, but without any fortune: which of them shall he choose?"(26). The 10th and most significant rule reads: "Every man



proper for a member of this Society, must have a frank honest, open heart; above anything dirty or mean; and must be a professed lover of one or more of the female sex"(27).

The tendency to dramatise a situation to the uttermost, at the expense of accuracy.

His complaint was not hypochondria as he supposed, but the beginnings of endocarditis, a disease brought on by the cruel man-strain of the farm labour which his boyish frame had had to endure(33).

He arrived at Mossiel full of high intentions, and determined to overcome his urges towards "social and amorous madness". "This upset all my wisdom, and I returned like a dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire"[St Peter ii. 22](41). Throughout his life Robert was unsure of his farming judgment(42). Dr Mackenzie of Mauchline has been much criticised for prescribing not only the wrong treatment for Robert's ailment, but one which, in all probability, accelerated the progress. He instructed his patient to plunge into cold baths and to get rid of this melancholy by still harder farm work, when clearly Robert should have been ordered complete rest. But as Dr Fleming Gow recently pointed out, Dr Mackenzie could not possibly have diagnosed the true nature of Robert's disease without the aid of the stethoscope, which was not invented by Laënnec until 1819(43).

Elizabeth Paton, in spite of her plain face, had an enticing figure. Most important of all, she was willing to give herself to the eager Robert when "corn rigs are bonie"(44).

According to Calvin's Institutes, a small part of the human race was predestined to enjoy eternal happiness while the remainder were fore-doomed to eternal damnation. God's grace alone saved the fortunate few, and His grace could not be earned or won. Under cover of God's grace, the Elect could do no wrong; could lie, thief, or even murder, and still be held to have been justified. James Hogg's novel, The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner, illustrates with relentless logic the demoralising effect that the assured knowledge of God's grace had upon one member of the Elect(47).

Since the Reformation, the ordinary Scotsman had come to look upon the Church as the main source of authority in his daily life(49). In Burns's day, the Kirk Session of the Church of Scotland still had a Gestapo-like power to peer into the private circumstances of family life. It gave certificates of good conduct, where it saw fit; in cases of unsanctified union between the two sexes, it had powers to rebuke publicly and to fine the offending parties; and it could compel regular attendance at Church, though of what ultimate avail this might be to those not of the Elect, is hard to see. Inevitably, such a system of local spying made for hypocrisy, prurient vengeful curiosity, and petty tyranny. The satires of Burns played no small part in helping to bring about the liberalisation of religious thought in Scotland(49).

By the early winter of 1784, Elizabeth Paton's condition was becoming generally obvious. In the clever and daring "Epistle to John Rankine" the poet describes his seduction in terms of the field. The "poacher-court" got to hear of the "paitrich hen" he had brought down with his gun, so he had to "sole the blethers" and pay the fee. However, he tells Rankine, as soon as her "clockin'-time is by", and the child is born, he means to have further "sportin' by an' by" to get value for his guinea. The attitude towards the girl which the "Epistle" reveals is that of a bounder. Robert

for all his feeling of brotherly love for humanity, could, on occasions,



suddenly turn into a cold-hearted cad where women were concerned. When the child was born, Robert, to his credit, responded to his first experience of paternity not with a further display of sexual boastfulness, but in "A Poet's Welcome to his Love-begotten Daughter" (or, as Robert more pithily put it, to his "Bastard Wean"!), with glowing tenderness (50). Elizabeth Paton's only other appearance in his life was in 1786, when she made a claim on him. The Elizabeth Paton incident, and the two main poems it brought forth, throw light on another aspect of Robert's nature. He could swagger and defy public opinion, and even put on a show of glorifying his rakishness: "Tho' now they ca' me fornicator, / And tease my name i in kintra clatter, / The mair they talk, I'm kennt the better, / E'en let them clash; / And auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter / To gie ane fash." The women who satisfied his passions, with the possible exception of Highland Mary whose death induced in him acute feelings of remorse, seem always to have come to mean less to him than the children they bore him (51). He ran many side-lines to eke out his scanty salary.

By the close of 1785, Jean Armour was pregnant. Robert's original idea was to marry her. In September 1784 he wrote to John Tennant: "And then to have a woman to lye with when one pleases, without running any risk of the cursed expense of bastards and all the other concomitants of that species of Smuggling--These are solid views of matrimony" (71). "Solid views" they certainly were, if not very elevated (72). In Paisley, there was at least the remote chance that a certain Robert Wilson who had hitherto shown more than a passing interest in the girl, might still be prepared to take her, unborn child and all (74).

To John Arnot he poured out his heart: "I rarely hit where I aim; and if I want anything, I am almost sure never to find it where I seek it.--For instance, if my pen-knife is needed, I pull out twenty things--a plough-wedge, a horse-nail, an old letter or a tattered rhyme, in short, everything but my pen-knife; and that at last, after a painful, fruitless search, will be found in the unsuspected corner of an unsuspected pocket, as if on purpose thrust out of the way. I had long had a wishing eye to that inestimable blessing, a wife. My mouth watered deliciously, to see a young fellow, after a few idle, commonplace stories from a gentleman in black, strip and go to bed with a young girl, and no one durst say, black was his eye; (74) While I, for just doing the same thing, only wanting that ceremony, am made a Sunday's laughing-stock, and abused like a pick-pocket. I was well aware though, that if my ill-starred fortune got the least hint of my con-nubial wish, my schemes would go to nothing. To prevent this, I determined to take my measures with such thought and forethought, such a caution and precaution, that all the malignant planets in the Hemisphere should be unable to blight my designs" (75).

Mary Campbell became the heroine of the 19th century's Burns legend. In it, her role was that of a Beatrice, "the virgin bride of fancy". But Mary played no such silly sentimental role. She was a woman, therefore could be woo'd; she was a woman, therefore could be, and very likely was, won. Dr Snyder reached the conclusion that Mary more than likely produced Robert's child, and died in doing so (79). "The Highland Lassie O" was an indifferent song. When Burns was concerned, "a warm-hearted, charming creature as ever blessed a man with generous love", can hardly be squared with a "virgin bride of fancy" (81).

On Sunday evening, 3rd September 1786, Jean's brother came to tell the poet that his sister had borne twins. Robert sat down to write, John Richmond

*Take the  
objects  
the whole  
thing  
(Parker)*



again, bawdily exulting in this further proof of his sexual power(90). For three years after Mary's death, Robert bottled up his remorse and made no mention of Mary. Then suddenly the cork flew up from the bottle and his remorse poured over(93).

He wished to be remembered in two roles: as a Scots poet exulting in the vigour of the native traditions; and as an English poet skilled in the uses of that genteel sentimentality so necessary to win the ear and the applause of the Edinburgh patricians. The dichotomy which was first set up in the poet's mind as a result of the differing pulls exerted by the official and the unofficial mentors of his boyhood days, at last came right into the open(95). It even breaks out in the middle of potentially excellent Scots poems like "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and the "Epistle to Davie", marring their artistic unity(96). With "The Cotter's Saturday Night", Burns ousted Sir David Lyndsay as the national bard(109). Its model was an excellent poem by Robert Fergusson, "The Farmer's Ingle." Burns begins his poem with one of the most absurd stanzas he ever wrote: "My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend! / No mercenary bard his homage pays; / With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end, / My dearest need, a friend's esteem and praise" etc.(110). "Pride" was, of course, a key-word in Burns's make-up and vocabulary, frequently used with strident effect when he was addressing the "gentles". After this false beginning, the poem sets out on what should have been its proper course: "This night his weekly moil is at an end, / Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes, / Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend, / And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend." There is, of course, an echo of Gray in the stanza (111). "The parents partial eye their hopeful years; / Anticipation forward points the view; / The mother, wi' her needle and her shears, / Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new." There is no need to comment on the curious mixture of English and Scots, or the extreme "phoniness" of the first two lines! In comes "a neibor lad" to woo Jenny. This leads the poet to his climax of artificial absurdity. He strikes a stage-villain pose, and dons 18th century grease-paint rhetoric: "Is there, in human form, that bears a heart" etc. As verse, that is probably one of the silliest stanzas ever written by a great poet. What makes the sensitive reader uncomfortable, however, is not so much its "ham" expression as the reflection that at the time he was writing, the poet had himself employed "his perjur'd arts! dissembling, smooth!" to seduce at least two young women!(112).

"To a Mouse" is one of Burns's most frequently translated poems. The poem is rooted firmly in the Scots tradition, both linguistically, and in the intimate, realistic attitude to Nature which it reveals. True, there is a momentary reversion to neo-classical English in the second stanza, where he is "truly sorry Man's dominion / Has broken Nature's social union." But it is so closely integrated into the Scots texture and so fleeting that it is hardly a blemish(114).

"Man was Made to Mourn, a Dirge" contains the proverb-like phrase "Man's inhumanity to Man / Makes countless thousands mourn!" foreshadowing Wordsworth's "Alas the ingratitude of Man / Hath oftener left me mourning".

"To a Mountain Daisy" was an attempt to repeat the success of "To a Mouse". As in "The Cotter's Saturday Night", the poem becomes totally impossible when Burns strikes a virtuous pose and likens the crushed daisy to "the fate of artless Maid, / Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!" etc. (117). "To a Louse, On Seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet" provided him with a

theme after his own.