

BEAUTIFUL  
THOUGHTS



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“ BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS ”

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## PREFACE.

OF all the great classical writers of the century not one has given utterance to so many lofty thoughts and ennobling ideas as the first Lord Lytton, still so familiarly known to us by his family name of Bulwer-Lytton. Witty epigrams, sententious sayings, flashes of keenest insight into the workings of the human heart, are found so abundantly in every work of his that the difficulty has been one of selection rather than of search.

The message of Bulwer-Lytton to his age was a strong protest against pessimism, cynicism, cant and every form

of materialism, that true greatness in life could only come through nobility of purpose and that great aims dignified even little men. The Ideal can never be reached in this world, but nevertheless men and women are ever the better for striving after it. The temptations of life are its true trials, life is a battlefield where all may acquit themselves and where no death is ignoble save to him who turns his back on the conflict.



JANUARY.



*January 1st.*

THOUGH Hope be a small child, she  
can carry a great anchor!

*Harold.*

*January 2d.*

If a woman has once really loved, the beloved object makes an impenetrable barrier between her and other men; their advances terrify and revolt—she would rather die than be unfaithful even to a memory. Though man loves the sex, woman loves only the individual.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*January 3d.*

However august be the object we propose to ourselves, every less worthy

path we take to insure it distorts the mental sight of our ambition ; and the means, by degrees, abase the end to their own standard. This is the true misfortune of a man nobler than his age—that the instruments he must use soil himself: half he reforms his times ; but half, too, the times will corrupt the reformer.

*Rienzi.*

*January 4th.*

Out, then, upon that vulgar craving of those who comprehend neither the vast truths of life, nor the grandeur of ideal art, and who ask from poet or narrator the poor and petty morality of “Poetical Justice”—a justice existing not in our work-day world—a justice existing not in the sombre page of

history—a justice existing not in the loftier conceptions of men whose genius has grappled with the enigmas which art and poetry only can foreshadow and divine:—unknown to us in the street and the market—unknown to us on the scaffold of the patriot, or amidst the flames of the martyr—unknown to us in the Lear and the Hamlet—in the Agamemnon and the Prometheus. Millions upon millions, ages upon ages, are entered but as items in the vast account in which the recording angel sums up the unerring justice of God to man.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*January 5th.*

But the final greatness of a fortunate man is rarely made by any vio-

lent effort of his own. He has sown the seeds in the time foregone, and the ripe time brings up the harvest. His fate seems taken out of his own control; greatness seems thrust upon him. He has made himself, as it were, a *want* to the nation, a thing necessary to it; he has identified himself with his age, and in the wreath or the crown on his brow the age itself seems to put forth its flower.

*Harold.*

*January 6th.*

And, in truth, it is a divine pleasure to admire! admiration seems in some measure to appropriate to ourselves the qualities it honors in others. We wed,—we root ourselves to the natures we so love to contemplate,

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and their life grows a part of our own.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*January 7th.*

There is not, perhaps, a stronger feeling in the world than pity, when united with admiration.

*Eugene Aram.*

*January 8th.*

In every emergency, in every temptation, there rose to his eyes the fate of him so gifted, so noble in much, so formed for greatness in all things, blasted by one crime—self-sought, but self-denied; a crime, the offspring of bewildered reasonings—all the while speculating upon virtue.

*Eugene Aram.*

*January 9th.*

“Know thyself,” said the old philosophy. “Improve thyself,” saith the new. The great object of the Sojourner in Time is not to waste all his passions and gifts on the things external, that he must leave behind—that which he cultivates within is all that he can carry into the Eternal Progress.

*The Caxtons.*

*January 10th.*

When in his fresh youth and his calm lofty manhood, Harold saw action, how adventurous soever, limited to the barriers of noble duty; when he lived but for his country, all spread clear before his vision in the sunlight of day; but as the barriers receded,



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while the horizon extended, his eye left the Certain to rest on the Vague. As self, though still half concealed from his conscience, gradually assumed the wide space love of country had filled, the maze of delusion commenced: he was to shape fate out of circumstance,—no longer defy fate through virtue.

*Harold.*

*January 11th.*

It is an excellent thing to have an ear, and a voice, and a heart for music.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*January 12th.*

“Follies seem these thoughts to others, and to philosophy, in truth, they are so,” said Rienzi; “but all my life long, omen and type and shadow have

linked themselves to action and event : and the atmosphere of other men hath not been mine. Life itself a riddle, why should riddles amaze us? *The Future!*—what mystery in the very word! Had we lived all *through* the Past, since Time was, our profoundest experience of a thousand ages could not give us a guess of the events that wait the very moment we are about to enter! Thus deserted by Reason, what wonder that we recur to the Imagination, on which, by dream and symbol, God sometimes paints the likeness of things to come?”

*Rienzi.*

*January 13th.*

Who can endure to leave the Future all unguessed, and sit tamely down to

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groan under the fardel of the Present? No, no! that which the foolish-wise call Fanaticism, belongs to the same part of us as Hope. Each but carries us onward—from a barren strand to a glorious, if unbounded sea. Each is the yearning for the GREAT BEYOND, which attests our immortality. Each has its visions and chimeras—some false, but *some* true! Verily, a man who becomes great is often but made so by a kind of sorcery in his own soul—a Pythia which prophesies that he *shall* be great—and so renders the life one effort to fulfil the warning! Is this folly?—it were so, if all things stopped at the grave! But perhaps the very sharpening, and exercising, and elevating the faculties here—

though but for a bootless end *on* earth—may be designed to fit the soul, thus quickened and ennobled, to some high destiny *beyond* the earth! Who can tell? not I!—Let us pray!

*Rienzi.*

*January 14th.*

As Providence bestows upon fishes the instrument of fins, whereby they balance and direct their movements, however rapid and erratic, through the pathless deeps; so to the cold-blooded creatures of our own species—that may be classed under the genus MONEY-MAKERS—the same protective power accords the fin-like properties of prudence and caution, wherewith your true money-getter buoys and

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guides himself majestically through the great seas of speculation.

*The Caxtons.*

*January 15th.*

Error is sometimes sweet; but there is no anguish like an error of which we feel ashamed. I cannot submit to blush for myself.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*January 16th.*

Our nature is ever grander in the individual than the mass.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*January 17th.*

In resting so solely on man's perceptions of the right, he lost one attribute of the true hero—*faith*. We do not mean that word in the religious sense alone, but in the more compre-

hensive. He did not rely on the Celestial Something pervading all nature, never seen, only felt when duly courted, stronger and lovelier than what eye could behold and mere reason could embrace. Believing, it is true, in God, he lost those fine links that unite God to man's secret heart, and which are woven alike from the simplicity of the child and the wisdom of the poet. To use a modern illustration, his large mind was a "cupola lighted from below."

*Harold.*

*January 18th.*

In fact, before we can dispense with the world, we must, by a long and severe novitiate—by the probation of much thought, and much sorrow—by

deep and sad conviction of the vanity of all that the world can give us, have raised ourselves—not in the fervor of an hour, but habitually—*above* the world: an abstraction—an idealism—which, in our wiser age, how few even of the wisest can attain! Yet, till we are thus fortunate, we know not the true divinity of contemplation, nor the all-sufficing mightiness of conscience: nor can we retreat with solemn footsteps into that Holy of Holies in our own souls, wherein we know, and feel, how much our nature is capable of the self-existence of a God!

*Rienzi.*

*January 19th.*

I tell thee, that if all the priests in Christendom, and all the barons in

France, stood between me and my bride, I would hew my way through the midst. Foes invade my realm—let them; princes conspire against me—I smile in scorn; subjects mutiny—this strong hand can punish, or this large heart can forgive. All these are the dangers which He who governs men should be prepared to meet; but a man has a right to His love, as the stag to his hind.

*Harold.*

*January 20th.*

The husbandman accuses not fate, when, having sown thistles, he reaps not corn. Thou hast sown crime, accuse not fate if thou reapest not the harvest of virtue.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*



*January 21st.*

Virtue is my lover, my pride, my comfort, my life of life.

*The Castons.*

*January 22d.*

The objects of the great world are to be pursued only by the excitement of the passions. The passions are at once our masters and our deceivers;—they urge us onward, yet present no limit to our progress. The farther we proceed, the more dim and shadowy grows the goal. It is impossible for a man who leads the life of the world, the life of the passions, ever to experience content. For the life of the passions is that of a perpetual desire; but a state of content is the absence of all desire.

*Eugene Aram.*

*January 23d.*

It is marvellous with what liberality Providence atones for the partial dispensations of Fortune. Independence, or the vigorous pursuit of it; affection, with its hopes and its rewards; a life only rendered by Art more susceptible to Nature—in which the physical enjoyments are pure and healthful—in which the moral faculties expand harmoniously with the intellectual—and the heart is at peace with the mind; is this a mean lot for ambition to desire—and is it so far out of human reach?

*The Caxtons.*

*January 24th.*

To a degenerate and embruted people, liberty seems too plain a thing, if

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unadorned by the pomp of the very despotism they would dethrone. Revenge is their desire, rather than Release ; and the greater the new power they create, the greater seems their revenge against the old.

*Rienzi.*

*January 25th.*

Now my mother, true woman as she was, had á womanly love of show in her own quiet way—of making “a genteel figure” in the eyes of the neighborhood—of seeing that sixpence not only went as far as sixpence ought to go, but that, in the going, it should emit a mild but imposing splendor,—not, indeed, a gaudy flash—a startling Borealian coruscation, which is scarcely within the modest and placid idiosyn-

crasies of sixpence—but a gleam of gentle and benign light, just to show where a sixpence had been, and allow you time to say “Behold!” before

“The jaws of darkness did devour it up.”

*The Caxtons.*

*January 26th.*

And when you look not on the heaven alone but in all space—on all the illimitable creation, you will know that I am there! For the home of a spirit is wherever spreads the Universal Presence of God. And to what numerous stages of beings, what paths, what duties, what active and glorious tasks in other worlds may we not be reserved—perhaps to know and share them together, and mount age

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after age higher in the scale of being. For surely in heaven there is no pause or torpor—we do not lie down in calm and unimprovable repose. Movement and progress will remain the law and condition of existence. And there will be efforts and duties for us above as there have been below.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*January 27th.*

Like most other friends, the Imagination is capricious, and forsakes us often at the moment in which we most need its aid. As we grow older, we begin to learn that, of the two, our more faithful and steadfast comforter is—Custom.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*January 28th.*

As you see the wind only agitate the green leaf upon the bough, while the leaf which has lain withered and seared on the ground, bruised and trampled upon till the sap and life are gone, is suddenly whirled aloft—now here—now there—without stay and without rest; so the love which visits the happy and the hopeful hath but freshness on its wings! its violence is but sportive. But the heart that hath fallen from the green things of life, that is without hope, that hath no summer in its fibres, is torn and whirled by the same wind that but caresses its brethren;—it hath no bough to cling to—it is dashed from path to path—till the winds fall,

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and it is crushed into the mire forever.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*January 29th.*

Is there no nobler ambition than that of the vanity? Is there no ambition of the heart?—an ambition to console, to cheer the griefs of those who love and trust us?—an ambition to build a happiness out of the reach of fate?—an ambition to soothe some high soul, in its strife with a mean world—to lull to sleep its pain, to smile to serenity its cares? Oh, methinks a woman's true ambition would rise the bravest when, in the very sight of death itself, the voice of him in whom her glory had dwelt through life should say, "Thou fearest not to

walk to the grave and to heaven by my side!"

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*January 30th.*

Love, what earthly love should be, —a thing pure as light, and peaceful as immortality, watching over the stormy world, that it shall survive, and high above the clouds and vapors that roll below. Let little minds introduce into the holiest of affections all the bitterness and tumult of common life! Let *us* love as beings who will one day be inhabitants of the stars!

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*January 31st.*

In politics, and in a highly artificial state, what doubts beset us! what



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darkness surrounds! If we connive at abuses, we juggle with our own reason and integrity—if we attack them, how much, how fatally we may derange that solemn and conventional ORDER which is the mainspring of the vast machine! How little, too, can one man, whose talents may not be in that coarse road—in that mephitic atmosphere, be enabled to effect!

*Ernest Maltravers.*



FEBRUARY.



*February 1st.*

PRIDE had served to console him in sorrow, and, therefore, it was a friend—it had supported him when disgusted with fraud, or in resistance to violence; and, therefore, it was a champion and a fortress. It was a pride of a peculiar sort—it attached itself to no one point in especial—not to talent, knowledge, mental gifts—still less to the vulgar commonplaces of birth and fortune;—it rather resulted from a supreme and wholesale contempt of all other men, and all their objects—of ambition—of glory—of the hard business of life. His favorite virtue was fortitude—it was on this that he

now mainly valued himself. He was proud of his struggles against others—prouder still of conquests over his own passions. He looked upon FATE as the arch-enemy against whose attacks we should ever prepare. He fancied that against fate he had thoroughly schooled himself. In the arrogance of his heart, he said, “I can defy the future.” He believed in the boast of the vain old sage—“I am a world to myself!”

Alice.

*February 2d.*

We all form to ourselves some *beau idéal* of the “fair spirit” we desire as our earthly “minister,” and somewhat capriciously gauge and proportion our admiration of living shapes according as the *beau idéal* is more or less em-

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bodied or approached. Beauty, of a stamp that is not familiar to the dreams of our fancy, may win the cold homage of our judgment, while a look, a feature, a something that realizes and calls up a boyish vision, and assimilates even distinctly to the picture we wear within us, has a loveliness peculiar to our eyes, and kindles an emotion that almost seems to belong to memory.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*February 3d.*

She endured the bitterest curse of noble natures—*humiliation!*

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*February 4th.*

What a noble heart dares least is to belie the plighted word, and what the

kind heart shuns most is to wrong the confiding friend.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*February 5th.*

Wise men may always make their own future, and seize their own fates. Prudence, patience, labor, valor; these are the stars that rule the career of mortals.

*Harold.*

*February 6th.*

“Fate!” cried Rienzi; “there is *no* fate! Between the thought and the success, God is the only agent; and (he added with a voice of deep solemnity) I shall not be deserted. Visions by night, even while thine arms are around me: omens and impulses, stirring and divine, by day, even in the



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midst of the living crowd—encourage my path, and point my goal. Now, even now, a voice seems to whisper in my ear—‘Pause not: tremble not; waver not:—for the eye of the All-Seeing is upon thee, and the hand of the All-Powerful shall protect!’”

*Rienzi.*

*February 7th.*

Neither is it just to man, nor wisely submissive to the Disposer of all events, to suppose that war is wholly and wantonly produced by human crimes and follies—that it conduces *only* to ill, and does not as often arise from the necessities interwoven in the framework of society, and speed the great ends of the human race, conformably with the designs of the Omniscient.

Not one great war has ever desolated the earth, but has left behind it seeds that have ripened into blessings incalculable!

*The Caxtons.*

*February 8th.*

If later wars yet perplex us as to the good that the All-wise One draws from their evils, our posterity may read their uses as clearly as we now read the finger of Providence resting on the barrows of Marathon, or guiding Peter the Hermit to the battle-fields of Palestine. Nor, while we admit the evil to the passing generation, can we deny that many of the virtues that make the ornament and vitality of peace sprung up first in the convulsion of war!

*The Caxtons.*

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*February 9th.*

“Pauperism, in contradistinction to poverty,” he was wont to say, “is the dependence upon other people for existence, not on our own exertions; there is a moral pauperism in the man who is dependent on others for that support of moral life—self-respect.”

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*February 10th.*

Belief cometh as the wind. Can the tree say to the wind, “Rest thou on my boughs”? or Man to Belief, “Fold thy wings on my heart!”

*Harold.*

*February 11th.*

Isis is a fable—start not!—that for which Isis is a type is a reality, an immortal being; Isis is nothing. Nature,

which she represents, is the mother of all things—dark, ancient, inscrutable, save to the gifted few. “None among mortals hath ever lifted up my veil,” so saith the Isis that you adore; but to the wise that veil *hath* been removed, and we have stood face to face with the solemn loveliness of Nature.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*February 12th.*

Few men throughout life are the servants to one desire. When we gain the middle of the bridge of our mortality, different objects from those which attracted us upward almost invariably lure us to the descent. Happy they who exhaust in the for-

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mer part of the journey all the foibles of existence!

*Eugene Aram.*

*February 13th.*

“That serene heaven, those lovely stars,” said Maltravers at last, “do they not preach to us the Philosophy of Peace? Do they not tell us how much calm belongs to the dignity of man, and the sublime essence of the soul? Petty distractions and self-wrought cares are not congenial to our real nature; their very disturbance is a proof that they are at war with our natures.”

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*February 14th.—St. Valentine's Day.*

Miserable animals are bachelors in all countries; but most miserable in

Bushland. A man does not know what a helpmate of the soft sex is in the Old World, where women seem a matter of course. But in the Bush a wife is literally bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh—your better half, your ministering angel, your Eve of the Eden—in short, all that poets have sung, or young orators say at public dinners, when called upon to give the toast of “The Ladies.”

*The Caxtons.*

*February 15th.*

There is an eloquence in Memory, because it is the nurse of Hope. There is a sanctity in the Past, but only because of the chronicles it retains,—chronicles of the progress of mankind, —stepping-stones in civilization, in lib-

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erty, and in knowledge. Our fathers forbid us to recede,—they teach us what is our rightful heritage, they bid us reclaim, they bid us augment that heritage,—preserve their virtues, and avoid their errors. These are the true uses of the Past. Like the sacred edifice in which we are,—it is a tomb upon which to rear a temple.

*Rienzi.*

*February 16th.*

It is a deadening thought to mental ambition, that the circle of happiness we can create is formed more by our moral than our mental qualities. A warm heart, though accompanied but by a mediocre understanding, is even more likely to promote the happiness of those around, than are the absorbed

and abstract, though kindly, powers of a more elevated genius.

*Eugene Aram.*

*February 17th.*

“There,” said Adam, quietly, and pointing to the feudal roofs, “there seems to rise power—and yonder (glancing to the river), yonder seems to flow Genius! A century or so hence, the walls shall vanish, but the river shall roll on. Man makes the castle, and founds the power—God forms the river and creates the Genius.”

*The Last of the Barons.*

*February 18th.*

There is a beautiful and singular passage in Dante (which has not perhaps attracted the attention it deserves), wherein the stern Florentine defends



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Fortune from the popular accusations against her. According to him, she is an angelic power appointed by the Supreme Being to direct and order the course of human splendors; she obeys the will of God; she is blessed, and, hearing not those who blaspheme her, calm and aloft amongst the other angelic powers, revolves her spherul course, and rejoices in her beatitude.

*The Caxtons.*

*February 19th.*

“Christian, believest thou, among the doctrines of thy creed, that the dead live again—that they who have loved here are united hereafter—that beyond the grave our good name shines pure from the mortal mists that unjustly dim it in the gross-eyed world—

and that the streams which are divided by the desert and the rock meet in the solemn Hades, and flow once more into one?"

"Believe I that, O Athenian? No, I do not believe—I *know!*"

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*February 20th.*

Up, Truth, whose strength is in purity, whose image is woman, and aid the soul of the brave!

*Harold.*

*February 21st.*

I think we have tampered Love to too great a preponderance over the other excitements of life. As children, we are taught to dream of it; in youth, our books, our conversation, our plays, are filled with it. We are trained to

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consider it the essential of life; and yet, the moment we come to actual experience, the moment we indulge this inculcated and stimulated craving, nine times out of ten we find ourselves wretched and undone. Ah, believe me, Mr. Maltravers, this is not a world in which we should preach up, too far, the philosophy of Love!

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*February 22d.—Washington's Birthday.*

Pluck the scales from the hand of Fraud!—the sword from the hand of Violence!—the balance and the sword are the ancient attributes of Justice!—restore them to *her* again! This be your high task,—these be your great

ends! Deem any man who opposes them a traitor to his country. Gain a victory greater than those of the Cæsars—a victory over yourselves!

*Rienzi.*

*February 23d.*

Oh, mother mine! that the boy had stood by thy knee, and heard from thy lips why life was given us, in what life shall end, and how heaven stands open to us night and day! Oh, father mine; that thou hadst been his preceptor, not in book-learning, but the heart's simple wisdom! Oh, that he had learned from thee, in parables closed with practice, the happiness of self-sacrifice, and how "good deeds should repair the bad!"

*The Caxtons.*

*February 24th.*

Awful is the duel between MAN and  
THE AGE in which he lives !

*The Last of the Barons.*

*February 25th.*

The lessons of adversity are not always salutary—sometimes they soften and amend, but as often they indurate and pervert. If we consider ourselves more harshly treated by fate than those around us, and do not acknowledge in our own deeds the justice of the severity, we become too apt to deem the world our enemy to ease ourselves in defiance, to wrestle against our *softer self*, and to indulge the darker passions which are so easily fermented by the sense of injustice.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*February 26th.*

As Napoleon wept over one wounded soldier in the field of battle, yet ordered without emotion thousands to a certain death; so Aram would have sacrificed himself for an individual, but would not have sacrificed a momentary gratification for his race.

*Eugene Aram.*

*February 27th.*

“Man renews the fibre and material of his body every seven years,” said my father; “in three times seven years he has time to renew the inner man. Can two passengers in yonder street be more unlike each other than the soul is to the soul after an interval of twenty years? Brother, the plough does not

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pass over the soul in vain, nor care over the human heart. New crops change the character of the land; and the plough must go deep indeed before it stirs up the mother stone.”

*The Caxtons.*

*February 28th.*

You may think it strange that I—a plain, steadfast, trading, working, careful man—should have all these feelings; but I will tell you wherefore such as I sometimes have them, nurse them, brood on them, more than you lords and gentlemen, with all your graceful arts in pleasing. We know no light loves! no brief distractions to the one arch passion! We sober sons of the stall and the ware are no general

gallants—we love plainly, we love but once, and we love heartily.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*February 29th.*

There are sometimes event and season in the life of man the hardest and most rational, when he is driven perforce to faith the most implicit and submissive; as the storm drives the wings of the petrel over a measureless sea, till it falls tame, and rejoicing at refuge, on the sails of some lonely ship. Seasons when difficulties, against which reason seems stricken into palsy, leave him bewildered in dismay—when darkness, which experience cannot pierce, wraps the conscience, as sudden night wraps the traveller in the desert—when error entangles his feet in its in-



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extricable web—when, still desirous of the right, he sees before him but a choice of evil; and the Angel of the Past, with a flaming sword, closes on him the gates of the Future. Then, Faith flashes on him, with a light from the cloud. Then, he clings to Prayer as a drowning wretch to the plank. Then, that solemn authority which clothes the Priest, as the interpreter between the soul and the Divinity, seizes on the heart that trembles with terror and joy; then, that mysterious recognition of Atonement, of sacrifice of purifying lustration (mystery which lies hid in the core of all religions), smooths the frown on the Past, removes the flaming sword from the Future.

*Harold.*



MARCH.



*March 1st.*

AND, if the beauty of that face were not of the loftiest or the most dazzling order, if its soft and quiet character might be outshone by many, of loveliness less really perfect, yet never was there a countenance that, to some eyes, would have seemed more charming, and never one in which more eloquently was wrought that ineffable and virgin expression which Italian art seeks for in its models—in which modesty is the outward, and tenderness the latent, expression; the bloom of youth, both of form and heart, ere the first frail and delicate freshness of

either is brushed away : and when even love itself, the only unquiet visitant that should be known at such an age, is but a sentiment, and not a passion !

*Rienzi.*

*March 2d.*

I agree with Helvetius, the child should be educated from its birth ; but how ?—there is the rub : send him to school forthwith ! Certainly, he is at school already with the two great teachers, Nature and Love. Observe, that childhood and genius have the same master-organ in common—inquisitiveness. Let childhood have its way, and as it began where genius begins, it may find what genius finds.

*The Cartons.*

*March 3d.*

Charity and compassion are virtues taught with difficulty to ordinary men; to true Genius they are but the instincts which direct it to the Destiny it is born to fulfil—viz, the discovery and redemption of new tracts in our common nature. Genius—the Sublime Missionary—goes forth from the serene Intellect of the Author to live in the wants, the griefs, the infirmities of others, in order that it may learn their language; and as its highest achievement is Pathos, so its most absolute requisite is Pity!

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*March 4th.—Inauguration Day.*

There is more glory in laying these rough foundations of a mighty state,

though no trumpets resound with your victory—though no laurels shall shadow your tomb—than in forcing the onward progress of your race over burning cities and hecatombs of men!

*The Caxtons.*

*March 5th.*

So wonderful in equalizing all states and all times in the varying tide of life are these two rulers yet levellers of mankind, Hope and Custom, that the very idea of an eternal punishment includes that of an utter alteration of the whole mechanism of the soul in its human state, and no effort of an imagination, assisted by past experience, can conceive a state of torture which Custom can *never* blunt, and from which the chainless and immaterial



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spirit can *never* be beguiled into even a momentary escape.

*Eugene Aram.*

*March 6th.*

No, whatever the sin of my oath, never will I believe that heaven can punish millions for the error of one man. Let the bones of the dead war against us; in life, they were men like ourselves, and no saints in the calendar so holy as the freemen who fight for their hearths and their altars.

*Harold.*

*March 7th.*

That trust in an all-directing Providence, to which he had schooled himself, had (if we may so say with reverence) driven his beautiful soul into the opposite error, so fatal to the affairs of

life; the error that deadens and benumbs the energy of free will and the noble alertness of active duty. Why strain and strive for the things of this world? God would order all for the best. Alas! God hath placed us in this world, each, from king to peasant, with nerves, and hearts, and blood, and passions, to struggle with our kind; and, no matter how heavenly the goal, to labor with the million in the race!

*The Last of the Barons.*

*March 8th.*

There are times when the arrow quivers within us—in which all space seems too confined. Like the wounded hart, we could fly on forever; there is a vague desire of escape—a yearn-

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ing, almost insane, to get out from our own selves; the soul struggles to flee away, and take the wings of the morning.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*March 9th.*

One last, last glance from the soft eyes of Fanny, and then Solitude rushed upon me—rushed, as something visible, palpable, overpowering. I felt it in the glare of the sunbeam—I heard it in the breath of the air! like a ghost it rose there—where *she* had filled the space with her presence but a moment before. A something seemed gone from the universe forever; a change like that of death passed through my being; and when I woke to feel that my being lived again, I

knew that it was my youth and its poet-land that were no more, and that I had passed, with an unconscious step, which never could retrace its way, into the hard world of laborious man !

*The Caxtons.*

*March 10th.*

I am hard-hearted enough to believe that work never fails to those who seek it in good earnest. It was said of some man, famous for keeping his word, that, "if he had promised you an acorn, and all the oaks in England failed to produce one, he would have sent to Norway for an acorn." If I wanted work, and there was none to be had in the Old World, I would find my way to the New.

*The Caxtons.*

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*March 11th.*

Though a scholar is often a fool, he is never a fool so supreme, so superlative, as when he is defacing the first unsullied page of the human history, by entering into it the commonplaces of his own pedantry. A scholar, sir—at least one like me—is of all persons the most unfit to teach young children. A mother, sir—a simple, natural, loving mother—is the infant's true guide to knowledge.

*The Caxtons.*

*March 12th.*

Men dupe, deceive our sex—and for selfish purposes; they are pardoned—even by their victims. Did I deceive you with a false hope? Well—what my object?—what my excuse?—

my husband's liberty—my land's salvation! Woman,—my Lord, alas, your sex too rarely understand her weakness or her greatness! Erring—all human as she is to others—God gifts her with a thousand virtues to the one she loves! It is from that love that she alone drinks her nobler nature. For the hero of her worship she has the meekness of the dove—the devotion of the saint; for his safety in peril, for his rescue in misfortune, her vain sense imbibes the sagacity of the serpent—her weak heart, the courage of the lioness!

*Rienzi.*

*March 13th.*

Think you it is the man, the emperor, that thus sways?—no, it is the pomp,

the awe, the majesty that surround him—*these* are his impostures, his delusions; our oracles and our divinations, our rites and our ceremonies, are the means of *our* sovereignty and the engines of *our* power. They are the same means to the same end, the welfare and harmony of mankind.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*March 14th.*

Life is so uncertain and so short, that we cannot too soon bring the little it can yield into the great commonwealth of the Beautiful or the Honest; and both belong to and make up the Useful.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*March 15th.*

“But,” answered the Nazarene, “ask

thy reason, can that religion be sound which outrages all morality? You are told to worship your gods. What are those gods, even according to yourselves? What their actions, what their attributes? Are they not all represented to you as the blackest of criminals? yet you are asked to serve them as the holiest of divinities. Jupiter himself is a parricide and an adulterer. What are the meaner deities but imitators of his vices? You are told not to murder, but you worship murderers; you are told not to commit adultery, and you make your prayers to an adulterer. Oh! what is this but a mockery of the holiest part of man's nature, which is faith?"

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*



*March 16th.*

Genius, in an age where it is not appreciated, is the greatest curse the iron Fates can inflict on man.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*March 17th.*

The philosophy limited to the reason puts into motion the automata of the closet—but to those who have the world for a stage, and who find their hearts are the great actors, experience and wisdom must be wrought from the Philosophy of the Passion.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*March 18th.*

Ought we not to make something great out of a youth under twenty, who has, in the highest degree, quick-

ness to conceive and courage to execute? On the other hand, all faculties that can make greatness, contain those that can attain goodness. In the savage Scandinavian, or the ruthless Frank, lay the germs of a Sydney or a Bayard. What would the best of us be, if he were suddenly placed at war with the whole world!

*The Caxtons.*

*March 19th.*

My Lord! my Lord! there is but one way to restore the greatness of a people—it is an appeal to the people themselves. It is not in the power of princes and barons to make a state permanently glorious; they raise themselves, but they raise not the people with them. All great regenerations

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are the universal movement of the mass.

*Rienzi.*

*March 20th.*

Yet, on the outskirts of the forest, dusk and shapeless, that witch without a name stood in the shadow, pointing toward them, with outstretched arm, in vague and denouncing menace;—as if, come what may, all change of creed,—be the faith ever so simple, the truth ever so bright and clear,—there *is* a SUPERSTITION native to that Border-land between the Visible and the Unseen, which will find its priest and its votaries, till the full and crowning splendor of Heaven shall melt every shadow from the world!

*Harold.*

*March 21st.*

Happy the man who hath never known what it is to taste of Fame—to have it is a purgatory, to want it is a hell!

*The Last of the Barons.*

*March 22d.*

Great was the folly and great the error of indulging imagination that had no basis—of linking the whole usefulness of my life to the will of a human creature like myself. Heaven did not design the passion of love to be this tyrant, nor is it so with the mass and multitude of human life. We dreamers, solitary students like me, or half poets like poor Roland, make our own disease.

*The Caxtons.*

*March 23d.*

A man ought not to attempt any of the highest walks of Mind and Art, as the mere provision of daily bread; not literature alone, but everything else of the same degree. He ought not to be a statesman, or an orator, or a philosopher, as a thing of pence and shillings: and usually all men, save the poor poet, feel this truth insensibly.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*March 24th.*

The hero weeps less at the reverses of his enemy than at the fortitude with which he bears them.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*March 25th.*

And he, indeed, who first arouses in the bondsman the sense and soul of

freedom, comes as near as is permitted to man, nearer than the philosopher, nearer even than the poet, to the great creative attribute of God!—But, if the breast be uneducated, the gift may curse the giver; and he who passes at once from the slave to the freeman may pass as rapidly from the freeman to the ruffian.

*Rienzi.*

*March 26th.*

But capital, where was that to come from? Nature gives us all except the means to turn her into marketable account. As old Plautus saith so wittily, “Day, night, water, sun and moon are to be had gratis; for everything else—down with your dust!”

*The Caxtons.*

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*March 27th.*

There is one very peculiar pleasure that we feel as we grow older,—it is to see embodied in another and a more lovely shape the thoughts and sentiments we once nursed ourselves; it is as if we viewed before us the incarnation of our own youth; and it is no wonder that we are warmed toward the object that thus seems the living apparition of all that was brightest in ourselves!

*Eugene Aram.*

*March 28th.*

It is in our power to make the life within us all soul; so that the heart is not, or is felt not; so that grief and joy have no power over us; so that we look tranquil on the stormy earth.

*Harold.*

*March 29th.*

Tell me if there ever, even in the ages most favorable to glory, could be a triumph more exalted and elating than the conquest of one noble heart?

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*March 30th.*

Strange that people should weary so much of themselves that they cannot brave the prospect of a few minutes passed in reflection—that a shower and the resources of their own thoughts are evils so galling—very strange indeed.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*March 31st.*

Mind, understanding, genius—fine things! But, to educate the whole man, you must educate something



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more than these. Not for want of mind, understanding, genius, have Borgias and Neros left their names as monuments of horror to mankind. Where, in all this teaching, was one lesson to warm the heart, and guide the soul?

*The Caxtons.*



APRIL.



*April 1st.—“ April Fool’s Day.”*

ONE does not have gumption till one has been properly cheated—one must be made a fool very often in order not to be fooled at last!

*Eugene Aram.*

*April 2d.*

All the kings since Saul, it may be, are not worth one scholar’s life!

*The Last of the Barons.*

*April 3d.*

In the battle of life the arrows we neglect to pick up, Fate, our foe, will store in her quiver.

*Harold.*

*April 4th.*

If there be a vile thing in the world,

it is a plebeian, advanced by patricians, not for the purpose of righting his own order, but for playing the pander to the worst interests of theirs. He who is of the people but makes himself a traitor to his birth, if he furnishes the excuse for these tyrant hypocrites to lift up their hands and cry: "See what liberty exists in Rome, when *we*, the patricians, thus elevate a plebeian!" Did they ever elevate a plebeian if he sympathized with plebeians? No, brother; should I be lifted above our condition, I will be raised by the arms of my countrymen, and not upon their necks."

*Rienzi.*

*April 5th.*

"The desire of distinction," said he,

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after a pause, "grows upon us till excitement becomes disease. The child who is born with the mariner's instinct laughs with glee when his paper bark skims the wave of a pool. By and by, nothing will content him but the ship and the ocean. Like the child is the author."

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*April 6th.*

Wonder not that I, a bookman's son, and, at certain periods of my life, a bookman myself, though of lowly grade in that venerable class—wonder not that I should thus, in that transition stage between youth and manhood, have turned impatiently from books.—Most students, at one time or other in their existence, have felt the

imperious demand of that restless principle in man's nature, which calls upon each son of Adam to contribute his share to the vast treasury of human deeds.

*The Caxtons.*

*April 7th.*

Gold is the great magician of earth—it realizes our dreams—it gives them the power of a god—there is a grandeur, a sublimity, in its possession; it is the mightiest, yet the most obedient of our slaves.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*April 8th.*

We do indeed cleave the vast heaven of Truth with a weak and crippled wing: and often we are appalled in our way by a dread sense of the im-



ments around us, and of the inadequacy of our own strength. But there is a rapture in the breath of the pure and difficult air, and in the progress by which we compass earth, the while we draw nearer to the stars,—that again exalts us beyond ourselves, and reconciles the true student unto all things,—even to the hardest of them all,—the conviction how feebly our performance can ever imitate the grandeur of our ambition!

*Eugene Aram.*

*April 9th.*

If it be a sin, as the priests say, to pierce the dark walls which surround us here, and read the future in the dim world beyond, why gavest thou, O Heaven, the reason, never resting,

save when it explores? Why hast thou set in the heart the mystic Law of Desire, ever toiling to the High, ever grasping at the Far?

*Harold.*

*April 10th.*

Nothing kindles the fire of love like a sprinkling of the anxieties of jealousy; it takes then a wilder, a more resistless flame; it forgets its softness; it ceases to be tender: it assumes something of the intensity—of the ferocity—of hate.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*April 11th.*

It is not vanity alone that makes a man of the *mode* invent a new bit, or give his name to a new kind of carriage; it is the influence of that mystic

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yearning after utility, which is one of the master-ties between the individual and the species.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*April 12th.*

God is kinder to us all than man can know; for man looks only to the sorrow on the surface, and sees not the consolation in the deeps of the unwitnessed soul.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*April 13th.*

“So say all tyrants,” rejoined the smith hardily, as he leaned his hammer against a fragment of stone—some remnant of ancient Rome—“they never fight against each other but it is for our good. One Colonna cuts me the throat of Orsini’s baker—it is for our

good! another Colonna seizes on the daughter of Orsini's tailor—it is for our good! *our* good—yes, for the good of the people! the good of the bakers and tailors, eh?”

*Rienzi.*

*April 14th.*

When I compare the Saxon of our land and day, all enervated and decrepit by priestly superstition, with his forefathers in the first Christian era, yielding to the religion they adopted in its simple truths, but not to that rot of social happiness and free manhood which this cold and lifeless monachism—making virtue the absence of human ties—spreads around—which the great Bede, though himself a monk, vainly but bitterly denounced; yea, verily,

when I see the Saxon already the thow of the priest, I shudder to ask how long he will be folk-free of the tyrant.

*Harold.*

*April 15th.*

Like the rainbow, Peace rests upon the earth, but its arch is lost in heaven. Heaven bathes it in hues of light—it springs up amidst tears and clouds,—it is a reflection of the Eternal Sun,—it is an assurance of calm—it is the sign of a great covenant between Man and God. Such peace, O young man! is the smile of the soul; it is an emanation from the distant orb of immortal light. PEACE be with you!

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*April 16th.*

Long is the way that leads the voluptuary to the severities of life; but it is only one step from pleasant sin to sheltering hypocrisy.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*April 17th.*

As we grow older, and sometimes a hope, sometimes a friend, is shivered from our path, the thought of an immortality *will* press itself forcibly upon us! and there, by little and little, as the ant piles grain after grain, the garners of a future sustenance, we learn to carry our hopes, and harvest, as it were, our wishes.

*Eugene Aram.*

*April 18th.*

It is strange to imagine that war,

which of all things appears the most savage, should be the passion of the most heroic spirits. But 'tis in war that the knot of fellowship is closest drawn; 'tis in war that mutual succor is most given—mutual danger run, and common affection most exerted and employed; for heroism and philanthropy are almost one and the same!

*The Castons.*

*April 19th.*

What a new step in the philosophy of life does a young man of genius make, when he first compares his theories and experience with the intellect of a clever woman of the world! Perhaps it does not elevate him, but how it enlightens and refines!—what numberless minute yet important mys-

teries in human character and practical wisdom does he drink unconsciously from the sparkling *persiflage* of such a companion!

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*April 20th.*

He knew henceforth that even the criminal is not all evil; the angel within us is not easily expelled; it survives sin, ay, and many sins, and leaves us sometimes in amaze and marvel at the good that lingers round the heart even of the hardest offender.

*Eugene Aram.*

*April 21st.*

The evil was simply this: here was the intelligence of a man in all that is evil—and the ignorance of an infant



in all that is good. In matters merely worldly, what wonderful acumen! in the plain principles of right and wrong, what gross and stolid obtuseness! At one time, I am straining all my poor wit to grapple in an encounter on the knottiest mysteries of social life; at another, I am guiding reluctant fingers over the horn-book of the most obvious morals.

*The Caxtons.*

*April 22d.—A French Novel.*

The true artist, whether in Romance or the Drama, will often necessarily interest us in a vicious or criminal character—but he does not the less leave clear to our reprobation the vice or the crime. But here I found myself called upon not only to feel inter-

est in the villain (which would be perfectly allowable—I am very much interested in Macbeth and Lovelace)—but to admire and sympathize with the villainy itself. Nor was it the confusion of all wrong and right in individual character that shocked me the most—but rather the view of society altogether, painted in colors so hideous that, if true, instead of a revolution, it would draw down a deluge.

*The Caxtons.*

*April 23d.*

It was thus that the same fervor which made the Churchman of the middle age a bigot without mercy, made the Christian of the early days a hero without fear.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

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*April 24th.*

Fly from a load upon the heart, on the genius, the energy, the pride, and the spirit, which not one man in ten thousand can bear; fly from the curse of owing everything to a wife!—it is a reversal of all natural position, it is a blow to all the manhood within us. You know not what it is; I do! My wife's fortune came not till after marriage—so far, so well; it saved my reputation from the charge of fortune-hunting. But, I tell you fairly, that if it never came at all, I should be a prouder, and a greater, and a happier man than I have ever been, or ever can be, with all its advantages; it has a millstone round my neck.

*The Caxtons.*

*April 25th.*

The world, the world!—Everything gentle, everything pure, everything noble, high-wrought and holy—is to be squared, and cribbed, and maimed to the rule and measure of the world! The world—are you too its slave? Do you not despise its hollow cant—its methodical hypocrisy?

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*April 26th.*

The soul really grand is only tested in its errors. As we know the true might of the intellect by the rich resources and patient strength with which it redeems a failure, so do we prove the elevation of the soul by its courageous return into light, its instinctive rebound into higher air, after

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some error that has darkened its vision and soiled its plumes.

*Harold.*

*April 27th.*

A spirit less noble and pure than Harold's, once entering on the dismal world of enchanted superstition, had habituated itself to that nether atmosphere; once misled from hardy truth and healthful reason, it had plunged deeper and deeper into the maze. But, unlike his contemporary, Macbeth, the Man escaped from the lures of the Fiend. Not as Hecate in hell, but as Dian in heaven, did he confront the pale Goddess of Night.

*Harold.*

*April 28th.*

Before that hour in which he had

deserted the human judgment for the ghostly delusion: before that day in which the brave heart, in its sudden desertion, had humbled his pride—the man, in his nature, was more strong than the god. Now, purified by the flame that had scorched, and more nerved from the fall that had stunned,—that great soul rose sublime through the wrecks of the Past, serene through the clouds of the future, concentrating in its solitude the destinies of Mankind, and strong with instinctive Eternity amidst all the terrors of Time.

*Harold.*

*April 29th.*

“No sound ever went to the heart,” said Adrian, “whose arrow was not

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feathered by sadness. True sentiment, Montreal, is twin with melancholy, though not with gloom.”

*Rienzi.*

*April 30th.*

But what the impulse of genius is to the great, the instinct of vocation is to the mediocre. In every man there is a magnet; in that thing which the man can do best there is a loadstone.

*The Castons.*





MAY.



*May 1st.—Early Morning.*

THIS was the hour when Evelyn most sensibly felt how little our real life is chronicled by external events—how much we live a second and a higher life in our meditations and dreams. Brought up, not more by precept than example, in the faith which unites creature and Creator, this was the hour in which thought itself had something of the holiness of prayer; and if (turning from dreams divine to earthlier visions) this also was the hour in which the heart painted and peopled its own fairyland below—of the two ideal worlds that stretch beyond the inch of time on which we

stand, Imagination is perhaps holier than Memory.

*Alice.*

*May 2d.—The Spirit of the Age.*

I would make every man's conduct more or less mechanical; for system is the triumph of mind over matter; the just equilibrium of all the powers and passions may seem like machinery. Be it so. Nature meant the world—the creation—man himself, for machines.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*May 3d.*

The seas of human life are wide. Wisdom may suggest the voyage, but it must first look to the condition of the ship, and the nature of the merchandise to exchange. Not every

vessel that sails from Tarshish can bring back the gold of Ophir; but shall it therefore rot in the harbor? No; give its sails to the wind!

*The Cartons.*

*May 4th.*

In the tale of human passion, in past ages, there is something of interest even in the remoteness of the time. We love to feel within us the bond which unites the most distant eras—men, nations, customs perish; THE AFFECTIONS ARE IMMORTAL!—they are the sympathies which unite the ceaseless generations. The past lives again, when we look upon its emotions—it lives in our own! That which was, ever is! The magician's gift, that revives the dead—that animates

the dust of forgotten graves, is not in the author's skill—it is in the heart of the reader !

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*May 5th.*

You never deceived man—the wide world says it—do not deceive woman !  
Deeds kill men—words women !

*The Last of the Barons.*

*May 6th.*

Oh, Madeline! methinks there is nothing under heaven like the feeling which puts us apart from all that agitates, and fevers, and degrades the herd of men ; which grants us to control the tenor of our future life, because it annihilates our dependence upon others, and, while the rest of the earth are hurried on, blind and uncon-

scious, by the hand of Fate, leaves us the sole lords of our destiny, and able, from the Past, which we have governed, to become the prophets of our Future!

*Eugene Aram.*

*May 7th.*

Even the most unearthly love is selfish in the rapture of being loved!

*Rienzi.*

*May 8th.*

Neither man nor wood comes to the uses of life till the green leaves are stripped and the sap gone. And then the uses of life transform us into strange things with other names; the tree is a tree no more—it is a gate or a ship; the youth is a youth no more, but a one-legged soldier; a hollow-

eyed statesman; a scholar spectacled and slippered!

*The Cartons.*

*May 9th.*

Had the early Christians been more controlled by “the solemn plausibilities of custom”—less of democrats in the pure and lofty acceptance of that perverted word,—Christianity would have perished in its cradle!

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*May 10th.*

“It is an excitement,” said Valerie, “to climb a mountain, though it fatigues; and though the clouds may even deny us a prospect from its summit—it is an excitement that gives a very universal pleasure, and that seems almost as if it were the result of a com-



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mon human instinct, which makes us desire to rise—to get above the ordinary thoroughfares and level of life. Some such pleasure you must have in intellectual ambition, in which the mind is the upward traveller.”

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*May 11th.*

Nothing is strong on earth but the Will; and hate to the will is as the iron in the hands of the war-man.

*Harold.*

*May 12th.*

Is there not distinction enough at the best? Does not one wear purple, and the other rags? Hath not one ease and the other toil? Doth not the one banquet while the other starves? Do I nourish any mad scheme to level

the ranks which society renders a necessary evil? No. I war no more with Dives than with Lazarus. But before man's judgment-seat, as before God's, Lazarus and Dives are made equal. No more.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*May 13th.*

I have never yet found in life one man who made happiness his end and aim. One wants to gain a fortune, another to spend it—one to get a place, another to build a name; but they all know very well that it is not happiness they search for. No Utilitarian was ever actuated by self-interest, poor man, when he sat down to scribble his unpopular crotchets to

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prove self-interest universal. And as to that notable distinction—between self-interest vulgar and self-interest enlightened—the more the self-interest is enlightened, the less we are influenced by it. If you tell the young man who has just written a fine book or made a fine speech, that he will not be any happier if he attain to the fame of Milton or the power of Pitt, and that, for the sake of his own happiness, he had much better cultivate a farm, live in the country, and postpone to the last the days of dyspepsia and gout, he will answer you fairly: “I am quite as sensible of that as you are. But I am not thinking whether or not I shall be happy. I have made up my mind to be, if I can, a great author, or

a prime minister." So it is with all the active sons of the world. To push on is the law of nature. And you can no more say to men and to nations than to children: "Sit still, and don't wear out your shoes."

*The Castons.*

*May 14th.*

It is an awful state of being, this human life!—What is wisdom—virtue—faith to men—piety to Heaven—all the nurture we bestow on ourselves—all our desire to win a loftier sphere, when we are thus the tools of the merest chance—the victims of the pettiest villainy; and our very existence—our very senses almost, at the mercy of every traitor and every fool?

*Ernest Maltravers.*

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*May 15th.*

These vain prophecies of human wit guard the soul from no danger. They mislead us by riddles which our hot hearts interpret according to their own desires. Keep thou fast to youth's simple wisdom, and trust only to the pure spirit and the watchful God.

*Harold.*

*May 16th.*

The crime—the discovery—the irremediable despair—hear me, as the voice of a man who is on the brink of a world, the awful nature of which reason cannot pierce—hear me! when your heart tempts to some wandering from the line allotted to the rest of men, and whispers “This may be crime in others, but is not so in thee”

—tremble; cling fast, fast to the path you are lured to leave. Remember me!

*Eugene Aram.*

*May 17th.*

Alas! is it only to be among *men* that freedom and virtue are to be deemed united? Why should the slavery that destroys you be considered the only method to preserve us? Ah! believe me, it has been the great error of men—and one that has worked bitterly on their destinies—to imagine that the nature of women is (I will not say inferior, that may be so, but) so different from their own, in making laws unfavorable to the intellectual advancement of women. Have they not, in so doing, made laws

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against their children, whom women are to rear?—against the husbands, of whom women are to be the friends, nay, sometimes the advisers?

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*May 18th.*

“Everybody who is in earnest to be good carries two fairies about with him—one here,” and he touched my heart, “and one here,” and he touched my forehead.

*The Cartons.*

*May 19th.*

“It is not the *ambition* that pleases,” replied Maltravers, “it is the following a path congenial to our tastes, and made dear to us in a short time by habit. The moments in which we look beyond our work, and fancy our-

selves seated beneath the Everlasting Laurel, are few. It is the work itself, whether of action or literature, that interests and excites us. And at length the dryness of toil takes the familiar sweetness of custom. But in intellectual labor there is another charm—we become more intimate with our own nature. The heart and the soul grow friends, as it were, and the affections and aspirations unite. Thus, we are never without society—we are never alone; all that we have read, learned, and discovered, is company to us.”

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*May 20th.*

What love has most to dread in the wild heart of aspiring man, is not per-



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sons, but things,—is not things, but their symbols.

*Harold.*

*May 21st.*

I see him before me, as he stood then—his form erect, his dark eyes solemn in their light, a serenity in his smile, a grandeur on his brow, that I had never marked till then! Was that the same man I had recoiled from as the sneering cynic, shuddered at as the audacious traitor, or wept over as the cowering outcast? How little the nobleness of aspect depends on symmetry of feature, or the mere proportions of form! What dignity robes the man who is filled with a lofty thought!

*The Caxtons.*

*May 22d.*

But the illness of the body usually brings out a latent power and philosophy of the soul, which health never knows; and God has mercifully ordained it as the customary lot of nature, that in proportion as we decline into the grave, the sloping path is made smooth and easy to our feet; and every day, as the films of clay are removed from our eyes, Death loses the false aspect of the spectre, and we fall at last into its arms as a wearied child upon the bosom of its mother.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*May 23d.*

I love not the trader spirit, man—the spirit that cheats, and cringes, and haggles, and splits straws for pence,

and roasts eggs by other men's blazing rafters.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*May 24th.*

For oh! what a terrible devil creeps into that man's soul who sees famine at his door! One tender act, and how many black designs, struggling into life within, you may crush forever! He who deems the world his foe, convince *him* that he has one friend, and it is like snatching a dagger from his hand!

*Eugene Aram.*

*May 25th.—Westminster Bridge.*

Oh, God! how many wild and stormy hearts have stilled themselves on that spot, for one dread instant of thought—of calculation—of resolve—

one instant, the last of life! Look at night along the course of that stately river, how gloriously it seems to mock the passions of them that dwell beside it. Unchanged—unchanging—all around it quick death, and troubled life; itself smiling up to the grey stars, and singing from its deep heart as it bounds along. Beside it is the Senate, proud of its solemn triflers, and there the cloistered tomb, in which, as the loftiest honor, some handful of the fiercest of the strugglers may gain forgetfulness and a grave! There is no moral to a great city like the river that washes its walls.

*Eugene Aram.*

*May 26th.*

Say to the busiest man whom thou

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seest in mart, camp, or senate, who seems to thee all intent upon his worldly schemes, "Thy home is reft from thee—thy household gods are shattered—that sweet noiseless content in the regular mechanism of the springs which set the large wheels of thy soul into movement is thine nevermore!"—and straightway all exertion seems robbed of its object—all aim of its alluring charm.

*Harold.*

*May 27th.*

What are all the rewards to my labor, now thou hast robbed me of repose? How little are all the gains wrung from strife, in a world of rivals and foes, compared to the smile whose sweetness I knew not till it was lost,

and the sense of security from mortal ill which I took from the trust and sympathy of love?

*Harold.*

*May 28th.*

The burning desires I have known—the resplendent visions I have nursed—the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay—these tell me, that, whether for good or ill—I am the thing of an Immortality, and the creature of a God!

*Eugene Aram.*

*May 29th.*

Nor is he whom, for high purposes, Heaven hath raised from the cottage to the popular throne, without invisible aid and spiritual protection. If hereditary monarchs are deemed sa-

cred, how much more one in whose power the divine hand hath writ its witness! Yes, over him who lives but for his country, whose greatness is his country's gift, whose life is his country's liberty, watch the souls of the just, and the unsleeping eyes of the sworded seraphim!

*Rienzi.*

*May 30th.—Memorial Day.*

To be free, you must sacrifice something; for freedom, what sacrifice too great?

*Rienzi.*

*May 31st.*

Very near are two hearts that have no guile between them.

*The Cartons.*





JUNE.



*June 1st.*

OUR own youth is like that of the earth itself, when it peopled the woods and waters with divinities; when life ran riot, and yet only gave birth to beauty;—all its shapes of poetry,—all its airs, the melodies of Arcady and Olympus! The Golden Age never leaves the world; it exists still, and shall exist, till love, health, poetry, are no more; but only for the young!

*Rienzi.*

*June 2d.*

Not in such jaded bosoms can Nature awaken that enthusiasm which alone draws from her chaste reserve all her unspeakable beauty: she de-

mands from you, not the exhaustion of passion, but all that fervor, from which you only seek, in adoring her, a release.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*June 3d.*

Was it the perversity of human nature, that makes the things of morality dearer to us in proportion as they fade from our hopes, like birds whose hues are only unfolded when they take wing and vanish amidst the skies ; or was it that he had ever doted more on loveliness of mind than that of form, and the first bloomed out the more, the more the last decayed ?

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*June 4th.*

He who is ambitious of things afar

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and uncertain, passes at once into the Poet-Land of Imagination; to aspire and to imagine are yearnings twin-born.

*Harold.*

*June 5th.*

Mankind are not instantaneously corrupted. Villainy is always progressive. We decline from right—not suddenly, but step after step.

*Eugene Aram.*

*June 6th.*

In a word, dear sir and friend, in this crowded Old World, there is not the same room that our bold forefathers found for men to walk about and jostle their neighbors. No; they must sit down like boys at their form,

and work out their tasks, with rounded shoulders and aching fingers. There has been a pastoral age, and a hunting age, and a fighting age. Now we have arrived at the age sedentary. Men who sit longest carry all before them: puny, delicate fellows, with hands just strong enough to wield a pen, eyes so bleared by the midnight lamp that they see no joy in that buxom sun (which draws me forth into the fields, as life draws the living), and digestive organs worn and macerated by the relentless flagellation of the brain.

*The Castons.*

*June 7th.*

Wise is ever the counsel of him  
whose book is the human heart.

*Harold.*

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*June 8th.*

From LITERATURE he imagined had come all that makes nations enlightened and men humane. And he loved Literature the more, because her distinctions were not those of the world—because she had neither ribands, nor stars, nor high places at her command. A name in the deep gratitude and hereditary delight of men—this was the title she bestowed. Hers was the Great Primitive Church of the world, without Popes or Muftis—sinecures, pluralities, and hierarchies. Her servants spoke to the earth as the prophets of old, anxious only to be heard and believed.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*June 9th.*

He who awaits death, dies twice.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*June 10th.*

In all these solemn riddles of the Jove world and the Christ's is involved the imperious necessity that man hath of repentance and atonement: through their clouds, as a rainbow, shines the covenant that reconciles the God and the man.

*Harold.*

*June 11th.*

Observe, that, throughout the whole world, a great revolution has begun. The barbaric darkness of centuries has been broken; the KNOWLEDGE which made men as demigods in the past time has been called from her urn; a



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Power, subtler than brute force, and mightier than armed men, is at work ! we have begun once more to do homage to the Royalty of Mind.

*Rienzi.*

*June 12th.*

We may talk of the fidelity of books, but no man ever wrote even his own biography, without being compelled to omit at least nine-tenths of the most important materials. What are three — what six volumes ? We live six volumes in a day ! Thought, emotion, joy, sorrow, hope, fear, how prolix would they be, if they might each tell their hourly tale ! But man's life itself is a brief epitome of that which is infinite and everlasting ; and his most accurate confessions are a miserable

abridgment of a hurried and confused compendium!

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*June 13th.*

New laws are declared to him who has ears—a heaven, a true Olympus, is revealed to him who has eyes—heed then, and listen.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*June 14th.*

Ass indeed is he who pretends to warn others, nor sees an inch before his eyes what his own fate will be!

*Harold.*

*June 15th.*

I say, then, that books, taken indiscriminately, are no cure to the diseases and afflictions of the mind. There is a

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world of science necessary in the taking them. I have known some people in great sorrow fly to a novel, or the last light book in fashion. One might as well take a rose-draught for the plague! Light reading does not do when the heart is really heavy. I am told that Goethe, when he lost his son, took to study a science that was new to him. Ah! Goethe was a physician who knew what he was about. In a great grief like that you cannot tickle and divert the mind; you must wrench it away, abstract, absorb—bury it in an abyss, hurry it into a labyrinth. Therefore, for the irremediable sorrows of middle life and old age, I recommend a strict chronic course of science and hard reasoning—Counter-

irritation. Bring the brain to act upon the heart!

*The Caxtons.*

*June 16th.*

I fear that as yet Ernest Maltravers had gained little from Experience, except a few current coins of worldly wisdom (and not very valuable those!), while he had lost much of that nobler wealth with which youthful enthusiasm sets out on the journey of life. Experience is an open giver, but a stealthy thief. There is, however, this to be said in her favor, that we retain her gifts; and if ever we demand restitution in earnest, 'tis ten to one but what we recover her thefts.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

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*June 17th.*

“He died,” said the Norman, soothingly; “but shriven and absolved; and my cousin says, calm and hopeful, as they die ever who have knelt at the Saviour’s tomb!”

*Harold.*

*June 18th.*

“How little a man’s virtues profit him in the eyes of men!” thought he. “The subject saves the crown, and the crown’s wearer never pardons the presumption!”

*The Last of the Barons.*

*June 19th.*

“God never made Genius to be envied!” interrupted Villani, with an energy that overcame his respect.

“We envy not the sun, but rather the valleys that ripen beneath his beams.”

“Verily, if I be the sun,” said Rienzi with a bitter and melancholy smile, “I long for night,—and come it will, to the human as to the celestial Pilgrim! —Thank Heaven at least, that our ambition cannot make us immortal!”

*Rienzi.*

*June 20th.*

The tench, no doubt, considers the pond in which he lives as the Great World. There is no place, however stagnant, which is not the great world to the creatures that move about in it. People who have lived all their lives in a village still talk of the world as if they had ever seen it! An old woman in a hovel does not put her nose out of

her door on a Sunday without thinking she is going amongst the pomps and vanities of the great world. *Ergo*, the great world is to all of us the little circle in which we live.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*June 21st.*

Sir, a religious man does not want to reason about his religion—religion is not mathematics. Religion is to be felt, not proved. There are a great many things in the religion of a good man which are not in the catechism.

*The Caxtons.*

*June 22d.*

He was the more original because he sought rather after the True than the New. No two minds are ever the same; and therefore any man who

will give us fairly and frankly the results of his own impressions, uninfluenced by the servilities of imitation, will be original.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*June 23d.*

A man is a poor creature who is not in a passion sometimes; but a very unjust, or a very foolish one, if he be in a passion with the wrong person, and in the wrong place and time.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*June 24th.*

And as gold, the adorning of the world, springs from the sordid bosom of earth, so chastity, the image of gold, rose bright and unsullied from the clay of human desire.

*Harold.*



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*June 25th.*

In that era of passionate and poetical romance, which Petrarch represented rather than created, Love had already begun to assume a more tender and sacred character than it had hitherto known, it had gradually imbibed the divine spirit which it derives from Christianity, and which associates its sorrows on earth with the visions and hopes of heaven. To him who relies upon immortality, fidelity to the dead is easy; because death cannot extinguish hope, and the soul of the mourner is already half in the world to come. It is an age that desponds of a future life—representing death as an eternal separation—in which, if men grieve awhile for the dead, they

hasten to reconcile themselves to the living. For true is the old aphorism, that love exists not without hope.

*Rienzi.*

*June 26th.*

It is in sorrow or sickness that we learn why Faith was given as a soother to man—Faith, which is Hope with a holier name—hope that knows neither deceit nor death. Ah, how wisely do you speak of the *philosophy* of belief! It is, indeed, the telescope through which the stars grow large upon our gaze.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*June 27th.*

Man is never wrong while he lives for others. The philosopher who con-

templates from the rock is a less noble image than the sailor who struggles with the storm.

*The Caxtons.*

*June 28th.—A Lover's Parting.*

I know not, in the broken words that passed between us, in the sorrowful hearts which those words revealed—I know not if there were that which they who own, in human passion, but the storm and the whirlwind, would call the love of maturer years—the love that gives fire to the song, and tragedy to the stage; but I know that there was neither a word nor a thought which made the sorrow of the children a rebellion to the heavenly Father.

*The Caxtons.*

*June 29th.*

There is in a sound and correct intellect, with all its gifts fairly balanced, a calm consciousness of power, a certainty that when its strength is fairly put out, it must be to realize the usual result of strength. Men of second-rate faculties, on the contrary, are fretful and nervous, fidgeting after a celebrity which they do not estimate by their own talents, but by the talents of some one else. They see a tower, but are occupied only with measuring its shadow, and think their own height (which they never calculate) is to cast as broad a one over the earth. It is the short man who is always throwing up his chin, and is as erect as a dart. The tall man stoops,

and the strong man is not always  
using the dumb-bells.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*June 30th.*

The eye that would guard the living  
should not be dimmed by the vapors  
that encircle the dead.

*Harold.*



JULY.





*July 1st.*

OH, what a crushing sense of impotence comes over us, when we feel that our frame cannot support our mind—when the hand can no longer execute what the soul, actively as ever, conceives and desires!—the quick life tied to the dead form—the ideas fresh as immortality, gushing forth rich and golden, and the broken nerves, and the aching frame, and the weary eyes!—the spirit athirst for liberty and heaven—and the damning, choking consciousness that we are walled up and prisoned in a dungeon that must be our burial-place! Talk not of freedom—there is no such thing as freedom to a man

whose body is the jail, whose infirmities are the racks, of his genius!

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*July 2d.*

Only by the candle held in the skeleton hand of Poverty can man read his own dark heart.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*July 3d.*

I value Gold, for Gold is the Architect of Power! It fills the camp—it storms the city—it buys the marketplace—it raises the palace—it founds the throne. I value Gold,—it is the means necessary to my end!

*Rienzi.*

*July 4th.—Independence Day.*

Depend on it, the New World will be friendly or hostile to the Old, *not in*

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*proportion to the kinship of race, but in proportion to the similarity of manners and institutions—a mighty truth to which we colonizers have been blind.*

*The Caxtons.*

*July 5th.*

A man is a rude, coarse, sensual animal, and requires all manner of associations to dignify and refine him, women are so naturally susceptible of everything beautiful in sentiment and generous in purpose, that she who is a true woman is a fit peer for a king.

*The Caxtons.*

*July 6th.*

No man ever so scorned its false gods, and its miserable creeds—its war upon the weak—its fawning upon the great—its ingratitude to benefactors—

its sordid league with mediocrity against excellence. Yes, in proportion as I love mankind, I despise and detest that worse than Venetian oligarchy which mankind set over them and call "THE WORLD."

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*July 7th.*

While the mind alone is occupied, you may be contented with the pride of stoicism: but there are moments when the *heart* awakens as from a sleep—wakens like a frightened child—to feel itself alone and in the dark.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*July 8th.*

I tell thee that I renounce henceforth all faith save in Him whose ways are concealed from our eyes. Thy seid

and thy galdra have not guarded me against peril, nor armed me against sin. Nay, perchance—but peace: I will no more tempt the dark art, I will no more seek to disentangle the awful truth from the juggling lie. All so foretold me I will seek to forget,—hope from no prophecy, fear from no warning. Let the soul go to the future under the shadow of God!

*Harold.*

*July 9th.*

When—when will these hideous disparities be banished from the world? How many noble natures—how many glorious hopes—how much of the seraph's intellect, have been crushed into the mire, or blasted into guilt, by the mere force of physical want? What

are the temptations of the rich to those of the poor? Yet see how lenient we are to the crimes of the one,—how relentless to those of the other!

*Eugene Aram.*

*July 10th.*

There is a stern truth which is stronger than all Spartan lessons—Poverty *is* the master-ill of the world. Look round. Does poverty leave its signs over the graves? Look at that large tomb fenced round; read that long inscription: “Virtue”—“best of husbands”—“affectionate father”—“inconsolable grief”—“sleeps in the joyful hope,” etc., etc. Do you suppose these stoneless mounds hide no dust of what were men just as good? But no epitaph tells their virtues, be-

speaks their wives' grief, or promises joyful hope to them!

Does it matter? Does God care for the epitaph and tombstone?

*The Caxtons.*

*July 11th.*

Their talk now was only of their love. Over the rapture of the present the hopes of the future glowed like the heaven above the gardens of spring. They went in their trustful thoughts far down the stream of time: they laid out the chart of their destiny to come; they suffered the light of to-day to suffuse the morrow. In the youth of their hearts it seemed as if care, and change, and death, were as things unknown.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*July 12th.*

“Ye mystic lights,” said he, soliloquizing; “worlds upon worlds—infinite—incalculable. Bright defiers of rest and change, rolling forever above our petty sea of mortality, as, wave after wave, we fret forth our little life, and sink into the black abyss;—can we look upon you, note your appointed order, and your unvarying course, and not feel that we are indeed the poorest puppets of an all-pervading and resistless destiny?”

*Eugene Aram.*

*July 13th.*

Is that too masculine a spirit for some? Let each please himself. Give me the woman who can echo all thoughts that are noblest in men!

*The Caxtons.*



*July 14th.*

When we have commenced a career, what stop is there till the grave?—where is the definite barrier of that ambition which, like the eastern bird, seems ever on the wing, and never rests upon the earth.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*July 15th.*

Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance.

*Zanoni.*

*July 16th.*

The man who hath served me *wrongs* me till I have served him again!

*The Last of the Barons.*

*July 17th.*

Conduct — conduct—conduct—there lies my talent ; and what is conduct but a steady walk from a design to its execution !

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*July 18th.*

Poor is the strength of body—a web of law can entangle it, and a word from a priest's mouth can palsy.

*Harold.*

*July 19th.*

How a man past thirty foils a man scarcely twenty !—what superiority the mere fact of living-on gives to the dull-est dog !

*The Caxtons.*

*July 20th.*

It is a fearful thing to see *men* weep !

*Eugene Aram.*

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*July 21st.*

There seems something intuitive in the science which teaches us the knowledge of our race. Some men emerge from their seclusion, and find, all at once, a power to dart into the minds and drag forth the motives of those they see; it is a sort of second sight, born with them, not acquired.

*Eugene Aram.*

*July 22d.*

Had I lived more with men, and less with dreams and books, I should have made my nature large enough to bear the loss of a single passion. But in solitude we shrink up. No plant so much as man needs the sun and the air.

*The Caxtons.*

*July 23d.*

Love should have implicit confidence as its bond and nature—and jealousy is doubt, and doubt is the death of love.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*July 24th.*

As ashes cannot be rekindled—as love once dead can never revive, so freedom departed from a people is never regained.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*July 25th.*

Of all the conditions to which the heart is subject, suspense is the one that most gnaws and cankers into the frame. One little month of that suspense, when it involves death, we are told, in a very remarkable work lately

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published by an eyewitness, is sufficient to plough fixed lines and furrows in the face of a convict of five-and-twenty—sufficient to dash the brown hair with grey, and to bleach the grey to white.

*Eugene Aram.*

*July 26th.*

Is it a crime to murder man?—a greater crime to murder thought, which is the life of all men.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*July 27th.*

It is not study alone that produces a writer; it is *intensity*. In the mind, as in yonder chimney, to make the fire burn hot and quick, you must narrow the draft.

*The Caxtons.*

*July 28th.*

The moment we lose forethought, we lose sight of a duty ; and though it seems like a paradox, we can seldom be careless without being selfish.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*July 29th.*

'Tis a winning thing, sir, a garden ! —It brings us an object every day ; and that's what I think a man ought to have if he wishes to lead a happy life.

*Eugene Aram.*

*July 30th.*

The great struggles in life are limited moments. In the drooping of the head upon the bosom, in the pressure of the hand upon the brow, we may scarcely consume a second

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in our threescore years and ten ; but what revolutions of our whole being may pass within us while that single sand drops noiseless down to the bottom of the hour-glass !

*The Caxtons.*

*July 31st.*

Thou art wise in the lore of the heart and love hath been thy study from youth to grey hairs. Is it love, is it hate, that prefers death for the loved one, to the thought of her life as another's ?

*Harold.*





AUGUST.



*August 1st.*

THE situation of a Patrician who honestly loves the people is, in those evil times, when power oppresses and freedom struggles,—when the two divisions of men are wrestling against each other,—the most irksome and perplexing their destiny can possibly contrive! Shall he take part with the nobles?—he betrays his conscience! With the people?—he deserts his friends!

*Rienzi.*

*August 2d.*

A baker is not to be called venal if he sells his loaves—he is venal if he sells himself.

*The Cartons.*

*August 3d.*

However we may darken and puzzle ourselves with fancies and visions, and the ingenuities of fanatical mysticism, no man can mathematically or syllogistically contend that the world which a God made, and a Saviour visited, was designed to be damned!

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*August 4th.*

I shudder not at the creed of others. I dare not *curse* them—I pray the Great Father to *convert*.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*August 5th.*

One thing, however, is quite clear—that, whether Fortune be more like Plutus or an angel, it is no use abusing

her—one may as well throw stones at a star. And I think, if one looked narrowly at her operations, one might perceive that she gives every man a chance, at least once in his life; if he take and make the best of it, she will renew her visits, if not, *itur ad astra!*

*The Caxtons.*

*August 6th.*

But they were both alike in one thing—they were not with the Future, they were sensible of the Present—the sense of the actual life, the enjoyment of the breathing time, was strong within them. Such is the privilege of the extremes of our existence—Youth and Age. Middle life is never with to-day, its home is in to-morrow . . . anxious, and scheming, and desiring,

and wishing this plot ripened and that hope fulfilled, while every wave of the forgotten Time brings it nearer and nearer to the end of all things. Half our life is consumed in longing to be nearer death.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*August 7th.*

For we should be as old men before we engage, and as youths when we wish to perform.

*Harold.*

*August 8th.*

Too mean!—go to!—there is nothing mean before God, unless it be a base soul under high titles. With me, boy, there is but one nobility, and Nature signs its charter.

*Rienzi.*

*August 9th.*

Kill *me!*—not my THOUGHT!

*The Last of the Barons.*

*August 10th.*

What an incalculable field of dread and sombre contemplation is opened to every man who, with his heart disengaged from himself, and his eyes accustomed to the sharp observance of his tribe, walks through the streets of a great city! What a world of dark and troublous secrets in the breast of every one who hurries by you! Goethe has said somewhere, that each of us, the best as the worst, hides within him something—some feeling, some remembrance that, if known, would make you hate him.

*Eugene Aram.*

*August 11th.*

I advanced, and beheld a spectacle of such agony, as can only be conceived by those who have looked on the grief which takes no fortitude from reason, no consolation from conscience—the grief which tells us what would be the earth were man abandoned to his passions, and the CHANCE of the atheist reigned alone in the merciless heavens. Pride humbled to the dust; ambition shivered into fragments; love (or the passion mistaken for it) blasted into ashes; life, at the first onset, bereaved of its holiest ties, forsaken by its truest guide! shame that writhed for revenge, and remorse that knew not prayer—all, all blended, yet distinct,



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were in that awful spectacle of the guilty son.

*The Caxtons.*

*August 12th.*

Night, to the earnest soul, opens the bible of the universe, and on the leaves of Heaven is written—"God is everywhere!"

*The Last of the Barons.*

*August 13th.*

Tell a man, in the full tide of his triumphs, that he bears death within him; and what crisis of thought can be more startling and more terrible!

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*August 14th.*

The good pilot wins his way through all winds, and the brave heart fastens fate to its flag.

*Harold.*

*August 15th.*

Human life is compared to the circle—Is the simile just?—All lines that are drawn from the centre to touch the circumference, by the law of the circle, are equal. But the lines that are drawn from the heart of the man to the verge of his destiny—do they equal each other?—Alas! some seem so brief, and some lengthen on as forever.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*August 16th.*

There is but one philosophy (though there are a thousand schools), and its name is Fortitude.

“TO BEAR IS TO CONQUER OUR FATE!”

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

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*August 17th.*

So is it ever in life: mortal things fade; immortal things spring more freshly with every step to the tomb.

*The Caxtons.*

*August 18th.*

He who himself betrays, cannot call vengeance treason!

*The Last of the Barons.*

*August 19th.*

Humph!—when nobles are hated, and soldiers are bought, a mob may, in any hour, become the master. An honest people and a weak mob,—a corrupt people and a strong mob.

*Rienzi.*

*August 20th.*

The end of a scientific morality is not to serve others only, but also to

perfect and accomplish our individual selves; our own souls are a solemn trust to our own lives.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*August 21st.*

Master books, but do not let them master you. Read to live, not live to read.

*The Cartons.*

*August 22d.*

Whoever strives to know learns that no human lore is despicable. Despicable only you—ye fat and bloated things—slaves of luxury—sluggards in thought—who, cultivating nothing but the barren sense, dream that its poor soil can produce alike the myrtle and the laurel. No, the wise only can enjoy—to us only *true* luxury

is given, when mind, brain, invention, experience, thought, learning, imagination, all contribute like rivers to swell the seas of SENSE!

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*August 23d.*

What royal robe so invests with imperial majesty the form of man as the grave sense of power responsible, in an earnest soul?

*Harold.*

*August 24th.*

It is the Senior, of from two to ten years, that most seduces and enthrals us. He has the same pursuits—views, objects, pleasures, but more art and experience in them all. He goes with us in the path we are ordained to

tread, but from which the elder generation desires to warn us off. There is very little influence where there is not great sympathy.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*August 25th.*

Who shall describe those awful and mysterious moments, when man, with all his fiery passions, turbulent thoughts, wild hopes, and despondent fears, demands the solitary audience of his Maker?

*Rienzi.*

*August 26th.*

When Fate selects her human agents, her dark and mysterious spirit is at work within them; she moulds their hearts, she exalts their energies, she shapes them to the part she has

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allotted them, and renders the mortal instrument worthy of the solemn end.

*Eugene Aram.*

*August 27th.*

We should begin life with books; they multiply the sources of employment; so does capital;—but capital is of no use, unless we live on the interest,—books are waste paper, unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from thought.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*August 28th.*

All that wakes curiosity is wisdom, if innocent—all that pleases the fancy now, turns hereafter to love or to knowledge.

*The Caxtons.*

*August 29th.*

Nine times out of ten it is over the Bridge of Sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from Youth to Manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill-placed or disappointed affection. We recover, and we find ourselves a new being. The intellect has become hardened by the fire through which it has passed. The mind profits by the wrecks of every passion, and we may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*August 30th.*

As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favor with a peculiar beam one long track amidst the waters, leaving the rest in com-



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parative obscurity ; yet all the while, she is no niggard in her lustre—for though the rays that meet not our eyes seem to us as though they were not, yet *she* with an equal and unfavorable loveliness, mirrors herself on every wave: even so, perhaps, Happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes she seems only to rest on those billows from which the ray is reflected back upon our sight.

*Eugene Aram.*

*August 31st.*

For few, alas! are they, whose *names* may outlive the grave; but the *thoughts* of every man who writes, are made undying;—others appropriate, advance, exalt them; and millions of

minds unknown, undreamed of, are required to produce the immortality of one!

*Rienzi.*

SEPTEMBER.



*September 1st.*

I WAS always an early riser. Happy the man who is! Every morning day comes to him with a virgin's love, full of bloom, and purity, and freshness. The youth of Nature is contagious, like the gladness of a happy child. I doubt if any man can be called "old" so long as he is an early riser and an early *walker*. And, oh Youth—take my word of it—youth in dressing-gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepit, ghastly image of that youth which sees the sun blush over the mountains, and the dews sparkle upon blossoming hedgerows.

*The Caxtons.*

*September 2d.*

Custom surely blunts us to every chance, every danger, that may happen to us hourly, were the avalanche over you for a day,—I grant your state of torture,—but had an avalanche rested over you for years, and not yet fallen, you would forget that it could ever fall; you would eat, sleep, and make love, as if it were not!

*Eugene Aram.*

*September 3d.*

The biographies of Authors, those ghostlike beings who seem to have had no life but in the shadow of their own haunting and imperishable thoughts, dimmed the inspiration he might have caught from their pages. Those Slaves of the Lamp, those Silk-worms of the

Closet, how little had they enjoyed, how little had they lived! Condemned to a mysterious fate by the wholesale destinies of the world, they seemed born but to toil and to spin thoughts for the common crowd—and, their task performed in drudgery and in darkness, to die when no further service could be wrung from their exhaustion. Names had they been in life, and as names they lived forever, in life as in death, airy and unsubstantial phantoms.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*September 4th.*

There is something, Lester, humbling to human pride in a rustic's life. It grates against the heart to think of the tone in which we unconsciously

permit ourselves to address him. We see in him humanity in its simple state; it is a sad thought to feel that we despise it; that all we respect in our species is what has been created by art; the gaudy dress, the glittering equipage, or even the cultivated intellect; the mere and naked material of Nature we eye with indifference or trample on with disdain.

*Eugene Aram.*

*September 5th.*

Poor child of toil, from the grey dawn to the setting sun, one long task!—no idea elicited—no thought awakened beyond those that suffice to make him the machine of others—the serf of the hard soil! And then, too, mark how we scowl upon his scanty



holidays, how we hedge in his mirth with laws, and turn his hilarity into crime! We make the whole of the gay world, wherein we walk and take our pleasure, to him a place of snares and perils. If he leave his labor for an instant, in that instant how many temptations spring up to him! And yet we have no mercy for *his* errors; the jail—the transport-ship—the galleys; those are our sole lecture-books, and our only methods of expostulation.

*Eugene Aram.*

*September 6th.*

Fie on the disparities of the world! They cripple the heart, they blind the sense, they concentrate the thousand links between man and man into the two basest of earthly ties—servility

and pride. Methinks the devils laugh out when they hear us tell the boor that his soul is as glorious and eternal as our own; and yet when in the grinding drudgery of his life, not a spark of that soul can be called forth; when it sleeps, walled around in its lumpish clay, from the cradle to the grave, without a dream to stir the deadness of its torpor.

*Eugene Aram.*

*September 7th.*

Action, Maltravers, action; that is the life for us. At our age we have passion, fancy, sentiment; we can't read them away, nor scribble them away; we must live upon them generously, but economically.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*September 8th.*

When one man is resolved to know another, it is almost impossible to prevent him: we see daily the most remarkable instances of perseverance on one side conquering distaste on the other.

*Eugene Aram.*

*September 9th.*

No; I don't say that it is an inevitable law that man should not be happy; but it is an inevitable law that a man, in spite of himself, should live for something higher than his own happiness. He cannot live in himself or for himself, however egotistical he may try to be. Every desire he has links him with others. Man is not a machine—he is a part of one.

*The Cartons.*

*September 10th.*

Three things are ever silent:  
Thought, Destiny, and the Grave.

*Harold.*

*September 11th.*

We are here but as schoolboys, whose life begins where school ends; and the battles we fought with our rivals, and the toys that we shared with our playmates, and the names that we carved, high or low, on the wall, above our desks—will they so much bestead us hereafter? As new fates crowd upon us, can they more than pass through the memory with a smile or a sigh? Look back to thy school-days, and answer.

*The Caxtons.*

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*September 12th.*

A vulgar boy requires Heaven knows what assiduity to move three steps—I do not say like a gentleman, but like a body that has a soul in it; but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*September 13th.*

O literal ratiocinator, and dull to the true logic of Attic irony! can't you comprehend that an affection may be genuine as felt by the man, yet its nature be spurious in relation to others? A man may genuinely be-

lieve he loves his fellow-creatures, when he roasts them like Torquemada, or guillotines them like St. Just!

*The Cartons.*

*September 14th.*

Every cheek was flushed—every tongue spoke: the animation of the orator had passed, like a living spirit, into the breasts of the audience. He had thundered against the disorders of the patricians, yet, by a word, he had disarmed the anger of the plebeians—he had preached freedom, yet he had opposed license. He had calmed the present, by a promise of the future. He had chid their quarrels, yet had supported their cause. He had mastered the revenge of to-day by a solemn assurance that there should come

justice for the morrow. So great may be the power, so mighty the eloquence, so formidable the genius, of one man—without arms, without rank, without sword or ermine, who addresses himself to a people that is oppressed!

*Rienzi.*

*September 15th.*

All great knavery is madness! The world could not get on if truth and goodness were not the natural tendencies of sane minds.

*The Castons.*

*September 16th.*

Oh, my dear brother, what minds like yours should guard against the most is not the meanness of evil—it is the evil that takes false nobility, by

garbing itself in the royal magnificence of good.

*The Caxtons.*

*September 17th.*

The great secret of eloquence, is to be in earnest; the great secret of Rienzi's eloquence was in the mightiness of his enthusiasm. He never spoke as one who doubted of success. Perhaps, like most men who undertake high and great actions, he himself was never thoroughly aware of the obstacles in his way. He saw the end, bright and clear, and overleaped, in the vision of his soul, the crosses and the length of the path; thus the deep convictions of his own mind stamped themselves irresistibly upon others.



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He seemed less to promise than to prophesy.

*Rienzi.*

*September 18th.*

In our estimate of the ills of life, we never sufficiently take into our consideration the wonderful elasticity of our moral frame, the unlooked for, the startling facility with which the human mind accommodates itself to all change of circumstance, making an object and even a joy from the hardest and seemingly the least redeemed conditions of fate.

*Eugene Aram.*

*September 19th.*

Let any man look over his past life, let him recall not *moments*, not *hours* of agony, for to them Custom lends

not her blessed magic; but let him single out some *lengthened* period of physical or moral endurance; in hastily reverting to it, it may seem at first, I grant, altogether wretched; a series of days marked with the black stone,—the clouds without a star;—but let him look more closely, it was not so during the time of suffering; a thousand little things, in the bustle of life, dormant and unheeded, *then* started forth into notice, and became to him objects of interest or diversion; the dreary present, once made familiar, glided away from him, not less than if it had been all happiness; his mind dwelt not on the dull intervals, but the stepping-stone it had created and placed at each; and, by that moral

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dreaming which forever goes on within man's secret heart, he lived as little in the immediate world before him, as in the most sanguine period of his youth, or the most scheming of his maturity.

*Eugene Aram.*

*September 20th.*

“Good sense,” said he one day to Maltravers, “is not a merely intellectual attribute. It is rather the result of a just equilibrium of all our faculties, spiritual and moral. The dishonest, or the toys of their own passions, may have genius; but they rarely, if ever, have good sense in the conduct of life. They may often win large prizes, but it is by a game of chance, not skill. But the man whom I perceive walking an honorable and up-

right career—just to others, and also to himself (for we owe justice to ourselves—to the care of our fortunes, our character—to the management of our passions)—is a more dignified representative of his Maker than the mere child of genius.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*September 21st.*

Of such a man, we say, he has GOOD SENSE; yes, but he has also integrity, self-respect, and self-denial. A thousand trials which his sense braves and conquers, are temptations also to his probity—his temper—in a word, to all the many sides of his complicated nature. Now, I do not think he will have this *good sense* any more than a drunkard will have strong nerves, un-

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less he be in the constant habit of keeping his mind clear from the intoxication of envy, vanity, and the various emotions that dupe and mislead us. Good sense is not, therefore, an abstract quality or a solitary talent; but it is the natural result of the habit of thinking justly, and therefore seeing clearly, and is as different from the sagacity that belongs to a diplomatist or attorney, as the philosophy of Socrates differed from the rhetoric of Gorgias. As a mass of individual excellencies make up this attribute in a man, so a mass of such men thus characterized give a character to a nation.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*September 22d.*

And out from all these speculations,

to which I do such hurried and scanty justice, he drew the blessed truth, that carries hope to the land of the Caffre, the hut of the Bushman—that there is nothing in the flattened skull and the ebon aspect that rejects God's law—improvement; that by the same principle which raises the dog, the lowest of animals in its savage state, to the highest after man—viz, admixture of race—you can elevate into nations of majesty and power the outcasts of humanity, now your compassion or your scorn.

*The Caxtons.*

*September 23d.*

The worst fatigue is that which comes without exercise.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

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*September 24th.*

But he who admits Ambition to the companionship of Love, admits a giant that outstrides the gentler footsteps of its comrade.

*Harold.*

*September 25th.*

“Forget!” said Aram, stopping abruptly; “ay, forget—it is a strange truth! we *do* forget! the summer passes over the furrow, and the corn springs up; the sod forgets the flower of the past year; the battlefield forgets the blood that has been spilt upon its turf; the sky forgets the storm; and the water the noonday sun that slept upon its bosom. All Nature preaches forgetfulness. Its very order is the progress of oblivion.

*Eugene Aram.*

*September 26th.*

He who never despairs seldom completely fails.

*Kenelm Chillingly.*

*September 27th.*

Do you ever see a man in any society sitting mute for hours, and not feel an uneasy curiosity to penetrate the wall he thus builds up between others and himself? Does he not interest you far more than the brilliant talker at your left—the airy wit at your right, whose shafts fall in vain on the sullen barrier of the silent man! Silence, dark sister of Nox and Erebus, how, layer upon layer, shadow upon shadow, blackness upon blackness, thou stretchest thyself from hell



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to heaven, over thy two chosen haunts  
—man's heart and the grave!

*The Cartons.*

*September 28th.*

Ah! do not fancy that in lovers'  
quarrels there is any sweetness that  
compensates the sting.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*September 29th.*

God made us, not to indulge only in  
crystal pictures, weave idle fancies,  
pine alone, and mourn over what we  
cannot help—but to be alert and ac-  
tive—givers of happiness.

*The Cartons.*

*September 30th.*

The pen is mightier than the sword.

*Richelieu.*



OCTOBER.



*October 1st.*

THERE is something so unselfish in tempers reluctant to despond. You see that such persons are not occupied with their own existence; they are not fretting the calm of the present life with the egotisms of care, and conjecture, and calculation; if they learn anxiety, it is for another; but in *the heart* of that other, how entire is their trust!

*Eugene Aram.*

*October 2d.*

Less terrible is it to find the body wasted, the features sharp with the great life-struggle, than to look on the face from which the mind is gone—

the eyes in which there is no recognition. Such a sight is a startling shock to that unconscious habitual materialism with which we are apt familiarly to regard those we love; for in thus missing the mind, the heart, the affection that sprang to ours, we are suddenly made aware that it was the something *within* the form, and not the form itself, that was so dear to us. The form itself is still, perhaps, little altered; but that lip which smiles no welcome, that eye which wanders over us as strangers, that ear which distinguishes no more our voices—the *friend* we sought is not there! Even our own love is chilled back—grows a kind of vague superstitious terror. Yes, it was not the matter, still present to us,

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which had conciliated all those subtle nameless sentiments which are classed and fused in the word "*affection*," it was the airy, intangible, electric *something*, the absence of which now appals us.

*The Caxtons.*

*October 3d.*

The influence of fate seems so small on the man who, in erring, but errs as the egoist, and shapes out of ill some use that can profit himself. But Fate hangs a shadow so vast on the heart that errs but in venturing abroad, and knows only in others the sources of sorrow and joy.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*October 4th.*

Shame is not in the loss of other

men's esteem,—it is in the loss of our own.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*October 5th.*

In the pure heart of a girl loving for the first time—love is far more ecstatic than in man, inasmuch as it is unfevered by desire—love then and there makes the only state of human existence which is at once capable of calmness and transport.

*Eugene Aram.*

*October 6th.*

Things seem to approximate to God in proportion to their vitality and movement. Of all things, least inert and sullen should be the soul of man. How the grass grows up over the very



graves—quickly it grows and greenly—but neither so quick nor so green, my Blanche, as hope and comfort from human sorrows.

*The Cartons.*

*October 7th.*

It is in small states that glory is most active and pure,—the more confined the limits of the circle, the more ardent the patriotism. In small states, opinion is concentrated and strong,—every eye reads your actions—your public motives are blended with your private ties,—every spot in your narrow sphere is crowded with forms familiar since your childhood,—the applause of your citizens is like the caresses of your friends.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*October 8th.*

The haughty woman who can stand alone and requires no leaning-place in our heart, loses the spell of her sex.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*October 9th.*

*Genius* is essentially honest.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*October 10th.*

For, despite Helvetius, a common experience teaches us that though education and circumstances may mould the mass, Nature herself sometimes forms the individual, and throws into the clay, or its spirit, so much of beauty or deformity, that nothing can utterly subdue the original elements of character.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

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*October 11th.*

No son of fortune, no man placing himself and the world in antagonism, can ever escape from some belief in the invisible. Cæsar could ridicule and profane the mystic rights of Roman mythology, but he must still believe in his *fortune*.

*Harold.*

*October 12th.—Discovery of America.*

Thou beautiful land! Canaan of the exiles, and Ararat to many a shattered Ark! Fair cradle of a race for whom the unbounded heritage of a future, that no sage can conjecture, no prophet divine, lies afar in the golden promise-light of Time!—destined, perchance, from the sins and sorrows of a civilization struggling with its own

elements of decay, to renew the youth of the world, and transmit the great soul of England through the cycles of Infinite Change. All climates that can best ripen the products of earth, or form into various character and temper the different families of man, "rain influences" from the heaven that smiles so benignly on those who had once shrunk ragged from the wind, or scowled on the thankless sun.

*The Caxtons.*

*October 13th.*

I do think it requires a great sense of religion, or, at all events, children of one's own, in whom one is young again, to reconcile oneself to becoming old.

*The Caxtons.*

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*October 14th.*

*Harold's Prayer before the Battle of Hastings, Fought on October 14th, 1066 :*

O Lord of Hosts—We Children of Doubt and Time, trembling in the dark, dare not take to ourselves to question Thine unerring will. Sorrow and death, as joy and life, are at the breath of a mercy divine, and a wisdom all-seeing : and out of the hours of evil Thou drawest, in mystic circle, the eternity of Good. “Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.” If, O Disposer of events, our human prayers are not adverse to Thy pre-judged decrees, protect these lives, the bulwarks of our homes and altars, sons whom the land offers as a sacrifice.

May Thine angel turn aside the blade  
—as of old from the heart of Isaac!  
But if, O Ruler of Nations, in whose  
sight the ages are as moments, and  
generations but as sands in the sea,  
these lives are doomed, may the death  
expiate their sins, and, shrived on the  
battlefield, absolve and receive the  
soul!

*Harold.*

*October 15th.*

Come, I will tell you the one secret  
of my public life—that which explains  
all its failure (for, in spite of my posi-  
tion, I have failed) and its regrets—*I  
want conviction!*

*The Caxtons.*

*October 16th.—Heaven.*

“There,” thought the musing

maiden, "cruelty and strife shall cease—there, vanish the harsh differences of life—there, those whom we have loved and lost are found, and through the Son, who tasted of mortal sorrow, we are raised to the home of the Eternal Father!"

*The Last of the Barons.*

*October 17th.—The Same.*

"And there," thought the aspiring sage, "the mind, dungeoned and chained below, rushes free into the realms of space—there, from every mystery falls the veil—there, the Omniscient smiles on those who, through the darkness of life, have fed that lamp—the soul—there, Thought,

but the seed on earth, bursts into the flower, and ripens to the fruit!"

*The Last of the Barons.*

*October 18th.*

Life is a sleep in which we dream most at the commencement and the close—the middle part absorbs us too much for dreams.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*October 19th.*

Perhaps I would rather dream of him, such as I would have him, than know him for what he is. He might be unkind, or ungenerous, or love me but little; rather would I not be loved at all, than loved coldly, and eat away my heart by comparing it with his. I can love him now as something abstract, unreal, and divine: but what



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would be my shame, my grief, if I were to find him less than I have imagined! Then, indeed, my life would have been wasted: then, indeed, the beauty of the earth would be gone!

*Rienzi.*

*October 20th.*

Soldiers brave not the dangers that are braved by a wise man in an unwise age!

*The Last of the Barons.*

*October 21st.*

How incalculable—how measureless—how viewless the consequences of one crime, even when we think we have weighed them all with scales that would have turned with a hair's weight!

*Eugene Aram.*

*October 22d.*

*De-fine-gentlemanize* yourself from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot, and become the greatest aristocrat for so doing; for he is more than an aristocrat, he is a king, who suffices in all things for himself—who is his own master, because he wants no *valetaille*.

*The Castons.*

*October 23d.*

Stop there, Mr. Simcox. Never mind the devil yet awhile. Let her first learn to do good, that God may love her; the rest will follow. I would rather make people religious through their best feelings than their worst,—through their gratitude and affections,

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rather than their fears and calculations of risk and punishment.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*October 24th.*

It is the persons we love that make beautiful the haunts we have known.

*Harold.*

*October 25th.*

A man who gets in a passion with himself may be soon out of temper with others.

*Eugene Aram.*

*October 26th.*

The brave man wants no charms to encourage him to his duty, and the good man scorns all warnings that would deter him from fulfilling it.

*Harold.*

*October 27th.*

There is nothing more salutary to active men than occasional intervals of repose,—when we look within, instead of without, and examine almost *insensibly* (for I hold strict and conscious self-scrutiny a thing much rarer than we suspect)—what we have done—what we are capable of doing. It is settling, as it were, a debtor and creditor account with the Past, before we plunge into new speculations.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*October 28th.*

It is better to sow a good heart with kindness than a field with corn, for the heart's harvest is perpetual.

*Eugene Aram.*

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*October 29th.*

We are apt to connect the voice of Conscience with the stillness of midnight. But I think we wrong that innocent hour. It is that terrible "NEXT MORNING," when reason is wide awake, upon which remorse fastens its fangs. Has a man gambled away his all, or shot his friend in a duel—has he committed a crime, or incurred a laugh—it is the *next morning*, when the irretrievable past rises before him like a spectre; then doth the churchyard of memory yield up its grizzly dead—then is the witching hour when the foul fiend within us can least tempt perhaps, but most torment.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*October 30th.*

The doubt and the fear—the caprice and the change, which agitate the surface, swell also the tides, of passion. Woman, too, whose love is so much the creature of her imagination, always asks something of mystery and conjecture in the object of her affection. It is a luxury to her to perplex herself with a thousand apprehensions; and the more restlessly her lover occupies her mind, the more deeply he enthrals it.

*Eugene Aram.*

*October 31st.*

By St. Dunstan! doth it matter what may be the cause of quarrel,

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so long as dog or man bears himself bravely, with a due sense of honor and derring-do.

*The Last of the Barons.*





NOVEMBER.



*November 1st.*

ME!—Is it possible to ruin the young, and strong, and healthy! Ruin me, with these thews and sinews!—ruin me, with the education you have given me—thews and sinews of the mind! Oh no! there, Fortune is harmless!

*The Caxtons.*

*November 2d.*

What deduction from reason can ever apply to love? Love is a very contradiction of all the elements of our ordinary nature,—it makes the proud man meek,—the cheerful, sad,—the high-spirited, tame; our strong-

est resolutions, our hardest energy fail before it.

*Eugene Aram.*

*November 3d.*

Continue to cultivate the mind, to sharpen by exercise the genius, to attempt to delight or to instruct your race; and even supposing you fall short of every model you set before you—supposing your name moulder with your dust, still you will have passed life more nobly than the unlaborious herd. Grant that you win not that glorious accident, “a name below,” how can you tell but what you may have fitted yourself for high destiny and employ in the world not of men, but of spirits? The powers of the mind are things that cannot be

less immortal than the mere sense of identity; their acquisitions accompany us through the Eternal Progress; and we may obtain a lower or a higher grade hereafter, in proportion as we are more or less fitted by the exercise of our intellect to comprehend and execute the solemn agencies of God.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*November 4th.*

“A king without letters is a crowned ass?” When the king is an ass, asinine are his subjects. Learn that a full head makes a weighty hand.

*Harold.*

*November 5th.*

Happiness will not permit us to be mirthful.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*November 6th.*

“It is destiny!”—phrase of the weak human heart! “It is destiny!” dark apology for every error! The strong and the virtuous admit *no* destiny! On earth, guides Conscience—in heaven watches God. And Destiny is but the phantom we invoke to silence the one—to dethrone the other!

*The Last of the Barons.*

*November 7th.*

“Giacomo,” said Angelo, thoughtfully, “there are some men whom we, of another mind and mould, can rarely comprehend, and never fathom. And of such men I have observed that a supreme confidence in their own fortunes or their own souls, is the most common feature. Thus impressed, and

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thus buoyed, they rush into danger with a seeming madness, and from danger soar to greatness, or sink to death.

*Rienzi.*

*November 8th.*

The only gold a young man should covet is enough to suffice for the knight's spurs to his heels.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*November 9th.*

“Men are often deceived,” said she sadly, yet with a half smile; “but women rarely,—save in love.”

*Rienzi.*

*November 10th.*

Whoever is above the herd, whether knight or scholar, must learn to despise the hootings that follow Merit.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*November 11th.*

God and His angels are in every spot where virtue trembles and resists.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*November 12th.*

It is a dark epoch in a man's life when sleep forsakes him; when he tosses to and fro, and Thought will not be silenced; when the drug and draught are the courtiers of stupefaction, not sleep; when the down pillow is as a knotted log; when the eyelids close but with an effort, and there is a drag and a weight, and a dizziness in the eyes at morn.

*Eugene Aram.*

*November 13th.*

Desire and grief, and love, these are the young man's torments, but they



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are the creatures of Time; Time removes them as it brings, and the vigils we keep, "while the evil days come not," if weary, are brief and few. But Memory, and Care and Ambition, and Avarice, *these* are the demon-gods that defy the Time that fathered them.

*Eugene Aram.*

*November 14th.*

The worldlier passions are the growth of mature years, and their grave is dug but in our own. As the dark Spirits in the northern tale, that watch against the coming of one of a brighter and holier race, lest, if he seize them unawares, he bind them prisoners in his chain, they keep ward at night over the entrance of that deep

cave—the human heart—and scare away the angel Sleep!

*Eugene Aram.*

*November 15th.*

Amidst the grief and solitude of the pure, there comes, at times, a strange and rapt serenity—a sleep-awake—over which the instinct of life beyond the grave glides like a noiseless dream; and ever that heaven that the soul yearns for is colored by the fancies of the fond human heart,—each fashioning the above from the desires unsatisfied below.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*November 16th.*

Better task than that of astrologers, and astronomers to boot! Who among

them can “loosen the band of Orion”? —but who amongst us may not be permitted by God to have sway over the action and orbit of the human soul?

*The Caxtons.*

*November 17th.*

In a dominant church the genius of intolerance *betrays* its cause;—in a weak and a persecuted church, the same genius mainly *supports*.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*November 18th.*

Terrible and eternal moral for Wisdom and for Avarice, for sages and for kings—ever shall he who would be the maker of gold, breathe the air of death!

*The Last of the Barons.*

*November 19th.*

The Night and the Solitude!—*these* make the ladder round which angels cluster, and beneath which my spirit can dream of God. Oh! none can know what the pilgrim feels as he walks on his holy course; nursing no fear, and dreading no danger—for God is with him! He hears the winds murmur glad tidings; the woods sleep in the shadow of Almighty wings; the stars are the Scriptures of Heaven, the tokens of love, and the witnesses of immortality. Night is the Pilgrim's day.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*November 20th.*

Behold! the kingdom a man makes out of his own mind is the only one

that it delighteth man to govern! Behold, he is lord over its springs and movements; its wheels revolve and stop at his bidding.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*November 21st.*

Freedom alone makes men sacrifice to each other.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*November 22d.*

But while a nation has already a fair degree of constitutional freedom, I believe no struggle so perilous and awful as that between the aristocratic and the democratic principle. A people against a despot—*that* contest requires no prophet; but the change from an aristocratic to a democratic com-

monwealth is indeed the wide, unbounded prospect upon which rest shadows, clouds, and darkness.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*November 23d.*

It is ever the case with stern and stormy spirits, that the meek ones which contrast them steal strangely into their affections. This principle of human nature can alone account for the enthusiastic devotion which the mild sufferings of the Saviour awoke in the fiercest exterminators of the North. In proportion, often, to the warrior's ferocity, was his love to that Divine model, at whose sufferings he wept, to whose tomb he wandered barefoot, and whose example of compassionate forgiveness he would have

thought himself the basest of men to follow!

*Harold.*

*November 24th.*

*Charm* was the characteristic of Lady Ellinor—a charm indefinable. It was not the mere grace of refined breeding, though that went a great way; it was a charm that seemed to spring from natural sympathy. Whomsoever she addressed, that person appeared for the moment to engage all her attention, to interest her whole mind. She had a gift of conversation very peculiar. She made what she said like a continuation of what was said to her. She seemed as if she had entered into your thoughts, and talked them aloud. Her mind was evidently

cultivated with great care, but she was perfectly void of pedantry. A hint, an allusion sufficed to show how much she knew to one well instructed, without mortifying or perplexing the ignorant.

*The Caxtons.*

*November 25th.*

The law is very obliging, but more polite than efficient.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*November 26th.*

Ambition, like any other passion, gives us unhappy moments ; but it gives us also an animated life. In its pursuit, the minor evils of the world are not felt ; little crosses, little vexations do not disturb us. Like men who walk in sleep, we are absorbed in one pow-



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erful dream, and do not even know the obstacles in our way, or the dangers that surround us: in a word we have *no private life*. All that is merely domestic, the anxiety and the loss which fret other men, which blight the happiness of other men, are not felt by us: we are wholly public;—so that if we lose much comfort, we escape much care.

*Eugene Aram.*

*November 27th.*

From this record of error he drew forth the grand eras of truth. He showed how earnest men never think in vain, though their thoughts may be errors. He proved how, in vast cycles, age after age, the human mind marches on—like the ocean, receding here, but

there advancing ; how from the speculations of the Greeks sprang all true philosophy ; how from the institutions of the Roman rose all durable systems of government ; how from the robust follies of the north came the glory of chivalry, and the modern delicacies of honor, and the sweet, harmonizing influences of woman.

*The Caxtons.*

*November 28th.*

Time had been, indeed, at work ; but, with the same exulting bound and happy voice, that little brook leaped along its way. Ages hence, may the course be as glad, and the murmur as full of mirth ! They are blessed things, those remote and unchanging streams ! —they fill us with the same love as if

they were living creatures!—and in a green corner of the world there is one that, for my part, I never see without forgetting myself to tears—tears that I would not lose for a king's ransom; tears that no other sight or sound could call from their source; tears of what affection, what soft regret; tears that leave me, for days afterward, a better and a kinder man!

*Eugene Aram.*

*November 29th.*

I have noted myself in life, that there are objects, senseless as that mould of iron, which, if we labor at them, wind round our hearts as if they were flesh and blood. So some men love learning, others glory, others power.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*November 30th.*

Better hew wood and draw water, then attach ourselves devotedly to an art in which we have not the capacity to excel. . . . It is to throw away the healthful objects of life for a diseased dream,—worse than the Rosicrucians, it is to make a sacrifice of all human beauty for the smile of a sylphid, that never visits us but in visions.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

DECEMBER.



*December 1st.*

EXAMINE not, O child of man!—examine not that mysterious melancholy with the hard eyes of thy reason; thou canst not impale it on the spikes of thy thorny logic, nor describe its enchanted circle by problems conned from thy schools. Borderer thyself of two worlds—the Dead and the Living—give thine ear to the tones, bow thy soul to the shadows that steal, in the Season of Change, from the dim Border Land.

*The Caxtons.*

*December 2d.—The Creed of an Ancient Egyptian.*

Of that which created the world, we know, we can know, nothing, save

these attributes—power and unvarying regularity :—stern, crushing, relentless regularity—heeding no individual cases—rolling—sweeping—burning on ;—no matter what scattered hearts, severed from the general mass, fall ground and scorched beneath its wheels.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*December 3d.*

Thus, when a great man, who has engrossed our thoughts, our conjectures, our homage, dies, a gap seems suddenly left in the world ; a wheel in the mechanism of our own being appears abruptly stilled ; a portion of ourselves, and not our worst portion, for how many pure, high, generous sentiments it contains, dies with him !

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*



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*December 4th.—A Loveless Match.*

Thou dost not love. Bid farewell forever to thy fond dreams of a life more blessed than that of mortals. From the stormy sea of the future are blotted out eternally for thee—Calyph and her Golden Isle. Thou canst no more paint on the dim canvas of thy desires the form of her with whom thou couldst dwell forever. Thou hast been unfaithful to thine own ideal—thou hast given thyself forever and forever to another—thou hast renounced hope—thou must live as in a prison, with a being with whom thou hast not the harmory of love.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*December 5th.—A Love Match.*

Attest the betrothal of these young

hearts, O ye Powers that draw nature to nature by spells which no galdra can trace, and have wrought in the secrets of creation no mystery so perfect as love,—Attest it, thou temple, thou altar!—attest it, O sun and O air! While the forms are divided, may the souls cling together—sorrow with sorrow, and joy with joy. And when, at length, bride and bridegroom are one,—O stars, may the trouble with which ye are charged have exhausted its burthen; may no danger molest, and no malice disturb, but, over the marriage-bed, shine in peace, O ye stars!

*Harold.*

*December 6th.*

In that love my spirit awoke, and

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was baptized; every thought that has risen from earth, and lost itself in heaven, was breathed into my heart by thee! Thy creature and thy slave, hadst thou tempted me to sin, sin had seemed hallowed by thy voice; but thou saidst, "True love is virtue," and so I worshipped virtue in loving thee. Strengthened, purified, by thy bright companionship, from thee came the strength to resign thee—from thee the refuge under the wings of God—from thee the firm assurance that our union yet shall be—not as our poor Hilda dreams, on the perishable earth,—but there! oh, there! yonder by the celestial altars, in the land in which all spirits are filled with love.

*Harold.*

*December 7th.*

Kill my labor and thou destroyest  
me.

*The Last of the Barons.*

*December 8th.*

Look round on Nature—behold the only company that humbles me not—except the dead whose souls speak to us from the immortality of books. These herbs at your feet, I know their secrets—I watch the mechanism of their life; the winds—they have taught me their language; the stars—I have unravelled their mysteries; and these, the creatures and ministers of God—these I offend not by my mood—to them I utter my thoughts, and break forth into my dreams, without reserve and without fear.

*Eugene Aram.*

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*December 9th.*

The tyrant thinks he is free, because he commands slaves: the meanest peasant in a free state is more free than he is.

*Rienzi.*

*December 10th.*

“And if, O stars!” murmured Maltravers, from the depths of his excited heart—“if I have been insensible to your solemn beauty—if the Heaven and the Earth had been to me but as air and clay—if I were one of a dull and dim-eyed herd—I might live on, and drop into the grave from the ripeness of unprofitable years. It is because I yearn for the great objects of an immortal being, that life shrinks and shrivels up like a scroll. Away!

I will not listen to these human and material monitors, and consider life as a thing greater than the things that I would live for. My choice is made, glory is more persuasive than the grave.”

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*December 11th.*

As courage was the first virtue that honor called forth—the first virtue from which all safety and civilization proceed—so we do right to keep that one virtue at least clear and unsullied from all the money-making, mercenary, pay-me-in-cash abominations which are the vices, not the virtues, of the civilization it has produced.

*The Caxtons.*

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*December 12th.*

There is a terrible disconnection between the author and the man—the author's life and the man's life—the eras of visible triumph may be those of the most intolerable, though unrevealed and un conjectured anguish. The book that delighted us to compose may first appear in the hour when all things under the sun are joyless.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*December 13th.—Ars Longa Vita Brevis.*

A vast empire rises on my view, greater than that of Cæsars and conquerors—an empire durable and universal in the souls of men, that time itself cannot overthrow; and Death marches with me, side by side, and the

skeleton hand waves me back to the nothingness of common men.

*Ernest Maltravers.*

*December 14th.*

“Your Holiness knows well,” said the Cardinal, “that for the multitude of men there are two watchwords of war—Liberty and Religion.”

*Rienzi.*

*December 15th.*

A young man's ambition is but vanity,—it has no definite aim,—it plays with a thousand toys. As with one passion, so with the rest. In youth, love is ever on the wing, but, like the birds in April, it hath not yet built its nest. With so long a career of summer and hope before it, the disappointment of to-day is succeeded by the



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novelty of to-morrow—and the sun that advances to the noon but dries up its fervent tears. But when we have arrived at that epoch of life,—when, if the light fail us—if the last rose wither,—we feel that the loss cannot be retrieved, and that the frost and the darkness are at hand,—Love becomes to us a treasure that we watch over and hoard with a miser's care. Our youngest-born affection is our darling and our idol, the fondest pledge of the Past, the most cherished of our hopes for the Future. A certain melancholy that mingles with our joy the possession, only enhances its charm. We feel ourselves so dependent on it for all that is yet to come. Our other barks—our gay galleys of

pleasure—our stately argosies of pride—have been swallowed up by the remorseless wave. On this last vessel we freight our all—to its frail tenement we commit ourselves. The star that guides it is our guide,—and in the tempest that menaces, we behold our own doom!

*Alice.*

*December 16th.*

It was one of those listless panics, those strange fits of indifference and lethargy which often seize upon a people who make liberty a matter of impulse and caprice, to whom it has become a catchword, who have not long enjoyed all its rational, and sound, and practical, and blessed results; who have been affrayed by the storms that

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herald its dawn;—a people such as is common to the south: such as even the north has known; such as, had Cromwell lived a year longer, even England might have seen; and, indeed, in some measure, such a reaction from popular enthusiasm to popular indifference England *did* see, when her children madly surrendered the fruits of a bloody war, without reserve, without foresight, to the lewd pensioner of Louis, and the royal murderer of Sydney. To such prostration of soul, such blindness of intellect, even the noblest people will be subjected, when liberty, which should be the growth of ages, spreading its roots through the strata of a thousand customs, is raised, the exotic of an hour,

and (like the tree and Dryad of ancient fable) flourishes and withers with the single spirit that protects it.

*Rienzi.*

*December 17th.*

What has been the use of those acquirements? Has he benefited mankind by them? Show me the poet—the historian—the orator, and I will yield to none of you; no, not to Madeline herself in homage of their genius: but the mere creature of books—the dry and sterile collector of other men's learning—no—no. What should I admire in such a machine of literature, except a waste of perseverance?

*Eugene Aram.*

*December 18th.*

Love, in its first dim and imperfect

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shape, is but imagination concentrated on one object. It is a genius of the heart, resembling that of the intellect; it appeals to, it stirs up, it evokes the sentiments and sympathies that lie most latent in our nature. Its sigh is the spirit that moves over the ocean, and rouses the Anadyomene into life. Therefore is it, that MIND produces affections deeper than those of external form; therefore it is, that women are worshippers of glory, which is the palpable and visible representative of a genius whose operations they cannot always comprehend.

*Alice.*

*December 19th.*

Genius has so much in common with love—the imagination that animates

one is so much the property of the other—that there is not a surer sign of the existence of genius than the love that it creates and bequeaths. It penetrates deeper than the reason—it binds a nobler captive than the fancy. As the sun upon the dial, it gives to the human heart both its shadow and its light. Nations are its worshippers and wooers; and Posterity learns from its oracles to dream—to aspire—to adore!

*Alice.*

*December 20th.*

If a man is called a genius, it means that he is to be thrust out of all the good things in this life. He is not fit for anything but a garret! Put a *genius* into office!—make a *genius* a

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bishop! or a lord chancellor!—the world would be turned topsyturvy! You see that you are quite astonished, that a genius can be even a county magistrate, and know the difference between a spade and a poker! In fact, a genius is supposed to be the most ignorant, impracticable, good-for-nothing, do-nothing, sort of thing that ever walked upon two legs. Mediocre men have the monopoly of the loaves and fishes; and even when talent does rise in life, it is a talent that only differs from mediocrity by being more energetic and bustling.

*Alice.*

*December 21st.*

His was the age when we most sensitively enjoy the mere sense of exist-

ence ; when the face of Nature, and a passive conviction of the benevolence of our Great Father, suffice to create a serene and ineffable happiness, which rarely visits us till we have done with the passions ;—till memories, if more alive than heretofore, are yet mellowed in the hues of time, and Faith softens into harmony all their asperities and harshness ;—till nothing within us remains to cast a shadow over the things without ;—and on the verge of life, the Angels are nearer to us than of yore. There is an old age which has more youth of heart than youth itself !

*Alice.*

*December 22d.*

Oh, Youth ! begin not thy career



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too soon, and let one passion succeed in its due order to another—so that every season of life may have its appropriate pursuit and charm!

*Alice.*

*December 23d.*

The fact is, that in civilization we behold a splendid aggregate;—literature and science, wealth and luxury, commerce and glory; but we see not the million victims crushed beneath the wheels of the machine—the health sacrificed—the board breadless—the jails filled—the hospitals reeking—the human life poisoned in every spring, and poured forth like water! Neither do we remember all the steps, marked by desolation, crime, and

bloodshed, by which this barren summit has been reached.

*Alice.*

*December 24th.*

But the discontent does not prey upon the springs of life ; it is the discontent of *hope*, not of *despair*; it calls forth faculties, energies, and passions, in which there is more joy than sorrow. It is this desire which makes the citizen in private life an anxious father, a careful master, an *active*, and therefore not an unhappy, man. You allow that individuals can effect individual good : this very restlessness, this very discontent with the exact place that he occupies, makes the citizen a benefactor in his narrow circle. Commerce, better than charity, feeds

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the hungry, and clothes the naked. Ambition, better than brute affection, gives education to our children, and teaches them the love of industry, the pride of independence, the respect for others and themselves!

*Alice.*

*December 25th.—Christmas Day.*

Was it not worthy of a God to descend to these dim valleys, in order to clear up the clouds gathered over the dark mount beyond—to satisfy the doubts of sages—to convert speculation into certainty—by example to point out the rules of life—by revelation to solve the enigma of the grave—and to prove that the soul did not yearn in vain when it dreamed of an immortality?

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*December 26th.*

“Come,” said the Nazarene (as he perceived the effect he had produced) “come to the humble hall in which we meet—a select and a chosen few; listen there to our prayers; note the sincerity of our repentant tears; mingle in our simple sacrifice—not of victims, nor of garlands, but offered by white-robed thoughts upon the altar of the heart. The flowers that we lay there are imperishable—they bloom over us when we are no more; nay, they accompany us beyond the grave, they spring up beneath our feet in heaven, they delight us with an eternal odor, for they are of the soul, they partake of its nature; these offerings

are temptations overcome, and sins repented.”

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*December 27th.*

Thou comest amongst us as an examiner, mayest thou remain a convert! Our religion? you behold it! Yon cross our sole image, yon scroll the mysteries of our Cære and Eleusis! Our morality? it is in our lives!—sinners we all have been; who now can accuse us of a crime? we have baptized ourselves from the past. Think not that this is of us, it is of God.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

*December 28th.*

Apæcides had already learned that the faith of the philosophers was not

that of the herd; that if they secretly professed a creed in some diviner power, it was not the creed which they thought it wise to impart to the community. He had already learned, that even the priest ridiculed what he preached to the people—that the notions of the few and the many were never united. But, in this new faith, it seemed to him that philosopher, priest, and people, the expounders of the religion and its followers, were alike accordant: they did not speculate and debate upon immortality, they spoke of it as a thing certain and assured; the magnificence of the promise dazzled him—its consolations soothed.

*The Last Days of Pompeii.*

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*December 29th.*

Yes, he was a rare character, that village priest! Would it have been better for Christianity, or the State, if they had made him a bishop? And yet, alas! so do we confound things spiritual with things temporal, that nine readers out of ten would be glad to find, at the end of these volumes, that the poor curate had been "properly rewarded for his deserts."

Do lawn sleeves, a powdered wig, and the title of "My Lord the Bishop," make more beautiful on the mountaintops the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings?

*Alice.*

*December 30th.*

Beauty, thou art twice blessed! thou

blessest the gazer and the possessor; often, at once the effect and the cause of goodness!—A sweet disposition—a lovely soul—an affectionate nature—will speak in the eyes—the lips—the brow—and become the cause of beauty. On the other hand, they who have a gift that commands love, a key that opens all hearts, are ordinarily inclined to look with happy eyes upon the world—to be cheerful and serene—to hope and to confide. There is more wisdom than the vulgar dream of, in our admiration of a fair face.

*Alice.*

*December 31st.*

What is the Earth to Infinity—what its duration to the Eternal? Oh, how



much greater is the soul of one man than the vicissitudes of the whole globe.

*Zanoni.*





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