PROSE
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EDITED BY

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PREFACE

TO spend leisure moments in a well-selected assemblage of poems is wisdom and delight, for the poets give us the condensed expression of the beautiful and the noble — like the attar of a thousand roses. Yet the prose writings of which the intelligent reader should know something are vastly more extensive than all the poetry, and it seems a gracious task to gather brief extracts from some of the famous and worthy, which may at least hint at the richness of an essay, a tale, a history, an oration, that has illumined the mind or thrilled the heart.

This is the aim of the present series of excerpts from prose works in the English language, the authors quoted being British or American. It is a matter of course that material has been included which other compilers would have passed by, and a multitude of names omitted which are quite worthy of inclusion. The permutations and combinations of taste are infinite, so that, even if not, according to the familiar proverb, beyond dispute, they should at least be accepted with the open mind, in the hope of edification. Certainly the authors are chiefly of the most distinguished, nearly all the works cited are among the best known, and the extracts given — many already familiar, because recognised as typical — are examples of the qualities which have given their authors high rank.

Since there is no attempt to give a systematic "view" of anything, the arrangement of this miscellany is informal, — a loose grouping of successive extracts which

treat of similar themes, the groups passing into one another without set limits. The list of authors (with titles and sources of the extracts) is made alphabetical, however, for easy finding of individual writers, and the names of the publishers of American authors are given, whether the material be in copyright or not, both for due credit and for the benefit of readers who would like to find more of any given author. The brief biographical notices prefacing the extracts may serve either for information or reminder, as the case may be.

It would have been easier, and far more satisfactory to the editor, to make the extracts longer; but the intent has been only to catch the interest, and suggest good company that may have been overlooked. If, then, these selected passages offer some inspiration to the discerning spare-minute reader, and incite a desire to know more of the work of those who have produced them, the object of the collection will have been fulfilled.

I NEVER come into a library (saith Heinsius) but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, among so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content that I pity all our great ones and rich men that know not their happiness. — Robert Burton.

"Anatomy of Melancholy."

James Russell Lowell

1819–1891

If any man may be trusted to advise as to the reading of books, it surely is that fine scholar, keen critic, subtle wit, choice poet, elegant writer, and clear-headed commentator on public affairs, James Russell Lowell. With generous ardour in his early days, he advocated noble reforms, and — as in the humorous sarcasm of "The Biglow Papers," the first series on the Mexican War and the second on the War of Secession — he lashed unworthy causes. Widely travelled, extensively read, he gave high tone, as editor, to the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*, and as professor of Belles Lettres at Harvard upheld the refined traditions of that chair. His final public services as Minister to Spain (1877–80) and to Great Britain (1880–85) stood upon a high and honoured plane. His many writings of illuminative criticism make him a standard authority in literature.

WORTH AND CHOICE OF BOOKS

HAVE you ever rightly considered what the mere ability to read means? That it is the key which admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination; to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and the wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moments? That it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time? More than that, it annihilates time and space for us; it revives for us without a miracle the Age of Wonder,

endowing us with the shoes of swiftness and the cap of darkness. . . .

We often hear of people who will descend to any servility, submit to any insult, for the sake of getting themselves or their children into what is euphemistically called good society. Did it ever occur to them that there is a select society of all the centuries to which they and theirs can be admitted for the asking, a society, too, which will not involve them in ruinous expense, and still more ruinous waste of time and health and faculties?

Southey tells us that, in his walk one stormy day, he met an old woman, to whom, by way of greeting, he made the rather obvious remark that it was dreadful weather. She answered, philosophically, that, in her opinion, "*any* weather was better than none"! I should be half inclined to say that any reading was better than none, allaying the crudeness of the statement by the Yankee proverb, which tells us that, though "all deacons are good, there 's odds in deacons." Among books, certainly, there is much variety of company. . . . And the first lesson in reading well is that which teaches us to distinguish between literature and merely printed matter.

From: *Books and Libraries.*

Lord Chesterfield

1694–1773

Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was a gentleman by birth and breeding, and made admirable use of the fortunate advantages of his station. Early gaining a court appointment, he was also elected to Parliament, and on his father's death entered the House of Lords. He was an energetic and eloquent parliamentarian, a distinguished diplomat, a statesman of real efficiency. His clear mind, quick wit, elegant manners, and kindly disposition made him a universal favourite as well with such literary lights as Swift, Pope, and Johnson as with the polished circles of the court. He wrote somewhat for periodicals, but his "Letters to His Son" constitute his best known work, and will never lose their sense, wit, and aptness for guidance to the value of good manners.

GOOD BREEDING

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them. Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody who has good sense and good nature (and I believe you have both), can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons and places and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general — their cement and security. And, as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to pre-

vent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. . . . Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural, as an implied compact between civilised people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well bred. . . .

There is a sort of good breeding in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But that ease and freedom have their bounds too, which must by no means be violated. . . . The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships require a degree of good breeding both to preserve and cement them. . . .

Make, then, my dear child, I conjure you, good breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions, at least half the day, and be convinced that good breeding is, to all worldly qualifications, what charity is to all Christian virtues. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it. May you wear it to adorn, and not to cover you.

From "Letters to His Son."

Harriet Beecher Stowe

1811–1896

Daughter of the famed theologian and pulpit orator, Lyman Beecher, this gentle woman was the mate, and from childhood to death the peculiar and intimate friend, of her brother, Henry Ward. The whole family were talented; Henry and Harriet were geniuses. In 1836 Miss Beecher married Dr. Calvin E. Stowe, a professor of Biblical literature successively at Lane Seminary, Bowdoin College, and Andover Seminary. Her early residence in Cincinnati led her across the border to Kentucky, where she made acquaintance with phases of negro slavery, which in 1850 took form in the powerful tale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This probably has sold more copies and been translated into more languages than any other book, save the Bible and "The Imitation of Christ." After several visits to Europe, Mrs. Stowe wrote "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands" and "Agnes of Sorrento," also "Dred," another tale concerning slavery; but chiefly she gave herself to stories of New England life, which she depicted with keen appreciation, abounding humour, and romantic beauty. "The Minister's Wooing" is one of the best of these; but there are various others delightfully enjoyable. Mrs. Stowe's style is fluent, almost careless, but musical, alluring, sparkling with wit and humour, in spirit soundly sensible, and of the most noble and generous sentiment.

YANKEE "FACULTY"

FACULTY is Yankee for *savoir faire*, and the opposite virtue to shiftlessness. Faculty is the greatest virtue, and shiftlessness the greatest vice, of Yankee man and woman. To her who has faculty nothing shall be impossible. She shall scrub floors, wash, wring, bake, brew, and yet her hands shall be small and white; she shall have no perceptible income, yet always be handsomely dressed; she shall have not a servant in her house, — with a dairy to manage, hired men to feed, a boarder or two to care for, unheard-of pickling and preserving to do, — and yet you commonly see her every afternoon sitting at her shady parlour-window behind the lilacs, cool and easy, hemming muslin cap-strings, or reading the last new book. She who hath faculty is never in a hurry, never behindhand. She can always step over to distressed Mrs. Smith, whose jelly won't come, — and stop to show Mrs. Jones how she makes her pickles green, — and be ready to watch with poor old Mrs. Simpkins, who is down with the rheumatism.

Of this genus was the Widow Scudder, — or, as the neighbours would have said of her, she that *was* Katy Stephens. Katy was the only daughter of a shipmaster, sailing from Newport harbour, who was wrecked off the coast one cold December night and left small fortune to his widow and only child. Katy grew up, however, a tall, straight, black-eyed girl, with eyebrows drawn true

as a bow, a foot arched like a Spanish woman's, and a little hand which never saw the thing it could not do,— quick of speech, ready of wit, and, as such girls have a right to be, somewhat positive withal. Katy could harness a chaise, or row a boat; she could saddle and ride any horse in the neighbourhood; she could cut any garment that ever was seen or thought of; make cake, jelly, and wine, from her earliest years, in most precocious style; — all without seeming to derange a sort of trim, well-kept air of ladyhood that sat jauntily on her.

Of course, being young and lively, she had her admirers, and some well-to-do in worldly affairs laid their lands and houses at Katy's feet; but, to the wonder of all, she would not even pick them up to look at them. People shook their heads, and wondered whom Katy Stephens expected to get, and talked about going through the wood to pick up a crooked stick, — till one day she astonished her world by marrying a man that nobody ever thought of her taking.

From "The Minister's Wooing."

THE FUGITIVE'S ESCAPE

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarcely seemed to touch the ground, and a moment

brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with such strength as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore on to the raft of ice beyond. . . .

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it; but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still to another cake; stumbling — leaping — slipping — springing upwards again! Her shoes were gone, her stockings cut from her feet, while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye are!" said the man with an oath.

Eliza recognised the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"O Mr. Symmes! — Save me — do save me — do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what 's this?" said the man. "Why, if 't ain't Shelby's gal!"

"My child! — this boy! — he 'd sold him! There is his Mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O Mr. Symmes, you 've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly but kindly drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you 're a right brave gal. I like grit wherever I see it."

From "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Donald G. Mitchell

(*Ik Marvell*)

1822–

A choice man of letters is Mr. Mitchell, and it would take more space than we have at disposal to catalogue all his very acceptable productions. Connecticut born, a graduate of Yale, a student of law, a traveller abroad, he began authorship as early as 1847, with "Fresh Gleanings" of European travel, and in 1897 brought out "American Lands and Letters," — an unusual period of productivity. Probably the best known and best loved of all his books have been "Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850) and "Dream Life" (1851), each a sort of compound romance-essay, written in charming style, showing much refined feeling, humour, pathos, knowledge of the world, and delicate imagining. These have been reprinted over and over, translated into French, warmly commended both in America and England, and seem — particularly the first one — to be now established classics in our book-world.

SEA-COAL

BAH! and I thrust the poker into the clotted mass of fading coal; just such, and so worthless, is the used heart of a city flirt. . . .

When I marry a flirt, I will buy second-hand clothes of the Jews.

— Still, mused I, as the flame danced again, there is a distinction between coquetry and flirtation.

A coquette sparkles, but it is more the sparkle of a harmless and pretty vanity than of calculation. It is the play of humours in the blood, and not the play of purpose at the heart. . . .

Coquetry, with all its pranks and teasings, makes the spice to your dinner — the mulled wine to your supper.

It will drive you to desperation, only to bring you back hotter to the fray. Who would boast a victory that cost no strategy, and no careful disposition of the forces? . . . But let a man be very sure that the city is worth the siege!

Coquetry whets the appetite; flirtation depraves it. Coquetry is the thorn that guards the rose, — easily trimmed off when once plucked. Flirtation is like the slime on water-plants, making them hard to handle, and when caught, only to be cherished in slimy waters.

And so, with my eye clinging to the flickering Blaze, I see in my Reverie a bright one dancing before me with sparkling, coquettish smile, teasing me with the prettiest graces in the world; and I grow maddened between hope and fear; and still watch with my whole soul in my eyes; and see her features by-and-by relax to pity, as a gleam of sensibility comes stealing over her spirit; and then to a kindly, feeling regard: presently she approaches, — a coy and doubtful approach, — and throws back the ringlets that lie over her cheek, and lays her hand — a little bit of a white hand — timidly upon my strong fingers, and turns her head daintily to one side, and looks up in my eyes as they rest on the playing Blaze; and my fingers close fast and passionately over that little hand, like a swift night-cloud shrouding the pale tips of Dian; and my eyes draw nearer and nearer to those blue, laughing, pitying, teasing eyes, and my arm clasps round that shadowy form, — and my lips feel a warm breath — growing warmer and warmer —

Just here the maid comes in, and throws upon the fire a panful of Anthracite, and my sparkling Sea-Coal Reverie is ended.

From "Reveries of a Bachelor."

Edward George Earle Bulwer, Lord Lytton

1803–1873

Bulwer, as he was known in all his earlier years of magazine-writing and fiction-making, and is still called, was of aristocratic and wealthy lineage, but shortly after his graduation at Cambridge, in 1826, he married against the family wishes, was thrown upon his own resources, and began writing for the periodicals and issuing novels. He wrote most acceptably to the English public, entered politics, was elected to Parliament, where with some lapses he sat until he became Secretary for the Colonies in 1858; and in 1866 was made Baron Lytton, and passed to the House of Lords. His poems were many, though not of the highest merit; he wrote several plays which — like "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money" — were permanently successful, and are favourites to this day; but his chief work was in his multiplicity of novels, — romantic, historical, detective, and those dealing with the weird and supernatural,— all more or less affected in style and sentiment, yet powerful, interesting, full of historical lore, social criticism, curious science, and dramatic phases of love. He has always remained a very popular writer, despite the critics, who girded at him.

WOMAN AS FRIEND

IT is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or avocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, and a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sen-

sitive regard for your character, honour, repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman-friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. By female friendships, I mean pure friendships — those in which there is no admixture of the passion of love except in the married state. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. If he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendships he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap even in its strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendships with those much older, and those much younger than ourselves. . . . Female friendship, indeed, is to man "*presidium et dulce decus*" — the bulwark and sweet ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.

From "The Caxtons."

Lord Bacon

1561–1626

Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, was the man usually called Lord Bacon. He was one of the most able and famous of the splendid array of geniuses in Queen Elizabeth's time, and inherited by her successor, King James. Scholar, lawyer, diplomat, parliamentarian, high officer of State, philosopher, scientist, he was a success in all departments; but he stained his record with the small arts of the politician, traitorous conduct to his friends and the acceptance of bribes in office. He certainly seems to fairly merit Pope's damning epigram: "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." His literary and philosophical work is his best claim to grateful remembrance. His "Essays" are condensed wisdom; his "Novum Organum" is the source of the inductive system of research, by which science has made its marvellous advance since his day; and divers others of his works gained instant appreciation throughout the civilised world of his time. One thing he was not, — a poet, as his few sensible moralisings in rhyme well attest. And to ascribe to his great talents the supreme poetic labours of Shakespeare is as if one should argue that because a certain tree bore apples of surpassing excellence it must necessarily have produced also the fragrant peaches in the neighbouring basket.

OF YOUTH AND AGE

YOUNG men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for new projects than for settled business; for the experience of age, in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things abuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount to but this, that more might have been done, or sooner.

Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions, embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate, which draws unknown inconveniences; use extreme remedies at first; and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them, like an unready horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both; for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners, while men in age are actors; and lastly, good for externe accidents, because authority followeth old men, and favour and popularity, youth; but for the moral part, perhaps, youth will have the preëminence, as age hath for the politic.

From "Essays."

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson

1850–1904

Educated as a civil engineer, this delightful Scottish cosmopolitan studied law, and, abandoning that for travel on account of ill-health, gave himself to literary pursuits. He became familiar with Europe, twice visited and spent some time in the United States, and finally went to Samoa, in the South Pacific, where he lived and wrote until his death. Despite his life-long struggles with the weakness of disease, the prominent note of his writings was cheerfulness and courage. His stories are full of vital force and power, his essays charming from their sweetness of spirit, wealth of literary allusion, and free but refined elegance of style, while his poems for little folk have an extraordinary sympathy with the child's point of view, and delight the older reader with dreams and memories of childhood. He is one of the favourite writers of the time.

EPOCHS IN LIFE

A FULL, busy youth is your only prelude to a self-contained and independent age; and the muff inevitably develops into the bore. . . . Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body; to try the manners of different nations; to hear the chimes at midnight; to see sunrise in town and country; to be converted at a revival; to circumnavigate the metaphysics, write halting verses, run a mile to see a fire, and wait all day long in the theatre to applaud *Hernani*.

. . . Let him voyage, speculate, see all that he can, do all that he may; his soul has as many lives as a cat, he will live in all weathers, and never be a halfpenny the worse. Those who go to the devil in youth, with anything like a fair chance, were probably little worth saving from the first; . . .

When the old man waggles his head and says, "Ah, so I thought when I was your age," he has proved the youth's case. Doubtless, whether from growth of experience or decline of animal heat, he thinks so no longer; but he thought so while he was young; and all men have thought so while they were young, since there was dew in the morning or hawthorn in May; . . . It is as natural and as right for a young man to be imprudent and exaggerated, to live in swoops and circles, and beat about his cage like any other wild thing newly captured, as it is for old men to turn gray, or mothers to love their offspring, or heroes to die for something worthier than their lives. . . .

The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honourable youth, and to settle when the time arrives, into a green and smiling old age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbour.

From "Crabbed Age and Youth."

Izaak Walton

1593–1683

A linen-draper of London, Walton, having gained a sufficient competency for his modest desires, retired from business at the age of fifty, and by his attractive disposition, his intelligence, and his refined tastes, acquired and kept the friendship of many noted men, largely among the clergy. His first literary attempt was a "Life of Dr. John Donne" in 1640, which won so much praise that he was encouraged to follow it with biographies of Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, the poet, and Robert Sanderson — all eminent clergymen and intimate friends; and "Walton's Lives" has ever held high fame. His most widely known book, however, is the delightful treatise on his cherished recreation, the art of fishing — "The Complete Angler" — the first edition of which appeared in 1653. It is a book of genuine skilled information on its subject, but also full of gentle philosophy, sweet contemplation, kindly wit, and serious thought: a perennial classic, which has been printed and reprinted in many editions — fine and plain, expensive and cheap, for table, for library, and for pocket.

THE ANGLER TO THE HUNTER AND THE FALCONER

PISCATOR. You know, Gentlemen, 't is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation: a little wit, mixed with ill-nature, confidence and malice will do it. . . . And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity Anglers, let me tell you, Sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious

and grave men, which we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion, money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and next in anxious care to keep it ; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented : for these poor-rich-men, we Anglers pity them perfectly and stand in no need to borrow their thought to think ourselves so happy. . . .

In ancient times a debate hath arisen, and it remains yet unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action. . . . Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third by declaring my own, and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of Angling. . . .

An ingenious Spaniard says, that "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate and fools to pass by without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last, by offering to you a short contemplation, first of rivers and then of fish ; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable : I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

From "The Complete Angler."

John Milton

1608–1674

After seven years at Cambridge — where he was noted no less for scholarship and literary fineness than for a delicate personal beauty — young Milton left college at the age of twenty-four with the degree of Master, and for about five years lived with his father in Horton, Buckinghamshire. Here he produced several of his most delightful poems: "Arcades," "Comus," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Lycidas." In 1637 he set forth upon the travels to France and Italy which brought him into relations with notable men and enriched his knowledge of languages, literature, and art. In 1639 he returned to England a confirmed republican, and began a series of political pamphlets on matters of church and state; married unhappily; issued strong arguments concerning divorce; and in 1644 published his famous "Tractate on Education," together with his "Areopagitica, or A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," addressed to the Parliament in deprecation of a proposed law abridging the freedom of the press. In 1648–49 he printed an elaborate justification of the trial and execution of Charles I, following it with other argumentative works, and from 1649 to 1657 he was Cromwell's Secretary of State. Zealous in the cause he had espoused, he ruined his eyesight in the researches and labours of his Latin "Defense of the English People" against Salmasius, who had defended the king, and in 1653 became blind. After Cromwell's death in 1658, Milton gave out other political treatises. Upon the death of his first wife he married again, and in 1664 yet again, his third wife surviving him for many years. It was not until 1667 that he issued his "Paradise Lost," dictated to his daughters, and in 1671, "Paradise Regained." Down to the very year of his death, 1674, he continued his political and ecclesiastical warfare. Milton

presents the peculiar combination of a masterly debater and champion in great questions of governmental policy and legislation, with a poetical genius ranging from the most delicate fancies, exquisite revelations of nature, and abounding stores of historical and literary illustration to the sublimely imagined splendours of heaven and horrors of hell. He was one of the mightiest, in a day of mighty men.

A FREE PRESS

METHINKS I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle muing [moulting] her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light, sprung up and yet springing daily in this City, should ye set an *Oligarchy* of twenty engrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves: and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild and free and human government: it is the liberty, Lords and

Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less strong, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty! We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us: but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us: ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may dispatch at will their own children. . . . Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

From the "Areopagitica."

LIFE IN BOOKS

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do not contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may

chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature — God's image; but he who kills a good book kills reason itself — kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed.

From the "Areopagitica."

Benjamin Franklin

1706–1790

Tallow-chandler's apprentice, printer, newspaper-writer, editor, publisher, clerk of the Pennsylvania legislature, British Colonial Postmaster General, Commissioner in England for the Colonies, United States Minister to France, member of the Constitutional Convention of 1787: always a reader, a writer of influence, a scientist, a man of force in all stations; loved by the people; admired by the great and wise, honoured by all men, Franklin was perhaps the most universally distinguished American ever born. His extraordinary good sense, his love of wit and humour, his perfectly lucid style in writing, gave his ideas entrance everywhere, and, once admitted, they sustained themselves.

WAR AND PEACE

To Mr. Strahan (King's Printer). —

Philadelphia, 7 July, 1775.

MR. STRAHAN: — You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands; they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and I am

Yours,

B. Franklin.

To Sir Joseph Banks. —

Passy, 27 July, 1783.

. . . In my opinion *there never was a good war or a bad peace.* What vast additions to the conveniences and comforts of living might mankind have acquired, if the money spent on wars had been employed in works of public utility!

To Robert Morris. —

Passy, 5 December, 1783.

I agree with you perfectly in your disapprobation of war. . . . I think it wrong in point of human prudence, for whatever advantage one nation would obtain from another . . . it would be much cheaper to purchase such advantage with ready money, than to pay the expense of acquiring it by war. . . . It seems to me that if statesmen had a little more arithmetic, or were more accustomed to calculations, wars would be much less frequent.

PRIDE OF OPINION

I confess that I do not entirely approve of this Constitution at present: but, Sir, I am not sure I shall never approve of it; for, having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged, by better information and fuller consideration, to change opinions even on important subjects which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. . . . Though many private persons think almost as highly of their own infallibility as that of their [religious] sect, few express it so naturally as a certain French lady, who in a little dispute

with her sister, said: "But I meet with nobody but myself that is *always* in the right." In these sentiments, Sir, I agree to this Constitution. . . . [I] doubt, too, whether any convention we can obtain may be able to make a better Constitution. . . . On the whole, Sir, I cannot help expressing a wish that every member of the convention who may still have objections to it would with me on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility, and, to make *manifest* our *unanimity*, put his name to this instrument.

From "Address to the Constitutional Convention."—Sept., 1787.

THE WHISTLE

When I was a child of seven years old my friends on a holiday filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth, put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing I said to

myself, don't give too much for the whistle: and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle. . . .

If I knew a miser who gave up any kind of a comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.

When I met with a man of pleasure sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind or of his fortune to mere corporal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.

If I see one fond of appearance or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts and ends his career in a prison, alas! say I, he has paid dear for his whistle. . . .

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

George Washington

1732–1799

A magnificent physique, a hot and fearless temper under strong control, little schooling, great skill in horsemanship and the use of arms, training as a surveyor and practice in the wilderness, association with cultivated people, sensible reading, experience in the field as subordinate and as commanding officer in two wars, patience, prudence, and timely boldness, — these, added to his singularly well-balanced mind and sterling character, were the equipment of America's greatest hero. No author, Washington is yet represented by publication of his Journals, Official Letters to Congress, Revolutionary Army orders, Diary from 1789 to 1791, many private letters, and his State Papers — inaugural addresses, messages to Congress, etc., and especially by his Farewell Address to the People of the United States. In this last, he declines nomination for a third term, excusing himself for wishing to retire to private life after so many years of public service, and gives much affectionate advice to his countrymen. Like the Declaration of Independence, this wise Address is one of the treasures of our people, and should be often read, both publicly and privately.

PARTY SPIRIT

THERE is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the Administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; . . . From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that

spirit for every salutary purpose, — and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. — A fire not to be quenched; it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. . . . If, in the opinion of the People, the distribution of the modification of the Constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment, in the way which the Constitution designates. — But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed.

EDUCATION

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

From "Farewell Address to the People of the United States."

Edward Everett

1794–1865

This finished scholar and elegant orator worthily filled many stations. Tutor at Harvard, he became pastor of old Brattle Street Church in Boston; the Professor of Greek at Harvard; ten years a Congressman; Governor of Massachusetts; United States Minister to Great Britain; President of Harvard; Secretary of State under President Fillmore; Union candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1860 (with John Bell, of Tennessee); and throughout the Civil War an earnest patriot, devoting himself in many speeches to the Union cause. He was the friend and biographer of Daniel Webster, and edited the great statesman's works. Everett was noted as an orator for special occasions, and his addresses and lectures were always enthusiastically received. His most notable deliverance, on "The Character of Washington," he repeated nearly a hundred and fifty times, in various places, the pecuniary returns being given by him towards the purchase of Washington's home, Mount Vernon, as a national property, — this, with $10,000 received for articles in the New York Ledger, amounting to $100,000 contributed by him to that patriotic service.

WASHINGTON

COMMON sense was eminently a characteristic of Washington; so called, not because it is so very common a trait of character of public men, but because it is the final judgment on great practical questions to which the mind of the community is pretty sure eventually to arrive. Few qualities of character in those who influence the fortunes of nations are so conducive both to stability and progress. But it is a quality which takes no hold of the imagination; it inspires no enthusiasm; it wins no favour; it is well if it can stand its ground against the plausible absurdities, the hollow pretences, the stupendous impostures of the day. . . .

To complain of the character of Washington that it is destitute of brilliant qualities, is to complain of a circle that it has no salient points and no sharp angles in its circumference; forgetting that it owes all its wonderful properties to the unbroken curve of which every point is equidistant from the centre. Instead, therefore, of being a mark of inferiority, this sublime adjustment of powers and virtues in the character of Washington is in reality its glory. It is this which chiefly puts him in harmony with more than human greatness. The higher we rise in the scale of being, — material, intellectual, and moral, — the more certainly we quit the region of the brilliant eccentricities and dazzling contrasts which belong to a vulgar greatness. Order and proportion

characterise the primordial constitution of the terrestrial system; ineffable harmony rules the heavens. All the great eternal forces act in solemn silence. The brawling torrent that dries up in summer deafens you with its roaring whirlpools in March; while the vast earth on which we dwell, with all its oceans and all its continents and its thousand millions of inhabitants, revolves unheard upon its soft axle at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, and rushes noiselessly on its orbit a million and a half miles a day. . . .

I believe, as I do in my existence, that it was an important part in the design of Providence in raising Washington up to be the leader of the Revolutionary struggle, and afterwards the first President of the United States, to rebuke prosperous ambition and successful intrigue; to set before the people of America, in the morning of their national existence, a living example to prove that armies may be best conducted, and governments most ably and honourably administered, by men of sound moral principle; to teach to gifted and aspiring individuals and the parties they lead, that, though a hundred crooked paths may conduct to a temporary success, the one plain and straight path of public and private virtue can alone lead to a pure and lasting fame and the blessings of posterity.

From "Address on the Character of Washington."

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the Mayflower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route; and now driven in fury before the raging tempest on the high and giddy waves. . . . I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth. . . . Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coasts? . . . Is it possible that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled so glorious?

From Oration on Forefather's Day, Dec. 22, 1824, at Plymouth, Mass.

Thomas Jefferson

1743–1826

Few of the Fathers of the Republic were "educated men," in the usual sense of that phrase. Jefferson, however, was a graduate of William and Mary's College, Williamsburg, Va., and, after five years' law study, was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-four. He soon entered politics, was elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses, and rapidly became prominent as a Colonial agitator. He was sent to the Continental Congress, where, in 1776, as Chairman of the Committee, he drafted the Declaration of Independence; then, in Virginia again, he drafted new laws for the new conditions, became Governor, returned to Congress, went to Europe as Commercial Commissioner, and Minister to France. He was Washington's first Secretary of State, Vice-President with Adams as President, and became President in 1800. He effected the purchase of the vast Louisiana territory from the French, was a strong opponent of slavery, a vigorous advocate of States' Rights under the Constitution, and practically the founder of the original Democratic party (at that time called the Republican party). His whole life was devoted to the advancement of civil and religious liberty.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

4 July, 1776

WE hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men,

deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organising its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. . . .

Mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their security. . . . [Here follow detailed accusations against the British king.]

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these United States are, and of right ought to be, *free and independent States;* . . . And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

Daniel Webster

1782–1852

Webster's career was that of a great lawyer, a great Congressman, a great Senator, a great orator. He was one of the notable advocates of his time, in civil and criminal law. In Congress he took foremost part in the discussion of all important topics such as the currency, the tariff, the navy, the United States Bank, the Greek Revolution, codification of the Federal Criminal Law, etc., while, after his election to the Senate in 1827, he was one of the great triumvirate, with Clay and Calhoun, who made the Senate the forum of splendid and forceful debate on the subject of the Union — his passion and his pride. He did more to foster the popular love for the Union, which, during the war that he had so feared and deprecated, made the Union perpetual, than any other man. On patriotic occasions, among the people, his eloquence was truly magnificent.

THE UNION

THE people have wisely provided, in the Constitution itself, a proper, suitable mode and tribunal for settling questions of Constitutional law. . . . The Constitution itself has pointed out, ordained, and established that authority. How has it accomplished this great and essential end? By declaring, Sir, that "*the Constitution, and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution or*

laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." . . . But who shall decide this question of interference? To whom lies the last appeal? This, Sir, the Constitution itself decides also, by declaring, that "*the judicial power* [culminating in the Supreme Court] *shall extend to all cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States.*" These two provisions cover the whole ground. They are, in truth, the keystone of the arch! With these it is a government; without them it is a confederation. . . .

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honoured throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

From "Reply to Senator Hayne, of South Carolina."

Dr. Thomas Fuller

1608–1661

Quaint old Thomas Fuller was one of the witty divines whose gifts of humour were dedicated to high uses. A brilliant scholar and popular preacher, he held many prominent positions ; although, being a thorough royalist, he lost some of his preferments during the Puritan and Parliamentary war, — yet even then he was respected, and allowed to continue certain ministrations. At the Restoration, Charles II appointed him chaplain extraordinary to the King, — although the King did not follow the counsels his chaplain gave. Dr. Fuller's published books were many and notable. "The Worthies of England" was his chief work, and is full of historical and biographical matter, with much characteristic criticism of the times. Coleridge wrote of him : "He was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man, in an age that boasted of a galaxy of great men."

THE DIVINE GOODNESS

LORD, I find David making a syllogism, in mood and figure, two propositions he perfected. (Psalm lxvi).

18. If I regard wickedness in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.

19. But verily God hath heard me, he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

Now I expected that David should have concluded thus :

Therefore I regard not wickedness in my heart.

But far otherwise he concludes :

20. Blessed be God, who hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

Thus David hath deceived, but not wronged me. I

looked that he should have clapped the crown on his own, and he puts it on God's head. I will learn this excellent logic ; for I like David's better than Aristotle's syllogisms, that, whatsoever the premises be, I make God's glory the conclusion.

TO-MORROW, TO-MORROW!

Great was the abundance and boldness of the frogs in Egypt, which went up and came into their bed-chambers, and beds, and kneading-troughs, and very ovens. Strange that those fen-dwellers should approach the fiery region ; but stranger that Pharaoh should be so backward to have them removed ; and being demanded of Moses when he would have them sent away, answered, To-morrow. He could be content with their company one night, at bed and at board, loath, belike to acknowledge either God's justice in sending, or power in remanding them, but still hoping that they casually came, and might casually depart.

Leave I any longer to wonder at Pharaoh, and even admire at myself; what are my sins but so many toads, spitting of venom and spawning of poison ; croaking in my judgment, creeping into my will, and crawling into my affections. This I see, and suffer, and say with Pharaoh, To-morrow, to-morrow I will amend. Thus, as the Hebrew tongue hath no proper present tense, but two future tenses, so all the performances of my reformation are only in promises for the time to come. Grant, Lord, that I may seasonably drown this Pharaoh-like procrastination in the sea of repentance, lest it drown me in the pit of perdition.

From "Good Thoughts in Bad Times."

Joseph Addison

1672–1719

Says Dr. Johnson, in an oft-quoted sentence: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Certainly, Addison's English is simple, melodious, and choice, beside Johnson's full-mouthed elaboration, and quite as dignified, yet, except for such study as Johnson advised, it has a staid air of propriety which the present day would call "old-fashioned," — and perhaps therein lies its vitality and its suitability for chastening the style of our restless writers. Addison's scholarly precocity in youth, his early acquaintance with Dryden and other literary men, his social position, which drew him into political life after some years of travel, his official dignity — as secretary to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland and afterwards as Secretary of State — gave him both stimulus and leisure, and he wrote poems, dramas, and, above all, essays or articles, — first in "The Tatler," founded by his friend Richard Steele, and then in "The Spectator," which owed to him its chief attractiveness and success. His clear-eyed criticisms of the follies and approbation of the virtues of his day were set forth with a delicate wit, a moral force, and an elegance of expression that will never lose the power to interest and charm.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WHEN I am in a serious humour I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head. . . .

I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my

mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can, therefore, take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

From *The Spectator.*

SIMPLICITY IN WRITING

When I travelled I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common

people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Molière, as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his housekeeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney-corner, and could foretell the success of his play in the theatre from the reception it met at his fireside; for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shows the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an epigram of Martial, or a poem of Cowley; so, on the contrary, an ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation of ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader will appear beautiful to the most refined.

From *The Spectator.*

John Ruskin

1819–1900

"At his worst," said one of the English reviews, "Mr. Ruskin is a better writer than most men; at his best, he is incomparable. He has a magnificent vocabulary, a perfect and unerring sense of expression, a wonderful instinct of rhythm. . . . There are few manners in literature at once so affluent and so varied, so copious and so subtle, so capable and so full of refinement." For many years Slade Professor of Art in Oxford University, which position he finally resigned in 1855, he had already in 1843 startled the artistic world with the early volumes of his masterly work on "Modern Painters," which was completed only in 1860. From the beginning he was a revelatory reformer, and aroused men to thinking. He continued studious travel, and wrote many notable books on architecture, painting, drawing, etc., all splendidly aggressive, and often by their very intolerance (he was a master of invective) they stung critics and artists to discussion and effort. In his later years he gave much attention to economic, industrial, and social topics, and his works are "Legion," — all worthy of careful study.

ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL

IN the midst of it [the Piazza, or great Square] as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry. . . .

Beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away; — a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory, — sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine

spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"— the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life — angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers, — a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England [previously described, for contrast] and this, what an interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years. . . .

Through the heavy door whose bronze network closes the place of his rest [the Baptistery, burial-place of the Doge Andrea Dandolo], let us enter the church itself. It is lost in the still deeper twilight to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colours along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof sheeted with gold, and the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming of the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom.

From "The Stones of Venice."

Washington Irving

1783–1859

Trained to the law, young Irving found in poor health the freedom for European travel. His native tastes for literature and art thus stimulated, he returned after three years and began writing magazine articles and, in 1809, brought out his noted "Knickerbocker's History of New York," which offended many of the worthy Dutch families by its humorous pictures of their ancestors. He visited Europe again, enjoyed the friendship of Scott, the poet Campbell, and others, wrote and published over there "The Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," and other books, and in 1823 went to Spain, where he gathered material for his "Life of Columbus," "The Conquest of Granada," "The Alhambra," and further Hispano-Moorish works. He continued writing and publishing his "Life of Goldsmith" and "Life of Washington," taking high rank, while all his books achieved a wide popularity from the attractive elegance of his style and the charm of a cultivated spirit which adorned the accuracy of his patiently accumulated material. He was the earliest of the "Knickerbocker Group" of writers in New York, his humorously imagined old Diedrich Knickerbocker, the "historian," having furnished the *sobriquet* that came to designate the older and better grade of dwellers in Manhattan.

THE PALACE OF THE MOORS

THE peculiar charm of this old dreamy palace is its power of calling up vague reveries and picturings of the past, and thus clothing naked realities with the illusions of the memory and the imagination. As I delight to walk in these "vain shadows," I am prone to seek those parts of the Alhambra which are most favourable to this phantasmagoria of the mind; and none are more so than the Court of Lions and its surrounding halls. Here the hand of time has fallen the lightest, and the traces of Moorish elegance and splendour exist in almost their original brilliancy. Earthquakes have shaken the foundations of this pile, and rent its rudest towers, yet see — not one of those slender columns has been displaced; not an arch of that light and fragile colonnade has given way; and all the fairy fretwork of these domes, apparently as unsubstantial as the crystal fabrics of a morning's frost, yet exist after the lapse of centuries, almost as fresh as if from the hand of the Moslem artist.

I write in the midst of these mementoes of the past, in the fresh hour of early morning, in the fated hall of the Abencerrages. The blood-stained fountain, the legendary monument of their massacre, is before me; the lofty jet almost casts its dew upon my paper. How difficult to reconcile the ancient tale of violence and blood with the gentle and peaceful scene around. Everything here appears calculated to inspire kind and

happy feelings, for everything is delicate and beautiful. The very light falls tenderly from above through the lantern of a dome tinted and wrought as if by fairy hands. Through the ample and fretted arch of the portal I behold the Court of Lions, with brilliant sunshine gleaming along its colonnades and sparkling in its fountains. The lively swallow dives into the court, and then, surging upwards, darts away twittering over the roof; the busy bee toils humming among the flowerbeds, and painted butterflies hover from plant to plant, and flutter up and sport with each other in the sunny air. It needs but a slight exertion of the fancy to picture some pensive beauty of the harem, loitering in these secluded haunts of Oriental luxury.

He however who would behold this scene, under an aspect more in unison with its fortunes, let him come when the shadows of evening temper the brightness of the court, and throw a gloom into the surrounding halls; then nothing can be more serenely melancholy, or more in harmony with the tale of departed grandeur. At such times I am apt to seek the Hall of Justice, whose deep shadowy arcades extend across the upper end of the court. Here were performed, in presence of Ferdinand and Isabella and their triumphant court, the pompous ceremonies of high mass on taking possession of the Alhambra. The very cross is still to be seen upon the wall where the altar was erected, and where officiated the grand cardinal of Spain and others of the highest religious dignitaries of the land.

I picture to myself the scene when this place was filled with the conquering host, — the mixture of mitred prelate, and shorn monk, and steel-clad knight, and silken courtier; when crosses and crosiers and reli-

gious standards were mingled with proud armorial ensigns and the banners of the haughty chiefs of Spain, and flaunted in triumph through these Moslem halls. I picture to myself Columbus, the future discoverer of a world, taking his modest stand in a remote corner, the humble and neglected spectator of the pageant. I see in imagination the Catholic sovereigns prostrating themselves before the altar and pouring forth thanks for their victory, while the vaults resound with sacred minstrelsy and the deep-toned Te Deum.

The transient illusion is over; the pageant melts from the fancy; monarch, priest, and warrior return into oblivion with the poor Moslems over whom they exulted. The hall of their triumph is waste and desolate. The bat flits about its twilight vaults, and the owl hoots from the neighbouring tower of Comares.

From "The Alhambra."

Thomas Carlyle

1795–1881

This Scottish literary giant was one of the most extraordinary characters and astonishing writers of the nineteenth century. Early a reader of avidity, with unusual memory and grasp of what he read, he began his literary life with articles for an Encyclopedia, issued a translation of Legendre's "Geometry" with a profound mathematical introduction, and in 1823 entered upon his mission of opening German literature to his countrymen with a "Life of Schiller." This was soon followed by translations of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" and other German works. He was a voluminous magazine writer, showing a power of vivid biographical and critical ability. His "Sartor Resartus" (The Tailor Patched, or Done Over) is a strange medley of philosophy, personal pathos, grim humour, and pungent sense. His "French Revolution" is a masterpiece of descriptive and historical power. His "Life of Cromwell" and "Life of Frederick the Great" are classic authorities, despite his open worship of "the man who can." His "Latter Day Pamphlets" are railings at the vices and follies of the day. Carlyle was a prose poet, a hater of shams, a violent reformer, of a strange, crabbed disposition, with much tender feeling at heart. As a genius he stands among the highest of his time.

BIOGRAPHY IN LITERATURE

MAN'S sociality of nature evinces itself, in spite of all that can be said, with abundant evidence by this one fact, were there no other; the unspeakable delight he takes in Biography. It is written, "The proper study of mankind is man"; to which study, let us candidly admit, he, by true or by false methods, applies himself, nothing loath. "Man is perennially interesting to man; nay, if we look strictly to it, there is nothing else interesting." How inexpressibly comfortable to know our fellow creature; to see into him, understand his goings forth, decipher the whole heart of his mystery; nay, not only to see into him, but even to see out of him, to view the world altogether as he views it; so that we can theoretically construe him, and could almost practically personate him; and do now thoroughly discern both what manner of man he is, and what manner of thing he has got to work on and live on! . . .

Observe, accordingly, to what extent, in the actual course of things, this business of Biography is practised and relished. Define to thyself, judicious Reader, the real significance of these phenomena, named Gossip, Egoism, Personal Narrative (miraculous or not), Scandal, Raillery, Slander, and such like; the sum-total of which (with some fractional addition of a better ingredient, generally too small to be noticeable) constitutes that other grand phenomenon still called "Conversation." Do they not mean wholly: *Biography* and *Autobiography?* Not only in the common speech of men; but in all Art too, which is or should be the con-

centrated and conserved essence of what men can speak and show, Biography is almost the one thing needful. . . .

Still more decisively, still more exclusively does the Biographic interest manifest itself, as we descend into lower regions of spiritual communication; through the whole range of what is called Literature. Of history, for example, the most honoured if not honourable species of composition, is not the whole purport Biographic? "History," it has been said, "is the essence of innumerable Biographies." Such, at least, it should be: whether it is, might admit of question. But, in any case, what hope have we in turning over those old interminable Chronicles, with their garrulities and insipidities; or still worse in patiently examining those modern Narrations, of the Philosophic kind, where "Philosophy, teaching by Experience," has to sit like owl on housetop, *seeing* nothing, *understanding* nothing, uttering only, with solemnity enough, her perpetual, most wearisome *hoo-hoo;* what hope have we, except the for the most part fallacious one of gaining some acquaintance with our fellow-creatures, though dead and vanished, yet dear to us; how they got along in those old days, suffering and doing; to what extent, and under what circumstances, they resisted the Devil and triumphed over him, or struck their colours to him, and were trodden underfoot by him; how, in short, the perennial Battle went which men name Life, which we also, in these new days, with indifferent fortune, have to fight, and must bequeath to our sons and grandsons to go on fighting, till the Enemy one day be quite vanquished and abolished, or else the great Night sink and part the combatants; and thus, either by some Millennium, or

some new Noah's Deluge, the Volume of Universal History wind itself up! . . .

Again, consider the whole class of Fictitious Narratives; from the highest category of epic or dramatic Poetry, in Shakespeare and Homer, down to the lowest of froth Prose in the Fashionable Novel. What are all these but so many mimic Biographies? Attempts, here by an inspired Speaker, there by an uninspired Babbler, to deliver himself, more or less ineffectually, of the grand secret wherewith all hearts labour oppressed: The significance of Man's Life; . . .

Considering the multitude of mortals that handle the Pen in these days, and can mostly spell, and write without glaring violations of grammar, the question naturally arises: How is it, then, that no Work proceeds from them, bearing any stamp of authenticity and permanence; of worth for more than one day? Shiploads of Fashionable Novels, Sentimental Rhymes, Tragedies, Farces, Diaries of Travel, Tales by flood and field are swallowed monthly into this bottomless Pool: still does the Press toil; innumerable Paper-makers, Compositors, Printer's Devils, Book-binders and Hawkers grown hoarse with loud proclaiming, rest not from their labour; and still in torrents rushes on the great array of Publications, unpausing, to their final home; and still Oblivion, like the Grave, cries, Give! Give! How is it, that of all these countless multitudes, no one can attain to the smallest mark of excellence, or produce aught that shall endure longer than "snowflake on the river," or the foam of penny beer? We answer: Because they *are* foam; because there is no *Reality* in them.

From "Essay on Biography."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

1803–1882

Matthew Arnold likens Emerson to Marcus Aurelius, as "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." Eminently philosophical, the Sage of Concord offers no system; a seer among the things of nature and of man — individually and socially — he discourses somewhat mystically, but always with sanity and inevitable good sense; a native and lofty poet, but with little art of form, he yet in his prose compels admiration for his supreme aptness in the use of words, his striking terseness of phrase, and his clear solid thinking. He was descended from a long line of clergymen, and in his early career ministered from the pulpit. But quitting that service from conscientious reasons, he travelled, studied, delivered lectures, wrote essays and books — all bearing the didactic flavour of being addressed to an audience — and rose steadily to a place of high influence in literature, as a noble teacher and a leader of rare inspiration.

PLATO: OR THE PHILOSOPHER

AMONG books, Plato only is entitled to Omar's fanatical compliment to the Koran, when he said, "Burn the libraries; for their value is in this book." These sentences contain the culture of nations; these are the corner-stone of schools; these are the fountain-head of literatures. A discipline it is in logic, arithmetic, taste, symmetry, poetry, language, rhetoric, ontology, morals, or practical wisdom. There was never such a range of speculation. Out of

Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. Great havoc makes he among our originalities. We have reached the mountain from which all these drift boulders were detached. . . .

The writings of Plato have preoccupied every school of learning, every lover of thought, every church, every poet, making it impossible to think, on certain levels, except through him. He stands between the truth and every man's mind, and has almost impressed language, and the primary forms of thought, with his name and seal. I am struck, in reading him, with the extreme modernness of his style and spirit. Here is the germ of that Europe we know so well, in its long history of arts and arms; here are all its traits, already discernible in the mind of Plato — and in none before him. It has spread itself since into a hundred histories, but has added no new element. This perpetual modernness is the measure of merit in every work of art; since the author of it was not misled by anything short-lived or local, but abode by real and abiding traits. How Plato came thus to be Europe, and philosophy, and almost literature, is the problem for us to solve. . . .

In Egypt and in Eastern pilgrimages, Plato imbibed the idea of one Deity in which all things are absorbed. The unity of Asia, and the detail of Europe; the infinitude of the Asiatic soul, and the defining, result-loving, machine-making, surface-seeking, opera-going Europe — Plato came to join, and by contact to enhance, the energy of each. The excellence of Europe and Asia are in his brain. Metaphysics and natural philosophy expressed the genius of Europe; he substructs the religion of Asia as the base.

From "Representative Men."

The Apocrypha

300 B. C. — A. D.

The word *apocrypha* means hidden or secret things. It is applied to certain writings, issued during the three centuries between the end of the Old Testament and the birth of Christ. The authors, although according to a literary fashion of the time some of them assumed names of sacred writers — Moses, Solomon, etc. — were unknown or "hidden." As the books were not adopted into the Hebrew canon their assumed authorship stamped them as not only hidden but spurious; thus the word *apocryphal* has come to mean also doubtful, or even fictitious. The fourteen books, however, contain much of noble beauty and moral and spiritual uplift, and they were included in the Septuagint (Greek) and Vulgate (Latin) translations of the Bible, and all but three of them adopted by the Roman Catholic church into the canon. Protestants have not recognised them; although the Church of England authorises their reading "for example of life and instruction of manners." There were also a number of apocryphal books written in the first and second centuries A. D., purporting to be Apostolic; but they are mostly fantastic, and have never been admitted to the canon of any branch of the Christian church.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS

A RIGHTEOUS man, though he die before his time, shall be at rest. For honourable old age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor is its measure given by number of years, but understanding is grey hairs unto men, and an unspotted life is ripe old age. Being found well pleasing unto God he was beloved of him, and while living among sinners he was translated. He was caught away lest wickedness should change his understanding, or

guile deceive his soul; for the bewitching of naughtiness bedimmeth the things which are good, and the giddy whirl of desire perverteth an innocent mind. Being made perfect in a little while he fulfilled long years: for his soul was pleasing unto the Lord; therefore hasted he out of the midst of wickedness. . . .

They [the wicked] shall say within themselves, repenting, and for distress of spirit shall they groan: This was he whom aforetime we had in derision, and made a parable of reproach; we fools accounted his life madness and his end without honour. How was he numbered among sons of God? and how is his lot among saints? Verily we went astray from the way of truth; . . . We took our fill of the paths of lawlessness and destruction, . . . and what good have riches and vaunting brought us? Those things all passed away as a shadow, and as a message that runneth by; as a ship passing through the billowy water, whereof, when it is gone by, there is no trace to be found, neither pathway of its keel in the billows; or as when a bird flieth through the air, no token of her passage is found, but the light wind, lashed with the stroke of her pinions, and rent asunder with the violent rush of the moving wings, is passed through, and afterwards no sign of her coming is found therein; or as when an arrow is shot at a mark, the air disparted closeth up again immediately, so that men know not where it passed through: so we also, as soon as we were born, ceased to be; and of virtue we had no sign to shew, but in our wickedness we were utterly consumed. . . .

But the righteous live forever, and in the Lord is their reward.

From "The Wisdom of Solomon" (The Apocrypha).

Rossiter Worthington Raymond

1840–

A mining engineer, after his technical education in Germany, Dr. Raymond served in the army during the Civil War. Since 1864 he has been a consulting engineer of the first rank, was United States Commissioner of Mining Statistics for eight years, New York State Commissioner of electric subways for Brooklyn in 1888, has been lecturer on economic geology in Lafayette College, editor and contributor *Engineering and Mining Journal*, for many years Secretary of the American Institute of Mining Engineers. Dr. Raymond is a facile and forcible speaker with resources of pathos and humour at command, a Biblical critic, a writer of prose and verse in many fields — from children's stories to metallurgy and mining-law. Both in speaking and writing, he shows wide knowledge, keen sense, quick wit, and broad sympathies.

CHRIST'S VIEW OF DEATH

IN such a sacred hour of sorrow as this there is but one voice that can break without marring the silence of our souls; the voice of Him who said, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you," — of Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life!" Much of our keenest anguish and most distracting doubt is due to the unwise, unnecessary heed we give to other voices. We are too apt to forget that on this high theme of Death, Jesus Christ is the only witness. Philosophers may speculate; prophets, from visions glorious but dim, may foresee and foretell; apostles may infer; poets may dream; He *knows*. And over against their imperfect utterances, "hard to be understood," we may set the clear simplicity of His promise, His testimony. If we once make this comparison, sepa-

rating wholly the utterances of Our Lord from those even of His apostles, we shall be surprised to find how great is the contrast. The materials for theological argument, for dispute, for harassing doubt, for fearful dread, for unreasoning grief and despair, are not furnished by Him. These are distorted images, seen in the glass dimly. He saw face to face. . . . It may surprise us to note, that He habitually treated death with an almost contemptuous silence. The burden of His mission was life, — the enlargement of its scope, the enrichment of its meaning, the illumination of its true nature and power. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." And His invariable teaching was, that life is not confined to the relations of soul and body. . . .

Nothing is so like the fearless simplicity of Christ in His full knowledge as that of little children in what we are pleased to call their ignorance. They seem to slip gently away from us, and "do not know enough" to be afraid. Neither was He afraid, who knew it all. Alas for our half-knowledge, if all it can do for us is to make us quake and tremble and despair; build up again the barrier which His victorious feet had trodden down; forget that life is all and always, and death is nothing! Our children are wiser than we. . . . Thus it is, that Christ and the children hold death in least esteem, and, in their crossing of that shadow line, illustrate to us most beautifully the truth of the life indivisible. . . .

"In the midst of life we are in death," said some sad philosopher. But the message of the Spirit runs not so. "In the midst of death we are in life!" is its perpetual tone.

From a *Funeral Address.*

Henry Mills Alden

1836–

Mr. Alden is not a man of many books. A graduate of Williams College and Andover Theological Seminary, he devoted himself for some years to historical pursuits, lectures and books, and to general writing; but since 1869 he has been managing editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and in conducting that great monthly, with its admirable "Editor's Study," he has found ample scope for work to high ends. In 1890 he published anonymously, "God in His World: an Interpretation," which well fulfilled its sub-title. It is an illuminative history of religious thought, a discussion of the coming and influence of Christ, and a delightfully human treatment of the Divine fellowship. A book of notable helpfulness.

JESUS

WHILE he was with his disciples, our Lord had made his abode with them, and they were as one household. They had left all to follow him. There were others who, like Mary and Martha and Lazarus, of Bethany, while retaining separate households, fully accepted him as one sent from the Father. There was no attempt on his part to establish an order. His disciples were not yet called Christians; the name was not yet known in his lifetime, nor for many years afterward. They were all workmen, and he was often with them as they wrought. They were united as brethren, but so little stress is laid

upon their communism that we should not know — but for an incident related in the story of the Last Supper — that they had a common purse. Their wants were simple, and no special value was attached to material possessions; moreover, the hospitality of many homes, — like that at Bethany, — was freely extended to the little company. . . .

The disciples were so much occupied with the spiritual truth unfolded to them by the Master that they gave no thought to outward forms. This community in no way resembled such an organisation as that known to us as the church. He was indeed establishing a new society upon the basis of a new life, which would have its own embodiment. It was because he had perfect faith in the divine life that he could leave its embodiment to take care of itself. For the same reason that he left no system of ethical teaching for the regulation of the outward life, he also showed no solicitude respecting the future outward expression of faith in creed or ritual. What to the iconoclastic reformer is first was the last to him. The life in him was a transforming life; he was always turning water into wine — better wine than had been drunken. He always made it clear that old bottles could not hold the new wine. But what was old had once been new. The truths which he revealed had been hidden from the foundation of the world, but they were as new in their hiding-place as they were in his unfolding. Thus in the store-house of the kingdom were treasures both old and new. Old things would pass away, but not until they were fulfilled — until the newness in them reappeared in the heavenly transformation.

From "God in His World."

Thomas À Kempis

1379–1471

Amid the many sermons, hymns, theological treatises, etc., which were left behind him by Thomas of Kempen, long sub-prior of the Augustinian Convent of Utrecht, none has made any impression upon even the religious world except his mystical treatise, "On the Imitation of Christ." This, singularly enough, by its passionate devotional *abandon*, seized upon the affections of the readers of such literature, and has had no rival but the Bible in the multitude of its printings, translations into other languages, varied versions in single languages, and universal popularity. Its authorship has been ascribed to others, but the general critical judgment has given it finally to Thomas à Kempis, whose long and saintly life certainly was fruitful of a great good to the spiritual-minded.

THE WAY OF THE HOLY CROSS

BEHOLD! in the cross all doth consist, and all lieth in our dying thereon; for there is no other way unto life, and unto true inward peace, but the way of the holy cross and of daily mortification.

Go where thou wilt, seek whatsoever thou wilt, thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the holy cross.

Dispose and order all things according to thy will and judgment; yet thou shalt ever find, that of necessity thou must suffer somewhat, either willingly or against thy will, and so thou shalt ever find the cross.

For either thou shalt feel pain in thy body, or in thy soul thou shalt suffer tribulation.

Sometimes thou shalt be forsaken of God, sometimes thou shalt be troubled by thy neighbours; and, what is more, oftentimes thou shalt be wearisome to thyself.

Neither canst thou be delivered or eased by any remedy or comfort; but so long as it pleaseth God, thou must bear it.

For God will have thee learn to suffer tribulation without comfort; and that thou subject thyself wholly to Him, and by tribulation become more humble.

No man hath so in his heart a sympathy with the passion of Christ as he who hath suffered the like himself.

The cross, therefore, is always ready, and everywhere waits for thee.

Thou canst not escape it whithersoever thou runnest; for wheresoever thou goest, thou carriest thyself with thee, and shalt ever find thyself.

Both above and below, without and within, which way soever thou dost turn thee, everywhere of necessity thou must hold fast patience, if thou wilt have inward peace, and enjoy an everlasting crown. . . .

If thou look to thyself, thou shalt be able of thyself to accomplish nothing of this kind.

But if thou trust in the Lord, strength shall be given thee from heaven, and the world and the flesh shall be made subject to thy command.

From "The Imitation of Christ."

Jesus, Son of Sirach

247–222 B. C. — A. D.

In connection with a former extract, some facts have been given concerning the sacred books known as "The Apocrypha" — of hidden or spurious authorship. One of these books, however, seems to have been put forth in the genuine name of its author. The editor, who translated it into Greek from the Hebrew in which it was written, announces that it is by his grandfather, Jesus, the Son of Sirach, who, "having much given himself to the reading of the law and the prophets, and the other books of our Fathers, and having gained great familiarity therein, was drawn on also himself to write somewhat pertaining to instruction and wisdom." He did his work, he says, in Egypt in the time of Euergetes,[1] the King, and doubtless was one of the many scholars who gathered at Alexandria, — a gathering which included many Jews. It was here that "The Septuagint" translation of the Hebrew Scriptures was made into Greek (named from the tradition of its having been done by seventy-two selected scholars), about 250 B. C.

"The Wisdom of Jesus, the Son of Sirach," is otherwise known as "Ecclesiasticus." It is a notable series of discourses upon the art of right living, and the extract below is surely "wisdom," whoever its author.

DANGERS OF THE TONGUE

IF thou blow a spark, it shall burn; and if thou spit upon it, it shall be quenched: and both these shall come out of thy mouth. Curse the whisperer and double-tongued; for he hath destroyed many that were at peace. A third person's tongue hath shaken many, and dispersed them from nation to nation; and

[1] Ptolemy III, surnamed Euergetes, the Benefactor, reigned B. C. 247–222.

it hath pulled down strong cities, and overthrown the houses of great men. A third person's tongue hath cast out brave women, and deprived them of their labours. He that hearkeneth unto it shall not find rest, nor shall he dwell quietly. The stroke of a whip maketh a mark in the flesh; the stroke of a tongue will break bones. Many have fallen by the edge of the sword; yet not so many as they that have fallen because of the tongue. Happy is he that is sheltered from it, that hath not passed through the wrath thereof; that hath not drawn its yoke, and hath not been bound with its bands. For the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass. The death thereof is an evil death; and Hades were better than it. It shall not have rule over godly men; and they shall not be burned in its flame. They that forsake the Lord shall fall into it; and it shall burn among them, and shall not be quenched: it shall be sent forth upon them as a lion, and as a leopard it shall destroy them. Look that thou hedge thy possession about with thorns; bind up thy silver and gold; and make a balance and a weight for thy words; and make a door and a bar for thy mouth. Take heed lest thou slip therein; lest thou fall before one that lieth in wait.

From "Ecclesiasticus: The Wisdom of Jesus" (The Apocrypha).

Henry Drummond

1852–1897

An influential contributor to the world of thought from Scotland, Mr. Drummond received his training at Edinburgh and Tübingen Universities, and in 1879 became professor of natural history in the Free Church College of Glasgow. His scientific interests were permeated with a strong religious earnestness; and while his travels and researches were recorded with striking accuracy and clearness (as in his "Tropical Africa"), his grasp of facts and principles led him to his most famous book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." In this, accepting the principal laws of nature as presented by the Evolutionists — biogenesis, conformity to environment, degeneration, death, etc., — Drummond showed a striking correspondence between them and the accepted principles of Christianity, claiming the extension of the same laws from physics to the infinity of metaphysics. His later book, "The Ascent of Man," follows the evolution of body, mind, and higher spiritual life, in intensely interesting fashion. He summed up his ideas of life in a little address to students at Northfield, Mass., which has become famous, and from which we make an excerpt.

THE SUPREME GOOD

EVERY one has asked himself the great question of antiquity as of the modern world: What is the *summum bonum* — the supreme good? You have life before you. Once only you can live it. What is the noblest object of desire, the supreme gift to covet?

We have been accustomed to be told that the greatest thing in the religious world is Faith. That great word has been the keynote for centuries of the popular religion; and we have easily learned to look upon it as the greatest thing in the world. Well, we are wrong. If we have been told that, we may miss the mark. I have taken you, in the chapter which I have just read, to Christianity at its source; and there we have seen, "The greatest of these is love." . . .

Paul, in three verses, very short, gives us an amazing analysis of what this supreme thing is. I ask you to look at it. It is a compound thing, he tells us. It is like light. As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colours, — red, and blue, and yellow, and violet, and orange, and all the colours of the rainbow — so Paul passes this thing, Love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call

the Spectrum of Love, the analysis of Love. Will you observe what its elements are? Will you notice that they have common names; that they are virtues which we hear about every day, that they are things which can be practised by every man in every place in life; and how, by a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues, the supreme thing, the *summum bonum*, is made up?

The Spectrum of Love has nine ingredients: —

Patience	"Love suffereth long."
Kindness	"And is kind."
Generosity . . .	"Love envieth not."
Humility	"Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."
Courtesy	"Doth not behave itself unseemly."
Unselfishness . .	"Seeketh not her own."
Good Temper . .	"Is not easily provoked."
Guilelessness . .	"Thinketh no evil."
Sincerity . . .	"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

. . . Patience; kindness; generosity; humility; courtesy; unselfishness; good temper; guilelessness; sincerity — these make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man. . . .

Now the business of our lives is to have these things fitted into our characters. That is the supreme work to which we need to address ourselves in this world, to learn Love. Is life not full of opportunities for learning Love? Every man and woman every day has a thousand of them. The world is not a playground; it is a schoolroom. Life is not a holiday, but an education. And the one eternal lesson for us all is *how better we can love*. What makes a man a good cricketer? Practice. What makes a man a good artist, a good sculptor, a good musician? Practice. What makes a man a good linguist, a good stenographer? Practice. What makes

a man a good man? Practice. Nothing else. There is nothing capricious about religion. We do not get the soul in different ways, under different laws, from those in which we get the body and the mind. If a man does not exercise his arm he develops no biceps muscle; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul, no strength of character, no vigour of moral fibre, nor beauty of spiritual growth. Love is not a thing of enthusiastic emotion. It is a rich, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole round Christian character — the Christlike nature in its fullest development. And the constituents of this great character are only to be built up by ceaseless practice.

From "The Greatest Thing in the World."

Lyman Abbott

1835–

New England-born, with collegiate, legal, and theological training, this Congregational clergyman was for some years a pastor, then a literary and editorial workman, in 1876 joining Henry Ward Beecher in the editorship of *The Christian Union*, since 1893 called *The Outlook*. After Mr. Beecher's death he was for ten years pastor of Plymouth Church, maintaining his connection with *The Outlook*, which he still edits. His writings cover a great range of themes, chiefly religious, and are compact of good sense, clear thought, and noble aspiration, expressed in a style of delightful lucidity.

THEISTIC EVOLUTION

WHEN man would make a rose with tools, he fashions petals and leaves of wax, colours them, manufactures a stalk by the same mechanical process, — and the rose is done. When God makes a rose, He lets a bird or a puff of wind drop a seed into the ground; out of the seed there emerges a stalk; and out of the stalk, branches; and on these branches, buds; and out of these, roses unfold; and the rose is never done, for it goes on endlessly repeating itself. This is the difference between manufacture and growth. . . .

The radical evolutionist believes that all divine processes, so far as we are able to understand them, are

processes of growth; that as God makes the oak out of the acorn, and the rose out of the cutting, and the man out of the babe, and the nation out of the colony, and the literature out of the alphabet, so God has made all things by the development of higher from lower forms. He believes that, so far as he can see, God is never a manufacturer, but always does His work by growth processes. The best simple definition of this that I have ever seen is Le Conte's: "Evolution is continuous progressive change, according to certain laws and by means or resident forces." . . .

There never was a time when the world was done. It is not done to-day. It is in the making. In the belief of the evolutionists, the same processes that were going on in the creative days are going on here and now. Still the nebulæ are gathering together in globes; still globes are beginning their revolution; still they are flattening at the poles; still they are cooling and becoming solid; still in them are springing up the forms of life. In our own globe the same forces that were operative in the past to make the world what it is are operative to-day; still from the seeds are springing the plants; still the mountains are being pushed up by volcanic forces below; still chasms are being made by the earthquake; all the methods and all the processes that went on in those first great days are still proceeding. Creative days! Every day is a creative day. Every spring is a creative spring. God is always creating. . . .

Does this account of creation by evolution take God away from the world? It seems to me that it brings Him a great deal nearer.

From "The Theology of an Evolutionist."

Rev. John Todd, D.D.

1800–1873

This New Englander by birth and education was a Congregational minister, deeply interested in education, and was one of the founders of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. His writings were nearly all either for the young, as "Lectures to Children," "Truth Made Simple," "Young Man," "Daughter at School," etc., or for their elders, with reference to the training of the young. He wrote also moral tales and devotional works — all, however, with a freshness of spirit, a glint of humour, a steady sanity and good sense that gave them both wide popularity and marked influence. He was interested in the then newly rising questions of woman's rights and sphere, and our extract gives in brief his idea of them.

A VIEW OF WOMAN

NOBODY pretends that the sexes are equal in weight, in height, or in bodily strength. The bodies of the two sexes seem to have been planned for different ends. As to the mind, I have no difficulty in admitting that the mind of woman is equal to ours, — nay, if you please, superior. It is quicker, more flexible, more elastic. I certainly have never seen boys learn languages or mathematics, up to a certain point, as fast or as easy as some girls. Woman's intuitions also are far better than ours. She reads character quicker, comes to conclusions quicker, and if I must make a decision on the moment, I had much rather have the woman's decision than man's. She has intuitions given her for her own protection which we have not. She has a delicacy of taste to which we can lay no claim.

[After discussing the realms of invention, mathematical labour, architecture, painting, sculpture, and instru-

mental music, the author proceeds]: In none of these departments can woman compete with man. Not because her immortal mind is inferior, — far from it, — but because her bodily organisation cannot endure the pressure of continued and long labour as we can. We may deny this, and declare it is not so; but the history of our race, and the state of the world now, show that it is so. I don't say that here and there a woman can't endure much and long; but they are rare exceptions. . . .

The design of God in creating woman was to complete man — a one-sided being without her. Together they make a complete, perfect unit. She has a mission — no higher one could be given her — to be the mother, and *the former of all the character of the human race.* For the first, most important, earthly period of life, the race is committed to her, for about twelve years, almost entirely. The human family is what she makes them. She is the queen of the home, its centre, its light and glory. The home, the home is the fountain of all that is good on earth. If she desires a higher, loftier, nobler trust than this, I know not where she can find it. Mother, wife, daughter, sister, are the tenderest, most endearing words in language. Our mothers train us, and we owe everything to them. Our wives perfect all that is good in us, and no man is ashamed to say he is indebted to his wife for his happiness, his influence, and his character, if there is anything noble about him. Woman is the highest, holiest, most precious gift to man. Her mission and throne is the family, and if anything is withheld that would make her more efficient, useful, or happy in that sphere, she is wronged, and has not her "rights."

From "Woman's Rights," 1867.

Sarah Margaret Fuller Ossoli

1810–1850

A very unusual woman was Margaret Fuller, born in Cambridgeport, Mass., who received the tribute of intimacy with some of the great minds of her day. A natural scholar, she wrote Latin verse at eight, read the Italian poets in their own tongue at ten, and was a wide reader of German writers, especially in metaphysics. She was editor of *The Dial* when Emerson was one of its contributors, and was his close friend: Horace Greeley sought her able art-criticism on the *Tribune;* Carlyle in England, George Sand in France, and other brilliant writers made her welcome in Europe. She married the Marquis d'Ossoli in Rome, in 1847. She held and promulgated very advanced ideas on the subject of the rights and wrongs of her sex, and her book on "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" was a powerful plea for social and political enfranchisement. She perished in shipwreck with her husband and young infant in the year 1850 on returning to America.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

WITHOUT attaching importance, in themselves, to the changes demanded by the champions of Woman, we hail them as signs of the times. We would have every arbitrary barrier thrown down. We would have every path laid open to Woman as freely as to Man. Were this done, and a slight temporary fermentation allowed to subside, we should see crystallisations more pure and

of more various beauty. We believe the divine energy would pervade nature to a degree unknown in the history of former ages, and that no discordant collision, but a ravishing harmony of the spheres, would ensue.

Yet, then and only then will mankind be ripe for this, when inward and outward freedom for Woman as much as for Man shall be acknowledged as a *right*, not yielded as a concession. As the friend of the negro assumes that one man cannot by right hold another in bondage, so should the friend of Woman assume that Man cannot by right lay even well-meant restrictions on Woman. If the negro be a soul, if the woman be a soul, apparelled in flesh, to one Master only are they accountable. There is but one law for souls, and, if there is to be an interpreter of it, he must come not as man, or son of man, but as son of God. Were thought and feeling once so far elevated that Man should esteem himself the brother and friend, but nowise the lord and tutor of Woman, — were he really bound with her in equal worship, — arrangements as to function and employment would be of no consequence. What Woman needs is not as a woman to act or rule, but as a nature to grow, as an intellect to discern, as a soul to live freely and unimpeded, to unfold such powers as were given her when we left our common home. If fewer talents were given her, yet if allowed the free and full employment of these, so that she may render back to the giver his own with usury, she will not complain ; nay, I dare to say she will bless and rejoice in her earthly birth-place, her earthly lot.

From "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," 1845.

Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville

1794–1865

This accomplished gentleman was a great-grandson of Lord Warwick and a grandson of the Duke of Portland; thus of high lineage, though bearing no title. Before he was twenty years of age he was appointed private secretary to Earl Bathurst; soon after, Secretary of Jamaica (a sinecure); and in 1821 he became Secretary of the Council. This responsible position, which kept him in intimate connection with the official proceedings of the king's cabinet and socially with the court, he held for nearly forty years. During that time he kept a series of singularly frank and discriminating Journals, "designed chiefly to preserve a record of the less known causes and details of public events which came under the Author's observation, and they are interspersed with the conversations of many of the eminent men with whom he associated." They cover the reigns of George IV and William IV, concluding with the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837. The freedom of their comment is often amusing, and the narration and shrewd criticism of the events of his long day, with the men and women who were the most influential actors in them, are full of historical and social interest.

YOUNG QUEEN VICTORIA

JUNE 21st, 1837.

THE King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the Council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked her if she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of state, but she said she would come in alone. When the lords were assembled the Lord President informed them of the King's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the Queen and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence; and accordingly the two royal dukes, the two archbishops, the Chancellor and Melbourne went

with him. The Queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned the proclamation was read and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes [Cumberland and Essex] first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved toward the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her and too infirm to reach her. . . . She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done, she retired as she had entered. . . .

In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense, and as far as it has gone nothing can be more favourable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise

better than her manner and conduct do, though it would be rash to count too confidently upon her judgment and discretion in more weighty matters. No contrast can be greater than that between the personal demeanour of the present and the late sovereigns at their respective accessions. William IV was a man who, coming to the throne at the mature age of sixty-five, was so excited by the exaltation that he nearly went mad, and distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct, to the alarm or amusement of all who witnessed his strange freaks; and though he was shortly afterwards sobered down into more becoming habits, he always continued to be something of a blackguard and something more of a buffoon. It is but fair to his memory at the same time to say that he was a good-natured, kind-hearted, and well-meaning man, and he always acted an honourable and straightforward, if not always a sound and discreet, part.

From "The Greville Memoirs."

Henry Clay

1777–1852

A poor lad, born in Hanover Co., Virginia, Henry Clay had his first employment as a mill-boy; then, showing intelligence, he was made clerk of the Court of Chancery, and during his four years there became expert in legal forms, had a year of law-study, and at twenty years of age was admitted to the bar. He went to Lexington, Ky., made friends rapidly, cultivated his knowledge by assiduous reading and his native grace and power of oratory in a debating society, as well as in the courts, and soon rose to be a noted advocate.

In 1803 he was elected to Congress, and, with some variations of place, practically spent his mature life either in the House of Representatives or in the United States Senate, which he entered finally in 1811, and where he remained almost continuously until his death in 1852.

Mr. Clay was one of the most eloquent men America has known, and is always grouped with Webster and Calhoun. His special interests were national internal improvements, protection of infant American industries by a moderate customs tariff, the War of 1812, a National Bank, opposition to slavery, but above all the preservation of the Union from the dissensions concerning slavery. He ably engineered several famous "Compromises," and was hailed as "The great Pacificator." He was personally a remarkable popular favourite, but political party strifes deprived him of his prime ambition, the Presidency. He was intensely interested in the Greek Revolution, and our extract is from a speech he made upon the passage of a resolution in the House, introduced by Daniel Webster, expressing sympathy with the cause and proposing to send a political agent to report on its progress.

THE GREEK REVOLUTION

MR. CHAIRMAN, is it not extraordinary that for these two successive years the President of the United States should have been freely indulged, not only without censure, but with universal applause, to express the feelings which both the resolution and the amendment proclaim, and yet, if this House venture to unite with him, the most awful consequences are to ensue? From Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, the sentiment of approbation has blazed with the rapidity of electricity. Everywhere, the interest in the Grecian cause is felt with the deepest intensity, expressed in every form, and increases with every new day and passing hour. And are the representatives of the people alone to be insulated from the common moral atmosphere of the whole land? Shall we shut ourselves up in apathy, and separate ourselves from our country, from our constituents, from our chief magistrate, from our principles? . . .

Mr. Chairman, what appearance on the page of history would a record like this exhibit? "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour, 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold and unfeeling indifference, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States, almost the sole, the last, the greatest depository of human hope and human freedom, the representatives of a gallant nation,

containing a million of freemen ready to fly to arms, while the people of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, and the whole continent, by one simultaneous emotion, was rising, and solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking high Heaven to spare and succour Greece, and to invigorate her arms in her glorious cause, while temples and senate-houses were alike resounding with one burst of generous and holy sympathy; — in the year of our Lord and Saviour, that Saviour of Greece and of us — a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with a kind expression of our good wishes and our sympathies — and it was rejected!" Go home, if you can, go home, if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down — meet, if you can, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments — that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you from your purpose — that the spectres of scimitars, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity. I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of the committee. But, for myself, though every friend of the cause should desert it, and I be left to stand alone with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I will give to his resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

From a Speech in the House of Representatives.

Dr. John Lord

1812–1896

Learned in historical lore, keenly critical, witty, kindly, eloquent with the pen, and although monotonous yet insistently attractive as a speaker, Dr. Lord was known and welcomed for fifty years as a lecturer throughout the United States and England. Even in his college days at Dartmouth he developed a passion for historical reading; and, after a theological course and a few years of pastoral work, he devoted himself to historical lecturing. Giving regular courses at Dartmouth and other colleges, he lectured also in seminaries, colleges, cities and towns all over this continent, and for several years in Great Britain. He wrote many historical works, some attaining very wide circulation, from his gift for selecting salient points of influence, and his brilliant style of presenting them. In 1883 he began rewriting and collecting all his lectures and published works into a series entitled "Beacon Lights of History," which has remained a valuable monument of his life's labours, and has become familiar to a multitude of intelligent readers.

THE CRUSADES

I KNOW of no great wars, severely and justly as they may be reprobated, which have not been overruled for the ultimate welfare of society. The wars of Alexander led to the introduction of Grecian civilisation into Asia and Egypt; those of the Romans, to the pacification of the world and the reign of law and order; those of barbarians, to the colonisation of the

worn-out provinces of the Roman Empire by hardier and more energetic nations; those of Charlemagne, to the ultimate suppression of barbaric invasion; those of the Saracens, to the acknowledgment of One God; those of Charles V., to the recognised necessity of a balance of power; those which grew out of the Reformation, to religious liberty. The Huguenots' contest undermined the ascendency of Roman priests in France; the Seven Years' War developed the naval power of England, and gave to her a prominent place among the nations, and exposed the weakness of Austria, so long the terror of Europe; the wars of Louis XIV sowed the seeds of the French Revolution; those of Napoleon vindicated its great ideas; those of England in India introduced the civilisation of a Christian nation; those of the Americans secured liberty and the unity of their vast nation. The majesty of the Governor of the universe is seen in nothing more impressively than in the direction which the wrath of man is made to take.

Now these remarks apply to the Crusades. They represented prevailing ideas. Their origin was a universal hatred of Mohammedans. Like all the institutions of the Middle Ages, they were a great contradiction, — debasement in glory, and glory in debasement. With all the fierceness and superstition and intolerance of feudal barons, we see in the Crusades the exercise of gallantry, personal heroism, tenderness, Christian courtesy, — the virtues of chivalry, unselfishness and magnanimity; but they ended in giving a new impulse to civilisation. . . .

I do not say that the Crusades alone produced the marvellous change in the condition of society which took place in the thirteenth century, but they gave an impulse

to this change. The strong sapling [liberty] which the barbarians brought from their German forests and planted in the heart of Europe, — and which had silently grown in the darkest ages of barbarism, guarded by the hand of Providence, — became a sturdy tree in the feudal ages, and bore fruit when the barons had wasted their strength in Asia. The Crusades improved this fruit, and found new uses for it, and scattered it far and wide, and made it for the healing of the nations. Enterprise of all sorts succeeded the apathy of convents and castles. The village of mud huts became a town, in which manufactures began. As new wants became apparent, new means of supplying them appeared. The Crusades stimulated these wants, and commerce and manufactures supplied them. The modern merchant was born in Lombard cities, which supplied the necessities of the crusaders. Feudalism ignored trade, but the baron found his rival in the merchant-prince. Feudalism disdained art, but increased wealth turned peasants into carpenters and masons; carpenters and masons combined and defied their old masters, and these masters left their estates for the higher civilisation of cities, and built palaces instead of castles. Palaces had to be adorned, as well as churches; and the painters and handicraftsmen found employment. So one force stimulated another force; neither of which would have appeared if feudal life had remained *in statu quo*.

From "Beacon Lights of History."

John William Draper

1811–1882

As a scientific thinker and writer, Professor Draper holds high rank. English-born, he took his medical degree at the University of Pennsylvania, and became a professor of natural philosophy, chemistry, and physiology in Hampden Sidney College, Va., after which he removed to New York, and was one of the founders of the Medical College of the New York University. He was a frequent and influential writer in both American and British scientific periodicals, and issued a number of highly esteemed books along the lines of his scientific interest. Probably the work that made the most impression on the lay public was his thoughtful volume on "The Intellectual Development of Europe," from which we have made a suggestive extract.

INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL LIFE

IN an individual, life is maintained only by the production and destruction of organic particles, no portion of the system being in a state of immobility, but each displaying incessant change. Death is, therefore, necessarily the condition of life. . . .

To the death of particles in the individual answers the death of persons in the nation, of which they are the integral constituents. In both cases, in a period of time quite inconsiderable, a total change is accomplished without the entire system, which is the sum of these separate parts, losing its identity. Each particle or each person comes into existence, discharges an ap-

propriate duty, and then passes away, perhaps unnoticed. The production, continuance, and death of an organic molecule in the person answers to the production, continuance, and death of a person in the nation.

We must therefore no longer regard nations or groups of men as offering a permanent picture. Human affairs must be looked upon as in continuous movement, not wandering in an arbitrary manner here and there, but proceeding in a perfectly definite course. Whatever may be the present state, it is altogether transient. All systems of civil life are therefore necessarily ephemeral. Time brings new external conditions; the manner of thought is modified; with thought, action. Institutions of all kinds must hence participate in this fleeting nature, and, though they may have allied themselves to political power, and gathered therefrom the means of coercion, their permanency is but little improved thereby; for, sooner or later, the population on whom they have been imposed, following the external variations, spontaneously outgrows them, and their ruin, though it may have been delayed, is none the less certain. . . .

Nations, like individuals, die. Their birth presents an ethnical element; their death, which is the most solemn event that we can contemplate, may arise from interior or external causes. Empires are only sand-hills in the hour-glass of Time; they crumble spontaneously away by the process of their own growth. . . . The human race is not at rest; and bands with which, for a moment, it may be restrained, break all the more violently the longer they hold. No man can stop the march of destiny.

From "The Intellectual Development of Europe."

Edmund Burke

1728–1797

This Irish-born statesman of England exemplifies the value of sound learning and a solid preparation for the duties of life. His extraordinary talents were in youth devoted to study, acquiring a varied knowledge and familiarity with the best classical and English writers. After university and law study his first publication was a daring imitation of the eloquent philosophical thought and style of Lord Bolingbroke, extending the principles of that writer's attacks upon religion, in application to the destruction of all institutions. The book (1756) was believed to be a posthumous work of Bolingbroke's, but Burke's acknowledgment of the writing gave him instant fame. In the same year appeared his essay on "The Sublime and Beautiful," a classic of criticism, gaining him the friendship of Dr. Johnson and other leaders of thought. He founded and for some years conducted *The Annual Register*, a weekly review of current events, characterised by accuracy and acumen. A brief service as secretary of the Marquis of Rockingham, the head of the treasury department, resulted, in 1776, in his entering Parliament, where on his very first day he astonished his fellow-members, and won high praise from William Pitt, by an able speech on the repeal of the Stamp Act — thus promptly enrolling himself among the friends of America, and taking a position of recognised power. From this time to 1794 — within three years of his death — Burke was one of the great masters of debate: his extensive and various knowledge, his splendid oratory — employing all the powers of wonderful intellect, brilliant fancy, keen wit, tender pathos, and a most effective delivery, and underlying all a sound judgment, and an unquestioned sincerity — ranked him with the greatest of his day. His "Reflections on the French Revolution" and his conduct of the trial of Warren Hastings remain as perhaps the most famous of his efforts, but all his works constitute an inexhaustible treasure-house of wisdom and of eloquence.

MARIE ANTOINETTE

HISTORY will record that on the morning of the 6th of October, 1789, the king and queen of France, after a day of confusion, alarm, dismay, and slaughter, lay down, under the pledged security of public faith, to indulge nature in a few hours of respite, and troubled melancholy repose. From this sleep the queen was first startled by the voice of the sentinel at her door, who cried out to her to save herself by flight — that this was the last proof of fidelity he could give — that they were upon him; and he was dead. A band of cruel ruffians and assassins, reeking with his blood, rushed into the chamber of the queen, and pierced with a hundred strokes of bayonets and poniards the bed from which this persecuted woman had but just time to fly almost naked, and through ways unknown to the murderers to seek refuge at the feet of a king and husband, not secure of his own life for a moment.

The king, to say no more of him, and the queen, and their infant children . . . were then forced to abandon the sanctuary of the most splendid palace in the world, which they left swimming in blood, polluted by massacre, and strewed with scattered limbs and mutilated carcases. Thence they were conveyed into the capital of their kingdom . . . in the torture of a slow journey of twelve miles, protracted to six hours. . . .

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in — glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! And what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. . . . The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone!

From "Reflections on the French Revolution."

THE TAX ON TEA

Never did a people suffer so much from the empty words of a preamble. It must be given up. For on what principles does it stand? This famous revenue stands, at this hour, in all the debate, as a description of revenue not as yet known in all the comprehensive (but too comprehensive!) vocabulary of finance — *a preambulary tax* [asserted in the preamble to be "expedient," yet not specifically provided for]. It is indeed a tax of sophistry, a tax of pedantry, a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion. . . .

Could anything be a subject of more just alarm to America than to see you go out of the plain highroad of finance, and give up your most certain revenues, and your clearest interests, merely for the sake of insulting your colonies? No man ever doubted that the commodity of tea could bear an imposition of threepence. But no commodity will bear threepence, or will bear a penny, when the general feelings of men are irritated. The feelings of the colonies were formerly the feelings of Great Britain. Theirs were formerly the feelings of Mr. Hampden, when called upon for the payment of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined Mr. Hampden's fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle it was demanded, would have made him a slave. It is the weight of that preamble of which you are so fond, and not the weight of the duty, that the Americans are unable and unwilling to bear.

From Speech on "The Conciliation of America."

Theodore Dwight Woolsey

1801–1889

A professor of Greek at Yale for fifteen years, then President of the college for twenty-six years, Dr. Woolsey was an eminently successful instructor and administrator. Great as was his fame in these relations, he was yet more widely known as a writer on the principles of public affairs. His various editions of the Greek classics are standards, but "An Introduction to the Study of International Law" is a modern classic, honoured the world over. Divorce Legislation, Religious themes, Political Science, Communism and Socialism were all treated by him with lucidity and power. And yet, again, so wide was his reputation as a scholar, that he was the Chairman of the American Committee of the International Revision of the New Testament, which concluded its labours in 1881. His word is universally accepted as weighty.

SOCIALISM MEANS DESPOTISM

THE world is not full enough and never will be full enough of material goods to satisfy all; and if the struggle for them were not checked by the social system, one would secure for himself more than another, if the state did not interpose. It is not to be denied that evils attend on the present system of unlimited power to gain wealth; but the point which we now make is that, in seeking to prevent these evils, the social theorists find it necessary to restrict the freedom of individuals, especially the power of rising by enterprise, soundness of judgment, unbounded energy, and other qualities, which not only

aid the individual in his advancement, but contribute to the improvement of general society.

When the individual is confined by law and public institutions in his sphere of operations, society loses a great part of its force; and the state must acquire an equal or greater amount of force, or all the hopes of a community will be shipwrecked. Thus, if private capital is to cease, the state must have the new function of general business director, or there will soon be no state at all. Is it not perfectly evident that the state must become exceedingly strong to undertake such new duties, in addition to many of its old ones? And may we not argue with certainty, from the checks which society, as it now is, puts on the occasional violence and arbitrary power of the state, that, when society is stripped of its force in opinion and in action, a vast increase of independence, even a despotical sway, must be gained by the state from this source also?

The state, then, under socialism must become strong and uncontrollable, not only because new offices are committed to it, but also because these offices are taken away from society and from its individual members, who now will no longer be able to oppose, or correct, or enlighten the state in favour of the interests of general society. What the form of the state in its socialistic era would be is of little importance. The essential characteristic is that it must become all but unlimited; and our readers are well aware that all unlimited governments are more like one another, whether they be called monarchies or oligarchies or democracies, than they are each like to a limited government of their own name.

From "Communism and Socialism in their History and Theory."

Sydney Smith

1771–1845

Sagacious, humorous, sanely wise in practical matters, the Rev. Sydney Smith was a master-preacher, a noted essayist, a keen literary critic, and a conversationalist of impromptu wit and captivating earnestness. He was a voluminous writer: his Sermons, Letters, Reviews (he founded the *Edinburgh Review*, and edited the first number), Speeches and miscellaneous Essays were, and have remained, famous, and in his time were most influential. Our extract is from his criticism of a volume of American statistics, in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which he pays his compliments to the inevitable result of military and naval ambition on the part of a people.

THE COST OF GLORY

DAVID PORTER and Stephen Decatur are very brave men [they had just been punishing the Algerines in naval battle]; but they will prove an unspeakable misfortune to their country, if they inflame Jonathan into a love of naval glory, and inspire him with any other love of war than that which is founded upon a determination not to submit to serious insult and injury.

We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable results of being too fond of glory: — TAXES, upon every article which enters into the mouth or covers the back, or is placed under the foot — taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste —

taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion — taxes on everything on the earth and in the water under the earth — on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home — taxes on the raw material — taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man — taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health — on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal — on the poor man's salt and the rich man's spice — on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride — at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school boy whips his taxed top, — the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road: — and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., — and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers — to be taxed no more!

From "A Review of Statistical Annals of the U. S. of America."

Washington Gladden

1836–

A Congregational clergyman, Dr. Gladden has held several pastorates, but since 1883 has been in Columbus, Ohio. He is a voluminous writer, of fine feeling and vigourous, virile style, chiefly on religious topics. Of late years he has taken prominent part in the discussion of social problems — labour, temperance, purity, the relations of wealth to man, etc., in brief, the application of Christianity to the economic troubles of the day. His influence is wide and wholesome.

PAYING TAXES

IT is certain that even under the system of direct taxation the strong and shrewd do contrive to evade a large part of their proper contribution, and that the conscientious are compelled to suffer for the sins of the unscrupulous. . . .

If the money paid into the public treasury were honestly and intelligently used for the public welfare, we should receive greater benefit from it than from the same amount employed in any private enterprise. . . . All this is possible because of the great economies of co-operation when a whole city joins in the enterprise. And if the principles of taxation were equitably adjusted, so that each one should be called on to bear his fair share of the public burdens according to his ability, and

if the citizens, in the spirit of the royal law, heartily responded to this arrangement, each man determining to put upon his brother no part of his own load, taxation would cease to be a problem, and would present to us a welcome opportunity not only of serving our fellows, but of increasing our own happiness.

It may be supposed that this suggestion borders on Utopianism; and, indeed, I have no expectation that it will be entirely adopted in the Greater New York during the coming administration; but I am as fully convinced as I can be of anything that you will never get this problem of taxation solved, with any degree of satisfaction, until you have brought this obligation of brotherhood very distinctly to bear upon it; until you make it perfectly clear, to Christian men at least, that it is just as unbrotherly and un-Christian to make your neighbour pay your taxes as it is to steal his pocketbook or compel him to serve you as a slave. We must, of course do what we can to frame systems of taxation by which these obligations shall be equitably distributed and impartially enforced; but we shall never get justice done and peace established until the law of brotherhood, instead of the law of conflict, is recognised as the supreme law of the social order.

From "The Social Problems of the Future."

William Jewett Tucker

Dr. Tucker has been since 1893 President of Dartmouth College (his *alma mater* in 1861). Several years as a Congregational pastor, and for a time professor in Andover Theological Seminary, his influence as a clear, inspiring thinker, and a speaker of unusual attractiveness and effect, has steadily grown. He is a writer for the reviews, but has published comparatively little in book-form. The extract following is taken from his address at the Semi-Centennial Celebration of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., the addresses on which occasion were published in a volume entitled "The New Puritanism." Dr. Tucker's refreshing sense and pungent style will be enjoyed — and should be heeded.

SOCIAL DUTY OF THE CHURCH

IN the old days of Boston, in the time of its transition from a great village into a city, the citizens organised themselves into a Watch and Ward Society. They took turns in patrolling the streets. Of course this could not last. A city means delegated authority, the creation of departments to do certain things, and then usually the organisation of societies to see that they do them. This is the process by which we divest ourselves of individual responsibility, — not by denying it in the first instance, but by putting the exercise of it at a further and further remove from us, till at last with this removal of responsibility there comes in the gradual loss of sentiment, of feeling, and even of shame. I suppose that it would be as hard for the

average citizen of this city to repent of his share of its sin as for a man trained in the New England theology to repent of the sin of Adam. He does n't know how to do it. His mind, as now trained, is not capable of working that way.

What we want, in the Church at least, is a habit of mind which will correspond to present facts and conditions. It is useless to confront new and obstinate conditions with old habits of thinking, or with unused sensibilities. Every great movement, from the Reformation down, has demanded and created for itself an appropriate habit of mind and of conscience. No great headway can be made until this demand has been complied with. When once the present demand has been met, and a habit of mind has been created which will express itself steadily and rightly through sensitiveness to others, through *responsibility for things held in common*, through what we must call, in spite of its philosophical vagueness, "the social conscience," the Church will have made a sure advance in the art of losing itself in the life of humanity. . . .

Why have we come to a halt in foreign missions? Chiefly, I believe because we are beginning to be ashamed, through all our Christian nature, of our unsanctified materialism. The nations have found us out, and we know it. They have explored Christendom, and what impresses them most is the vast amount of unapplied Christianity. Here, then, is the immediate work of the Church. Here lies the ready task of the new Christianity, to set Christendom in order, — its cities, its industries, its society, its literature, its law.

From "The Church of the Future."

Newell Dwight Hillis

1858–

A Presbyterian minister from 1887 to 1894, then successor of David Swing in the Central (independent) Church at Chicago, Dr. Hillis was in 1899 called to the pastorate of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., as successor to Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott. He is a born orator; a man of multifarious reading and wonderful memory; a liberal thinker, in the spirit of his predecessors in Plymouth Church, which, in accordance with its traditions, he keeps full of people and of power. Poetical and imaginative, Dr. Hillis invests every topic he touches with a literary charm, while his earnestness and practical thinking lay hold on one's attention to the ethical and the spiritual as few preachers are able to do. His books — essays, sermons, addresses, tales — appeal to a wide public, and spread his influence broadly over the land.

FROM CONTEMPT TO GLORY

IN all ages the reformers have gone the way of contempt, obloquy, and shame, having their Gethsemane. From Paul to Luther and Garrison and Gough, these men have been the best hated men of their times. . . . But if in the lifetime of the reformers the fathers stoned the prophets through the streets, covered their garments with filth, mobbed their halls and houses, the children are building monuments to the reformer and teaching their sons the pathway to the hero's tomb. "Time writes the final epitaph," said Bacon, and we now see that those who in their lifetime allied themselves with the poor and weak have supremacy over the orators and statesmen and scholars who loved position and toiled for self. . . .

Here is Garrison, serenely setting type for the *Liberator*, smiling scornfully upon the mob howling in the streets below his windows, even though destined an hour later to be dragged over the stones with a rope around his neck, and who in that hour was the only cool man in all the demoniac crowd. And here is Lowell, tuning his harp to songs of liberty; and Emerson from his study flinging cold, philosophical reflections into the very teeth of slavery; and here is Beecher with his flaming torch kindling the fires of liberty all over the land; and here is Frederic Douglass with his scars, speaking eloquently of the horrors of the slave-market and the cotton-field; and here is John Brown, with smiling face and sunny heart going bravely to his martyrdom; and here also the company of noble women with their books and songs and stories strengthening the battle-line. Nor must we forget Florence Nightingale with her crusade in the hospital and prison; Horace Mann with his crusade against ignorance; Gough with his crusade against intemperance; General Booth with his crusade for the neglected poor in great cities, and Livingstone toiling unceasingly through weary years to encircle the Dark Continent with lighthouses for mind and heart. The time was when these reformers were despised, scoffed at, and mobbed, with whose very names men would not defile their lips. But now cities are erecting their statues in the parks and building monuments in the public squares, that children and youth may emulate their virtues. When time hath plowed our cities into dust the names of these reformers and heroes will survive as enduring monuments to our age and civilisation.

From "Great Books as Life-Teachers."

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay

1800–1859

Macaulay's fame is brilliant in many directions. At college he took a multitude of prizes, and immediately entered legal and political life with prompt success. At the age of thirty he went to Parliament, and spent much of his life either in that sphere or in divers high government offices, noted for his effective oratory, his great capacity for official business, and his accomplishment of important matters — such as the codification of penal law for India. His especial celebrity, however, is as a man of letters. Gifted with a constructive imagination, and a remarkable memory, and being an omnivorous reader, his vast acquirements in language, history, and the legion of current events, were utilised in literary productions having a splendour of style that caught and held wide attention. His poems, chiefly legendary and historical, are vivid, graphic, memorable; his essays, mostly reviews of biographical works, are treasuries of historical fact and suggestive criticism; his great work, "The History of England," while, like all his writings, pungently partisan and coloured by his own preferences, seized upon the admiration of the English-speaking world, by its wonderful picturesqueness, and is an entrancing book. The extract below is from his Essay on "Milton," published in the *Edinburgh Review* in Macaulay's twenty-fifth year, the production which gave him his first fame.

THE PURITANS

THE Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from the dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People, who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate, or on the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and

hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world like *Sir Artegal's* iron man *Talus* with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities; insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans.

MILTON

Milton did not strictly belong to any of the classes which we have described. He was not a Puritan. He was not a free-thinker. He was not a Royalist. In his character the noblest quality of every party were combined in harmonious union. From the Parliament and from the Court, from the Conventicle and from the Gothic Cloister, from the gloomy and sepulchral circles of the Roundheads, and from the Christmas revel of the hospitable Cavalier, his nature selected and drew to itself whatever was great and good, while it rejected all the base and pernicious ingredients by which those finer elements were defiled. Like the Puritans, he lived —

"As ever in his great task-master's eye."

Like them, he kept his mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge and an eternal reward. And hence he acquired their contempt of external circumstances, their fortitude, their tranquillity, their inflexible resolution. But not the coolest skeptic or the most profane scoffer was more perfectly free from the contagion of their frantic delusions, their savage manners, their ludicrous jargon, their scion of science, and their aversion to pleasure. Hating tyranny with a perfect hatred, he had nevertheless all the estimable and ornamental qualities which were almost entirely monopolised by the party of the tyrant. There was none who had a stronger sense of the value of literature, a finer relish for every elegant amusement, or a more chivalrous delicacy of honour and love. Though his opinions were democratic, his tastes and his associations were such as harmonise best with monarchy and aristocracy. He was under the influence of all the feelings by which the gallant Cavaliers were misled. But of those feelings he was the master and not the slave.

From the Essay on "Milton."

Amory Howe Bradford

1848–

Dr. Bradford — in the eighth generation a direct descendant of old Governor William Bradford of the "Mayflower" — is a preacher of to-day, with a genius for direct, positive, influential appeal by pen and voice. He is pastor of a Congregational church in Montclair, N. J., but is known all over the country, especially in the great universities, as a thinker that young men will heed. He has published a number of books, all breathing the liberal spirit of the time, enriched with the results of reading and travel, clear in thinking, terse in expression, convincing in treatment. He avoids negation and disputation, and proclaims a cheerful belief in the love of God and the growing goodness of man.

RESULTS OF PURITANISM

WHAT has been the effect of Puritanism on the world? To ask that question is to answer it. It fought the priesthood in the Hebrew times, and insisted on genuineness and spirituality. It was personified in John Calvin when he wrought to perfect expression the truth that every individual may come into the immediate presence of God and is responsible to him alone. It inspired the Puritan Revolution. It sent the Pilgrims to Plymouth. It made this nation a republic, and has dominated the whole British Empire, so that the Union Jack stands for a liberty quite as ample as that represented by the Stars and Stripes.

At one time Puritanism seemed synonymous with narrow theology, bigotry, witch-burning, sanctimoniousness, spiritual despotism. That was because its principles had not had time to work into life and institutions. Freedom of thought is now realised wherever

Puritanism is in control. The fact that men are responsible to God alone, and therefore that no earthly sovereign has any divine right, has undermined or limited every throne in Europe. . . . Puritanism is a spirit, but a spirit which has always found expression in men and institutions — and what men and institutions have sprung into being at its touch! There were all the heroes of the Puritan Revolution in England — Hampden, Pym, Sir Harry Vane, John Howe and John Owen, Milton, the seer and prophet as well as the poet of the Commonwealth, and Cromwell, the kingliest soul that ever ruled Great Britain. In later days there have been such men as Bright in Parliament, Gordon in the field, Dale, Maclaren, and Spurgeon in the pulpit, and Robert Browning among the poets. The history of America in large part is either the history of Puritanism, or of those who were made great by its ideals. Ideally this Republic rests on these four cornerstones: the right and privilege of the individual to come into the immediate presence of God; absolute freedom in all matters of religion; righteousness of character essential to public service; and, the universal brotherhood of man. These truths have commanded the loyalty of the best men in our churches; they have inspired our noblest preachers; they thrill in the music of poets like Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow; they are recognised by so many of our politicians as have learned that the State was made for man and not man for the State. The most beneficent and enduring element in the political, social, literary, religious life of the world for two hundred years either has been the expression of the Puritan spirit or from it has received inspiration.

From "Puritan Principles and the Modern World."

John Bartholomew Gough

1817–1886

Born in England, Gough came to America at twelve years of age, and, first at farm-work and later at book-binding, earned his living. But despite a wife and child he fell into the drink-habit and became a seemingly hopeless drunkard. Induced to sign the pledge, he reformed, and became a noted temperance advocate; but fell again into grovelling drunkenness. He then arose once more, and not only maintained his manhood but devoted his life to the temperance work, and by his eloquence — dramatically ranging from irresistible fun to equally effective pathos and vigorous sense — he won vast numbers from drink to decency. The glowing oratory of his public addresses cannot easily be reproduced in brief, but the following fragment shows something of his use of the personal and the religious elements in his appeals.

DRUNKENNESS

I WENT and stood by her bedside. . . . "Luke,' said she, "is a kind husband and a good father: he takes care of the children and is very kind to them; but the drink. Oh! the drink makes terrible difficulty." . . . The man shook like a leaf; he snatched his hand from the grasp of his wife, tore down her night-dress from her shoulder, and said, "Look at that!" and on her white, thin neck, close to the shoulder, was a bad mark. Said he, "Look at that, sir! I did it three days before she was taken down upon the bed; and she has told you she had a good husband. Am I? Am I a good husband to her? God Almighty forgive me!" and he wept like a child, gripped the bedclothes in his hand, and hid his face in them. . . .

These are the men we call brutes and fiends; strip from them the accursed power of the drink, and they

are men, with hearts as warm, and feelings as tender, and sensibilities as keen as yours. Oh! the terrific power of this fearful habit, in enslaving the man — in reducing him below the level of the brutes that perish. Oh! when I think of intemperance, the curse of the land; intemperance, that wipes out God's image, and stamps it with the counterfeit die of the devil; intemperance, that smites a healthy body with disease from head to heel, and makes it more loathsome than the leprosy of Naaman, or the sores of Lazarus; intemperance, that dethrones man's reason; . . . intemperance, that has sent its thousands and tens of thousands into the drunkard's grave and the drunkard's eternity; intemperance, filling your jails, and your almshouses, and your lunatic asylums; — oh! we might ask the very dead, the drunken dead, to lift the turf above their mouldering bones, and come forth, in tattered shrouds and bony whiteness, to testify against the sin of intemperance! Come down from the gallows, you spirit-maddened man-slayer; grip your bloody knife and stalk forth to testify against the sin of drunkenness! Crawl from the slimy ooze, ye drowned drunkards, and with suffocation's blue and livid lips testify against the sin of intemperance! Snap your burning chains, ye denizens of the pit, and come forth sheeted in fire, and testify, testify against the deep damnation of the sin of intemperance! It is pitiful — God forgive us! It is rolling over the land like a burning tide of desolation; and we plead with young men, that they never subject themselves to this bondage, that they may do what in them lies to build a wall of prevention between it and their fellows.

From Address to Young Men's Christian Association, in London.

Wendell Phillips

1811–1884

One of the most noted of American reformers and orators, this son of an aristocratic Boston family, after some years' practice as a lawyer, revolted against his professional oath to support the Constitution of the United States, as interpreted by the Supreme Court of that day (1839), and devoted himself to the anti-slavery cause. He and William Lloyd Garrison were the recognised leaders of the extreme abolitionists, and Phillips, by the power of his oratory — keen and polished as a rapier — was a large factor in arousing the anti-slavery spirit of the North before the war. After it, with slavery ended, he took up the advocacy of temperance, women's rights, labour, and other reform movements. As a lyceum lecturer, he always attracted and held thronged audiences.

THE HERO OF HAYTI

YOU remember, Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell shows the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army until he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. . . . But, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what? Englishmen — the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen — the best blood in the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen — their equals. This

man manufactured his army, out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralised by two hundred years of slavery; one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable, race he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. . . . I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, La Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilisation, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noon-day, then, dipping his pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

From Lecture on "Toussaint L'Ouverture."

Richard Salter Storrs, Jr.

1821–1900

Dr. Storrs bore a distinguished name as a pulpit-orator and lecturer. After a year as pastor of a church in Brookline, Mass., he went to Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1846, as the first pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims, which position he held until his death. He published a number of works — most of them issues of his noted historical orations, some on educational and religious themes. His style was rich in rhetorical splendour. His general ability gave him high rank in his religious denomination, which honoured him with offices of influence.

THE POWER OF HEROIC EXAMPLE

ALMOST five centuries ago, under the tumbling walls of Sempach, where Leopold stood with 4000 Austrians to crush the 1400 Swiss who dared to confront him, when again and again each rush of the mountaineers had failed to break the line of pikemen, and the liberties of the cantons seemed reeling into hopeless ruin, with sublimest self-sacrifice, one, springing upon the foe with wide-spread arms, gathered into his breast a sheaf of spears, and made a way above his body for that triumphant valour which pierced and broke the horrid ranks, and set a new and bloody seal to the rightful autonomy of the mountain republics. And till Mont Blanc ceases to greet with earliest smiles the purpling dawn, and till the Rhone runs back to flood its glacial source — the hardy Switzer will not forget the daring deed and magic name of Arnold Winkelried!

More than half way from our day to the flood, — before Herodotus read his history, before Nehemiah rebuilt Jerusalem, before Cincinnatus was dictator at

Rome, — under the shadow of Mount Œta, upon the road from Thessaly south towards Athens and towards Argos, a thousand men, Spartans and Thespians, fell, to a man, unwilling to retreat before the invader. . . .

There is a contagion in such examples that smites the souls of generous men. Conscience and reason, and every sympathy accepts their lesson. The veil is lifted a new height, where time no more is its narrow domain; the earth no more its only area; where moral greatness is more than wealth, and the supreme glory of personal sacrifice attracts, *rewards* the great endeavor. The cavalry charge at Balaklava — it may have been in its origin a mistake; but the impetuous rush to death of those six hundred across the flood of sheeted flame that Russian batteries poured upon them, will not pass, in its great influence, from English history, till the fast-anchored isle has been scuttled and sunk. The palace is richer, and the cottage is comelier in the light of the fact.

Such examples as these become great powers in civilisation. History hurries from the drier details, and is touched with enthusiasm as she draws near to them. Eloquence delights to rehearse and impress them. The songs of a nation repeat their story, and make their triumph sound again through the silver cymbals of speech. . . . The very household life is exalted; and the humblest man feels his position higher, and expresses his sense of it in a more dauntless bearing, as he sees that heroism still lives in the world; that men of his own race and stuff, perhaps of his own neighborhood even, have faced so calmly such vast perils.

From an "Historical Lecture."

Elisha Kent Kane

1820–1857

Dr. Kane was one of the heroes of whom our navy is proud. He served as Surgeon in China and the East Indies, and afterwards in Africa, where fever compelled him to leave the sea. He served later in Mexico, where he was wounded, and was relieved from later Coast-Survey duty to join the first Grinnell Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, the English explorer. On this expedition his services as medical officer were most valuable, and his ability so marked that he was selected to command the second Grinnell Arctic Expedition, in which he made great discoveries and won world-wide honour. He published accounts (1853 and 1856) of both these expeditions in a simple, lucidly graphic style, which gave them wide circulation and made fascinating reading. The extract following is from his narrative of the second expedition, an incident of their escape from the frozen regions, where they had been obliged to abandon their vessel.

HUNGER IN THE ARCTICS

THINGS grew worse and worse with us; the old difficulty of breathing came back again, and our feet swelled to such an extent that we were obliged to cut open our canvas boots. But the symptom which gave me the most uneasiness was our inability to sleep. . . .

We were now in the open bay, in the full line of the great ice-drift to the Atlantic, and in boats so frail and unseaworthy as to require constant baling to keep them afloat.

It was at this crisis of our fortunes that we saw a large seal floating — as is the custom of these animals — on a small patch of ice, and seemingly asleep. . . . Trembling with anxiety, we prepared to crawl down

upon him. Petersen, with the large English rifle, was stationed in the bow, and stockings were drawn over the oars as mufflers. . . . He was not asleep, for he reared his head when we were almost within rifle-shot; and to this day I can remember the hard, careworn, almost despairing expression of the men's thin faces as they saw him move; their lives depended on his capture.

I depressed my hand nervously, as a signal for Petersen to fire, . . . I saw that the poor fellow was paralysed by his anxiety, trying vainly to obtain a rest for his gun against the cutwater of the boat. The seal rose on his fore-flippers, gazed at us for a moment with frightened curiosity, and coiled himself for a plunge. At that instant, simultaneously with the crack of our rifle, he relaxed his long length on the ice, and, at the very brink of the water, his head fell helpless to one side. . . .

With a wild yell, each vociferating according to his own impulse, the men urged both boats upon the floes. A crowd of hands seized the seal and bore him up to safer ice. The men seemed half crazy; I had not realized how much we were reduced by absolute famine. They ran over the floe, crying and laughing and brandishing their knives. It was not five minutes before every man was sucking his bloody fingers or mouthing long strips of raw blubber.

Not one ounce of this seal was lost. . . . That night on the large halting-floe, to which in contempt of the dangers of drifting, we happy men had hauled our boats, two entire planks of the Red Eric were devoted to a grand cooking-fire, and we enjoyed a rare and savory feast. This was our last experience of the disagreeable effects of hunger.

Josiah Gilbert Holland

1819–1881

Dr. Holland was among the most deservedly popular writers of his day. From 1847 to 1866 he was the editor of the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*. In 1870 he became editor and part owner of the first *Scribner's Magazine* (which later became the *Century Magazine*). His earliest fame arose from "Timothy Titcomb's Letters to the Young," full of good sense in sprightly style. He wrote an admired "History of Western Massachusetts," several tales, and a number of poems, all received enthusiastically by a large public, especially the longer ones, "Bitter-Sweet," "Kathrina," and "The Mistress of the Manse." A "Life of Lincoln" and other books — novels, etc. — were among his works; but probably his letters to young people and his "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects," with their wholesome and cheerful tone, were as acceptable and useful as any of his productions.

FINDING ONE'S WORK

I ACCOUNT the loss of a man's life and individuality, through the non-adaptation or mal-adaptation of his powers to his pursuits, the greatest calamity, next to the loss of personal virtue, that he can suffer in this world. . . .

If there be one man before me who honestly and contentedly believes that, on the whole, he is doing that work to which his powers are best adapted, I wish to congratulate him. My friend, I care not whether your hand be hard or soft; I care not whether you are from the office or the shop; I care not whether you preach the everlasting gospel from the pulpit or swing the hammer over a blacksmith's anvil; I care not whether you have seen the inside of a college or the outside — whether your work be that of the head or that of the hand — whether the world account you noble or ignoble, if you have found your place, you are a happy man. Let no ambition ever tempt you away from it by so much as a questioning thought. I say, if you have found your place, — no matter what or where it is, — you are a happy man. I give you joy of your good fortune; for if you do the work of that place well, and draw from it all that it can give you of nutriment and discipline and development, you are, or you will become, a man filled up — made after God's pattern — the noblest product of the world, — a self-made man.

From "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects."

Charles Dickens

1812–1870

Dickens was born a poor boy, had little schooling, learned stenography, served as a reporter in the courts and in the House of Commons, and at the age of twenty-one began writing stories and essays in the magazines, under the title, *Sketches by Boz.* He next wrote the descriptive matter to accompany some comic drawings by Robert Seymour, resulting in *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, which in its depiction of the doings and sayings of the common people, soon put the illustrations in the second place. The monthly numbers sold enormously. "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" soon followed, and Dickens was recognised as a genius, with a gift for exhibiting phases of life that the novelists had let alone. His swiftly written novels, his Christmas Stories, his many short tales, his trips to America, spread his fame over two continents, and he has been the most popular of authors. He was generous to a fault; and his careful walks about London and researches into the lives and miseries of the poor and the suffering in all places that he visited, resulted in the exposition in his novels of many abuses — governmental and private, in schools, hospitals, parish administration, courts, prisons, etc., — and thus wrought wide reformation. His sentiment, his pathos, his wit, his irresistible original comicality, and his powerful depictions of character and plot, must give his work a long vitality.

THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE

THE Circumlocution Office was (as everybody knows without being told) the most important Department under government. No public business of any kind could possibly be done at any time, without the acquiescence of the Circumlocution Office. Its finger was in the largest public pie, and

in the smallest public tart. It was equally impossible to do the plainest right and to undo the plainest wrong, without the express authority of the Circumlocution Office. If another Gunpowder Plot had been discovered half an hour before the lighting of the match, nobody would have been justified in saving the Parliament until there had been half a score of boards, half a bushel of minutes, several sacks of official memoranda, and a family-vault-full of ungrammatical correspondence, on the part of the Circumlocution Office. . . . Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving — HOW NOT TO DO IT. . . .

It is true that How not to do it was the great study and object of all public departments and professional politicians all round the Circumlocution Office. It is true that every new premier and every new government, coming in because they had upheld a certain thing as necessary to be done, were no sooner come in than they applied their utmost faculties to discovering, How not to do it. . . . It is true that the debates of both Houses of Parliament, the whole session through, uniformly tended to the protracted deliberation, How not to do it. . . . All this is true, but the Circumlocution Office went beyond it. . . .

Numbers of people were lost in the Circumlocution Office. Unfortunates with wrongs, or with projects for the general welfare (and they had better have had wrongs at first, than have taken that bitter English recipe for certainly getting them), who in slow lapse of time and agony had passed safely through other public departments; who, according to rule, had been bullied in this, over-reached by that, and evaded by the other;

got referred at last to the Circumlocution Office, and never reappeared in the light of day. Boards sat upon them, secretaries minuted upon them, commissioners gabbled about them, clerks registered, entered, checked, and ticked them off, and they melted away. In short, all the business of the country went through the Circumlocution Office, except the business that never came out of it, and *its* name was Legion.

From "Little Dorrit."

CHURCH BELLS

High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night: and high up in the steeple of an old church, dwelt the Chimes I tell of.

They were old Chimes, trust me. Centuries ago, these Bells had been baptised by bishops: so many centuries ago, that the register of their baptism was lost long, long before the memory of man, and no one knew their names. They had had their Godfathers and Godmothers, these Bells (for my own part, by the way, I would rather incur the responsibility of being Godfather to a Bell than a Boy), and had had their silver mugs no doubt, besides. But Time had mowed down their sponsors, and Henry the Eighth had melted down their mugs; and they now hung, nameless and mugless, in the church tower.

Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy Chimes were they, to be dependent on

the pleasure of the wind, moreover; for, fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally; and bent on being heard, on stormy nights, by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat a blustering Nor' Wester; ay, "all to fits," as Toby Veck said;—for though they chose to call him Trotty Veck, his name was Toby, and nobody could make it anything else either (except Tobias) without a special act of Parliament; he having been as lawfully christened in his day as the Bells had been in theirs, though with not quite so much of solemnity or public rejoicing.

For my part, I confess myself of Toby Veck's belief, for I am sure he had opportunities enough of forming a correct one. And whatever Toby Veck said, I say. And I take my stand by Toby Veck, although he *did* stand all day long (and weary work it was) just outside the church door. In fact, he was a ticket-porter, Toby Veck, and waited there for jobs.

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed, stony-toed, tooth-chatting place it was, to wait in, in the winter-time, as Toby Veck well knew.

From "The Chimes."

Henry, Lord Brougham

1778–1868

There were few themes of intelligent interest that this brilliant lawyer, statesman, orator, scientist, and general author did not touch, and what he touched he adorned. Of an ancient English family, he was born and educated in Edinburgh, and for some years practised law there, where in 1802 he joined Jeffrey, Sydney Smith and others in founding the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1808 he went to London and rapidly passed to a high rank as an advocate. He entered politics, went to Parliament, became Lord Chancellor (and a peer, as Baron Brougham and Vaux) and then continued a power in the House of Lords.

His chief fame was as a law-reformer, and our extract is from a famous speech of his on that subject. He was a notable orator, a popular favourite, a writer on science, theology, education, charity, constitutional law, political economy, and many other things. He wrote two admirable biographical series, on statesmen and on men of letters and science, and his speeches, essays, and miscellaneous writings remain a treasury of information concerning the political and social history of his time.

HIGHEST DUTY OF A LEGISLATOR

AFTER a long interval of various fortune, and filled with vast events, we are again called to the grand labour of surveying and amending our laws. For this task, it well becomes us to begird ourselves, as the honest representatives of the people. Dispatch and vigour are imperiously demanded; but that deliberation, too, must not be lost sight of, which so mighty an enterprise requires. When we shall have done the work, we may fairly challenge the utmost approval of our constituents; for in none other have they so deep a stake. . . .

The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame and more useful import than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age — conqueror of Italy — humbler of Germany — terror of the North — you saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph which you are now in a condition to win! — saw him contemn the fickleness of Fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast — "I shall go down to posterity with my Code in my hand!" You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a law-giver, whom, in arms, you overcame! . . .

It was the boast of Augustus — it formed part of the glare, in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost — that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign has its claims also. But how much nobler will be our sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear, and left it cheap; found it a sealed book — left it an open letter; found it the patrimony of the rich — left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression — left it the staff of honesty, and the shield of innocence! . . . One power I do prize — that of being the advocate of my countrymen here, and their fellow-labourers elsewhere, in those things which concern the best interests of mankind. That power, I know full well, no government can give — no change take away!

From a Speech in Parliament, on "Revision of the Laws."

William McKinley

1844–1901

President McKinley's career, as soldier, lawyer, Governor of Ohio, United States Congressman, and head of the National Government, is too familiar for rehearsal here. He was a man of clear honesty, warm sympathies, excellent ability, untiring industry in study of the various interests committed to him, and an unusual gift for popular discussion of current political topics. As Chairman of the "Committee on Ways and Means" in Congress he was identified with the protective customs law known as "The McKinley Tariff"; and, as President, he signed the still more strongly protective bill, "The Dingley Tariff," still in operation. It was, therefore, the more noticeable that in his last speech, at Buffalo, just before his untimely death, he should have taken the stand concerning tariff laws — with broad view, "looking before and after" — indicated in the following extract.

PROTECTION AND RECIPROCITY

BUSINESS life, whether among ourselves or with other peoples, is ever a sharp struggle for success. . . . Without competition we should be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated processes of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no further advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be. . . .

Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously, and our products have so multiplied, that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. . . . A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy nothing. . . .

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not. . . . Let us ever remember that our interest is in accord, not conflict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war.

From President McKinley's Last Speech, at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, New York, September 5, 1901.

James Anthony Froude

1818–1894.

A distinguished Englishman of letters, Mr. Froude has had the fortune — good or bad — to arouse violent discussion as to much of his writing. His "History of England" was greatly praised as brilliant, picturesque, and rich in detail, but his estimate of Henry VIII has been violently attacked. Books of travel, "Short Studies on Great Subjects," and other notable works gave him high rank, and his "Life and Reminiscences of Carlyle" and edition of "Mrs. Carlyle's Letters," as their authenticated executor, were very widely read, admired, — and criticised for too great frankness.

HENRY THE EIGHTH

IF Henry VIII. had died previous to the first agitation of the divorce, his loss would have been deplored as one of the heaviest misfortunes which had ever befallen the country; and he would have left a name which would have taken its place in history by the side of that of the Black Prince or the conqueror of Agincourt. Left at the most trying age, with his character unformed, with the means at his disposal of gratifying every inclination, and married by his ministers when a boy to an unattractive woman far his senior, he had lived for thirty-six years almost without blame, and bore through England the reputation of an upright and virtuous king. Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unfailing vigour by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose. In addition to this he had a

fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, . . .

In private he was good-humoured and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy, and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to him are similarly plain and business-like, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. . . .

As a ruler he had been eminently popular. All his wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted, and he had substantially acted out his own theory of his duty. . . .

It is certain that if, as I have said, he had died before the divorce was mooted, Henry VIII., like that Roman Emperor said by Tacitus to have been *consensu omnium dignus imperii nisi imperasset*, would have been considered by posterity as formed by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation, and his loss would have been deplored as a perpetual calamity. We must allow him, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it, when interpreting his later actions.

From "The History of England."

David Hume

1711–1776

This philosopher and historian, of Scottish birth, education and principal residence (although spending much time on the Continent), was widely known as a skeptical metaphysician and moralist. His chief claim to permanent renown, however, is his great "History of England," from which we make brief extract.

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND

HER vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active temper from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care or equal success from lesser infirmities — the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people. . . . Few sovereigns succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances, and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity.

William George Jordan

1864–

A graduate of the College of the City of New York, Mr. Jordan began his literary life as editor of "Book-Chat," and later of "Current Literature." For some years engaged in lecturing and other literary work, he was in 1897 editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and in 1898–99 of the *Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia. He has published a number of books, on "Education," "Self-Control," "The Power of Truth," etc., and is a vigorous and helpful writer, putting into attractive form many ethical and spiritual and intellectual truths that the careless are apt to miss, but which, under the aptness of his art of putting things, catch the attention and find lodgment.

PERSONALITY

THE only responsibility that a man cannot evade in this life is the one he thinks of least, — his personal influence. Man's conscious influence, when he is on dress-parade, when he is posing to impress those around him, — is woefully small. But his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers, — is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other. So silently and unconsciously is this influence working, that man may forget that it exists.

All the forces of Nature, — heat, light, electricity and gravitation, — are silent and invisible. We never *see* them; we only know that they exist by seeing the effects they produce. In all Nature the wonders of the "seen" are dwarfed into insignificance when compared with the majesty and glory of the "unseen." The great sun itself does not supply enough heat and light to sustain animal and vegetable life on the earth. We are dependent for nearly half of our light and heat upon the stars, and the greater part of this supply of life-giving energy comes from *invisible* stars, millions of miles from the earth. In a thousand ways Nature constantly seeks to lead men to a keener and deeper realisation of the power and the wonder of the invisible.

Into the hands of every individual is given a marvellous power for good or for evil,—the silent, unconscious, unseen influence of his life. This is simply the constant radiation of what a man really *is*, not what he pretends to be. Every man, by his mere living, is radiating sympathy, or sorrow, or morbidness, or cynicism, or happiness, or hope, or any of a hundred other qualities. Life is a state of constant radiation and absorption; to exist is to radiate; to exist is to be the recipient of radiations.

From "The Majesty of Calmness."

Nathaniel Hawthorne

1804–1864

Unquestionably the greatest American genius in romantic fiction, Hawthorne was a born author. He began literary work even before entering college, and after graduation spent several years in editorial labours and in writing romances and magazine-articles. His first collected stories, "Twice-Told Tales," had a critical but not a commercial success, when he took a custom-house position for a couple of years, and he joined the Brook Farm Community for a while. In 1842 he went with his family to live at Concord, in the Emerson house, which he made famous in "Mosses from an Old Manse," and, retiring to Salem in 1845, he issued another series of "Twice-Told Tales" and wrote "The Scarlet Letter," a work which gave him an immense impetus, from its unquestionable success. Among his lighter but most engaging works must be noted "The Wonder Book" — a sweet-spirited, sunny, and alluring reproduction for children of the tales of Greek mythology. It is impracticable even to name his many tales, which found their inspiration largely in the elder day of New England, until in 1853 he went to Europe, — first as Consul at Liverpool and then for some time on the Continent, after which (in 1860) he issued "The Marble Faun," a marvellous romance of Rome, followed by other European reminiscences. The poetic nature of the man, his luxuriant imagination, his control of the effects of the supernatural and the weird, his analytical insight into character, and his forceful but exquisitely musical style, place him far above any other writer of romance. He simply must be read.

AFTER THE MURDER

"WHAT have you done?" said Miriam, in a horror-stricken whisper.

The glow of rage was still lurid on Donatello's face, and now flashed out again from his eyes.

"I did what ought to be done to a traitor!" he replied. "I did what your eyes bade me to do, when I asked them with mine, as I held the wretch over the precipice!"

These last words struck Miriam like a bullet. Could it be so? Had her eyes provoked or assented to this deed? She had not known it. But, alas! looking back into the frenzy and turmoil of the scene just acted, she could not deny — she was not sure whether it might be so, or not — that a wild joy had flamed up in her heart, when she beheld her persecutor in his mortal peril. Was it horror? — or ecstasy? — or both in one? Be the motion what it might, it had blazed up more madly, when Donatello flung his victim off the cliff, and more and more, while his shriek went quivering downward. With the dead thump upon the stones below, had come an unutterable horror.

"And my eyes bade you do it!" repeated she.

They both leaned over the parapet, and gazed downward as earnestly as if some inestimable treasure had fallen over, and were yet recoverable. . . .

"You have killed him, Donatello! He is quite dead!" said she. "Stone dead! Would I were so, too!"

"Did you not mean that he should die?" sternly

asked Donatello, still in the glow of that intelligence which passion had developed in him. "There was short time to weigh the matter; but he had his trial in that breath or two while I held him over the cliff, and his sentence in that one glance, when your eyes responded to mine! Say that I have slain him against your will — say that he died without your whole consent — and, in another breath, you shall see me lying beside him."

"O, never!" cried Miriam. "My own, own friend! Never, never, never!"

She turned to him — the guilty, blood-stained, lonely woman — she turned to her fellow-criminal, the youth, so lately innocent, whom she had drawn into her doom. She pressed him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their two hearts together, till the horror and agony of each was combined into one emotion, and that a kind of rapture.

"Yes, Donatello, you speak the truth!" said she; "my heart consented to what you did. We two slew yonder wretch. The deed knots us together for time and eternity, like the coil of a serpent."

From "The Marble Faun."

SELF-PUNISHMENT

Walking in the shadow of a dream, as it were, and perhaps actually under the influence of a species of somnambulism, Mr. Dimmesdale reached the spot, where, now so long since, Hester Prynne had lived through her first hours of public ignominy. The same platform or scaffold, black and weather-stained with the storm and sunshine of seven long years, and foot-worn, too, with the tread of many culprits who had since as-

cended it, remained standing beneath the balcony of the meeting-house.

It was an obscure night of early May. An unvaried pall of cloud muffled the whole expanse of sky from zenith to horizon. If the same multitude which had stood as eye-witnesses while Hester Prynne sustained her punishment could now have been summoned forth, they would have discerned no face above the platform, nor hardly the outline of a human shape, in the dark grey of the midnight. But the town was all asleep. There was no peril of discovery. . . . No eye could see him, save that ever-wakeful one which had seen him in his closet, wielding the bloody scourge. . . . He had been driven hither by the impulse of that Remorse which dogged him everywhere, and whose own sister and closely linked companion was that Cowardice which invariably drew him back with her tremulous gripe, just when the other impulse had hurried him to the verge of a disclosure. . . .

And thus, while standing on the scaffold, in this vain show of expiation, Mr. Dimmesdale was overcome with a great horror of mind, as if the universe were gazing at a scarlet token on his naked breast, right over his heart. [Hester, his companion in error, had been condemned to wear upon the bosom of her dress the scarlet letter A, signifying *Adulteress.*] On that spot, in very truth, there was, and there long had been, the gnawing and poisonous tooth of bodily pain. Without any effort of his will, or power to restrain himself, he shrieked aloud. . . . "It is done!" muttered the minister, covering his face with his hands. "The whole town will awake, and hurry forth, and find me here!"

From "The Scarlet Letter."

Charles Lamb

1775–1834

There is a peculiar charm in everything written by Charles Lamb. His gentle nature humanised his keen perceptions and shrewd, critical faculty, so that his wit carried no sting, his humour no coarseness, his intelligent comprehension of men, literature, and events no harshness of judgment. His life-long devotion to his sister Mary, afflicted with occasional lapses into insanity, his collaboration with her in several juvenile works, including the ever-popular "Tales from the Plays of Shakespeare," and the unvarying tributes to his social delightfulness by all who knew him, have made his name a synonym for goodness and rare, friendly fellowship. He was something of a poet, an agreeable teller-of-tales, a dramatist of interest though not of power, a clear-headed book-editor, and a man gifted with extraordinary social talent as a conversationalist. This latter characteristic is probably the element that goes to make his "Essays of Elia" the most famous of all his works. Acute in observation, quaint in expression, Addisonian in a simple elegance of style, they traverse a multitude of topics with never-failing ease and grace, not lacking a wholesome vigour. They are probably more widely read and appreciated to-day than ever before.

THE BORROWER

THE human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow and the men who lend.* To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, "Parthians and Medes and Elamites," flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or the other of these preliminary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to distinguish as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. "He shall serve his brethren." There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, unsuspicious manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages — Alcibiades — Falstaff — Sir Richard Steele — our late incomparable Brinsley [Sheridan] — what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest, — taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money, — accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! what a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum!* or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective! — What near approach doth he make to the primitive

community, — to the extent of one-half of the principle at least!

He is the true taxer, who "calleth up all the world to be taxed," and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted between the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid tribute-pittance at Jerusalem! — His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or State-gatherers, — those inkhorn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse, — which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended. . . . In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honour, struggles with destiny; he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend — that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives! — but when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy!

From "The Two Great Races of Men" (Essays of Elia).

CHILDREN

When I consider how little of a rarity children are, that every street and blind alley swarms with them,

that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance, that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains, how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, etc., I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phœnixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But where they are so common! . . .

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children." So says the excellent office in our Prayer Book appointed for the churching of women. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless; let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. . . . When you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging, if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr. —— does not like children. . . .

But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves. They are amiable or unamiable *per se*. I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities.

From "A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People" (Essays of Elia).

Thomas de Quincey

1786–1859

A man of fine scholarship, De Quincey, born in Manchester, educated at Oxford, was throughout his life the victim of opium, which, while it at times inspired him to magnificent writing, paralysed his will, and he left no continuous work as his monument. He was an unusually brilliant magazine-writer, and his learning, his keen critical sense, his philosophical originality, his shrewd humour, all set forth with a style of remarkable splendour, found their outlet through his multifarious articles for the reviews and periodicals of the day. His "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater" remains his most famous work.

THE LATER EFFECTS OF OPIUM

AFTER describing his natural repulsion at Oriental scenes, institutions and habits, the author tells how they haunted him in his visions.

Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlight, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas; and was fixed, for centuries, at the summit or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia;

Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris: I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed, with cancerous kisses, by crocodiles; and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud. . . . The main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him; and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables, etc. All the feet of the tables, sofas, etc., soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions: and I stood loathing and fascinated. And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way. I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping); and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon; and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside; come to show me their coloured shoes, or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent *human* natures and of infancy, that in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

From "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater."

Jonathan Swift

1667–1745

Born in Ireland of English parents, Swift was in college-days characterised by irregularity and recklessness. But at the age of twenty-one he obtained the post of secretary to Sir William Temple, an accomplished diplomatist of England, and during his ten years in that position devoted himself to study and extensive reading, as well as to his master's political affairs and acquaintance with his guests of high official rank, thus acquiring an intimate knowledge of public matters. With an Oxford degree of Master of Arts, he was ordained priest, and was appointed prebend of Kilroot, Ireland. Wearying of this quiet life, Swift returned to England and to politics, and through his political connections received divers ecclesiastical preferments. Disappointed in expectations, he left the Whigs and joined the Tories, who thereafter had the benefit of his learned, satirical pen. He issued several famous books, but his chief contemporary fame was as a political and ecclesiastical pamphleteer. In 1726 he published "Gulliver's Travels," a satire on the government and society of his day, which caused a great sensation, both politically and for its originality and vigorous simplicity of style.

THE EMPEROR OF LILLIPUT

THE empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their [sedan] chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, and arched nose; his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment

majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three-quarters old, of which he had reigned seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore can not be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst.

From "Gulliver's Travels: A Voyage to Lilliput."

Laurence Sterne

1713–1768

Having taken "holy orders," and been appointed prebend in York Cathedral, Sterne married, and followed his profession as he viewed it, "preaching on Sundays, and reading, painting, fiddling, or shooting during the week." His tastes were low, and his life became so. He published several volumes of Sermons, Letters, etc., but his fame rests on "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent," a book of wisdom and of rollicking humour, with a notably fine character in Uncle Toby, and many touches of pathos and flashes of wit, and with rather rude satire on church and state. It is broad jesting for the present-day reader. "A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy, by Mr. Yorick," is the other famous work of Sterne's, clear and clever in description, and with a curious commingling of sensibility and the ludicrous side of that — sentimentality, the comic slants seeming the natural, and the delicate touches of sentiment, the artificial. Sterne was a man of great talent but poor taste. He died miserable and neglected.

THE CAGED STARLING

I WAS interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained it could not get out. I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over, and looking up, I saw it was a star-

ling hung in a little cage. "I can't get out! I can't get out!" said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side toward which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out!" said the starling.

"God help thee!" said I, "but I 'll help thee out, cost what it will;" so I turned about the cage to get to the door;—it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. . . .

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked upstairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I,—"still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'T is thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess," addressing myself to Liberty, "whom all, in public or in private, worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change." . . .

I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bade him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning. . . .

Whilst the Honorable Mr. ——— was waiting for a wind at Dover, it [this bird] had been caught upon the cliffs, before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom: . . . At Paris, the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling; and as he had little to do better, the five months his master stayed there, he taught it in his mother's tongue the four simple words (and no more) to which I owed myself so much its debtor. . . .

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes; and telling the story of him to Lord A, Lord A begged the bird of me; in a week Lord A gave him to Lord B; Lord B made a present of him to Lord C; and Lord C's gentleman sold him to Lord D's for a shilling; Lord D gave him to Lord E; and so on—half round the alphabet. From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners. But as all these wanted to get in, and my bird wanted to get out, he had almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

From "A Sentimental Journey."

UNCLE TOBY

My Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, how he had rested in the night, what

was his complaint, where was his pain, and what he could do to help him. . . .

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby — not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it — which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks and voice and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him. So that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed close up to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to the last citadel, the heart, sallied back. The film forsook his eyes for a moment. He looked up wistfully into my Uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again. The film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered, stopped, went on — throbbed, stopped again — moved, stopped — Shall I go on? No.

. . . All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows: —

That my Uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant as chief mourners to his grave.

From "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent."

Oliver Goldsmith

1728–1774

It is difficult briefly to depict the extraordinary varieties of character and vicissitudes in fortune of this delightful, reckless, unfortunate, affectionate vagabond, who became one of the chief ornaments of English literature. A failure at school, expelled from one college and barely graduated from another, rejected as a candidate for the clergy, losing at cards the money given him for studying law, a quarrelsome tutor, he was, as often before, indebted to a kind uncle for the means provided for his wasted opportunities, and at last to study medicine at Edinburgh. He travelled on the Continent, and finally took his medical degree, probably at Padua, and returned to England in 1756, to starve in London as shop-tender for a chemist. But a friend helped him to become proof-reader for Samuel Richardson — printer, publisher, and the author of "Clarissa"; and then he began in a small way his writing of magazine articles and essays, and soon his working as a hack-writer for divers employers. His works became voluminous, although largely anonymous, until in the midst of his poverty he made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, the literary giant of the time, whose rescue of poor Goldsmith from an exasperated landlady, by selling for him "The Vicar of Wakefield," is well known. After this he came into the company of the wits and literati of the town, and soon poured forth his famous poems, "The Traveller," and "The Deserted Village"; his comedies, "The Good Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," and entered upon a variety of biographical, historical, and critical works which secured his fame. Pock-marked, awkward in person and odd in dress, Goldsmith yet won and kept the hearty friendship of many men and worthy women. His ever-embarrassed finances oppressed him to the end; but when he died his lodgings were thronged by the poor whom he

had succoured, and he was profoundly mourned by a multitude of loving friends. The exquisite simplicity of Goldsmith's literary style did not prevent its conveying the learning, wit, benevolence of heart and rare knowledge of human nature that characterised him. As Dr. Johnson said of him: "Let not his faults be remembered: He was a very great man."

THE VICAR'S FAMILY

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population.

From this motive, I had scarcely taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivance.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was in fact nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements, in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our ad-

ventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them to find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. . . .

When any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller, or the poor dependant, out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by schoolboys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well-

formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active; my daughters beautiful and blooming. . . . Though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor.

From "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Philip Gilbert Hamerton

1834–1894

This interesting English writer spent several studious years in France, in the pursuit of art, becoming art-critic for the *Saturday Review* and a frequent contributor to other publications. He wrote many books, all being more or less tinctured with his artistic sensibility, even when not — as most of them were — specifically upon subjects connected with the graphic arts. He wrote several charming tales, a work of French biography, a number of delightful outdoor books, etc., but the deepest mark he made was by his book "The Intellectual Life," his various works on Art, and his editing of *The Portfolio* (which he founded in 1869) until his death.

PRESENT VALUE OF LITERATURE

THE use of literature cannot merely be to make authors famous and publishers rich. The important service it yields to mankind is *the perpetual registering of the experience of the race.* Without literature it is inconceivable that any race of men could reach a degree of culture comparable to ours, because, without a literature to record it, the experience of dead generations could never be fully available for the living one. . . . The experience of the race is now registered by literature in all its departments. Our novelists paint the manners of their time. . . . How precious such registers will be in a thousand years! Thackeray and Balzac will make it possible for our descendants to live over again in the England and France of to-day. Seen in this light, the novelist has a higher office than merely to amuse his contemporaries; he hands them down all living and talking together to the

remotest ages. When the new Houses of Parliament and the new Louvre shall be as antique to others as the Colosseum is to us, *they* shall know what manner of men and women first walked under the freshly carved arcades of the new palace on the banks of the Seine, and saw the tall towers grow year after year like young trees at Westminster. . . .

It may be objected that our contemporary poetry is no record of our experience. But it is a record of our *feelings*, and these are a part, and a very important part, of the experience of all cultivated persons. . . . When I come to periodical literature no one will for a moment dispute that it is strictly a register of all the thoughts and acts of humanity, day by day, week by week, and month by month. . . . The technical literature which has taken such a vast development of late is, however, the strongest basis of the argument I wish to enforce. The immense quantity of books published within the last twenty years for the especial use of particular trades and professions is one of the best results of the increase of population, and the consequent increase of professional readers. . . . The first fact that strikes one with regard to their authors is, that they are none of them what we call literary men. They are not men who live by literature as a profession; they live by other trades or professions, and resort to literature only as a means of communicating to others their professional observations. It therefore appears that literature is not an exclusive profession, but a common magazine to which intelligent men of all classes, and of every occupation, contribute the results of their particular experience.

From "Thoughts About Art."

Jean Jacques Rousseau

1712–1778

A character showing an extraordinary combination of weak sentimentality, loose morality, and shiftlessness, with intellectual originality, ingenuity and power, joined to a peculiar charm and force of rhetorical expression. Hardly educated, except by desultory reading, Rousseau was successively an engraver's apprentice, a domestic servant, a choir-singer, a surveyor, a music writer, a secretary, an essayist, a general author. He was much petted by many women, of high and low degree, a faithless husband, a neglectful father, a social favourite, a man suspicious of all his friends. His great productions were "La Nouvelle Héloïse" (an autobiographical love story), "The Social Contract" (which became the text-book of the French Revolution), and "Émile," advice for the education of the young, based upon the idea "Follow Nature" — the principles of which, in spite of their exaggerations, are powerfully working in all modern educational systems to-day: for this reason he is included in our list, although a foreign author. Rousseau's excellent ideas must have arisen by contrast with his own untrained youth and conscienceless career.

SOCIAL TRAINING

PEOPLE pity the lot of a child; they do not see that the human race would have perished if man had not begun by being a child.

We are born weak; we have need of strength: we are born stupid; we have need of judgment. All that we have not at our birth, but which we need when we are grown, is given us by education.

The natural man is complete in himself; he is the numerical unit, the absolute whole, who is related only to himself or to his fellow-man. Civilised man is but a fractional unit that is dependent upon its denominator, and whose value consists in its relation to the whole, which is the social organisation. . . . What would a man be worth for others who had been educated solely for himself?

In the natural order of things, all men being equal, their common vocation is manhood, and whoever is well trained for that cannot fulfil badly any vocation connected with it. Whether my pupil be destined for the army, the church or the bar, concerns me but little. Regardless of the vocation of his parents, nature summons him to the duties of human life. To live, is the trade I wish to teach him. . . .

A father who merely feeds and clothes the children he has begotten so far fulfils but a third of his task. To the race, he owes men; to society, men of social dispositions; and to the state, citizens. Every man who can pay this triple debt and does not pay it, is guilty of a crime, and the more guilty, perhaps, when the debt is only half paid. He who cannot fulfil the duties of a father has no right to become such. . . .

The proper study for man is that of his relations. While he knows himself only through his physical being, he ought to study himself through his relation with things, and this is the occupation of his childhood; but when he begins to feel his moral nature, he ought to study himself through his relations with men, and this is the occupation of his entire life, beginning at the point we have now reached [adolescence].

From "Émile."

Herbert Spencer

1820–1903

This great English philosopher, irregularly educated, and engaged in railway engineering from his sixteenth to his twenty-sixth year, was an insatiable reader, and became interested first in geology, and then in the theory of evolution. He became a scientific editor; but soon devoted himself to philosophical authorship, enlarging the theories of persistent force, adjustment to environment, and natural selection, to embrace and account for the sequences of all phenomena, not only in physics but also in ethics, biology, psychology, and sociology, completing a colossal philosophical system, which has had unbounded influence on the thought of the age. The following extracts from his famous essay on "Education" indicate his method of showing the universality of law.

MORAL TRAINING

WHEN a child falls, or runs its head against the table, it suffers a pain, the remembrance of which tends to make it more careful for the future; and by an occasional repetition of like experiences, it is eventually disciplined into a proper guidance of its movements. . . . It is the peculiarities of these penalties, if we must so call them, that they are nothing more than the *unavoidable consequences* of the deeds which they follow: they are nothing more than the *inevitable reactions* entailed by the child's action. . . .

These natural reactions which follow the child's wrong actions, are constant, direct, unhesitating, and not to be escaped. No threats: but a silent, rigorous performance. If a child runs a pin into its finger, pain follows. If it does it again, there is again the same result: and so on perpetually. In all its dealings with surrounding inorganic nature it finds this unswerving persistence, which listens to no excuse, and from which there is no appeal; and very soon recognising this stern though beneficent discipline, it becomes extremely careful not to transgress. . . .

Still more significant will these general truths appear, when we remember that they hold throughout adult life as well as throughout infantine life. It is by an experimentally-gained knowledge of the natural consequences, that men and women are checked when they go wrong. . . . Have we not here, then, the guiding principle of moral education? . . . Right conceptions of cause and effect are early formed; and by frequent and consistent experience are eventually rendered definite and complete. Proper conduct in life is much better guaranteed when the good and evil consequences of action are rationally understood, than when they are merely believed on authority. . . .

Another great advantage of this natural system of discipline is, that it is a system of pure justice; and will be recognised by every child as such. Whoso suffers nothing more than the evil which obviously follows naturally from his own misbehaviour, is much less likely to think himself wrongly treated than if he suffers an evil artificially inflicted on him; and this will be true of children as of men.

From "Education."

Thomson Jay Hudson

1834–1903

A lawyer, a newspaper editor in the West, for some years principal examiner in the United States Patent Office, and a welcome lecturer, Mr. Hudson in 1894 issued his book, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena." In this, with great ability and a striking array of facts, physical and mental, normal and abnormal in origin, drawn from history, biography, and the records of medical and psychical research from ancient times to the present, he offered a notable support to the theory of man's duality of mind. The book attracted wide attention, and in 1894, 1895, 1900, and 1903 was followed by others, all dealing with man's present and future life.

THE DUAL MIND IN SHAKESPEARE

THE broad idea that man is endowed with a dual mental organisation is far from being new. The essential truth of the proposition has been recognised by philosophers of all ages and nations. . . .

In general terms the difference between man's two minds may be stated as follows: — The objective mind takes cognisance of the objective world. Its media of observation are the five physical senses. . . . Its highest function is that of reasoning. The subjective mind takes cognisance of its environment by means independent of the physical senses. It perceives by intuition. It is the seat of the emotions, and the storehouse of memory. . . . The most perfect exhibition of intellectual power is the result of the synchronous action of the objective and subjective minds. When this is seen in its perfection the world names it *genius*. . . .

The solution of the great question as to the authorship of Shakespeare's works may be found in this hy-

pothesis. The advocates of the Baconian theory tell us that Shakespeare was an unlearned man. This is true so far as high scholastic attainments are concerned; but it is also known that he was a man of extensive reading, and was the companion of many of the great men of his time, among whom were Bacon, Ben Jonson, Drayton, Beaumont, Fletcher and others. It is in evidence that the Mermaid Tavern was the scene of many an encounter of wit and learning between these worthies. In this way he was brought into constant contact with the brightest minds of the Elizabethan age. He was not only familiar with their works, but he had also the benefit of their conversation, — which familiarised him with their thoughts and modes of expression, — and of close personal relations with them in their convivial moods, when wit and eloquence, learning and philosophy, flowed as freely as their wine.

The internal evidence of his works shows that Shakespeare's mind, compared with that of any other poet whose writings are known, was the most harmoniously developed. In other words, his objective and subjective faculties were exquisitely balanced. When this fact is considered in the light of what has been said of the marvellous powers of subjective memory, and in connection with his intellectual environment, the source of his power and inspiration becomes apparent. In his moments of inspiration — and he seems always to have been inspired when writing — he had the benefit of a perfect memory and a logical comprehension of all that had been imparted by the brightest minds of the most marvellous literary and philosophical age in the history of mankind.

From "The Law of Psychic Phenomena."

William Shakespeare

1564–1616

The only absolutely certain facts that we know concerning this greatest of poets are: that he was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, England, that he was married young and had three children, that he went to London, wrote a certain number of poems and dramas, was an actor and became a theatrical manager and proprietor; that he was a favourite among the wits and their patrons in London; that he retired to Stratford, purchasing a comfortable residence there, and that he died at the age of fifty-two, and was buried in the town where he was born. Beyond this, all is conjecture or inference from more or less trustworthy traditions or literary allusions. Shortly after the age of Elizabeth came the Puritan reaction, that swept plays and players aside; under Charles II, the fashion was for French drama; it was really not till well on in the eighteenth century that Shakespeare began to be an object of general interest, and by that time the centuries had buried the traces of his footsteps. His works, however, remain, and for their wisdom, their wit, their art, their beauty, their variety, their marvellous "holding the mirror up to nature," they furnish perhaps the most perfect example of pure genius that the world has ever seen.

MENTAL DISTEMPERATURE

I HAVE of late — but wherefore, I know not — lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me to be a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form

and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights me not, no, nor woman neither.

HAMLET, ON THE ART OF ELOCUTION

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows, and noise; I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it outherods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action — with this special avoidance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, can-

not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Player. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Hamlet. O, reform it altogether!

From "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark."

THE CODE OF QUARREL

Touchstone. I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? . . .

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed. . . . I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If

again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lie: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. . . .

O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that, too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.

From "As You Like It."

Samuel Johnson

1709–1784

Like many other great men, Dr. Johnson began his life-work as a teacher, but personal peculiarities rendered that a failure, and at the age of twenty-six he went to London and for some years eked out a miserable existence by literary work. The skill of his poem of *London*, an adaptation to modern life of one of Juvenal's satires, gave him his first success, and after that he published poems, plays, and in *The Rambler* (following the design of *The Spectator*) won high place as an essayist and moralist. He also wrote many papers for *The Adventurer* and *The Idler*. His great work was his "English Dictionary," the result of seven years of labour. Although deficient in etymology (from the limited knowledge of that day) it was a potent factor in fixing the forms and meanings of English words, originating the quoting of celebrated authors to indicate correct use, and was a landmark in the language. Johnson's later years were made easy by a pension; and his "Lives of the Poets," notes of travel to Scotland and the Hebrides, a learned edition of Shakespeare's works, and other issues, gave him great vogue, while his brilliant conversation — notably preserved in Boswell's "Life of Johnson" — made him a venerated figure among the literary classes of his time, and remains a magazine of wisdom and of wit.

SPELLING REFORM

IN examining the orthography of any doubtful word, the mode of spelling by which it is inserted in the series of the dictionary is to be considered as that to which I give, perhaps not often rashly, the preference. . . . In this part of the work, where caprice has long wantoned without control, and vanity sought praise by petty reformation, I have endeavoured

to proceed with a scholar's reverence for antiquity, and a grammarian's regard to the genius of our tongue. I have attempted few alterations, and among those few, perhaps the greater part is from the modern to the ancient practice; and I hope I may be allowed to recommend to those whose thoughts have been, perhaps, employed too anxiously on verbal singularities, not to disturb, upon narrow views, or for minute propriety, the orthography of their fathers. It has been asserted that for the law to be *known* is of more importance than to be *right*. Change, says Hooker, is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better. There is in constancy and stability a general and lasting advantage, which will always overbalance the slow improvements of gradual corrections. . . .

This recommendation of steadiness and uniformity does not proceed from an opinion that particular combinations of letters have much influence on human happiness; or that truth may not be successfully taught by modes of spelling fanciful and erroneous. I am not yet so lost in lexicography as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.* Language is only the instrument of science, and words are signs of ideas; I wish, however, that the instrument might be less apt to decay, and that the signs might be permanent, like the things which they denote.

From The Preface to Johnson's "English Dictionary."

Edgar Allan Poe

1811–1849

A native of Baltimore, Poe was left a penniless orphan, but was adopted by a generous friend. In college, his reckless excesses, despite his brilliant scholarship, resulted in expulsion. After a year in Europe, his friend procured his admission to West Point, from which his irregularities soon excluded him. Thenceforth Poe entered upon a literary career, writing poems and essays, editing various magazines, and gaining special recognition by his ingenious tales. As an artist in verbal felicity and versification, Poe was unique, while the spirit of his poems and tales was mostly of the weird, grotesque, and horror-breeding type. His inventiveness was amazing, and he has been credited with the origination of the detective-tale. As a critic he was caustic; as a narrator, powerful and compelling; as an essayist, interesting; as a poet, exquisitely musical but rarely inspiring or helpful. His irregularities of life bred disease, and he died miserably. His reputation as a literary artist has increased rather than diminished, and he must be read by those who would know the force of literary genius.

THE POETIC PRINCIPLE

I WOULD define, in brief, the Poetry of words as *The Rhythmical Creation of Beauty.* Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect or with the Conscience it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally, it has no concern whatever either with Duty or with Truth.

A few words, however, in explanation. *That* pleasure which is at once the most pure, the most elevating, and the most intense, is derived, I maintain, from the contemplation of the Beautiful. In the contemplation of Beauty we alone find it possible to attain that pleasurable elevation, or excitement *of the soul*, which we recognise as the Poetic Sentiment, and which is so easily distinguished from Truth, which is the satisfaction of the Reason, or from Passion, which is the excitement of the heart. I make Beauty, therefore — using the word as inclusive of the sublime — I make Beauty the province of the poem, simply because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring as directly as possible from their causes: — no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation in question is at least *most readily* attainable in the poem. It by no means follows, however, that the incitements of Passion, or the precepts of Duty, or even the lessons of Truth, may not be introduced into a poem, and with advantage; for they may subserve incidentally, in various ways, the general purposes of the

work: but the true artist will always contrive to tone them down in proper subjection to that Beauty which is the atmosphere and the real essence of the poem. . . .

Thus, although in a very cursory and imperfect manner, I have endeavoured to convey to you my conception of the Poetic Principle. It has been my purpose to suggest that, while this principle itself is strictly and simply the Human Aspiration for Supernal Beauty, the manifestation of the Principle is always found in *an elevating excitement of the soul*, quite independent of that passion which is the intoxication of the Heart, or of that truth which is the satisfaction of the Reason. For in regard to passion, alas! its tendency is to degrade rather than to elevate the Soul. Love, on the contrary — Love — the true, the divine Eros — the Uranian as distinguished from the Dionæan Venus — is unquestionably the purest and truest of all poetic themes. And in regard to truth, if, to be sure, through the attainment of a truth, we are led to perceive a harmony where none was apparent before, we experience at once the true poetical effect; but this effect is referable to the harmony alone, and not in the least degree to the truth which merely served to make the harmony manifest.

From Essay, "The Poetic Principle."

Hamilton Wright Mabie

1846–

A graduate of Williams, and bearing honorary degrees from Columbia and other institutions, Dr. Mabie has been for many years an associate with Dr. Lyman Abbott in editing *The Outlook*. He has written many choice works — among them a delightful "Life of Shakespeare" — mostly upon literary and spiritual themes.

THE FIRST DELIGHT

THE purest joy known to the reader is a perception of the beauty and power of a work of art so fresh and instantaneous that it completely absorbs the whole nature. Analysis, criticism, and judicial appraisement come later. . . .

One of the signs of real culture is the new interest with which it invests the most familiar objects; and an evidence of capacity to receive culture from art is the development of this feeling. The reader who is on the way to enrich himself by contact with books cultivates the power of feeling freshly and keenly the charm of every book he reads simply as a piece of literature. . . . The surprise, the delight, the joy of the first discovery are not merely pleasurable, they are in the highest degree educational. They reveal the sensitiveness of the nature to those ultimate forms of beauty and power which art takes on, and its power of responding not only to what is obviously beautiful but is also profoundly true. . . . To get delight out of reading is, therefore, the first and constant care of the reader who wishes to be enriched by vital contact with the most inclusive and expressive of the arts.

From "Books and Culture."

George Eliot

1819–1880

Mary Ann Evans began her literary work in a translation of Strauss' "Life of Jesus," and in 1850 became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*, London. In this connection she met many literary folk, and joined her life with the philosopher, George Henry Lewes. In 1856, at his urgency, she began her fiction-writing with "Amos Barton" and others of the "Scenes in Clerical Life." The first notable success was "Adam Bede," and after that each successive tale by *George Eliot* — the pen-name which she adopted — was eagerly welcomed. The range and wisdom of observation in all her works, the insight into character and its development, the wit and humour and pathos and power, the graphic descriptions and wealth of local or scholarly and historic lore that are in her work, will keep them long alive. An example of her critical writing (she contributed largely to the magazines and reviews) is appended. Two years after the death of Mr. Lewes in 1878, the authoress married John Walter Cross, and died in the same year.

WIT AND HUMOUR

HUMOUR is of earlier growth than Wit, and it is in accordance with this earlier growth that it has more affinity with poetic tendencies, while Wit is more nearly allied to the ratiocinative intellect. Humour draws its materials from situations and characteristics; Wit seizes on unexpected and complex relations. Humour is chiefly representative and descriptive; it is diffuse, and flows along without any other law than its own fantastic will; or it flits about like a will-o'-the-wisp, amazing us by its whimsical transitions. Wit is brief and sudden, and sharply defined as a crystal; it does not make pictures, it is not fantastic; but it detects an unexpected analogy, or suggests a startling or

confounding inference. . . . Some of Johnson's most admirable witticisms . . . are *reasoning raised to a higher power*. On the other hand, Humour in its higher forms, and in proportion as it associates itself with the sympathetic emotions, continually passes into poetry: nearly all great modern humourists may be called prose poets. . . .

As is usual with definitions and classifications, however, this distinction between wit and humour does not exactly represent the actual fact. Like all other species, Wit and Humour overlap and blend with each other. . . . We rarely find wit untempered by humour, or humour without a spice of wit; and sometimes we find them both united in the highest degree in the same mind, as in Shakespeare and Molière. A happy conjunction this, for wit is apt to be cold, and thin-lipped, and Mephistophelean in men who have no relish for humour, whose lungs do never crow like Chanticleer at fun and drollery; and broad-faced rollicking humour needs the refining influence of wit. Indeed, it may be said that there is no really fine writing in which wit has not implicit, if not explicit, action. The wit may never rise to the surface, it may never flame out into a witticism; but it helps to give brightness and transparency, it warns off from flights and exaggerations which verge on the ridiculous — in every *genre* of writing it preserves a man from sinking into the *genre ennuyeux*. And it is eminently needed for this office in humorous writing; for, as humour has no limits imposed on it by its material, no law but its own exuberance, it is apt to become preposterous and wearisome unless checked by wit, which is the enemy of all monotony, of all lengthiness, of all exaggeration.

From "Heinrich Heine." 173

John Fiske

1842–1901

A precocious boy, a graduate of Harvard College and Law School, Mr. Fiske devoted his life to literature, with especial attention to history and philosophy. He was a brilliant and favourite lecturer on historical topics at Harvard (where he was also for some years Assistant Librarian) and in other American colleges, and also at the University College of London and the Royal Institution of Great Britain, while the announcement of a lecture by him in any city of our land filled the house. In earlier years his "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," won a great reputation by its research and its clear statements of the processes and results of the theory of Evolution. Along this line he wrote many essays, gathered later into book-form; but his little volumes, "The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of his Origin," "The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge," "The Origin of Evil," and "Through Nature to God," were condensed statements that clarified philosophy and sustained fundamental faiths. His literary criticisms were equally fine, and his more recent historical work — issued finally in a series of volumes on American history — was scholarly, accurate, broadly philosophical, and written in a style of delightful grace, power, and attractiveness, with many an illuminating flash of humour.

STYLE IN WRITING

THE excellence of the ancient [Greek] books is in part immediately due to the fact that they were not written in a hurry, or amid the anxieties of an over-busy existence; but it is in greater part due to the indirect consequence of a leisurely life. These books were written for a public which knew well how to appreciate the finer beauties of expression;

and, what is still more to the point, their authors lived in a community where an elegant style was habitual. Before a matchless style can be written, there must be a good style "in the air," as the French say. Probably the most finished talking and writing of modern times has been done in and about the French court in the seventeenth century; and it is accordingly there that we find men like Pascal and Bossuet writing a prose which, for precision, purity, and dignity has never since been surpassed. It is thus that the unapproachable literary excellence of the ancient Greek books speaks for the genuine culture of the people who were expected to read them, or to hear them read. For one of the surest indices of true culture, whether professedly literary or not, is the power to express one's self in precise, rhythmical, and dignified language. We hardly need a better evidence than this of the superiority of the ancient community in the general elevation of its tastes and perceptions. Recollecting how Herodotus read his history at the Olympic games, let us try to imagine even so picturesque a writer as Mr. Parkman reading a few chapters of his "Jesuits in North America" before the spectators assembled at the Jerome Park races, and we shall the better realise how deep-seated was Hellenic culture.

From "Athenian and American Life."

William Makepeace Thackeray

1811–1863

Born in India, educated at the Charterhouse school in London at Cambridge, in Germany, and with some study of law, after an unfortunate editorial experience, Thackeray went to Paris to study art, became rather a critic than an artist, and in 1836 married, returned to London, and began his regular literary life, as a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*. His articles were mostly humourous and satirical — like "The Yellowplush Papers." In 1842 he joined the staff of *Punch*, contributing both text and illustrations. In 1846–48 "Vanity Fair" was issued, and established Thackeray's fame as a great novelist. It was followed rapidly by "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," confirming the popular judgment — "Esmond," particularly, as showing Thackeray's accurate knowledge and graphic delineation of the life of the eighteenth century. His series, biographical and critical, of "The English Humourists," are admirable depictions of the literary masters of that time — Addison, Steele, Swift, etc. In 1860 Thackeray became editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, in which appeared his later novels and the series of "Roundabout Papers," from one of which charming essays our extract is taken. He made two lecture-trips to America, and here as everywhere his great, generous-hearted nature won many friends. He was essentially a critic of men, women, society, literature, and literary folk, finding much food for his satirical comments. But he was of a noble nature, and his tender heart often appeared under the keenness of his satire.

LIVING CHARACTERS OF FICTION

THEY used to call the good Sir Walter the "Wizard of the North." What if some writer should appear who can write so *enchantingly* that he shall be able to call into actual life the people whom he invented? What if Mignon, and Margaret, and Goetz von Berlichingen are alive now (though I don't say they are visible), and Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe were to step in at that open window by the little garden yonder? Suppose Uncas and our noble old Leather Stocking were to glide silent in? Suppose Athos, Porthos, and Aramis should enter with a noiseless swagger, curling their moustaches? And dearest Amelia Booth, on Uncle Toby's arm; and Tittlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green; and all the Crummles company of comedians, with the Gil Blas troupe; and Sir Roger de Coverley; and the greatest of all crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha, with his blessed squire? I say to you, I look rather wistfully toward the window, musing upon these people. Were any of them to enter, I do not think I should be very much frightened. Dear old friends, what pleasant hours I have had with them! We do not see each other very often, but when we do we are ever happy to meet. I had a capital half-hour with Jacob Faithful last night; when the last sheet was corrected, when "Finis" had been written, and the printer's boy, with the copy, was safe in Green Arbour Court.

So you are gone, little printer's boy, with the last

scratches and corrections on the proof, and a fine flourish by way of Finis at the story's end. The last corrections! I say those last corrections seem never to be finished. A plague upon the weeds! Every day, when I walk in my own little literary garden-plot, I spy some, and should like to have a spud, and root them out. Those idle words, neighbour, are past remedy. That turning back to the old pages produces anything but elation of mind. Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which behold Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun.

From "De Finibus" ("Roundabout Papers").

EYES AND JEWELS

"There 's not a princess in Europe to compare with her," says Esmond.

"In beauty? No, perhaps not," answered my lady. "She is most beautiful, is n't she? 'T is not a mother's partiality that deceives me. I marked you yesterday when she came down the stair; and read it in your face. . . . You thought Beatrix was a pretty subject for verse, did not you, Harry?" (The gentleman could only blush for a reply.) "And so she is: nor are you the first that her pretty face has captivated. 'T is quickly done. Such a pair of bright eyes as hers learn their power very soon, and use it very early." And

looking at him keenly with hers, the fair widow left him.

And so it is — a pair of bright eyes with a dozen glances suffice to subdue a man; to enslave him and inflame him; to make him even forget; they dazzle him so that the past becomes straightway dim to him; and he so prizes them that he would give all his life to possess them. What is the fond love of dearest friends compared to this treasure? Is memory as strong as expectancy? fruition as hunger? gratitude as desire? I have looked at royal diamonds in the jewel-rooms of Europe, and thought how wars had been made about them; Mogul sovereigns deposed and strangled for them, or ransomed with them; millions expended to buy them; and daring lives lost in digging out the little shining toys that I value no more than the button in my hat. And so there are other glittering baubles, of rare water, too, for which men have been set to kill and quarrel ever since mankind began; and which last out for a score of years, when their sparkle is over. Where are those jewels now that beamed under Cleopatra's forehead, or shone in the sockets of Helen?

From "The History of Henry Esmond."

Charles Sumner

1811–1874

Among the most notable of the many strong men who have represented Massachusetts in the national councils, Mr. Sumner was born in Boston, educated at Cambridge, and entered the work of the law in 1834. For successive years he was a lecturer in the Cambridge Law School, spent some time in European travel, and in 1851 succeeded Daniel Webster as United States Senator. He was an able writer on legal topics and edited important reports of cases in the U. S. Circuit Courts. Both on public occasions and in his place in the Senate, Mr. Sumner was famed as a scholarly, polished, but forceful orator, and the part he took in the great Anti-Slavery struggle and during the Civil War confirmed him as one of the strongest men of his time. Noticing one of his volumes of collected addresses, the *Edinburgh Journal* said: "For depth and accuracy of thought, for fulness of historical information, and for a species of gigantic morality which treads all sophistry underfoot and rushes at once to the right conclusion, we know not a single orator speaking the English tongue who ranks as his superior." Our first extract is from an early Fourth of July oration in Boston (1845), and the one following is from his reply in the Senate to Senator Butler of South Carolina, who had denounced opposition to the efforts to force slavery upon Kansas as "an uncalculating fanaticism" (1856).

FORECAST OF EMANCIPATION

PEACE has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill — fields held sacred in the history of human freedom — shall lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature, not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton, not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown, but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown, which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamour of the people wickedly crying for war. What glory of battle in England's annals will not fade by the side of that great act of justice, by which her Legislature, at a cost of one hundred million dollars, gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves. And when the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!) that shall witness an act of greater justice still, — the peaceful emancipation of three millions of our fellow-men "guilty of a skin not coloured as our own," nor held in gloomy bondage under the Constitution of our country, — then shall there be a victory, in comparison with which Bunker Hill shall be as a farthing-candle held up to the sun. That victory shall need no monument of stone. It shall be written on the grateful hearts of uncounted multitudes, that shall proclaim it to the

latest generation. It shall be one of the links in the golden chain by which humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God.

From Oration, July 4, 1845, in Tremont Temple, Boston.

ANTI-SLAVERY "FANATICISM"

Fanaticism is found in an enthusiasm or exaggeration of opinions, particularly on religious subjects; but there may be a fanaticism for evil as well as for good. Now I will not deny that there are persons among us loving liberty too well for their personal good, in a selfish generation. Such there may be, and, for the sake of their example, would that there were more! In calling them "fanatics," you would cast contumely upon the noble army of martyrs, from the earliest day down to this hour; upon the great tribunes of human rights, by whom life, liberty, and happiness on earth, have been secured; upon the long line of devoted patriots, who, throughout history, have truly loved their country; and upon all who, in noble aspirations for the general good, and in forgetfulness of self, have stood out before their age, and gathered into their generous bosoms the shafts of tyranny and wrong, in order to make a pathway for truth. You discredit Luther, when alone he nailed his articles to the door of the church at Wittenberg, and then, to the imperial demand that he should retract, firmly replied, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise, so help me God!" You discredit Hampden, when alone he refused to pay the few shillings of ship-money, and shook the throne of Charles I.; you discredit Milton, when, amidst the

corruptions of a heartless court, he lived on, the lofty friend of liberty, above question or suspicion; you discredit Russell and Sidney, when, for the sake of their country, they calmly turned from family and friends, to tread the narrow steps of the scaffold; you discredit the early founders of American institutions, who preferred the hardships of a wilderness, surrounded by a savage foe, to injustice on beds of ease; you discredit our later fathers, who, few in numbers, and weak in resources, yet strong in their cause, did not hesitate to brave the mighty power of England, already encircling the globe with her morning drum-beats. Yes, sir, of such are the "Fanatics" of history. . . .

But there are also characters badly eminent, of whose fanaticism there can be no question. Such were the ancient Egyptians, who worshipped divinities in brutish forms; the Druids, who darkened the forests of oak in which they lived by sacrifices of blood; the Mexicans, who surrendered countless victims to the propitiation of their obscene idols; the Spaniards, who, under Alva, sought to force the Inquisition upon Holland; . . . and such were the Algerines, when, in solemn conclave, after listening to a speech not unlike that of the Senator from South Carolina, they resolved to continue the slavery of white Christians, and to extend it to the countrymen of Washington! And in this same dreary catalogue, faithful history must record all who now, in an enlightened age, and in a land of boasted freedom, stand up, in perversion of the Constitution, and in denial of immortal truth, to fasten a new shackle upon their fellow-man.

From Speech in the United States Senate, 1856.

William Henry Seward

1801–1872

One of the marked men of New York State, Mr. Seward was a brilliant lawyer, a shrewd and capable politician, a State Senator, Governor of the State, United States Senator, chief candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1860 when Lincoln was chosen, and Lincoln's Secretary of State. He was a finished orator, and whether on special public occasions, or during the excitement of elections in the stirring times before the war, or in the national Senate on great questions of legislation, he was unfailing in his grasp of facts, his deliverance of principles, and his genuine devotion to the public interests. He was a great force in a great era. As Secretary of State during the Civil War, he was of eminent service, and there crowned a life of remarkable usefulness. It was he, who, in a speech delivered in Rochester, N. Y., in 1858, boldly announced the "irrepressible conflict" between free and slave labour, which went far to invigorate the public opinion in a time of compromises. Our extract gives the sounding of that bugle-blast, to which the North finally rallied.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT

IN the United States, slavery came into collision with free labour at the close of the last century, and fell before it in New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, but triumphed over it effectually, and excluded it for a period yet undetermined, from Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. Indeed, so incompatible are the two systems that every new State which is organised within our ever-extending domain makes its first political act a choice of the one and the exclusion of the other, even at the cost of civil war, if necessary. . . .

Hitherto the two systems have existed in different

States, but side by side within the American Union. This has happened because the Union is a confederation of States. But in another aspect the United States constitute only one nation. Increase of population, which is filling the States out to their borders, together with a new and extended net-work of railroads and other avenues, and an internal commerce which daily becomes more intimate, is rapidly bringing the States into a higher and more perfect social unity or consolidation. Thus, these antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact, and collision results.

Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation or entirely a free-labour nation. Either the cotton- and rice-fields of South Carolina and the sugar-plantations of Louisiana will ultimately be tilled by free labour, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts of legitimate merchandise alone, or else the rye-fields and wheat-fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave-culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men. It is the failure to apprehend this great truth that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromises between the slave and free States, and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral.

From Speech at Rochester, N. Y., 25 October, 1858.

Abraham Lincoln

1813–1865

A notable thing about Lincoln was his equable poise of character. Honourable, sensible, reasonable, firm, he was yet so kind, and had such a fund of humour, in his view of other people's opinions, that he often gained his way by letting others have their say. Mrs. Stowe once said of him, after a personal interview: "He seems to me like a ship's cable — swaying with the tide, but holding fast at both ends." He was a supreme manager of men. Another thing worthy of remark was the steadfast patience and persevering intelligence with which, by close study of a few books, by training himself to clear thinking, and by learning to say concisely what he thought, he became master of an unsurpassed English style. His speeches, his state papers, his private and public letters, all have this distinction; and none of them more than his brief two-minute talk at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, a year after the battle, — although it was written in the cars, on the way to the ceremony, on the back of an old envelope. The chief "orator of the day" was Edward Everett — himself a past master of oratory — who, in a note to the President the next morning, wrote: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." And, in fact, Mr. Everett's eloquent address is forgotten; Lincoln's few terse sentences stand as one of the Nation's classics.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

November 19, 1863.

Henry Ward Beecher

1813–1887

The career of this mighty character was probably better known to his generation than that of any other man of his time. For ten years a home-missionary at the West, he came to Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1847, founded Plymouth Church, and made it a power, — first, in aggressive Christian work, and then in the fore front of the reform movements of the day. He was especially identified with the growth of anti-slavery sentiment, and with support of the war for the Union; but no form of effort in behalf of the poor, the weak, or humanity in general, lacked his influence. He was preacher, editor, writer, lecturer, counsellor of people in trouble (from President Lincoln, who sought him, to the humblest applicant), and above all he was a most effective orator. His masterstroke was in facing, conquering, and convincing the vast and hostile audiences in England in his speeches there during our War of the Rebellion; but whether in such an effort, or the regular pulpit-work of his church, or the quiet talks of the prayer-meeting, or on the political platform, or in charming essays called *Star Papers* (because at first signed with an asterisk — *), or in the lyceum lecture, his marvellous powers were always equal to the occasion. Those who knew him best esteemed him the most highly, and his personal influence, without the aid of official position, was wider and more potent than that of any other single individual. Our first extract is from his discourse at Plymouth Church, on the Sunday after Lincoln's assassination; the second, from one of his *Star Papers*.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

NEVER did two such orbs of experience meet in one hemisphere, as the joy and the sorrow of the same week in this land. The joy of final victory was as sudden as if no man had expected it, and as entrancing as if it had fallen a sphere from heaven. It rose up over sobriety, and swept business from its moorings, and ran down through the land in irresistible course. Men embraced each other in brotherhood that were strangers in the flesh. They sang, or prayed, or, deeper yet, many could only think thanksgiving and weep gladness. . . .

In one hour, under the blow of a single bereavement, joy lay without a pulse, without a gleam, or breath. A sorrow came that swept through the land as huge storms sweep through the forest and field, rolling thunder along the sky, dishevelling the flowers, daunting every singer in thicket and forest, and pouring blackness and darkness across the land and upon the mountains. Did ever so many hearts, in so brief a time, touch two such boundless feelings? It was the uttermost of joy; it was the uttermost of sorrow: — noon and midnight without a space between! . . . It was so terrible that at first it stunned sensibility. Citizens were like men awakened at midnight by an earthquake, and bewildered to find everything that they were accustomed to trust wavering and falling. The very earth was no longer solid. . . . All business was laid aside. Pleasure forgot to smile. The great city for nearly a week ceased to

roar. The huge Leviathan lay down and was still. Even avarice stood still, and greed was strangely moved to generous sympathy and universal sorrow. Rear to his name monuments, found charitable institutions, and write his name above their lintels; but no monument will ever equal the universal, spontaneous, and sublime sorrow that in a moment swept down lines and parties, and covered up animosities, and in an hour brought a divided people into unity of grief and indivisible fellowship of anguish. . . .

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march,[1] mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead — dead — dead — he yet speaketh!

Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man dead that ever was fit to live? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the Infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here: God makes it joy and triumph there. Pass on, thou victor!

From "Patriotic Addresses in England and America: 1850–1887."

[1] The funeral journey, conveying Lincoln's body from Washington to Illinois, was fourteen days in progress. He was buried on May 4, 1865.

FARMING BY FANCY

The chief use of a farm, if it be well selected, and of a proper soil, is to lie down upon. Mine is an excellent farm for such uses, and I thus cultivate it every day. Large crops are the consequence, — of great delights and fancies more than the brain can hold. . . . With my head I can sow the ground with glorious harvests; I can build barns, fill them with silky cows and nimble horses; I can pasture a thousand sheep, run innumerable furrows, sow every sort of seed, rear up forests just wherever the eye longs for them, build my house, like Solomon's Temple, without the sound of a hammer. Ah! a mighty worker is the head! . . . I can change my structures every day, without expense. I can enlarge that gem of a lake that lies yonder twinkling and rippling in the sunlight. I can pile up rocks where they ought to have been found, for landscape effect, and clothe them with the very vines that ought to grow over them. I can transplant every tree that I meet in my rides, and put it near my house without the dropping of a leaf.

But of what use is all this fanciful using of the head? It is a mere waste of precious time! . . . If one really believes that the earth is the Lord's and that God yet walks among leaves and trees, in the cool of the day, he will not easily be persuaded to cast away the belief that all these vagaries and wild communings are but those of a dear child in his father's house, and that the secret springs of joy which they open are touched of God!

From "Star Papers."

William Jennings Bryan

1860–

Young Bryan, beginning his career as a lawyer in Jacksonville, Ill., in 1887 removed to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he now resides. He went early into politics, and in 1890 was sent to Congress as a Democrat. Here he was a member of the all-important Ways and Means Committee, and championed free silver and a tariff for revenue only. In 1894 he returned to Nebraska and edited the Omaha *World Herald*. In 1896 a passionate appeal to his party for free silver at the Democratic presidential convention swept the delegates into enthusiasm, and he was nominated as their candidate for President; this was confirmed also by the People's Party. But Mr. Bryan was not elected. In 1900 he was nominated again, and on the anti-corporation, anti-imperialism, and gold-silver questions was again defeated. He then established *The Commoner*, and maintained a vigorous agitation of these problems. His speech is clear and plain, but rises to oratorical fervour. Whether his audience agree with him or not, he commands their attention, and often their earnest applause.

THE CROSS OF GOLD

YOU come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favour of the gold standard; we reply that the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms, and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country.

My friends, we declare that this nation is able to legislate for its own people on every question, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth; and upon that issue we expect to carry every

State in the Union. I shall not slander the inhabitants of the fair State of Massachusetts nor the inhabitants of the State of New York by saying that, when they are confronted with the proposition, they will declare that this nation is not able to attend to its own business. It is the issue of 1776 over again. Our ancestors, when but three millions in number, had the courage to declare their political independence of every other nation: shall we, their descendants, when we have grown to seventy millions, declare that we are less independent than our forefathers? No, my friends, that will never be the verdict of our people. Therefore we care not upon what lines the battle is fought. If they say bimetallism is good, but that we cannot have it until other nations help, we reply that, instead of having a gold standard because England has, we will restore bimetallism, and then let England have bimetallism because the United States has it. If they dare to come out into the open field and defend the gold standard as a good thing, we will fight them to the uttermost. Having behind us the producing classes of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the labouring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labour this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

From Speech at Democratic National Convention, 1896.

Theodore Roosevelt

1858–

There is little to be said of President Roosevelt and his career, not already familiar to the reader. Graduated at Harvard at twenty-two, he was elected to the New York State Legislature at twenty-four (1882) and during his two-year term was largely instrumental in the passage of the Civil Service Reform bill for the State, and other excellent legislation for the city, of New York. He ran unsuccessfully for the mayoralty of that city in 1886, was on the U. S. Civil Service Commission in 1889–95, served as president of New York board of police in 1895–97, and as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1897–98. In the War with Spain he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rough Riders cavalry regiment, and won great popular regard in the battle of San Juan Hill, — which resulted in his being nominated and elected Governor of New York State, January 1, 1899. In 1900 he was nominated by the Republican party for the Vice Presidency of the United States, with Mr. McKinley as President, and elected; and on the untimely death of the latter at Buffalo, in September, 1901, he became President. His bold and "strenuous" course in that high position has confirmed the general opinion as to his originality, force, and political skill. He has been the author of divers notable books, on ranch life in the West, hunting, "The Naval War of 1812," "The Rough Riders," etc., and in these, in his magazine-articles, his frequent speeches, and his state papers, there always appear the virile qualities of the man.

NATIONAL CONTROL OF CORPORATIONS

THE tremendous social and industrial changes in our nation have rendered evident the need of a larger exercise by the National Government of its power to deal with the business use of wealth, and especially of corporate wealth, in interstate business. . . . The task is peculiarly difficult, because it is one in which the fanatical or foolish extremist and the reactionary, whether honest or dishonest, play into one another's hands, and they thereby render it especially hard to secure legislative and executive action which shall be thoroughgoing and effective, and yet which shall not needlessly jeopardise the business prosperity which we all share, even though we do not all share it with as much equality as we are striving to secure.

It is a very easy thing to play the demagogue in this matter, to confine one's self merely to denouncing the evils of wealth, and to advocate, often in vague language, measures so sweeping that, while they would entirely fail to correct the evils aimed at, would undoubtedly succeed in bringing down the prosperity of the nation with a crash. It is also easy to play the part of the mere obstructionist; to decline to recognise the great evils of the present system and to oppose any effort to deal with them in rational fashion — thereby strengthening immensely the hands of those who advocate extreme and foolish measures. But it is not easy . . . sternly

to disregard alike the self-interest of those who have profited by the present evils, and the wild clamour of those who care less to do away with them than to make a reputation with the unthinking by standing in extreme opposition to them. . . . Congress . . . has given us an interstate commerce law which will enable us to exercise in thorough fashion a supervision over the common carriers of this country, so as, while scrupulously safeguarding their proper interests, to prevent them from charging excessive rates; to prevent their favouring one man at the expense of another, and especially a strong man at the expense of a weak man; and to require them to be fully accountable to the public for the service which to their own profit they render the public. . . .

To the reactionaries, who seem to fear that to deal in proper fashion with the abuses of property is somehow an attack upon property, we would recall the words of Edmund Burke: "If wealth is obedient and laborious in the service of virtue and public honour, then wealth is in its place and has its use. But if this order is changed and honour is to be sacrificed to the conservation of riches, riches, which have neither eyes nor hands nor anything truly vital in them, cannot long survive the well-being of . . . their legitimate masters. . . . If we command our wealth we shall be rich and free. If our wealth commands us we are poor indeed."

From a Public Letter to Hon. J. E. Watson of Indiana, August, 1906.

William Ewart Gladstone

1809–1898

Mr. Gladstone, one of the greatest of England's great men, early manifested the literary, religious, oratorical, and statesman-like gifts that distinguished him through life. He entered Parliament within a year after graduating at Oxford, in 1832, and from that time until within four years of his death in 1898, was almost continuously in the public service, either as legislator, or cabinet-member, or premier. He was essentially the great figure in English politics for fifty years, and even while his brilliant rival, Disraeli — ambitious, politic, wily, able, successful — divided with him the public attention, Gladstone was the genuine strong man on whom rested the nation's confidence. During our Civil War, Gladstone was — like most of the governing classes of England (except the Queen and Prince Albert) — inclined to misjudge the Federal cause; but, later on, he did ample justice to America. Our extract is from an article in which Mr. Gladstone praised without stint, not only the material advances of the United States but the self-control of the vast army that melted away into the employments of daily life, and the self-sacrifice of the people in taxing themselves to wipe out the great war-debt, with a speed unparalleled among nations.

AMERICA AND BRITAIN

THE students of the future will have much to say in the way of comparison between American and British institutions. The relationship between these two is unique in history. . . . The England and the America of the present are probably the two strongest nations of the world. But there can hardly be a doubt, as between

the America and the England of the future, that the daughter, at some no very distant time, will, whether fairer or less fair, be unquestionably yet stronger than the mother. . . .

In many and the most fundamental respects the two still carry in undiminished, perhaps in increasing, clearness, the notes of resemblance that beseem a parent and a child. . . . Our two governments, whatsoever they do, have to give reasons for it; not reasons which will convince the unreasonable, but reasons which on the whole will convince the average mind, and carry it unitedly forwards in a course of action, often though not always wise, and carrying within itself provisions, where it is unwise, for the correction of its own unwisdom before it grow into an intolerable rankness. They are governments, not of force only, but of persuasion.

Many more are the concords, and not less vital than these, of the two nations, as expressed in their institutions. They alike prefer the practical to the abstract. They tolerate opinion, with only a reserve on behalf of decency; and they desire to confine coercion to the province of action, and to leave thought, as such, entirely free. They set a high value on liberty for its own sake. They desire to give full scope to the principles of self-reliance in the people, and they deem self-help to be immeasurably superior to help in any other form; to be the only help, in short, which ought not to be continually, or periodically, put upon its trial, and required to make good its title. They mistrust and mislike the centralisation of power; and they cherish municipal, local, even parochial liberties, as nursery grounds, not only for the production here and there of able men, but for the general training of public virtue and independent

spirit. They regard publicity as the vital air of politics; through which alone, in its freest circulation, opinions can be thrown into common stock for the good of all, and the balance of relative rights and claims can be habitually and peacefully adjusted. It would be difficult, in the case of any other pair of nations, to present an assemblage of traits at once so common and so distinctive, as has been given in this probably imperfect enumeration.

From "Kin Beyond Sea" (*North American Review*, Sept., 1898).

Phillips Brooks

1835–1893

Ending his fine career as Bishop of Massachusetts in the Protestant Episcopal Church, Phillips Brooks was a native-born and highly-trained preacher, — but, better than that, he was a singularly complete *man*. Of lofty stature, and noble countenance, he had rare intellectual gifts, a heart of boundless sympathy and goodness, great independence as to ecclesiastical and theological limitations, and "the power of speech to stir men's blood." His three pastorates — two in Philadelphia, at the churches of The Advent and of Holy Trinity, and one in Boston, at Trinity Church — gave him scope as a preacher; and his divers volumes of sermons have found and still hold wide circulation. But he was known and welcomed all over the land, and his preachings were always thronged. In 1880, while on a European tour, he made great fame in England, preaching at several of the cathedrals, at Windsor before Queen Victoria, and, on a Sunday which was the fourth day of July, in Westminster Abbey. From this discourse we append a few of the words which he added to his sermon on "The Candle of the Lord," and which, by its patriotic fervour and broad humanity, deeply moved his English audience, and should appeal to us.

FOURTH OF JULY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

TO all true men the birthday of a nation must always be a sacred thing. For in our modern thought the nation is the making-place of men. Not by the traditions of its history, nor by the splendour of its corporate achievements, nor by the abstract excellence of its Constitution, but by its

fitness to make men, to beget and educate human character, to contribute to the complete humanity the perfect man that is to be, — by this alone each nation must be judged to-day. The nations are the golden candlesticks which hold aloft the glory of the Lord. No candlestick can be so rich or venerable that men shall honour it if it holds no candle. "Show us your man," land cries to land. . . .

It is not for me to glorify to-night the country which I love with all my heart and soul. I may not ask your praise for anything admirable which the United States has been or done. But on my country's birthday I may do something far more solemn and more worthy of the hour. I may ask for your prayers in her behalf: That on the manifold and wondrous chance which God is giving her, — on her freedom (for she is free, since the old stain of slavery was washed out in blood); on her unconstrained religious life; on her passion for education and her eager search for truth; on her zealous care for the poor man's rights and opportunities; on her quiet homes where the future generations of men are growing; on her manufactories and her commerce; on her wide gates open to the east and to the west; on her strange meeting of the races out of which a new race is slowly being born; on her vast enterprise and her illimitable hopefulness, — on all these materials and machineries of manhood, on all that the life of my country must mean for humanity, I may ask you to pray that the blessing of God, the Father of man, and Christ, the Son of man, may rest forever.

From "The Candle of the Lord."

Miscellanea

There are a few choice, tersely expressed sentiments, that have been floating about in divers printed forms until they have become familiar, and by their apt suggestiveness endeared to many, which seem worth gathering and reprinting here. Some of their authors are otherwise represented in this volume among the more formal extracts; those that are not might well be, except for a consideration of space in the planning of the book. At all events, it is believed that these admirable little fragments will be welcome, as preserved in convenient form for those who appreciate them.

LIFE

THINK of living! Thy life, wert thou the pitifullest of all the sons of earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own. It is all thou hast to front eternity with. Work then, even as He has done, and does, like a star, unhasting yet unresting. — Thomas Carlyle.

A MAN'S WORK

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation, above all, on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself — here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE SIMPLE LIFE

A man is simple when his chief care is the wish to be what he ought to be; that is, honestly and naturally human. We may compare existence to raw material. What it is, matters less than what is made of it; as the value of a work of art lies in the flowering of a workman's skill. True life is possible in social conditions the most diverse, and with natural gifts the most unequal. It is not fortune, or personal advantage, but our turning them to account, that constitutes the value of life. Fame adds no more than does length of days; quality is the thing. — CHARLES WAGNER.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A few books are almost impersonal, and might have been written by one man as readily as by another. These are to be judged chiefly by their *value*, i. e., by what they contain. But most books express more or less of the personality of their authors; and in reading them, we come in contact with living men. Good books, besides the value of what they contain and impart, have a positive *worth* in their effect on the principles, feelings, and character. — NOAH PORTER.

CHOICE OF BOOKS

Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they share, are carelessness itself as to the books to which they intrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be

more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? . . . Books are not wiser than men; the true books are not easier to find than the true men; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. — Frederic Harrison.

READING

I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading.

T. B. Macaulay.

THE TEACHER

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity.

Daniel Webster.

MY SYMPHONY

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony. — William Henry Channing.

LINCOLN'S CREED

I have never united myself to any church, because I have found difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the long complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterise their Articles of Belief and Confessions of Faith. Whenever any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself," that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul. — Abraham Lincoln.

PLAIN GOODNESS

Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass when He made one tree. — Henry Ward Beecher.

A FOOT-PATH TO PEACE

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and play and to look up at the stars. To be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them. To despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice. To be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbour's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners. To think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends,

and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors. These are little guideposts on the foot-path to peace. — Henry Van Dyke.

A PRAYER

Purge out of every heart the lurking grudge. Give us grace and strength to forbear and to persevere. Offenders, give us the grace to accept and to forgive offenders. Forgetful ourselves, help us to bear cheerfully the forgetfulness of others. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare us to our friends, soften us to our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the dates of death, loyal and loving one to another.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

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List of Authors and Titles

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